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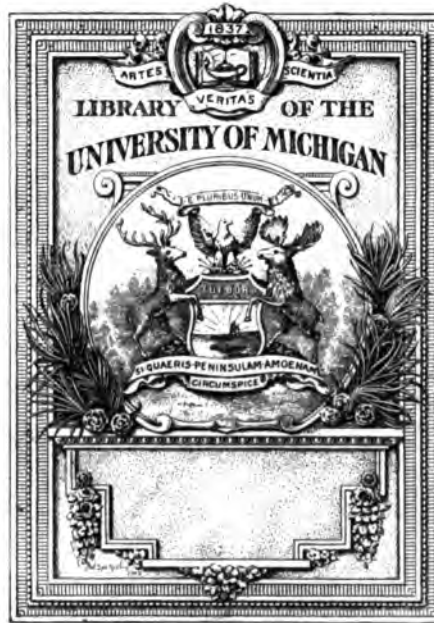
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THE BOOKMAN

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
OF LITERATURE AND LIFE



VOLUME XLII

SEPTEMBER, 1915—FEBRUARY, 1916

"I am a Bookman."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

NEW YORK
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY
FOURTH AVENUE AND THIRTIETH STREET



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THE BOOKMAN

An Illustrated Magazine
of Literature and Life

SEPTEMBER

THE NEW YORK
OF THE NOVELISTS—
A NEW PILGRIMAGE

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THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

SEPTEMBER, 1915

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

MRS. W. E. HENLEY, the widow of the poet, recently sent to *The Author*, of London, the following copy of a triolet, written on a postcard from Lang to her husband, and illustrating Lang's keen delight in lurid novels of the detective school:

A CHORTLE

Two novels of Boisgobey's
Are coming out next week!
A pleasant place the globe is,
Two novels of Boisgobey's!
Their cunning plot to probe is
The very thing I seek.
Two novels of Boisgobey's
Are coming out next week!

Andrew Lang delighted in detective novels, and Boisgobey, whose real name was Castille, was a master of the art. He wrote some twenty novels between 1870 and 1890, and sometimes two books appeared simultaneously. It is said that a London firm of publishers is seriously contemplating a complete fresh edition of Boisgobey's works.

• • •

In the course of *Napoleon in Exile: Elba*, an account of the events from March 31, 1814, when the Allies entered Paris, until Napoleon's landing at Dolfe Jouan, March 1, 1815, The Source of Monte Cristo

Vol. XLII, No. 1

Mr. Norwood Young throws a light on the possible source of Alexander Dumas's *The Count of Monte Cristo*. He thinks there can be little doubt that it was Dumas's visit to Elba in search of *Napoleonic memories*, in which he passed a little to the south the Island of Monte Cristo, a barren rock, rising like a pyramid straight from the sea to a height of two thousand feet, that gave him not only the name, but much of the conception of his story. The iron mines of Elba with their inexhaustible wealth, the illustrious prisoner, the weird romance of these islands which had made such an impression on the youthful Napoleon, all contributed toward the creation of the famous tale.

• • •

A recent issue of the *London Sketch* brings an account and a large number of pictures of an entertainment given on board one of the British warships guarding the North Sea which was attended by Admiral Jellicoe and about eight hundred officers. The piece, written and produced by officers of the ship, was entitled *You See Too*—"A Musical Farce in Seven Paroxysms." Briefly summarised, the plot told the adventures of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson in the pursuit of a marvellous German submarine the "UC 2" sold by Germany to Turkey and transported overland to

Constantinople. It is commanded by Oberleutnant von Splitlip. Sherlock's old enemy, Professor Moriarty, crosses his path, but Sherlock outwits him as usual. On arriving at Zeebrugge from Berlin, the "UC 2" is found to contain an old lady who had mistaken it for the Underground Railway. She is seized as a spy, put up against a wall, and "gassed." At the German Headquarters Holmes chloroforms the Kaiser and impersonates him. When Wilhelm revives, his orderly is confronted by two Kaisers, each ordering him to arrest the other. Arrived at Constantinople,

Authors Club of New York. With the exception of Lord Bryce, Maartens was, in the point of time, the oldest honorary member of the organisation. The list of surviving honorary members of the Authors Club includes the names of John Morley, Jean Jules Jusserand, the French Ambassador to the United States, Andrew Carnegie, Andrew D. White, Frederic Harrison, Austin Dobson, and William Dean Howells. Most of these men were at some time regular members of the club. Maartens had been associated with the Authors since 1895. In the spring of that year the name J. M. M. van der Poortch Schwartz—that being the real name of the Dutch novelist—was brought up for election. There was some natural gasps of amazement. The late "Bill" Nye brought in a suggestion that the membership committee act on the first half of the name at once, but hold over the last half until the autumn, when the weather would be cool.

Maarten Maartens was born in Amsterdam in 1858, and educated at the universities of Bonn and Utrecht. His first novel, *The Sin of Joost Abelingh*, published in 1890, was written in English. He was once asked how he came to write fiction, especially fiction in English. He told how he had been to England as a boy, and later had travelled a good deal in the country. Therefore, when, in the course of a holiday, he sat down to try his hand at his first story, he decided to try it in English, believing that England and the United States offered him a wider field than did his native Holland. But at first the venture seemed destined to failure. Everybody seemed to take it for granted that it was a translation of a Dutch story. He could not find a publisher, and eventually he brought the book out at his own risk. He never could entirely live down the misapprehension that his books were translations. As a matter of fact they became translations only when they were done into Dutch and German.

APOLOGY BY THE MANAGEMENT
Shem el Nessim's original dress (as advertised) was eaten by a wild mob. Another was immediately procured but was censored. To avoid disappointment to the public a third has been obtained at enormous expense by the Management.
Quoties non quoties (Urgel)

Scene VI. Sultan's Palace, Constantinople

H.M. THE SULTAN	R. S. BICKMORE
H.M. THE DOWAGER SULTANA (Mother of the Sultan)	MISS LOTTIE LYON
H.M. UMER EL HISSAN (Daughter of the Sultan)	MISS BAMA BUTTOMLEY
PROFESSOR MORIARTY	P. E. GOLDENITE
CONSPIRATOR VON SPLITLIP
MERLOCE HOLMES	G. E. A. JACKSON
DOCTOR WATSON	G. L. B. DAKART
A PAGE	E. C. RUMFATICE
LADIES OF THE HAREM

Scene VII. c/o G.P.O. Dock of a Trawler

OFFICER OF PATROL	R. S. DO LYON
CAPTAIN OF TRAWLER	A. A. CARRISSE
MR. BAMA
MERLOCE HOLMES	G. E. A. JACKSON
DOCTOR WATSON	G. L. B. DAKART
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THEATRICAL TALENT IN THE GRAND FLEET: A PAGE OF THE PROGRAMME OF "YOU SEE TOO," GIVEN ON BOARD A BRITISH WAR-SHIP.
 We give on a double-page in this Number photographs illustrating the production of "You See Too," a "musical farce in seven paragraphs," given before Admiral Jellicoe on board a British war-ship. The programme itself was very amusing, as this page from it shows.

Holmes and Watson gain access to the Sultan's harem disguised as a camel, which the Sultan is persuaded to buy for his widowed mother, the Sultana. Eventually Holmes and Dr. Watson reach old England in triumph and the "UC 2" with Professor Moriarty and von Splitlip on board.

Among the associations which bound the Dutch novelist, Maarten Maartens, to America was his membership in the



One of the reasons that led Maarten Maartens to choose English as a medium for expression was that while he regarded Dutch as very fine for higher prose or poetry, for lighter literature he thought English superior. "It is more flexible, nimbler," he said, "only don't suppose, as I saw it stated somewhere, that the Dutch peasants know English. Oh, dear, no; but still the Dutch are very good linguists." Among his books *God's Fool* was his only favourite, although many people considered *The Greater Glory* a better novel. "I endeavour to write stories," he once said, "which shall, as closely as I can make them, be reflections of real life. The extent to which I succeed in that is the extent to which I am content with what I write, and the interest the books have created has naturally greatly gratified me. The more I think of it, the more I am amazed at this interest; and it is not in England only that it exists, but also in America. You see the circumstances are so unusual—a Dutchman appealing to English speaking people. In writing English, too, there is the disadvantage of being unconsciously betrayed into Dutch forms of expression. For the rest, my position stands by itself, of course, and in that alone there is an enormous advantage."

• • •

On the morning of August eleventh, when the papers chronicled the death of **Siwash** George Fitch, the author of *At Good Old Siwash* and *Homeburg Memories*, the writer of these paragraphs was on a train going into New York from one of the New Jersey suburbs. A friend called his attention to the death notice. "It's too late now," said the friend mournfully. "I've always intended to write to Fitch to ask him just what college he had in mind as the original Siwash. I am pretty well convinced that he meant my own college, Kenyon, for I recognise all the types. Personally I knew Ole Skjarsen, Prince Hogboom, Allie Bangs, Keg Rearick, Pepey Simmonds and the rest of them. At any rate I knew men who

resembled them very much." While there are sound grounds for this feeling of familiarity, as a matter of fact George Fitch never had any particular college in mind as a definite model. He once said: "Siwash isn't Michigan in disguise. It isn't Kansas. It isn't Knox. It isn't Minnesota. It isn't Tuskegee, Texas, or Tufts. It is just Siwash College. I built it myself with a typewriter



GEORGE FITCH

out of memories, legends, and contributed tales from a score of colleges. I have tried to locate it myself a dozen times, but I can't. I have tried to place my thumb on it firmly and say, 'There, darn you, stay put.' But no halfback was ever so elusive as this infernal college. Just as I have it located on the Knox College campus, which I myself once infested, I look up to find it on the Kansas prairies. I surround it with infinite caution and attempt to nail it down there. Instead I find it in Minnesota with a strong Norwegian accent running through the course of study. Worse than that, I often find it in two

or three places at once. It is harder to corner than a flea. I never saw such a peripatetic school."

...

It was not what Rudyard Kipling said in his recent recruiting speech in West Lancashire, but **The Voice of Kipling** how he said it. The cynical philosophies of Treitschke and Bernhardi; such utterances as "France must be so completely crushed that she can never cross our path again," and "leave the people of a conquered country nothing but their eyes to weep with"; the "scrap of paper"; the neutrality of Belgium and Luxembourg violated; Louvain burned; Rheims cathedral bombarded; Lissauer's "Chant of Hate"; the Bryce report; the sinking of the *Lusitania*—all these are familiar enough. Yet somehow, in the manner in which Kipling summed them up and pointed the lesson to be learned from them there was a new note—a note that went home. It was not the Kipling of "They," and "Mrs. Bathurst," and "An Habitation Enforced," but the Kipling of "The Drums of the Fore and Aft." Of the events that led up to the Great War he said:

The German went into this war with a mind which had been carefully trained out of the idea of every moral sense or obligation—private, public, or international. He does not recognise the existence of any law, least of all those he has subscribed to himself, in making war against combatants or non-combatants—men, women, and children. He has done from his own point of view very well indeed. All mankind bears witness to-day that there is no crime, no cruelty, no abomination that the mind of man can conceive which the German has not perpetrated, is not perpetrating, and will not perpetrate if he is allowed to go on. These horrors and perversions were not invented by him on the spur of the moment. They were arranged long beforehand—their very outlines are laid down in the German war-book. They are part of the system in which Germany has been scientifically trained. It is the essence of that system to make such a

hell of the countries where her armies set foot that any terms she may offer will seem like heaven to the people whose bodies she has defiled and whose minds she has broken of set purpose and intention.

...

To Rudyard Kipling the world to-day is sharply divided. There are human beings, and there are Germans. And, he says, the German knows it.

The German's answer to the world's loathing is: "I am strong. I kill. I shall go on killing by all means in my power till I have imposed my will on all human beings." He gives no choice. He leaves no middle way. He has reduced civilisation and all that civilisation means to the simple question of kill or be killed. Up to the present, as far as we can find out, Germany has suffered some three million casualties. She can suffer another three million, and, for aught we know, another three million after that. We have no reason to believe that she will break up suddenly and dramatically as a few people still expect. Why should she? She took two generations to prepare herself in every detail and through every fiber of her national being for this war. She is playing for the highest stakes in the world—the dominion of the world. It seems to me that she must either win or bleed to death almost where her lines run to-day. Therefore we and our Allies must continue to pass our children through fire to Moloch until Moloch perish.

...

Mr. Kipling conjured up the idea of a conquering Germany, and what it would mean, not only for England and the rest of Europe, but also for the United States. He told his audience that they need not look far to see what it would mean to England.

In Belgium at this hour several million Belgians are making war-material or fortifications for their conquerors. They are given enough food to support life as the German thinks it should be supported. By the way, I believe the United States of America supplies a large part of that food. In return, they are compelled to work at the point of the bayonet. If they object, they



THE ENGLISH HOME OF THE NOW ENGLISH HENRY JAMES. MR. JAMES RECENTLY RENOUNCED HIS AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP AND BECAME A BRITISH SUBJECT, FEELING THAT IN VIEW OF HIS LONG RESIDENCE IN ENGLAND AND THE CLOSE FRIENDSHIPS HE HAS THERE HE SHOULD LEND THE BEST OF HIS SUPPORT TO HIS ADOPTED COUNTRY IN HER HOUR OF NEED

are shot. Their factories, their houses, and their public buildings have long ago been gutted, and everything in them that was valuable or useful has been packed up and sent into Germany. They have no more property and no more rights than cattle; and they can not lift a hand to protect the honour of their women.

• • •

But Belgium's fate Mr. Kipling thinks is mild compared to the fate of England if England were overcome by the Kaiser.

There are special reasons in the German mind why we should be morally and mentally shamed and dishonoured beyond any other people—why we should be degraded till those who survive may scarcely dare to look each other in the face. Be perfectly sure, therefore, that if Germany is victorious every refinement of outrage which is within the compass of the German imagina-

tion will be inflicted on us in every aspect of our lives. Over and above this, no pledge we can offer, no guaranty we can give, will be accepted by Germany as binding. She has broken her own most solemn oaths, pledges, and obligations, and by the very fact of her existence she is bound to trust nothing and to recognise nothing except that of immediate superior force, backed by her illimitable cruelty. So, you see, there are no terms possible. Realise, too, if the Allies are beaten, there will be no spot on the globe where a soul can escape from the domination of this enemy of mankind. There has been childish talk that the Western hemisphere would offer a refuge from oppression. Put that thought from your mind. If the Allies were defeated, Germany would not need to send a single battleship over the Atlantic. She would issue an order and it would be obeyed. Civilisation would be bankrupt and the Western

world would be taken over with the rest of the wreckage by Germany the Receiver.

• • •

Unusually interesting among the war books of the hour is Eric Fisher Wood's *The Note Book of an Attaché*, which is an account of seven months in the war zone, in France, Germany, Austria, Hungary, and England. At the outbreak of the war, Mr. Wood, who had



ERIC FISHER WOOD

been a student in the École des Beaux Arts in Paris, presented himself at the American Embassy, and offered his services to Mr. Herrick. They were promptly accepted, and he was put to work. Those were busy days when the high tide of German invasion rolled almost to the gates of Paris. In his analysis of the Battle of the Marne the author pays a high tribute to the soldiers of the Republic:

The French won the battle because their field artillery was superior and because, man for man, they outfought the Germans. Having staked the fate of their families and

of their beloved *patrie* upon a single throw, the French gained one of the most desperate battles in the world's history by the coolness and dogged determination of their chiefs and by the sublime tenacity and self-sacrifice of their soldiers. These outdid the best traditions of their race. At command they threw their lives away as a man throws away a trifle, and to meet new conditions they developed new qualities with which they have not previously been credited, qualities of stubborn scientific stolidity. They out-Germaned the Germans in the way their organisation withstood the shock and wrack of battle. It was the German machine which broke down first. On that field a new France was born. Let no German ever again say that she is effete. It was purely a French victory. This is no aspersion upon the Belgians and the British; the slight part which they played in this battle is explained by their small numbers. At Liege and Namur, at Mons and St. Quentin they helped win for France a fighting chance behind the Marne. All hail to them for that!

• • •

Mr. Wood tells one story that must be classed among the best that the war has produced:

At one point in the front line we heard this story relative to barbed-wire entanglements. A week ago a lieutenant and several of his men ventured forth at night and succeeded in crawling unobserved under the entanglements. Reaching the German trenches they leapt in among their enemies and did much execution; but becoming too enthusiastic, they overstayed their leave, so that none of them returned. The Germans, not wishing to be again surprised in such a disagreeable manner, on the next dark night slipped out of their trenches and hung a great quantity of cowbells upon the lower strands of their wire entanglements. Before many nights had passed another party of daring Frenchmen again essayed to crawl to the German trenches but, ringing up the cowbells, were all killed in the resulting fusillade.

Not content to leave the matter as it stood, an intrepid Frenchman crept out on the following night, unwinding a ball of twine as

he advanced. He succeeded in attaching the end of this to a cowbell without making any noise to betray his presence. He then made his way safely back to his own trenches and from their shelter vigorously pulled the string. A most ungodly clank and clatter resulted, wrecking the stillness of the night. This aroused the Teutons and led them into a solid hour of furious but futile shooting. The string was similarly pulled on several occasions and always produced the desired result of uproar and shooting, until it was finally severed by a bullet.

• • •

From the grim part that has been played by the censor in Europe since the first of August, **The Censor of Yesterday** 1914, it is a relief to turn to the censor of happier days when his work consisted of the suppression of some line in a play or a song on the grounds of morality or political expediency. For example, at the time the Kaiser sent his famous telegram to Kruger English exasperation found expression in a music hall song in which the German Emperor was alluded to as a "Pinchbeck Cæsar," while the refrain ran, "Hands off, Germany!" The British censor sent in great haste for the manager of the theatre and insisted that he must either change the words of the song or suppress it altogether. The alterations he demanded were that "Pinchbeck Cæsar" should be changed to "Foreign rival," and "Hands off, Germany!" to "Hands off, all of you!" The song was already printed, but the corrections were made with ink, and the amended copies were circulated in the theatre. The audience, however, defied the censor, insisted on the song being sung as originally written, and when the refrain "Hands off, Germany!" was reached everyone joined in the chorus.

• • •

Sardou's play *Thermidor* produced in January, 1891, at the Théâtre Français, the first play house in the world was interdicted by the French Government after the second performance on account of the uproar and disorder which had

attended each of the first two presentations. Sardou's Republicanism had always been viewed with suspicion by the extreme Radicals. *Thermidor* was a play of the Reign of Terror, and in it Sardou made all the scoundrels Republicans and all the amiable characters aristocrats. A year or so later Henri de Bornier, of the French Academy, wrote a play in verse on the subject of Mohammed. It was accepted for production at the Français, and was about to



MARY ROBERTS RINEHART ON THE SHIP COMING FROM THE WAR ZONE

be performed when at the eleventh hour the Turkish Ambassador intimated to the Minister of Foreign Affairs that the production of the play would be offensive to the Sublime Porte. Strenuous efforts were made to convince the Sultan that the play in no way reflected upon the Mohammedan religion, but the Unspeakable Turk was obstinate, and the French censor revoked the license. About 1888 the Wagnerian cult began to take root in the Parisian musical world. Above other Germans Wagner was hated by the French on account of some insult that he is said to have put

upon France a little time before the War of 1870. A company was formed to produce *Lohengrin* at the Eden Theatre. On the evening of the first performance the street rabble made a demonstration shouting "*A bas Wagner!*" "*A bas le Prussien!*" In view of the popular excitement, and in order to avoid complications with Germany, the French Government notified the management of the theatre to cease the performances.

• • •

At the Hof-Burg Theatre in Vienna in the 'sixties the manager was not permitted to perform some of Shakespeare's plays until certain changes had been



LONDON'S IMPRESSION OF PALMER AT THE FRONT

made in them. For example, when *King Lear* was performed the old king was not allowed to die, for the Austrian censor held that it was treasonable to admit that a king could die insane. The censor was likewise very particular about the use of certain titles in plays. When Schiller's play, *Love and Intrigue*, was done originally at the Hof-

Burg the censor insisted on the title of one of the characters, *Präsident von Walter* being changed to *Major Domos*. His argument was that as the title "*Präsident*" was used in the different State Councils it would tend to cheapen it if it were used promiscuously on the stage. Wilhelm II has always been particularly sensitive about plays, being readier to forgive a newspaper attack than a sarcastic allusion on the stage. A case in point was Hauptmann's drama, *Die Weber*. The play depicted the hard lives of the old time Silesian weavers. The weavers rose against their task-masters, and the work was to some extent a glorification of the rising of the proletariat. The play somehow escaped the attention of the German censor. But while the *Deutsches Theatre* is not directly subsidised by the government, the Kaiser supports it indirectly by attending the performances and paying a liberal price for his private box, which is decorated with the Imperial coat-of-arms. When he heard about *Die Weber* he was so infuriated that he at once cancelled his annual subscription, and sent two of his equerries to tear down the imperial escutcheon with their own hands.

• • •

Last month we printed letters from the front from Robert W. Service and Frederick Palmer. Here Palmer and "Mike" is another letter from Mr. Palmer under the date of July twenty-fourth from some place that naturally is not mentioned:

Dear _____

"For the love of Mike" is one of my favourite expressions new to our British cousins. With the French army it is "*Pour l'amour de Michel*," of course. They say that I exclaimed "*For the love of Mike*" when a nine inch German shell came pretty close during a bombardment of some trenches where Percival Landon and I were among those present and escaping. One of Landon's favourite expressions is "*Pretty*." He said "*Pretty*" to the nine inch shell, which was a "*Jack Johnson*." Obviously he is colour blind. No one ever thought of

Jack Johnson as being pretty. Landon meantime was doing what everybody does when the German guns concentrate in your direction. There is no "swank" or bravado in standing up in face of shell fire as there was in the old days before high explosives, when shrapnel scattered chicken-feed about. Everybody dives for the nearest dug-out. Landon being something of an artist drew a picture of me. Not being an artist I could not draw one of him. It is very comforting on such occasions to know that the average one shell does not kill one man. It may kill twenty if it hits right—which is most discomfoting.

• • •

In the turbulent England of the last years of the eighteenth and the first years of the nineteenth century, there are two characters, one a man and the other a woman, that stand out, reflecting more intimately the spirit of the age than any of the day's great soldiers or statesmen. These are George Brummel and Emma Lyon, or Emma Hart, later Lady Hamilton; and there is something analagous in the stories of the two. Brummel, of no very important origin, rose from obscurity through sheer impertinence and the assumption of the eccentricities in which the age delighted to a position from which he bestowed curt nods upon dukes and patronised royalty itself. After a hundred years his figure stands out in a score of anecdotes, true or apocryphal. We see him on the steps of Brooke's or White's, his bold, round eyes looking superciliously down upon the world. Occasionally, in a moment of good nature, he flings a smile of approbation in the direction of some *débutante*. We see him revenging himself upon the Regent who had cut him by his famous "Say, Sherry, who is your fat friend?" We see him at his apogée, and we follow him through the years of his downfall, to the miserable lodgings in Calais, and his last abject days in Caen. Brummel mirrors one phase of the England of the time just as much as the indomitable soldiers and sailors who fought off the

great shadow of Napoleon mirror another. Then there is a third phase which is reflected in the career of Emma, Lady Hamilton. If we were asked to select the two persons to-day best fitted to write the story of the lives of Brummel and Lady Hamilton we should select two novelists. For Brummel the choice would unhesitatingly be Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. How thoroughly he knows the period in which Brummel lived and how strongly it appeals to him was shown in the pages of *Rodney Stone*. As the historian best qualified to tell us the human story of Lady Hamilton we should choose the brilliant author of *Pigs in Clover* and *The Heart of a Child*.

• • •

It was an eighteenth century rather than a nineteenth century subject with which Frank Danby had to deal in *Nelson's Legacy: Lady Hamilton, Her Story and Tragedy*, and the narrative is told with an eighteenth century style and swing. The chapter headings are reminiscent of the chapter headings of Fielding's *Tom Jones*. In a stately foreword Mrs. Frankau informs us that hers is "a true and authentic account of the birth, life, and death of the notorious adventuress, sometime Emmy Lyon, but ultimately wife of Sir William Hamilton, His Majesty's Minister at Naples, together with the story of her many lapses from virtue both before and after her connection with Immortal Nelson, the Hero of the Nile. It has been compiled from contemporary documents, the writings of eye witnesses, and other reliable evidence. We trust that sufficient excuse will be found for the relation in the moral lesson conveyed. The features of the unhappy subject of this memoir were limned by all the most illustrious painters and designers of the century. To gratify the curiosity of those who would feign investigate the charms of one who provoked so much controversy while she lived and has been the occasion of so much argument since she paid the final debt of nature in the poor lodging house at Calais, has proved



THE HOME OF MARY JOHNSTON, JAMES RIVER, VIRGINIA

... "congenial" Sam-
... century flavour
... with which Frank
... her creative

... in the case of per-
... the envy of
... the struggle for
... and dis-
... to perceive by
... attaching to
... increased. It
... in the case of the in-
... adventures. It is
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... a family of
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... even though
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... at the outset
... the introduction of a
... world in cir-
... belonging to
... village of Great

The nature of the becoming of the story,
... Frank Hardy's words "of
... whom the vicissitudes of for-
... conducted to the nuptial bed of Sir

William Hamilton, His Britannic Maj-
... Ambassador to the Court of Nap-
... whose beauty lives through the un-
... rivalled art of Mr. Romney, and whose
... wanton charm captured the heart and
... made happy the last years of the Hero
... of the Nile, the victor at Trafalgar, im-
 ... mortal Nelson," was Mr. Henry Cadog-
 ... nephew and heir to Mr. George
 ... Cadogan, a gentleman of small estate,
 ... but not so small importance in the vil-
 ... lage of Harwarden, about six miles
 ... from Chester. George Cadogan was a
 ... scholarly man, of refined and fastidious
 ... tastes. Being a bachelor he installed,
 ... as mistress of his establishment, the
 ... widow of his deceased brother, with her
 ... only son, to whom, in course of time, he
 ... purposed to bequeath all his worldly
 ... goods. Mrs. Cadogan did not long sur-
 ... vive her husband, and little Henry was
 ... left in the affectionate care of his uncle.
 ... In time he drew to manhood, and there
 ... came into his life a certain Mary Kidd,
 ... the daughter of a labourer. It was the
 ... old story. The uncle fumed and threat-
 ... ened, but Henry Cadogan, under the
 ... name of Henry Lyon, married the girl
 ... in the parish church of Neston. With
 ... the marriage went all hopes of inherit-



KATE DOUGLAS WIGGINS'S STUDY AT HER COUNTRY HOUSE, "QUILLCOTE," MAINE

ing his uncle's money, and as Henry Lyon he settled down to the life of a blacksmith in the village of Nesse. But it was not for long. He was physically unfitted for the work. One night he did not return home. They found him lying by the roadside, and the hemorrhage that had overtaken him could not be stopped. He lived just long enough to see his daughter.

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It was in the humble capacity of a maid servant in the house of a certain Dr. Budd that Emma Lyon first found herself in London. "At sixteen years of age," Mrs. Frankau tells us, "she was so beautiful that all who passed by turned to gaze after her." Her charm subjected her to the advances of numberless gallants. Before coming to London there had been Will Masters, and in London she met first Henry Angelo and then Captain Willett Payne, a naval officer employed in the regulating service. Payne was her first protector, but

not for long, for he was ordered on active service, and she passed into the hands of Dr. Graham, and then into those of Sir Henry Featherstonehaugh. Sir Henry was a typical rake of the period, and his boorishness and brutality soon made Emma feel the weight of the chains that rivetted her. Among the men of fashion who frequented Sir Henry's house was Mr. Charles Greville, destined to play so important a part in Emma's life. She learned to love Greville with what was perhaps a genuine love. The upshot was that Featherstonehaugh quickly turned her out of doors and she sought refuge with the new protector. Greville was very different from the men who had preceded him. The Emma that he had found was almost illiterate. He recognised her as a rare gem in the rough, the cutting and polishing of which became a hobby. He gave her music and dancing masters, and himself taught her spelling and English. Finally he took her to the

celebrated studio of Mr. Romney in Cavendish Square.

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The sittings Mr. Romney required for his portrait of Emma were many and various. Sometimes Mr. Greville accompanied her to the studio, and sometimes her mother. There soon grew up between artist and sitter a strange friendship. In the secret heart of both of them there was a tendency to vagabondage, a lack of reverence for conventionality, an inclination toward freedom of thought and action. He painted her as a Circe, a Calypso, a Pythian Priestess, a Bacchante, or a Woodland Nymph. Romney found her ever a new inspiration, not only to his brush, but to his imagination. But when she served as the model for Venus Anadyomene, Greville thought it time to protest. "I am not aware that I commissioned Mr. Romney to paint a picture of Mrs. Hart in the nude," he said. "Are you not perhaps exceeding the limits of your instructions, sir, and of my forbearance?" Painter and lady protested all innocence and the matter was somehow patched up. But the cold Greville was never afterwards quite the same. He only pretended to forgive Emma. Then came to his house in Edgeware Row his most particular friend. This friend was no other than his maternal uncle, Sir William Hamilton, a man by many years Greville's senior, but bound to him in almost fraternal ties by similarity of tastes. For almost a quarter of a century Sir William had been at Naples, serving at the Court of the Two Sicilies as Ambassador to His Britannic Majesty, whose foster brother he was. He had recently been left a widower and his fortune was considerable. He had never heard of Emma, but he was vastly amused to discover that his nephew was so correctly incorrect, and rallied him upon the connection. He was vastly civil to the girl and she in turn was pleased and flattered by his manners and attention.

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. But it was not long before Sir Wil-

liam began to regard Emma with eyes other than those of polite friendship. To Greville he hinted at a transfer and Greville was not averse. The younger man's financial position was not of the best. He was considering a *mariage de convenance* with Lord Middleton's youngest daughter, who was not only admirable in beauty and disposition, but possessed a fortune of twenty thousand pounds. Sir William returned to Naples and soon after there came an invitation to Greville and Emma to visit him there. Greville feigned surprise, pointed out the impossibility of his leaving England, but said that he would have no objection to her going for six or eight months to Naples, where she would be happy in learning music and Italian. In Naples Sir William essayed to dazzle her with the power and luxury he could put at her disposal. He showered presents upon her and introduced her freely into a Court that was far from prudish. King Ferdinand singled her out for his attentions. He offered her Capri and a patent of nobility, put the offer into writing at her dictation. Emma ran away with the paper and showed it to the Queen, who was greatly moved and promised Emma her protection and the cessation of the King's advances. But though still apparently in love with Greville she had yielded to his uncle and her position in Neapolitan society was thoroughly understood. She had her own suite of rooms at the Embassy, the servants called her *Eccellenza*, and the entire polite world sought the entree to her. But it was not enough. She decided to become Sir William's wife.

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At first Sir William laughed at the idea of the marriage which she so cleverly suggested. He knew the rigid principles of his Sovereign, and that his Consort was intolerant of the least impropriety. But from laughing he began to listen. The suggestion had its allurements, marriage would bind him forever to this much sought-after, young and beautiful creature. He was close

to sixty years. There were others besides Emma who urged the scheme, the Duchess of Argyll and Lord Bristol. So it came that Sir William took leave of a while of their Sicilian Majesties, and after a journey broken by short stays at Florence, at Venice, and other centres of European fashion, brought Emma back to London to have it out with his Sovereign and his nephew. There was a warm scene between Greville and Emma. He felt his own interest threatened, he stormed, he hinted at tales about her past which he could carry to his uncle. The name of Mr. Romney was frequently mentioned. But Emma won. Sir William came in with the news that the King had given his consent to the marriage, and Emma impudently suggested that Romney must paint her as the Ambassadors, adding: "Will Mr. Greville attend his future aunt to Cavendish Square?"

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Enter Nelson. As Mrs. Frankau expresses it in one of her chapter headings, "The destruction of the French Navy is followed by the surrender of the Hero of the Nile to the wife of the British Ambassador. He outwits Villeneuve to be himself outwitted by Frail Emma of Edgeware Row." At first the sailor had no presentiment of what the lady was to mean to him. He had a wife, a stepson; he was in Naples on business, and had eyes for nothing but his ten thousand troops. He thought that Lady Hamilton would improve the manners of his stepson, Josiah Nisbet, who seems to have been something of a lout. But like other heroes of history, Nelson was susceptible to the most outrageous flattery. Emma recognised the weakness, and played upon it. There is something inconsistent in Sir William's attitude to what followed. He became at once the *mari complaisant*. Emma used her eyes, her tresses, and her persuasive tongue, and Nelson forgot his wife. He almost forgot England, for it was in the interest of the Queen that Emma held him and his fleet close to Naples. The stepson made a scene, and he and the hero

nearly came to blows. With every day the sailor's infatuation grew. The Hamiltons, with Nelson in their train, made a triumphant progress through the capitals of Europe, but on arriving in England were cold-shouldered by the Court. Lady Nelson became a factor in the situation and further estranged her husband by her conduct to Emma. The pressing attentions of the Prince of Wales excited the jealousy of the Admiral, but the birth of Horatia was a signal for the renewal of his ardour. He called Emma his "own dear wife." "I never did love anyone else," he wrote. "I never had a dear pledge of love till you gave me one, and you, thank my God, never gave one to anyone else." He offered to abandon everything for her sake. She might have said "yes" to his request, and the course of the world's history been changed. High as her position had been as Sir William's wife in Naples, now, for a moment her position was even greater. But the moment was not a long one.

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Sir William Hamilton died, and there came upon the scene a Neapolitan lawyer, one Arnodio Gibilmanna, who after the Hamiltons had left Naples had come into possession of certain letters belonging to Lady Hamilton. These he used for the purpose of blackmail. Emma paid again and again. Notwithstanding Sir William's intentions, the provision that he made for his widow seemed inadequate. He had counted upon his pension being continued to her. Nelson stepped into the breach and settled an annual income of twelve hundred pounds for her credit. Then Gibilmanna reappeared and was given eight hundred pounds for all the letters in his possession and the relinquishment of any claim to her society. But Emma neither checked nor counted what he restored to her. She paid him what he asked, seized the packet, and destroyed it. Then Nelson went to his glorious death at Trafalgar. In his last words to Hardy he left Lady Hamilton and his

daughter to his country. But less than half heartedly did the country accept the trust. Emma was growing old and wisdom had not come with the years. Extravagance followed extravagance, and when her resources failed she was forever importuning the Government to recognise what she had done for Italy and Nelson. The old Duke of Queensbury, to whom she appealed, told her plainly that she had outstayed her mar-

ket. The home at Merton, provided by Nelson, had to be given up and one by one her possessions were sold. The last blow came with the final appearance on the scene of the sinister Gibilmanna who, in the autumn of 1814, had announced for publication *The Letters of Lord Nelson to Lady Hamilton*. Overwhelmed with mortification Emma left England for Calais where, a few months later, in a miserable lodging, in the



EMMA AS THE SEAMSTRESS. FROM THE ENGRAVING BY CHEESEMAN, AFTER THE PAINTING BY ROMNEY

presence of her daughter Horatia and the one faithful servant who remained with her, she rendered up her account.

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Few people who have not had practical experience even remotely suspect how much the irksome drudgery of manuscript reading is relieved by the unconscious humour, the blunders, the ineptitudes of a certain inevitable percentage of the specimens received in every magazine office. To the uninitiated, the task of searching day after day for the rare gem, the crowning masterpiece is supposed to be a sort of stimulating game, fraught with delightful and scintillating possibilities. As a matter of fact, and more especially in the case of the short story, that sort of expectancy soon gives place to a cynical hope for an occasional manuscript sufficiently absurd to be diverting. Some concrete instances were brought to our notice the other day by a reader of some experience, who in the course of an exchange of confidences, drew upon a rich fund of memoranda gathered in the course of a recent short-story contest. Many of his choicest specimens, it would be, for obvious reasons, unfair to reproduce, since their absurdity hinges upon an impossible plot, that nevertheless is still the author's private property. Many of the authors themselves, however, had been less scrupulous, and the number of pilloined situations arose, in one single batch of three hundred stories, to something over ten per cent.

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The reader found himself making a sort of game of the thing, betting with himself whether a given plot would recur more than a certain specified number of times, forecasting what the particular variant would be. To take a concrete instance: we do not remember just when or where it first appeared, but every one knows the story of the married woman, whose lover has given her a valuable jewel, and who faces the dilemma of explaining to her husband how it has

come into her possession. So she pawns the jewel, pretends to have found the ticket in the street, and begs her husband to redeem the ticket and satisfy her curiosity. Next day husband returns with a cheap imitation ring, and wife's bewilderment continues until she subsequently sees the original jewel worn by husband's stenographer. Well, among the stories submitted in the contest in question, this plot recurred four times, with close verbal parallels, the only important difference being that the lover's present was respectively a sapphire bracelet, a diamond solitaire, a pearl necklace, and a seal-skin coat. Then there is the equally familiar and much more banal type, that may be briefly epitomised after this fashion: Ethel, engaged to Tom, is shown to us unblushingly lavishing caresses upon Jack, and pouring into his ear endearments calculated to kindle a mad jealousy. And in the end the explanation is quite simple,—Jack is only a dog. It would seem as though its own futility should have protected this plot from the plagiarist; yet it recurred seven times by actual count, Jack changing, Proteus-like, from a Scotch collie to a pekinese, a St. Bernard, a Kentucky thoroughbred, a Shetland pony, a parrot and a cat.

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Then there is the story of the adventuress, who plans to ruin a certain distinguished statesman. Having managed to be found alone with him in the compartment of a railway carriage, she waits until the train is approaching a station, then tears down her hair, disarranges her clothing and screams for help. The guard arrives, followed by an officer: the woman hysterically states her case; the man is about to be arrested, when he vindicates himself by serenely pointing to the cigar which he is still smoking,—a very good cigar which still retains a full inch of undisturbed white ash. We suspect that this story goes back to a French original. It was produced last season in New York as a one-act play, and it has figured in the moving pictures,—a sufficient degree of pub-

licity to give copyists full warning. Nevertheless, by the laws of probability it was bound to recur: our friend the reader ran across it twice.

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One other instance seems to deserve mention. The story of the farmer who crossed the strawberry vine with milkweed so as to grow strawberries and cream presumably dates back to *Joe Miller's Joke Book*; and almost equally hoary is that of the man who bred the shad with the jelly-fish, so as to produce boneless shad. At intervals the old idea is sure to be resurrected in some new form. The latest is that of crossing honey bees with fire-flies, so that they can see to gather honey by night as well as by day. Sometimes it is only a paragraph, a phrase, a single word that fills the reader with a sort of unhallowed joy, and pays for the dull monotony of

a score of pages. Here was one gem culled from a long and uninspired wail: "Oh, if my poor old mother could sit up in her cold, cold grave and see me, how happy she would be!" And here are a few more choice specimens:

"Madeleine seated herself at twilight on the Wisterised piazza."

"Ethel decided to prepare something appitabile for her husband's supper."

"Down the full length of the brilliantly lit and crowded restaurant the man and woman made their way furtively to a private room."

We have reserved the real jewel of the collection, every one of them guaranteed genuine, for the last:

"Adelaide was accustomed to have her fracturous horse brought around every morning before breakfast, so that she might take an exhilarating gallop through the Paris Bourse."

WAR SILHOUETTES

BY W. G. TINCKOM-FERNANDEZ

I—FIELD-MARSHAL

(General Staff)

OF all great pundits crowned in days of yore
An utter scorn informs him: thus he stands
Arch-pundit, and his delicate, dry hands
Direct a creed that scoffs the hard-won lore
Of fruitful ages gone. He slams that door
Napoleon slammed: and all the laughing lands,
Upon *his* map are welded with steel bands
Crushing their human dole that he may score.

Clean from the filth of slaughter, stern, remote,
He sits impatient of the hammering guns
That mask his favourite theory's fell surprise—
At length, the hideous buddha clears his throat,
His order flies, and countless mothers' sons
Adorn some battered trench with glazing eyes.

II—COLONEL

(Cavalry)

Heir to a standard Caste and Wealth endows,
Darling of Fashion, moulder of Form, he rides

Into the storm of shot and shell, where hides
That leveller Death, he proudly disavows.
Should the high gods this madness spare, his brows
Are laurel-crowned, and such example guides
Men to the Grail-ideal, where abides
All that is fair and knightly for high vows.

And yet—who, at the dance, when war is done,
Will ask of reconnaissance often made
With smoking villages to light the way?
Who will ask of the women forced to pay
For war's excess, of cattle meanly won—
Those miseries of his most successful raid?

III—CAPTAIN

(Artillery)

An artist versed in landscape! Town or plain
Indifferent smile with flowery hedge or corn—
A drunk creator, day and night and morn
He haunts them with some nightmare in his brain.
Peace-white and soft, those little clouds in vain
He flings abroad, in fine Olympian scorn
Of the fair scene—but, oh! the maimed and torn
That writhe where fell his deadly shrapnel-rain.
Throned on a hay-stack, pygmy brain and voice
He telephoned his trigonometry,
And Jovian thunders hailed him demi-god.
Ah, but his telescope will never see
Into those trenches, where the blood-stained sod
Will soon return to hide his ghoulish choice!

IV—LIEUTENANT

(Infantry)

Youth and the world before him! Haggard, wan,
Filthy and starved, he sprawls upon a bench
Deep in the bomb-proof shelter, where the stench
Of human-rot assails him. Outside, dawn
Haunts the harried lines like a startled fawn.
Now the night's thunders cease: the Boy must blench,
Lift his tattered ranks from their charnel trench,
And cheer them deathwards—Fate's inglorious pawn!

Was this the god-like form that won the race
Against the rival school? His race is done!
Blindly he charged toward the rising sun:
Shot like a rabbit driven from his hole,
Barely a hundred yards! His starveling face
Triumphs in death: his flag had reached the goal.



A SHRINE OF YESTERDAY. THE OLD PASSAGE LEADING FROM THE STREET TO THE FRAME STRUCTURE IN THE REAR IN WHICH THE TILE CLUB HAD ITS HEADQUARTERS, AND IN WHICH THE LATE F. HOPKINSON SMITH, BY WHOM THE ABOVE SKETCH WAS DRAWN, FOUND A NEW YORK HOME FOR COLONEL GEORGE FAIRFAX CARTER OF CARTERSVILLE, FAIRFAX COUNTY, VIRGINIA. IN THIS TUNNEL THE COLONEL ENGAGED IN PISTOL PRACTICE IN PREPARATION FOR THE EXPECTED DUEL WITH THE BROKER, KLUTCHEM, WHO HAD SPOKEN IN TERMS OF DISPARAGEMENT OF THE PROPOSED AIR LINE RAILWAY THAT WAS TO GIVE SOME OF THE VERY FIRST FAMILIES OF VIRGINIA EASY ACCESS TO THE ATLANTIC SEABOARD. THE PASSAGE, BEARING THE NUMBER 58 $\frac{1}{2}$, WAS ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF WEST TENTH STREET ABOUT ONE HUNDRED YARDS EAST OF SIXTH AVENUE AND ALMOST DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE OLD STUDIO BUILDING. IT DISAPPEARED SOME TWENTY YEARS AGO WHEN THE FRONT BUILDING, NUMBER 58, WAS REMODELLED

THE NEW YORK OF THE NOVELISTS A NEW PILGRIMAGE

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

PART I—THE CITY THAT WAS

I. THE OLD TRAIL

SIXTEEN years ago the writer of this series with a note book under one arm and a camera under the other was engaged in roaming through the streets of New York and its suburbs, following

the trails of such men and women of fiction as the novelist, until that time, had been considerate enough to provide. It was a task undertaken with a very genuine liking and enthusiasm and there should be no reticence in recalling its

direct inspiration. In previous visits to London the writer had had many pleasant hours in following the footsteps of Thackeray and Dickens, paying his respects to the house in Curzon Street where the Rawdon Crawleys lived on nothing a year, the home of the Sedleys, near Russell Square, or wandering down the High Street of the Borough of Southwark, and turning down Angel Court in search of the few remaining stones of the old Marshalsea Prison of *Little Dorrit*. When it was a matter of Dickens and Thackeray the task was easy enough. In various places "rambles" with the former had been printed, and there was Mr. William H. Rideing's *Thackeray's London*, a subject which has in later years been more amply handled by Mr. Lewis Melville, and pictorially by the late F. Hopkinson Smith. But when it was a case of the dwelling of Robert Louis Stevenson's Mr. Hyde or the Upper Baker Street rooms shared by Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson, or the Gunnison Street of Kipling's "The Redemption of Badalia Herodsfoot," the writer was thrown upon his own resources. In those cases there were new trails to be blazed. So also in Paris were new trails to be blazed when the writer started out in the hunt for this or that street or domicile associated with some chapter of Balzac's *La Comédie Humaine*, or to follow the knightly rambles in the Seventeenth Century Lutetia of the immortal four of the elder Dumas, or to take up with the relentlessness of a Javert the pursuit of Jean Valjean in his flight from the home near the southern barriers of the city skirting the Latin Quarter, across the river, to the refuge he finally found in the Convent of the Little Picpus. For at that time the late Benjamin Ellis Martin's *The Stones of Paris* had not yet been printed. These rambles abroad led to the rambles at home. Why should not some one, was the inevitable thought, try to do for some great American city what had been done for the London of Dickens and Thackeray? Of course there were no

really great dominant figures, but the trail of the novelists in bulk was sure to be worth while. That New York was the city chosen was due to the fact that it was the city that offered the most, and the city best known and most easily accessible to the writer. The papers written in the summer of 1899 under the title of *New York in Fiction* appeared serially in the following autumn, and later in a volume which has long been out of print. That they did something, that they did a great deal toward stimulating the cult of local colour the writer does not hesitate to affirm. Though less than sixteen years have passed the New York of the novelists to-day offers fully three times as much as it did then. Hence this new pilgrimage, in which the writer will attempt to show the rapidly changing city as it is seen by the novelists of the new generation. Hence this introductory chapter in which he will endeavour to give, in epitome, the story of New York in fiction as it was before.

II. STEVENSON'S VELVET JACKET

About two years ago Mr. Richard Harding Davis and the writer, in the former's home near Mount Kisco, New York, were talking of the New York literary atmosphere of the 'nineties of the last century. "Those days in my case," Mr. Davis said, "were what I call the velvet jacket days of our literary activity. Do you remember the velvet jacket of Robert Louis Stevenson?" The writer confessed that it was a little before his time, that he could not claim personal acquaintance, but that it was familiar enough through the old portraits. "We had our own men then, Mr. Howells, Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Stockton, and the rest," Mr. Davis went on, "but Stevenson was the magnetic, the dominating literary figure. Just as he himself had played the 'sedulous ape' to others, so it was the fashion of young writers of five and twenty years ago to imitate him. He came to us and he brought with him his velvet jacket. It was a famous jacket, and

became a kind of oriflamme of the literary calling." "Something like Balzac's white monk's robe in the eighteen forties?" was the suggestion. "Only Stevenson's jacket was destined to become the father of an illustrious line of jackets. We were young then, and we had other ideals. The day of commercialism had not yet come. We did not think and talk of how much a story earned for us. It was enough that we had a story in *Harper's*, or *Scribner's*. With elation we told our friends about it and they read it and liked it or criticised it. Some times we insisted in reading it to them ourselves. But in that method danger lurked. A great many of the stories of those days could be traced to the velvet jacket. The young man sitting down at his writing table to construct a masterpiece had his pen, his pad, his bottle of ink. Also sometimes an idea. But to achieve the proper mood of inspiration, to rouse himself to heights of creative frenzy, he needed the jacket—just like that of R. L. S. Sacrifices were made in Bohemia in those days for that jacket, privations were endured. I never would wear one. My attitude in the matter was regarded as a fatal eccentricity. It placed me forever beyond the pale." Perhaps all this is in the nature of a digression. But to the writer it seems to have the flavour of the old days, when the world was young.

III. THE TOWN OF H. C. BUNNER

Of the city of the poets and novelists of the first half of the nineteenth century there was, sixteen years ago, little more trace than there is to-day. The quaint homes of the people of Washington Irving's *Knickerbocker History of New York* already belonged to the irrevocable past; the Broadway of which Paulding, Halleck, Willis, Drake, and Clarke sung—the stately, provincial Broadway where the beaux paraded in their bell-crowned hats, and the belles flaunted their hoop skirts, and swaggering privateersmen from the Spanish Main showed their earrings—was al-

ready undergoing its transformation into what O. Henry later described as "the Grand Cañon of the Money Grubbers." We could find, and can still find, though not in the same state, the cottage at Fordham in which Poe lived with his Virginia, and follow Cooper's Harvey Birch through certain tortuous roads of rapidly changing Westchester. But then, as now the city of stone and steel girder belonged essentially to the work of the younger literary generation.

What was the material offered sixteen years ago, and what is it to-day? Here is the impression derived from a cursory glance at the old numbers. First of all Washington Irving and the lesser men who wrote of the city when it was truly Knickerbocker. Then the men and women of the seventies and eighties, that period of transformation, when a big, unwieldy town was beginning to assume the proportions of the New York that we now know. Among these men and women there was no name that conveyed so much as that of Henry Cuyler Bunner. Not on the score of achievement, but because almost everything that he wrote so reflected the city, which was not the mere setting, but the direct inspiration. He stood before an old house on the lower end of Manhattan Island, his mind began to people it with the ghosts of the past, and in that way *The Story of a New York House* came into being. He sat on a bench in old Washington Square at night, when he liked it best, with the great dim branches swaying and breaking in the breeze, the gas lamps flickering and blinking, when the tumults and shouting of the day were gone, and "only a tramp or something else in woman's shape was hurrying across the bleak square, along the winding asphalt, walking over the Potter's Field of the Past on the way to the Potter's Field to be." Out of that came *The Judge*—the story Bunner wrote "to get married on." Somewhere will be found the following significant lines:



THE HOME F. HOPKINSON SMITH FOUND FOR COLONEL CARTER

Why do I like New York, my dear,
I do not know. Were my father here
And his, and his, the three and I
Might between us make you some reply.

IV. SOME FRIENDS OF YESTERDAY

But in his kinship with the city Bunner had close followers. There was Edgar Fawcett, to-day perhaps almost a forgotten writer, but one whose tales were compact of New York, and who in *A New York Family*, *An Ambitious Woman*, *Rutherford*, and *The Evil that Men Do* had penetrated almost every corner of the city and its suburbs. Mr. Howells had added New York to his distinguished field with *Their Wedding Journey* and *A Hazard of New Fortunes*. Mr. Janvier had found a sphere in the quaint streets to the north of Washington Square. Marion Crawford had said practically his last say

about New York in *The Ralstons*, *Katherine Lauderdale*, *The Three Fates*, and *Dr. Claudius*. F. Hopkinson Smith had found a home for his delightful Colonel George Fairfax Carter of Cartersville, Fairfax County, Virginia, in the old quarters of the Tile Club back of the Maitland Armstrong house in West Tenth Street, a residence for Mrs. Leroy of *Caleb West* in the Gifford Pinchot dwelling at No. 2 Gramercy Park, and the scenes of *Tom Grogan* in various parts of *Staten Island*. Henry Harland, doing his first work under the nom de guerre of "Sidney Luska," had discovered Beckman Place, a quaint bit of New York perched high up on the city's eastern brink, opposite the southern extremity of Blackwell's Island, overlooking the river, the Penitentiary and the smoke from the oil factories of Hunter's Point, and peopled

it with the characters of *The Grandisimos*, *As it Was Written*, *Mrs. Peixada*, and *The Yoke of Thorah*. Richard Harding Davis had invented Van Bibber, and in company with that genial worthy, and sometimes with Travers, had mixed drinks at the Knickerbocker Club, tampered with the swanboats on the lake in Central Park, thrashed a bully in a street of the lower East Side, found a burglar trying to enter a house on Fifth Avenue and guided him to a better life, helped a runaway couple that he chanced upon at a table in the old Martin's, and misdirected a following brother to Chicago—innumerable were the adventures, exploits and impertinences of the genial Cortlandt Van Bibber, and to north, south, east, and west led his trail. You have come to forty years and more, Van Bibber, and may you be as fundamentally fine in your maturity as you were in the callower days! Somebody once cruelly and cleverly summed you up as "the office boy's idea of a gentleman." That was superficially sound. Perhaps you did make your breaks. Perhaps the manner in which you bearded Carruthers in his apartment and lectured him on a father's duty to a daughter was a trifle unfortunate. But beneath you were youth, and generosity, and chivalry, and the spirit of *noblesse oblige*! The writer likes to think of you to-day as doing your share in the struggle for the world's liberty; helping to hold the line in Flanders with the same indomitable spirit that, in former years and in kinder strife, spurred you to stand like a rock in response to the thrilling call of "Hold 'em! Hold 'em for Old Nassau!"; or perhaps, daring shell and shrapnel as the driver in the American Ambulance Corps, swift and efficient in the performance of your duty, but not ashamed to drop a manly tear at the sight of sorrow and suffering. If Mr. Davis still claims you it is unquestionably upon some such mission that you have been sent. But wherever you are, Van Bibber, Van, Cortlandt, old boy! (too many years has our friendship en-

dured to permit of anything like formality) Ho—no, not that, but "Here's to you!", and "Santé!" and, well, consider the sentiment also expressed in Flemish, Walloon, Italian, Servian, Russian, and Japanese. Although neutral, there is no reason why one should be a positive fanatic in one's neutrality.

V. MR. CHIMMIE FADDEN

Then there was another old friend. How many readers of the younger generation are acquainted with the virtues and eccentricities of Chimmie Fadden? Probably very few. Yet, for a time, some twenty years ago, Mr. Edward W. Townsend's little Bowery boy was the most talked of character in American fiction. He was as famous, if not as permanent, as Mr. Dunne's Mister Dooley. In an age when rules of deportment and expression were, outwardly at least, more rigid, debutantes found his "Wot'll" convenient and expressive. Chimmie was the spirit of the old Bowery, its crudities and its finer impulses. Like Mr. Dooley, he came into existence casually. Mr. Townsend, then with the *New York Sun*, was sent to report a newsboys' dinner. There he found the idea of Chimmie, and the woman, a slum worker, who was the original of Miss Fannie of the stories. The first tale was written, and Charles A. Dana sent out word calling for the second. Soon the stories began to be known and quoted and Mr. Chester S. Lord, then the managing editor of the paper, said: "Can't you run up and find the little Bowery boy you've been writing about and get him to talk some more?" "Oh," said Mr. Townsend, "he's purely an imaginary character." "Then imagine some more about him." There came a time when the author applied to Mr. Dana for the privilege of bringing out the stories in book form. In giving the required consent the editor added extravagantly: "And I hope you sell ten thousand of them." A few months later a dinner was given to Mr. Townsend in celebration of the hundred thousandth copy of *Chimmie Fadden*



NUMBER 7 STATE STREET, WHICH HAS BEEN FOR YEARS THE MISSION OF OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY, A HOME FOR IRISH IMMIGRANT GIRLS, WAS THE SCENE AND THE INSPIRATION OF H. C. BUNNER'S "THE STORY OF A NEW YORK HOUSE." ONCE, BACK IN THE EARLY YEARS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, IT DOMINATED THE BATTERY PARK AND COMMANDED A FINE VIEW OF THE DANCING WATERS OF THE UPPER BAY. NOW IT IS ALMOST LOST AMONG THE GREAT SKYSCRAPERS THAT SURROUND IT



"THE LITTLE RED BOX OF VESEY STREET" OF BUNNER'S POEM



IN PAUL LEICESTER FORD'S "THE HONOURABLE PETER STERLING" THERE WAS MENTION OF "A LITTLE PARK, TOO SMALL TO BE CALLED A SQUARE, EVEN IF ITS SHAPE HAD NOT BEEN A TRIANGLE." IT WAS THERE THAT PETER, IN THE DAYS OF WAITING FOR A LAW PRACTICE, SPENT MUCH OF HIS TIME AND MADE FRIENDS WITH THE CHILDREN OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD. THAT LITTLE SQUARE WAS ALMOST THE LAST REMNANT OF THE OLD, SINISTER FIVE POINTS TO BE SWEEPED AWAY IN THE BUILDING OF THE NEWER CITY

sold. The next morning Mr. Dana went to Mr. Townsend's desk in the *Sun* office, and after referring to the dinner, said: "Can you tell me why *Chimmie Fadden* has reached a hundred thousand?" "Because," replied Mr. Townsend, "of the sentimental relations of Chimmie Fadden and Mr. Paul toward Miss Fannie."

VI. THE CITY OF STEPHEN CRANE

There was another of these younger men whose characters walked the lower East Side streets that produced Chimmie Fadden and invited the occasional attention of Cortlandt Van Bibber—the highly talented and ill-fated Stephen Crane. His *Red Badge of Courage* is still remembered, but little else. Yet in Crane Robert Barr saw the man most likely to produce the great American

novel. Crane's *Maggie—A Girl of the Streets*—even in the form in which it was publicly printed—was a very unusual book. Few writers have felt so keenly the city's throbbing life. It came natural to him to believe Balzac's saying that the brief newspaper paragraph "Yesterday, at four o'clock, a young man jumped from the Pont Neuf into the Seine" contained all the elements of the greatest novel. As he wandered through the streets Crane was forever seeing stories—tragic stories, of course—in the flickering lamp lights, the wet pavements, the looming tenements, and factories, and warehouses. "Where are Rum Alley and Devil's Row?" the present scribe asked him many years ago. "Are they in the shadow of the Bridge, or in the Corlears' Hook Park neighbourhood, or in Greenwich Village, or



THE "BIG BARRACKS" TENEMENT IN FORSYTHE STREET, THE SCENE OF MOST OF THE STORIES OF JULIAN RALPH'S "PEOPLE WE PASS." THIS WAS A TYPICAL NEW YORK TENEMENT STREET OF SIXTEEN YEARS AGO

Hell's Kitchen?" But Crane did not know. He had seen them. They were somewhere in the city. They had haunted him, and still haunted him. But in the course of just which night ramble he had come upon them he had forgotten. Perhaps Hogarth would have been at a loss to take a Londoner of his day to the Beer Alley and Gin Lane of his prints. When *Maggie* appeared there was a chorus of protest that it contained no light, no hope. But Stephen Crane explained that he could not have written the tale otherwise than he did. He had never been able to find

in his types sunshine and sentiment and humour. To them joy came only in the hour of sodden debauch. But indefinite as it was, Crane's proletaire was very convincing and powerful, rising clear and distinct over his eccentricities of style and diction.

VII. THE OLD GHETTO AND THE OLD CHINATOWN

In the last year or so of the nineteenth century the note of the New York Ghetto was first sounding in literature. From Russian Poland, where he was born in 1862, by way of Holland and



ON NEW CHAMBERS STREET WAS THE BRACE MEMORIAL NEWSBOYS LODGING HOUSE. IT WAS THERE THAT MR. TOWNSEND FIRST FOUND CHIMMIE FADDEN, WHO WAS FOR A TIME, ABOUT TWENTY YEARS AGO, THE MOST TALKED OF CHARACTER IN AMERICAN FICTION. CHIMMIE'S POPULARITY WAS AKIN TO THE POPULARITY THAT MR. DUNNE'S MR. DOOLEY ENJOYED A FEW YEARS LATER

London, to the lower East Side came Sidney Rosenfeld. He found employment as a tailor in a sweatshop, but was obliged to abandon this work on account of failing health, and became a penny-a-liner on the Yiddish newspapers. The *Songs From the Ghetto*—plaintive, wondering heart notes—of this tailor poet paved the way for the work that Abraham Cahan did in prose fiction. Israel Zangwill recognised in Cahan's "Yekl" the only Jew in American fiction. "Yekl" worked in a sweatshop in Pitt Street. In *The Imported Bridegroom* Cahan dealt with the New York of 1880 or thereabouts, and the old Ghetto in the neighbourhood of Bayard and Catherine Streets which, in the years following the Civil War, had been settled by a prosperous class of Russian Jews. The quarter, part of which remained at the time of the writing of the story, is now entirely gone. About the time of the writing of *Yekl* and *The Imported Bridegroom* Mr. Cahan was

a reporter on the New York *Commercial Advertiser*. He is now, and has been for a number of years, the editor of *Vorwaerts*, the leading Jewish paper of New York, and in that capacity has been in daily contact with the Ghetto, but so swift have been the changes in that, as in most other sections of the city, that he would probably find too much for him the task of finding the Essex Street sweatshop of the Lipmans, the home of Boris and Tatyana in Madison Street, or the Cherry Street tenement house to which Nathan and Goldy repaired after "A Ghetto Wedding."

The spirit of the new Chinatown is something far different from the spirit of the old. But externally it seems to have changed less than any other quarter of the city. The writer, invading it only a few weeks ago, had little difficulty in following the old trail. A hundred yards away is the Park, which has obliterated all that was once the sinister



MONKEY HILL. IN "EBEN HOLDEN" MR. IRVING BACHELLER INTRODUCED THE OLD TRIBUNE OFFICE IN THE DAYS OF HORACE GREELEY. IN FINDING FOR HIS HERO A HOME IN NEW YORK MR. BACHELLER PRESERVED IN FICTION ONE OF THE QUAINTEST OF ALL THE CITY'S QUAINST CORNERS. THE MONKEY HILL OF THE PERIOD OF THE STORY WAS AT A POINT WHICH HAS LONG BEEN OVER-SHADOWED BY ONE OF THE ARCHES OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE. ABOUT TWENTY YEARS AGO A NUMBER OF NEW YORK NEWSPAPER MEN WERE IN THE HABIT OF DINING AT THE SAME TABLE AT MOUQUIN'S OR PEDRO'S OR SOME LIKE PLACE IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE. STEPHEN CRANE, CHARLES K. GAINES, EDWARD MARSHALL, WILLIS B. HAWKINS, AND IRVING BACHELLER WERE MEMBERS OF THIS COMPANY. A LITTLE CLUB GREW OUT OF THE ASSOCIATION WHICH BECAME RATHER FAMOUS IN ITS TIME AS "THE SIGN OF THE LANTHORNE." THEY FOUND THEIR CLUB HOUSE—A SORT OF SWISS CHALET APPROACHED BY A HANGING STAIR THAT ASCENDED THE BRICK WALL OF AN IRON MONGER'S SHOP—ON MONKEY HILL

Mulberry Bend, the flavour of Baxter Street has found its way to Bayard Street; but here at the top of the incline where Park and Mott Streets meet, is the little Roman Catholic Church of the Transfiguration where the white slaves died in Edward W. Townsend's "The House of Yellow Brick"; the house itself still stands on the north side of Pell Street, about thirty yards from the Bowery; and at No. 16 Mott Street you will find the Joss temple with wondrous opening on the iron balcony, and the flight of well worn steps run-

ning up from the sidewalk in front described almost twenty years ago by Mr. Townsend in *A Daughter of the Tenements*.

VIII. WASHINGTON SQUARE—ONCE UP-ON A TIME

From the proletariat of yesterday let us turn to the pleasanter regions of Bohemia and Belgravia. In the seventies and early eighties there was a French Quarter in the streets to the immediate south of Washington Square. Bohemia had invaded the southerly line of the

The New York of the Novelists



DOWN. "THE HOUSE OF YELLOW BRICK"
ELL STREET. THE SCENE OF EDWARD W.
SEND'S STORY OF THAT NAME

, and across the park Belgravia
d its disapproval. Naturally the
it appealed to the writer of fic-
nd was to be found reflected in
ges of W. D. Howells, Bayard
, Henry James, H. C. Bunner,
r Matthews, F. Hopkinson
Robert W. Chambers, Julian
E. W. Townsend, James L.
R. H. Davis and many more.
years ago the writer made the
nt that an imaginary circle, with
tre in the white Memorial Arch,
radius of five or six hundred
would hold fully one-half of what
st in the local colour of New
fiction. On the north side of the
, between Fifth Avenue and Mac-
Street, was the stately residence
Sloper, of Henry James's *Wash-*

ington Square. Almost directly oppo-
site, but socially leagues away, was the
residence, at No. 50, of Captain Peters
of Bunner's *The Midge*. Bunner lived
on the Square in his younger, Bohemian
days, and throughout his life always
seemed to think of it with a great love
and sympathy. It has been chronicled
that Bunner wrote *The Midge* to "get
married on." The book was dashed off
in the house in Seventh Street in which
he was at the time living. That was
one of the rare occasions on which he
was ever seen to work. This charac-
teristic was always a mystery to his
friends and business associates. He was
seldom seen at his writing table, and yet
the end of the year showed an extraor-
dinary amount of work to his credit.
The secret of it lay in the ease and
speed with which he wrote.

In *A Hazard of New Fortunes* Mr.
Howells wrote of the "old-fashioned
American respectability which keeps the
north side of the Square in vast man-
sions of red brick, and the international
shabbiness which has invaded the south-
ern border and broken it up into lodg-
ing houses, shops, beer gardens, and
studios." F. Hopkinson Smith brought
the Square into *Caleb West*; Julian
Ralph into *People We Pass*; Brander
Matthews into *The Last Meeting*;
Mrs. Burton Harrison into *Sweet Bells*
Out of Tune; George William Curtis
into *Prue and I*; Edgar Fawcett into
Rutherford; R. W. Chambers into *The*
King in Yellow and *Outsiders*; and
Edward W. Townsend made use of the
vast social gulf between the north and
south sides in *Just Across the Square*.

IX. RECALLING COLONEL CARTER

Just south of Washington Square, at
146 Macdougall Street, there was, in
former years, a rather pretentious
Franco-Italian hotel frequented by writ-
ers and artists. But the Philistines of
trade came, and of their repulse James
L. Ford wrote in "Bohemia Invaded,"
in the course of which he referred to
the hotel as the Garibaldi. Two or
three blocks to the north of the Square,



THE SLOPER RESIDENCE OF HENRY JAMES'S "WASHINGTON SQUARE." IN 1835, WHEN DR. SLOPER FIRST TOOK POSSESSION, MOVING UPTOWN FROM THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF CITY HALL, WHICH HAD SEEN ITS BEST DAYS SOCIALLY, THE SQUARE, THEN THE IDEAL OF QUIET AND GENTEEL RETIREMENT, WAS ENCLOSED BY A WOODEN PALING

at Nos. 19 and 21 West Ninth Street, was the Hotel Griffou, a resort much frequented in its best days by Mr. Howells and Thomas Alibone Janvier. It was Franco-Spanish-Italian-South American in its nationality. To it Mr. Howells sent Ray in *The World of Chance*, and the flat hunting Marches in *A Hazard of New Fortunes*. About it Mr. Janvier wrote a series of typically New York stories in which the hotel was designated as the Casa Napoleon. The Louis Napoleon of these tales was Louis Napoleon Griffou. Tenth Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, was, in its associations with fiction, perhaps the richest of all the blocks in the city that was. There was the old studio building and painter men were frequent heroes in the years before the romance of business had come into fashion. Then in the old days there was the odd little white frame structure designated as No. 58½. It was the home of the old Tile Club. Brander Mat-

thews, in *The Last Meeting*, placed Frederick Olyphant's studio there, and told how the house was reached from West Tenth Street by passing through a dim alley, "worn by the feet of three generations of artists." But first of all No. 58½ was the home of F. Hopkinson Smith's Colonel George Fairfax Carter of Cartersville, Fairfax County, Virginia, during that period of his life when he was in New York trying to interest the agents of British syndicates in the scheme, the consummation of which would have given some of the very first Virginia families easy access to the Atlantic Coast. Mr. Smith described the structure as "an old-fashioned, partly furnished, two story house, nearly a century old, which crouched down behind the larger and more modern dwelling fronting on the street." Tenth Street in the book was called Bedford Place. The spot was within a stone's throw of the tall clock tower of the Jefferson Market Police Court. The street en-



COLONNADE ROW. IN LAFAYETTE PLACE, OPPOSITE THE OLD ASTOR LIBRARY, WAS THIS CURIOUS RELIC OF THE OLDER NEW YORK. THESE HOUSES WERE WHITE, WITH TALL PILLARS AND DEEP BALCONIES. LITTLE GARDENS, SURROUNDED BY IRON RAILINGS, SEPARATED THEM FROM THE STREET. F. MARION CRAWFORD INTRODUCED THE SECOND HOUSE FROM THE NORTH IN THE ROW IN "THE RALSTONS," AND ANOTHER HOUSE WAS USED BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON IN "THE ANGLO-MANIACS"

trance to this curious abode was marked by a swinging wooden gate, opening into a narrow tunnel, which dodged under the front house. "It was an uncanny sort of passageway, mouldy and wet from a long neglected leak overhead, and lighted at night by a rusty lantern with dingy glass sides. In the days when the Tile Club flourished this quaint bit of local colour existed in its entirety. But most of it disappeared

when Mr. Maitland Armstrong, the owner of the front house, No. 58, remodelled his own residence. In the stage presentation of *Colonel Carter of Cartersville* the scene of one act was laid in the Colonel's dining room. When the play was in preparation, Mr. Smith piloted the scenic artist through the old building, with the result that the long room made familiar to theatre-goers as the scene of the Virginian Don



THE CASA NAPOLEON. PRESERVED BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS IN "THE WORLD OF CHANCE" AND "A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES," AND BY THOMAS A. JANVIER IN "AT THE CASA NAPOLEON" AND OTHER TALES. IT WAS IN REALITY THE HOTEL GRIFFOU AT 19 AND 21 WEST NINTH STREET. IT WENT OUT OF EXISTENCE ABOUT TEN YEARS AGO



IN THE "CASA NAPOLEON"



"THE FIRE IS MY FRIEND," SAID COLONEL CARTER. BUT HE HAD IN MIND AN EARLIER AND MORE PRIMITIVE FIREPLACE THAN THE ONE SHOWN IN THE ACCOMPANYING ILLUSTRATION WHICH CAME INTO BEING AS PART OF THE REMODELLING OF THE OLD HOUSE

Quixote's exploits was an exact reproduction of the original chamber.

X. SQUARES AND STREETS

The familiar parks and squares played their parts in the books of the men and women who wrote of the City that Was just as they are playing their parts in the novels that are coming from the new generation. In *People That Pass* Julian Ralph had written of Tompkins Square with its "broad walks and hordes of screaming children." Of the time when the Square was "a dark horror to all decent citizens living near it," Edgar Fawcett had told in *An Ambitious Woman*. Those were the years when Tompkins Square was set aside by day as a parade ground for the city militia, which paraded there scarcely twice a year. "Its lampless lapse of earth was by night at least four acres

of brooding gloom, and he who ventured to cross it stood the risk of thieving assault, if of nothing more harmful." Of Stuyvesant Square Mr. Fawcett had spoken as "one of the fragments that have been left uninvaded by the merciless spirit of change." In a little red brick house facing it Henry James had placed Mrs. Montgomery (*Washington Square*). Bunner had told how at night the strong wind used to blow the music of St. George's bells half across the city to Washington Square and the Midge's ears. "It was as though Stuyvesant Square, snugly locked up for the night, sent a midnight message of reproach to the broader and more democratic ground whose hard walks knew no rest from echoing footsteps in light or dark." Union Square and Madison Square had been reflected in novels of Henry James, W. D. How-



NUMBER 2 GRAMERCY PARK. IT WAS THE HOME OF MR. GIFFORD PINCHOT AND USED BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH AS THE RESIDENCE OF MRS. LEROY IN "CALEB WEST." IT WAS THERE THAT CALEB'S WIFE FOUND A REFUGE AFTER HER FLIGHT FROM HER HOME NEAR THE RACE ROCK LIGHT-HOUSE IN THE LONG ISLAND SOUND

ells and Brander Matthews. Gramercy Park had not yet become a club region, but there was one club, on the south side, that had already made its appearance in New York fiction. No. 2 Gramercy Park, the home of Mr. Gifford Pinchot, had been used by F. Hopkinson Smith as the residence of Mrs. Leroy in *Caleb West*. The house at the northwest corner of Twenty-first Street and Lexington Avenue, now occupied by the Princeton Club, had been introduced by Edgar Saltus into *The Truth About Tristrem Varick*. It was there that Varick drove the needle-like Roman knife home to his host's heart.

Then there were the streets contiguous to these squares. Clinton Place had

been a favourite with the novelists. Marion Crawford had found there a home for the Lauderdale (Katherine Lauderdale and *The Ralstons*) in the vine-covered house which formerly was the residence of Mr. Richard Watson Gilder. There Bunner had placed Paul Hathaway (*The Midge*) in "an odd old structure inhabited by Bohemians." Directly across from the Brevoort House, where visiting Englishmen invariably "stopped" in the New York novels of the seventies and early eighties, was No. 68 Clinton Place, interesting as being not only the scene, but also the *raison d'être* of Thomas Janvier's "A Temporary Deadlock." In Lafayette Place, opposite the old Astor Library,



AT THE NORTHWEST CORNER OF FIFTH AVENUE AND THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, ON THE SITE NOW OCCUPIED BY THE BUILDING OF THE KNICKERBOCKER TRUST COMPANY, THERE LONG STOOD THE OLD STEWART MANSION. FOR A TIME IT WAS THE HOME OF THE MANHATTAN CLUB, AND AS SUCH WAS THE SCENE OF THE MEETING DESCRIBED IN PAUL LEICESTER FORD'S "THE HONOURABLE PETER STERLING," WHICH RESULTED IN THE NOMINATION OF THE HERO OF THE BOOK FOR THE GOVERNORSHIP OF NEW YORK STATE

there was formerly a line of white houses with tall pillars and deep balconies, known as Colonnade Row. One of them had been used by Mrs. Burton Harrison in *The Anglo-maniacs*, and another, the second from the north, by Marion Crawford as the home of Walter and Hester Crowdie of *The Ralstons*. Then there was the old Fourteenth Street of which no more graphic picture was ever drawn than that of Richard Harding Davis in *The Exiles*. Holcomb, the New York assistant district attorney, leaving Tangier, asks Meakin, the police commissioner who had been indicted for blackmailing gambling houses, if he cannot do something for him at home. Meakin replies:

"I'll tell you what you can do for me, Holcombe. Some night I wish you would go down to Fourteenth Street, some night this spring, when the boys are sitting out on the steps in front of the Hall, and just take a drink for me at Ed. Lally's; just for luck. That's what I'd like to do. I don't know nothing better than Fourteenth Street of a summer evening, with all the people crowding into Pastor's on one side of the Hall and the Third Avenue L cars running by on the other. That's a gay sight, ain't it now? With all the girls coming in and out of Theiss's, and the sidewalks crowded. One of them warm nights when they have to have the windows open, and you can hear the music in at Pastor's and the audience clapping their hands. That's great, isn't it?



BEEKMAN PLACE AND THE TERRACE. THIS QUAINIT BIT OF NEW YORK WHICH RUNS ALONG THE EAST RIVER FRONT FROM FORTY-NINTH STREET TO FIFTY-FIRST STREET, WAS THE SCENE OF HENRY HARLAND'S EARLY LITERARY LABOURS AND WAS INTIMATELY ASSOCIATED WITH THE CHARACTERS OF EVERY BOOK THAT HE WROTE UNDER THE PSEUDONYM OF SIDNEY LUSKA. BEEKMAN PLACE AND THE TERRACE COMMAND A FINE VIEW OF BLACKWELL'S ISLAND, THE RIVER, AND THE OIL FACTORIES OF HUNTER'S POINT

Well," he laughed, and he shook his head. "I'll be back there some day, won't I?" he said wistfully, "and hear it for myself."

XI. BEEKMAN TERRACE

In the fiction of the City that Was there was perhaps no more picturesque corner than the Beekman Place of which the late Henry Harland had written under the pseudonym of Sidney Luska. Beekman Place can be found to-day, perched high up on the city's eastern brink, where East Fiftieth Street comes to an abrupt stop. Mr. Harland had discovered it and had lived there in the days when it had been his custom to go to bed immediately after dinner, to rise at two o'clock in the morning, and, fortified with strong coffee, with a wet towel bound round his head, to write undisturbed until it was time for breakfast, after which he started downtown for his daily work in the Surrogate's

office. The first of his books thus laboriously produced had been *As it Was Written*. The opening scene in that story was laid at the Fifty-first Street end of the Terrace. It was there that Ernest Neuman found Varonika, one night when the moon had risen, a huge red disk out of the mist and smoke across the river. From the Terrace at this point a long flight of white stone steps leads down almost to the water's edge. In *Mrs. Peixada* Mr. Harland had given a long and graphic description of Beekman Terrace, "this unpretentious chocolate-coloured thoroughfare running north and south for two blocks from Forty-ninth to Fifty-first Street, a striking contrast to the rest of hot and dusty New York." From the balcony of the corner house occupied by Mrs. Peixada the characters of the tale looked down upon the busy river, where the tugs and Sound steam-



ALL ABOUT STATEN ISLAND WERE THE SCENES OF F. HOPKINSON SMITH'S "TOM GROGAN." THE ROCKVILLE OF THE TALE WAS IN REALITY STAPLETON. THERE WERE THE HOUSE AND BARN OF THE HEROINE WHICH, UNTIL A FEW YEARS AGO AT LEAST, COULD BE EASILY IDENTIFIED. THE CIVIL TRIAL TOOK PLACE IN A ROOM DIRECTLY ABOVE THE STAPLETON POST OFFICE AND JUST ACROSS THE SQUARE WAS THE ORIGINAL OF THE SALOON IN WHICH PLOTS WERE HATCHED AGAINST TOM. THE REAL TOM GROGAN WAS MRS. BRIDGET MORGAN, STEVEDORE. THE ACCOMPANYING ILLUSTRATION SHOWS "THE SEA WALL THAT BABCOCK WAS BUILDING FOR THE LIGHTHOUSE DEPARTMENT"

ers kept up a continual puffing and whistling. In the water there was a beautiful mother-of-pearl tint, and around the corner a band was grinding out selections from *Trovatore*.

XII. BEYOND THE OLD CITY

The traveller by the trains of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railway passing the station at Williamsbridge can catch a glimpse through the trees of a rapidly decaying frame house on the banks of the winding narrow Bronx. Once upon a time it was Laguerre's, characterised by F. Hopkinson Smith as the "most delightful of French inns, in the quaintest of French settlements." Once upon a time, under the tall trees trailing their branches in the

still stream, the white ducks paddled together, and the queer punts were drawn up on the shelving shore or tied to soggy, patched-up landing stairs. But gone is Laguerre's, and probably gone, too, is the original of the character, Henri Lemaire, who like the François Laguerre of the tale, was a maker of passe-partouts, with a shop somewhere on Sixth Avenue. A quarter of a century ago, when the artists used to find in it relaxation and inspiration, Laguerre's was unique in its mouldiness, romance and charm. Now—well perhaps the homeward bound commuter of Greenwich, or Cos Cob, or Stamford passing Williamsbridge had better not take that look. *Sic transit!*

They were more sedate, those old



THE TRAVELLER BY THE TRAINS OF THE NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD RAILWAY PASSING THE STATION AT WILLIAMSBRIDGE, CAN CATCH A GLIMPSE THROUGH THE TREES OF A RAPIDLY DECAYING FRAME HOUSE ON THE BANKS OF THE WINDING, NARROW BRONX. ONCE UPON A TIME IT WAS LAGUERRE'S, CHARACTERISED BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH AS THE "MOST DELIGHTFUL OF FRENCH INNS IN THE QUAINTEST OF FRENCH SETTLEMENTS"

suburbs beyond the waters that surround Manhattan into which the novelists of the older generation ventured. The fever of New York had not yet reached them. In *An Ambitious Woman* Edgar Fawcett had invaded Greenpoint. He had found it covered by the pall of a sovereign dreariness. He had dwelt on its ugliness, its melancholy, its torpor, its neglect. To him it always had what he described as a certain "goblin hideousness keenly picturesque." Again and again when he was writing the story

Fawcett crossed the ferry to soak himself in that Greenpoint atmosphere, with its tragi-comic suggestiveness. The backgrounds of the tale were the black, loamy meadow, and the sodden bridge, and the little, inky creek, and the flock of iris-necked pigeons, and the dull, dirty smoke from the factories. The Twinings of *An Ambitious Woman* lived in a three-story wooden house of a yellowish drab colour, with trellised piazza, Corinthian pillars, and high basement windows, in one of the side



‘THAT BROAD EXPANSION OF THE RIVER DENOMINATED BY THE DUTCH NAVIGATORS THE TAPPAN ZEE’ (WASHINGTON IRVING’S “THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW”)



THE OLD CHURCH OF WASHINGTON IRVING’S “THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.” IT WAS THERE THAT ICHABOD CRANE INSTRUCTED KATRINA VAN TASSEL IN PSALMODY. FROM THE SURROUNDING CHURCHYARD THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN WAS SAID TO ISSUE NIGHTLY. ICHABOD’S FRIGHT BEGAN WHEN PASSING THE TREE BY WHICH MAJOR ANDRÉ WAS CAPTURED. HIS EXPERIENCE WITH THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN BEGAN AT THE BRIDGE, ABOUT TWO HUNDRED YARDS FARTHER ON. THE CHURCH WAS BUILT IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. THE OLD MOTT HOMESTEAD, NEARBY, BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN THE VAN TASSEL HOME, WAS DESTROYED SEVENTEEN OR EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO

streets. Fifteen years ago a few such houses were still to be found. Ten years before that a hill, known as Pottery Hill, had been razed. It was from the summit of this hill that Mr. Fawcett had described his heroine as "watching the wrinkled river, drab and tremulous, the boats, and beyond the church spires of New York." But Fawcett wandered to the west as well as to the east. It was the Hoboken of less turbulent days that he pictured in *A Daughter of Silence*, a book which, by the way, was always a favourite of Robert Ingersoll. There he found the little park, which still may be seen from midstream in the

Hudson, where Guy Arbuthnot and Brenda first met and spoke.

Still farther afield led the old trail—to the Staten Island of F. Hopkinson Smith's *Tom Grogan*; the Jersey hills of Frank R. Stockton's tales, and Paul Leicester Ford's *Janice Meredith*. Back, too, it led to the days when Fenimore Cooper's Harvey Birch peddled patriotically the roads of Westchester, and Washington Irving's Ichabod Crane fled from the Headless Horseman at Sleepy Hollow—days of what was a city of remote yesterday to the City that Was.

THE NEW YORK OF THE NOVELISTS—A NEW PILGRIMAGE PART II. THE CAÑONS OF THE MONEY GRUBBERS

The second paper in this series will deal with the streets of downtown New York City as they have been reflected in the fiction of the last decade and a half. First, looming up in the sky, are the "Big Cañons of the Money Grubbing Tribe," symbolising the city's wealth, vastness, and lack of sympathy. Kipling's "Ship That Found Herself" surveyed them complacently, being obsessed by her own sense of achievement. The old nigger man from Virginia, in the O. Henry story "Thimble! Thimble!" stumbled through them in his search for his "Young Marse Blandford," perhaps brushing against a banker of the pages of Mrs. Wharton, or Mr. Chambers, or Mr. Johnson, or a derelict tipster from a tale of Edwin Lefevre. The cañons dwindle in depth. A few blocks to the east leads to the Criminal Court district and its associations with recent fiction. To the west, along the North River front, are the great piers of the transatlantic lines. How many of the novels' heroes and heroines have parted there; how many gallant young Americans of the magic world of make believe have swung lightly down those gang-planks bound for intrigue and adventure in mythical Balkan principalities? From No. 19 Lispenard Street, where they first came upon the scene of fiction, Potash and Perlmutter hurry across town to borrow money from the Kosciusko Bank in east Grand Street, in doing so, penetrating deep into the new Ghetto of Montague Glass, Bruno Lessing, and James Oppenheim. The old Bowery, the Bowery of Chimmie Fadden, is gone, but there is a new Bowery, rich with the associations of the modern Haroun-Alraschid, who told for us the stories of "The Social Triangle," "Past One at Rooney's," and "The Love Potion of Ikey Schoenstein"; and despite the activities of social reformers and millionaire philanthropists, there is still something of a mysterious East Side. Whether "Little Old Noisyville on the Subway," or "Yap-town on the Hudson," if you prefer it, be a friend or a stranger to you, the writer asks your companionship in the following of the trail.

United States. I had a special permit, and was put under the care of a military officer, sword-begirt, but of course only because he was in uniform. He naturally had his instructions to see all fair to both sides, especially that of the Russian Government.

I had no reason to complain of him—quite the contrary. He was politeness, and even court politeness, itself. Though theoretically my leader, he always bowed me in front of him, and never asked me to turn right or left without a “Will you be so exceedingly obliging?” to preface the request. It was quite uplifting if only you took it in the right way, and I managed to do that by cherishing the fancy that I was his imperial master, attended by an *aide-de-camp*. In this way we mounted the famous staircase of malachite, and passed with echoing steps through the magnificent galleries decorated in an equally lavish way. It was gratifying, but after a little of it I began to pity both myself and the Tsar. Marooned in this paradise of beauty, without a kindred soul! It was the image of the awful solitude of his state. The clanking sabre of my *aide-de-camp*—I think there were spurs, too, for the effect of the minor key—seemed quite at cross purposes with the work on the walls. Peasant interiors with dim figures saying grace in the light of a farthing dip, before sitting down to a mutton-bone; Temptations of St. Anthony; a Spanish collection, the finest in the world outside of Madrid; exquisite landscapes of all the schools, glowing in the soft light of peace, happiness and the beatitudes of the spiritual life. How enjoy such things in such a void! Everything was out of keeping: you had to skate from masterpiece to masterpiece over the polished floors.

Art and autocracy must ever be at cross purposes. I had met Count Zichy on the way out, in his retirement from the post of painter to the Russian Court, and he showed me the drawings for his pictures, done under conditions that make all modern work “to command” almost invariably a failure. They were

chiefly pencilled sketches of costumes, in microscopic detail. He explained that the first and last consideration with the august sitters was the spiritual import of their wearing apparel. They seemed to have a dress for every circumstance, every event, every mood of their superbly tailored lives. It was their only way of expression consistent with the supreme necessity of saving a face in lines of eternal calm. One of his last commissions was a picture of the arrival at Sebastopol of the remains of the Tsarevitch Nicholas, who had died at Nice, his brother succeeding as Alexander III. The tremendously solemn import of the ceremony was imperilled at every moment by this sense of the overlordship of the outfitter, in the minds of all. Such and such chamberlains, admirals, generals, governors of provinces were in attendance, each in uniform which had to be rendered in its minutest detail of *passementerie*, at large, not omitting the bell-ropes in gold and silver lace that, on such occasions, dangle from the shoulder to the chest. When these were right, and not a moment before, the picture was passed, but as no official was in charge of the simple pathos of the matter, this came very poorly off. The very buttons had laws of their own: “Kindly remember, *monsieur le peintre*, that my tunic has double lines of two buttons with alternations of three.” All this multiplied into the several claims of epaulette, sashes, sword-knots, trouser stripes twin or single, orders and stars! It was as bad as a wake, with the bier and its tenant reduced to a side show.

It was quite a relief to have to pursue one's researches in the Imperial library. Here was a librarian who was quite a fellow-creature, in the first place, and an official only in the second. He was always helpful, at times somewhat formally polite, but beneath all this quite capable of little tempers, and of airs of lassitude which showed that you had really worn his patience to the quick. It was all very well to be conscientious in your work, and to ask for this, that

and the other almost beyond the resources of the printed word, but librarians have their feelings, to say nothing of their dinner-hours. I remember a final outburst that brought me to my senses. "It is, as I have already had the honour to tell you, monsieur, quite out of our power to answer that question." This is the Russian, old and new, the hot temper always at hand to help the goodness of heart out of a difficulty. The combination of the most obsequious civility with the rough edge of some original sin not yet worked out of the system was particularly refreshing, and it gave me great pleasure in his society. It had the charm of exploration without the labour of research, like a buried city within a hand's breadth of the surface.

This, so far as my observation goes, is characteristic of the race. Their western culture is but one of their rough coats worn inside out to show a silken lining. They are still good fellows,—that is the main point,—and human in their alternations of the mood of the moment. I was lucky enough to see something of both at their best.

The old Russian *boyar*, or noble type, I encountered at Petersburg—I beg its pardon, Petrograd. He had a large estate within the city, and I had been referred to him as a person who knew all that was worth knowing about the iconography of Peter the Great. He might almost have had it at first hand from Peter, to judge by the antiquity of his manners and customs. I found him, by invitation, at a family dinner; and at the head of a long table with covers laid for thirty or so, husband and wife, sons and sons' wives and children, with a married grandchild here and there, and his progeny, to make out. It was the patriarchal roof-tree, as you may still find it in our old French colony of Mauritius, the dining-room as the baronial hall of the clan. Here, wherever they lived in the capital, they were expected to assemble on Sundays for the family feast. He was quite of the old school, in his long white beard

of the days when Peter, fresh from his Western tour, had to keep barbers at the gates of the cities, to bring Asia into line with Europe. His garments were in the bunchy style of his primitive Russian prints, wrappers without much concern about a fit, the outer one-half dressing-gown. The younger people were as smart as you could wish, Paris and London at their best. He was hail-fellow-well-met, though in a certain stately way, and his manners were quite distinguished. It would have been impossible, I should say, to take a liberty with him without having to smart for it. He had a certain noble air as of one used to unquestioning obedience all his life. The children took many liberties, for all that, while still watching him to see how far they could go. So long as he merely roared calls to order, they had it all their own way, but when he named them, they stopped at once.

The style of it all must have come straight down for centuries, with hardly a change. To me, as the stranger within his gates, he was all high courtesy, serious discussion of the purpose of my visit, promises of aid, well kept. I don't know how far he ranked as a mere survival—I did not see enough of the country to judge that—but I fancy there were more of his sort than generally meet the eye of the tourist. I caught many glimpses of men like him in externals, people of the upper middle, cuddling huge bed pillows as part of their equipment for a railway journey, and sometimes stores of provender in bags. It is quite conceivable that he carried his pillow, too, when he went abroad and laughed at his manicured sons and daughters as milksops for being content to find all their comforts of home in palace cars. I daresay they laughed back again, though with discretion, so it suited both parties. This is Russia the old and the new, still side by side, and with perfect understanding and good fellowship between them, and no aloofness to mark a sense of the grades. It was a pleasant contrast to the free England I had left behind.

After dinner, we went into the grounds, where, as it was yet winter, a huge *montagne Russe* was reared for the slides. It was the well-known Russian variety of the toboggan. You mount to the top of a wooden tower, throw yourself into a sled, and then career at railway speed down a gully of dark gleaming ice, banked on either side with snow, to reach a level where the loss of the impetus gradually slows you down to a standstill. Then up again, and *da capo*, till you have had your fill. It is a desperate business for a beginner, but I was silly enough to try it, even with a moujik for driver. He got me down all right, but I don't care to say what became of my topper hat and my dignity!

This interior may be contrasted with another of a Russian *salon* of the new generation. And still it was of the old one, for whenever I think of it I am reminded of the *salon* of Tolstoi's *War and Peace*. The conversation was still mainly in French, the figures, but for the fashions of the day, were the same, governing ring, military, leaders of society. The talk was politics, scandal, rumours of wars, the joys of life reduced by successive cultures to the needs of anæmic souls. The common topic, with which you were always safe, was the latest dancer at the opera. It was the Russia of the reaction against popular liberties, the white terror over again, and avenging itself on the red. This was my only glimpse of a society of that kind, and I freely own that I felt afraid of it, as something both decadent and unreal. All were but playing a part, in their smooth-spoken cynicism, their thick lacquer of polish, their utter want of all fervour of conviction, where conviction of a kind must still have had its place. They launched the phrase as happily as their forerunners of France, for with their subtle intelligence this was the charm they most readily caught. But these are not governing qualities in our hurly-burly of a world, still awaiting its finishing touches as a human settlement. One could not help thinking

of their balance of fellow-countrymen, some hundred and sixty million strong, and wondering how long it would last as a thing sufficient to racial and national needs. Minorities always rule, of course, but they must be strong ones. With all their fine talk, fine manners, these good folk seemed to take high politics as some of us nearer home take the game of bridge. The women were the worst offenders in their passion for social form. I leave it as an impression for what it is worth, without attempting to explain or defend.

Certainly the aptitude of Rusians for learning things is marvellous—a natural quickness. I knew of one who had four languages, besides her own, at her tongue's end—English, French, German, Italian. She spoke in them and wrote in them. And she had something to write about—a basis of solid studies, in history, literature and the commerce of life. She thought in them, wrongly enough sometimes, as I thought in my turn, but that was merely matter of opinion. The thesis was there, coherent and four-square, with the power to hold her own in it. She was obsessed with the idea of a superior caste of mind, to which she and her intellectual set belonged. With all this she was a most accomplished musician, and had filled the Queen's Hall more than once for concerts given in her own name. I have a certain hesitation in saying all this, because it may seem founded on mere recollections of my reading in prodigies of the past, our own Admirable Crichton or the Continental Pico della Mirandola. As a lad, Crichton is said to have known a dozen languages: I wonder in how many of them he could have deceived the native. Gilbert Hamerton used to say that no more than two can ever be acquired in that perfection. The peculiarity in this lady's case, as a Russian, was that she was one of many only less richly endowed. And I hasten to add, still with the purpose of saving myself, that the union of qualities precluded the marked bias for one, that makes for success. Nothing in par-

ticular seemed worth doing, because all seemed so easy to do. The sense of this limitation helped to kill Marie Bashkirtseff. Distinction seemed ever to elude her, till she won it at last by the sheer frankness of her confession of failure. But she was not there to enjoy it when it came. "What shadows we are"—every aspiring soul can finish the quotation.

The classic case, I think, in our British experience, is Madame de Novikoff. It was a real part, well played; there was a moment, fleeting, as even historic moments are, when she figured as a sort of supplementary ambassador. She knew all our great people as a friend and intimate. She wrote freely to the *Times*, with Holy Russia and "our Tsar" for subjects; and she had huge store of postcards, to say nothing of letters still unpublishable, to show how heartily a Prime Minister of England entered into the fun of the game. Her day passed, for a meteoric appearance like that cannot possibly become an institution; but while it lasted it was enough to make her one of the women of the time. She seemed rather out of place in England, where every fine drawn scheme is apt to be upset by a chilly blast of popular feeling. Yet she has lived to see a Russian Alliance, for all that.

I was so lucky as to find Turgeneff at Petrograd, and to obtain access to him through a friend. Him I have always regarded as one of the first-rates, because he did so much to reveal his native Russia to the western world. I called on him one Sunday morning, and found him with two or three friends. There was no mystery in their meeting, yet to me it had quite the air of a gathering of initiates of a forbidden faith—say, Nicodemus taking his first course. When I strolled from there into the neighbouring cathedral, with its worshippers prostrate on the marble floor, I saw that this fancy was merely an atmospheric effect.

He received me most kindly, and showed interest in the work on which I was engaged, but was sparing in his ref-

erences to things Russian, as though he felt that he was on the wrong side of the frontier for that. What he thought of his native land, and of its political and social life, was in his works, for all who knew how to find his meaning. He lived abroad, but as the interpreter of Russia to herself and to the foreigner, it was not to his interest to deprive himself of all chance of occasional contact with the living text. Verestchagin used occasionally to scoff at him as wanting in pluck, but the great writer knew what he was about, and his was by far the finer mind.

The Parisian circle of his acquaintance was at once larger and select. He mastered all that France had to teach him in literature, and, while equal to her best as a craftsman of philosophic fiction, he had a just sense of their lack of contact at first hand with the deeper tragedy of life. When this secret came out in posthumous indiscretions, based on diaries and letters, it was a little disconcerting to find that he had no great opinion of Daudet, but, when you got used to it, easy to bear. It agreed with thoughts that had flitted through one's own mind, without being asked to stay, for lack of courage. The French writer was a little too manifestly anxious to please. Urbanity has its price. The *Lettres de Mon Moulin*, where-with he bounded into public notice, are a trifle insipid on a second reading, as being too much about all the certificated nice things nicely said. Octave Feuillet, as we have already seen, was the arch offender in this way, with the eternal theme of the hero as prig. Daudet was naturally upset by his friend's frankness, and he wrote bitter things about violated hospitality, and a not too amiable Russian from the Steppe, which were much beside the mark.

Gorki, a writer of the same serious sense of the calling as his compatriot, came my way years after, and in a rather curious manner. One day, as he was passing through England to take up his long residence in the milder climate of Italy, I received an invitation

to meet him at dinner at the chambers of Mr. Hagberg Wright. A dozen or so were at the board, among them Nevins and Bernard Shaw. It could hardly be called a sociable gathering, for the guest of the evening had no language but his own, and most of the others were without Russian. Our felicitations, therefore, had first to be offered in English or French, and then turned into his mother tongue by the lady who accompanied him—with the process reversed, of course, for his acknowledgments. It became as tedious as an extradition case in the unknown tongue. He said something amiable to me about my work, and I could not help asking him how he came to know anything about it. "I have read it in translation," he said. I pricked up my ears: no application for leave had reached me from that quarter. As I afterwards learned, it was not required. The piracy was still a compliment of a kind, and I left it at that, no doubt to the perfect satisfaction of all concerned.

Naples set him up again—his lungs were in a very weak state. I hope he has suffered no relapse by his patriotic offer to take his place in the ranks for the war of 1914. There was a twofold risk. For a long time he found his native air a less dangerous adversary than his native government. His first attempt to repatriate himself ended in a precipitate flight back to the south. Russia will have to find a better way of using men like that than to put truth-telling into her penal code. There are signs that the present struggle of nations and races may lead her to mend her ways. The offer to Poland gives ground for hope, but no more can be said while Finland still mourns the loss of her chartered liberties. If all is to be even second-best in the world—and Pangloss himself would now hardly put in his claim for more—democracy must be allowed to try her hand. Everything else has been tried, and see where we are to-day!—with the only light in the sky focused on the shining armour of

the War Lord, on his knees to the United States for a smile.

Tolstoi has left a literature for the masses more stupendous in conception and execution than even all his earlier work. It is little read outside of Russia, but its regenerating power for the spirit of man is simply incalculable. As a miracle of mere technic it stands alone, with this giant of intellect and heart making himself again, in his old age, as a little child, to bring the highest thought to the humblest minds.

It is curious to study ideals and usages as they actually function to make the whole world kin. The community of great ideas is, of course, the finest example, especially the community of the emotions. But these still have different springs, according to the latitude and longitude, and, besides, you have to know a people well to discover what is really astir in their souls. Meanwhile, mere superficial manners and customs may sometimes give a clue of a kind. The very fashions are not to be despised. You may now travel all across Europe and Asia, and find traces of the reigning hat, male or female, of the boulevard. I know it is so in Europe, and I hazard the rest on trust. It is the same with the amusements, especially those of the grosser sort. The music-hall—one rather takes shame to say it—is a bond of union to-day. If I had been prepared with the reflection in time, it would have saved me a shock at the sight of a *lion comique* at Petrograd. There he was, in a close imitation of the make-up of his prototype, The Great Vance, then our star above the horizon. It was faultless as to evening-dress and crush hat, not forgetting the button-hole. The "swell" of popular vision was the thing aimed at in each case. The racial differentiation came in with the artist's reading of his part. The Briton idealised in mere jolly dog-ism, spurring in floods of champagne, and "to-morrow we'll get sober." The Russian did better than that. His little song had the national *nitchewo* for its burden, but in this case only as a

mere devil-may-care, for the want of something to care about on your own account. Quite freely rendered, it might have stood for "What's the use?"—a deeper strain, I thought, than ours.

My next stage was Moscow, for special research in the archives of the Kremlin. The harvest was a little too rich, to tell the truth about it. Pictured costumes of every period, especially, of course, of the time when Peter began to take matters in hand. Rude merry-makings and drinking bouts, great battle pieces, with the armies drawn up to fit the squares of a sort of chessboard that stood for the field, with infantry lost, as it were, in the pine forests of their own spears towering to the sky, rectangular cavalry and artillery on the same plan. It was the formation of the time and it served to discomfit Turk and Swede, among the bonniest fighters in history. Perhaps the Scots' soldier of fortune in Peter's service had brought the pikes oversea. They saved the little there was to save on the field at Flodden, and won Bannockburn.

Then, of course, there was the Kremlin, the fortified city within the city, white-stoned and still looking as new as when it rose from its ashes after the burning. Within, a bunch of little churches and official buildings, some with the dignity of shrines, all close together, like things packed in a box. Even the great coronation church is but a chapel-of-ease beside Westminster Abbey, or the cathedral of Rheims—what is left of this now! One, and that the most perfect gem of orthodox art, is but a house of prayer for a doll. You make the round of it in a jiffy, and go from turret to turret by passages in which there is hardly room for more than one

abreast. Kneel in some of the shrines, if you can, when two or three are gathered together. Like most buildings, public or private, in Russia, they are stuffy to the last degree. The idea seems to be—keep out the cold by keeping out the fresh air, and warming up the stale with everlasting fires. A mouthful of it is something to bite. The smell of incense in possession is often as old as the buildings. The Tsar sniffs the ages as he sits on his coronation throne. The jewelled ikons suggest untapped sources of wealth: the Russian church has levied tribute of this sort for centuries. At the Troitska monastery, according to the legend, the cellars are full of precious stones: a new Aladdin would only have to broach the casks in which they are stored.

And all I still had to miss!—for want of time, opportunity, knowledge; Moscow winning its way back to true metropolitan rank as the centre of the Panslavist movement and of the Panslavist faith.

I returned to Paris only to find that I should soon have to set out once more. Schuyler was getting behindhand with his copy for the serial issue, and wanted a clerical lift. This took me and my amanuensis to Rome in the depth of winter. We dug him out of a mass of proof, or of notes awaiting the shorthand-writer, and saved the situation; but it was a close thing. At the farewell luncheon, he led me into his study for coffee and cigarettes, and for the welcome warmth of my first charcoal fire. I reached the station almost in a state of collapse: the fumes had poisoned me. However, I managed to stagger to the train, and to sleep it off in nightmare visions before the journey's end.

In the concluding paper of this series, to appear in the October issue, Mr. Whiteing will give his impressions of some of the latter day literary figures, such as Robert Louis Stevenson, Henry James, Rudyard Kipling, and Andrew Lang.

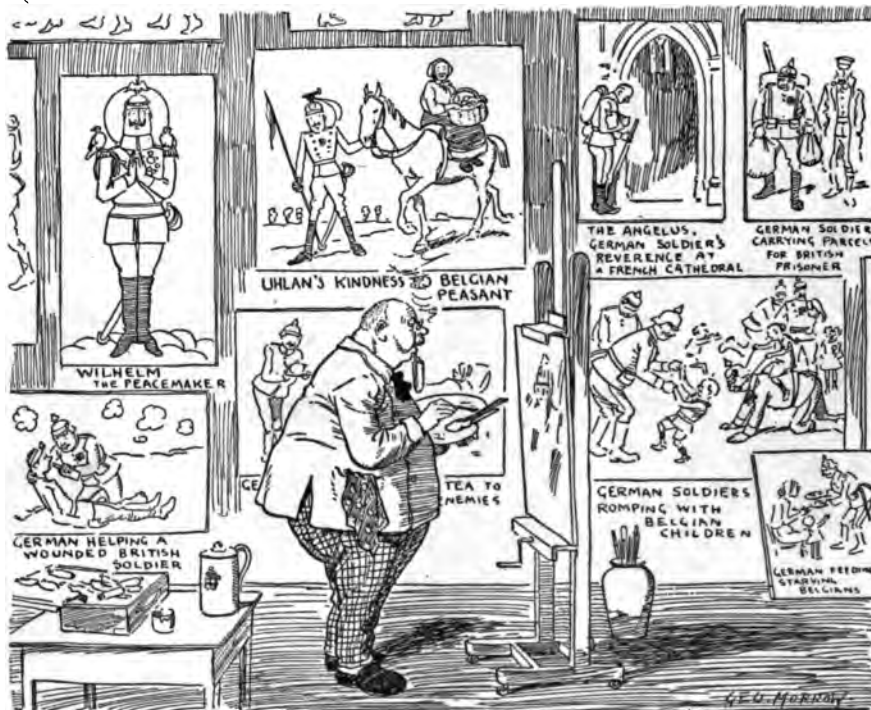
WAR CARTOONS FROM PUNCH



THE KAISER—"SO YOU SEE—YOU'VE LOST EVERYTHING"
THE KING OF THE BELGIANS—"NOT MY SOUL"—OCTOBER 21, 1914



STUDY OF A PRUSSIAN HOUSEHOLD HAVING ITS MORNING HATE. FEBRUARY 24, 1915



A PRUSSIAN COURT PAINTER EARNING AN IRON CROSS BY PAINTING PICTURES IN PRAISE OF THE FATHERLAND FOR NEUTRAL CONSUMPTION. NOVEMBER 11, 1914



LEARNING TO SING "IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY" FOR THE PURPOSE OF DECEIVING THE ALLIES. NOVEMBER 4, 1914



GERMAN SOLDIERS BEING ROUSED TO ENTHUSIASM BY THE "HYMN OF HATE." DECEMBER 16, 1914



GERMAN SUBMARINE OFFICER: "THIS OUGHT TO MAKE THEM JEALOUS IN THE SISTER SERVICE.
BELGIUM SAW NOTHING BETTER THAN THIS." APRIL 7, 1915



THE TRIUMPH OF "CULTURE." AUGUST 26, 1914

RUPERT BROOKE

A POSTSCRIPT

BY MILTON BRONNER

A little group of literary undertaker's men gathers round the tomb of a young poet, earnestly mournful, respectful, prudent and red-nosed . . .

So spoke a poet not long ago concerning those who assembled to eulogise one of their number who had just departed into the great beyond. These are bitter words. It is conceivable that others than professional mourners may gather by the bier of the dead, to pay their last respects, to offer genuine and unselfish tribute to the work of him who has preceded them. And for those who love English poetry and care greatly for its future, there could be no more serious loss than the untimely taking off of Rupert Brooke, who promised to be a veritable Prince Rupert among the newer singers. Happily for us, his career, though short, was not marked solely by mere promise. There was performance, too. There were definite gifts that one is fain to believe will assure him at least a niche in our literature.

As one looks back now, he seems among those fated from the beginning. He was so avid of life and love and, yet, always so conscious of death. He sought to cram his career with sensations before the great silence put an end to things forever. He joyed in all beautiful objects, calling himself a great lover, his emotion being keyed to highest pitch just because of the premonition whose shadow never left his heart. He hurried from one experience to another—from university to the feverish delights of London town; from the world-centre to the dream-languor of the South Sea Islands; from those faery lands of the lotos-eaters to the strenuous, terrible scenes of the world war, finding death

in the torrid sun of the Dardanelles in the service of his country. He is gone and his fresh, clear, young voice is silenced, stilled just when there was every prospect that his accents would not fall on deaf ears.

It seems but yesterday that his occasional verses, contributed to the magazines, were gathered in a little book of eighty-eight pages. It was but yesterday that one English reviewer spoke of him as an *enfant terrible*. And that, in some respects, he remained to the end. He was a vexation to those appraisers who are never happy unless they can label a man as belonging to this or that school. Brooke defied such classification. He refused to be ticketed. He was by turns mystic, amatory, realistic, sardonic, nature-loving, reverent, agnostic, charming, and coarse. His variety was bewildering. His book was full of surprises, and he was never dull. So modern in so many ways, he held aloof from the new schools of poets who made weird experiments in matter and manner. He had little sympathy with that class of verse-men who might well have said with the poet in *Gil Blas*:

"If this sonnet is hardly intelligible, so much the better, my friend. For sonnets, odes and the other poems which aim at the sublime, the simple and the natural are not adapted; all their merit lies in obscurity; it is enough if the poet thinks he understands himself. . . . There are five or six of us bold innovators who have undertaken to change the language from white to black."

Brooke in all modesty would have replied that a sonnet that was not intelligible was but a sorry affair. He would have stoutly defended the appeal of the simple and the natural. Feeling this way, he had no affinities with any of the

little cliques. The nearest in point of time whom he sometimes resembled were the French decadents and, especially, Baudelaire. But it was a Baudelaire who had been given what the Frenchman never possessed,—a keen sense of humour. Moreover, it was a Baudelaire who had the eager curiosity, the weighty utterance, the massive phrase and daring metrical skill of old John Donne. As with Baudelaire and Donne, Brooke found a great attraction in charnel subjects. He dwelt often upon death and decay. The dust of the dead seemed always a sort of magic potion to him. Nor must it be thought the allusion to Donne is far-fetched. Brooke himself in some of his scarce essays wrote of the verbal magic and the grim subjects of Donne and John Webster.

He himself adhered strictly to the more or less approved forms. Occasionally he essayed choriambics or Dowsonian alexandrines, but, in the main, he employed the familiar English metres and, especially, the sonnet form and an octosyllabic verse rhymed in couplets. His mastery of the sonnet was accentuated by the element of surprise he cunningly managed to give in the sestet. It marked him as one of the few worthwhile sonnetteers of the present hour. For instance, there was daring in the last two lines of the following, and it was successful because of its charm, because of the manner in which it conveyed to the reader the adorableness of the girl described:

Oh! Death will find me, long before I tire
Of watching you; and swing me suddenly
Into the shade and loneliness and mire
Of the last land! There, waiting patiently.

One day, I think, I'll feel a cool wind
blowing,
See a slow light across the Stygian tide,
And hear the Dead about me stir, unknowing,
And tremble. And I shall know that you
have died.

And watch you, a broad-browed and smiling dream,
Pass, light as ever, through the lightless host,
Quietly ponder, start, and sway, and gleam—
Most individual and bewildering ghost,—
And turn, and toss your brown delightful head
Amusedly, among the ancient Dead.

In *New Numbers*, that already rare compilation of poetry written by Brooke, John Drinkwater, Wilfrid Gibson and Lascelles Abercrombie, *à propos* of the proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, he had the following splendid sonnet whose last two lines, for their truth and their beauty, had about them the hall-mark of genius:

Not with vain tears, when we're beyond the sun,
We'll beat on the substantial doors, nor tread
Those dusty high-roads of the aimless dead
Plaintive for Earth; but rather turn and run
Down some close-covered by-way of the air,
Some low sweet alley between wind and wind,
Stoop under faint gleams, thread the shadows, find
Some whispering ghost-forgotten nook, and there

Spend in pure converse our eternal day;
Think each in each, immediately wise;
Learn all we lacked before; hear, know, and say
What this tumultuous body now denies;
And feel, who have laid our groping hands away;
And see, no longer blinded by our eyes.

And that brings us to another phase of his work. Brooke was torn between two moods. His reason told him there was no hereafter, that death ended all, that the faiths of men were subjects for pity or for laughter, but not for belief. On the contrary, as in the sonnet just quoted, we see what his heart would

fain believe,—that death is not the end, that there is another life, that there is some fuller state of being. As representative of his agnostic mood consider this sonnet on "Mutability," also contributed to *New Numbers*:

They say there's a high windless world and strange,
Out of the wash of days and temporal tide,
Where Faith and Good, Wisdom and Truth abide,
Aeterna corpora, subject to no change.

There the sure suns of these pale shadows move;
There stand the immortal ensigns of our war;
Our melting flesh fixed Beauty there, a star,
And perishing hearts, imperishable Love....

Dear, we know only that we sigh, kiss, smile;
Each kiss lasts but the kissing; and grief goes over;
Love has no habitation but the heart.
Poor straws! on the dark flood we catch awhile,
Cling, and are borne into the night apart.
The laugh dies with the lips, Love with the lover.

But it must not be thought that Brooke was always thus solemn. He did not always descant upon grave matters. As broad satirist, as laughing philosopher, as confirmed pagan, hear him also in *New Numbers* discourse upon heaven from the standpoint of a fish, a creature whose world he was fond of portraying in highly imaginative and original verse:

Fish say, they have their Stream and Pond,
But is there anything Beyond?
This life cannot be All, they swear,
For how unpleasant, if it were!
One may not doubt that, somehow, Good
Shall come of Water and of Mud;
And, sure, the reverent eye must see
A Purpose in Liquidity.
We darkly know, by Faith we cry,

The future is not Wholly Dry.
Mud unto mud!—Death eddies near—
Not here the appointed End, not here!
But somewhere, beyond Space and Time,
Is wetter water, slimier slime!
And there (they trust) there swimmeth One
Who swam ere rivers were begun,
Immense, of fishy form and mind,
Squamous, omnipotent, and kind;
And under that Almighty Fin,
The littlest fish may enter in.

Brooke's moods were protean and it would be easy to make quotation after quotation to prove it. There were occasions when he produced nothing but dewy beauty as in the verses in which he gave a vision of his sweetheart's sleep, with nature keeping vigil over her; or those tender stanzas in which he sang of the day he had loved; or the song in which his sorrow was assuaged by a sight of the pine trees against the evening sky. There was a unique touch in his love poetry. He dreamed of the day he and his dear one will have mouldered into dust and then of that other day, long after, when one atom of that dust which was his and another that was hers, would meet and dance in the sunshine in some old garden where another young pair were enacting the same love-play. Thus far the verses moved with beauty. But from this point on they mounted higher and higher with a splendour and passion that took us back to an earlier day than this, when great singers sang of great things greatly:

Then in some garden hushed from wind,
Warm in a sunset's afterglow,
The lovers in the flowers will find
A sweet and strange unquiet grow

Upon the peace; and, past desiring,
So high a beauty in the air,
And such a light, and such a quivering,
And such a radiant ecstasy there,

They'll know not if it's fire, or dew,
Or out of earth, or in the height,
Singing, or flame, or scent, or hue,
Or two that pass, in light, to light,

Out of the garden, higher, higher. . .
 But in that instant they shall learn
 The shattering ecstasy of our fire,
 And the weak passionless hearts will
 burn

And faint in that amazing glow,
 Until the darkness close above;
 And they will know—poor fools, they'll
 know!—
 One moment, what it is to love.

To the lover and nature-worshipper
 there is always a mood in which fear
 and mystery enter and Brooke possesses
 the faculty of presenting this, too, in a
 few swift lines. For instance, he is
 climbing a hill, dreaming of one who is
 very dear to him, and all suddenly it
 comes to him she is dead, comes to him
 through the strange and unaccountable
 thrill in the dusk:

Gold is my heart, and the world's golden,
 And one peak tipped with light;
 And the air lies still about the hill
 With the first fear of night;

Till mystery down the soundless valley
 Thunders, and dark is here;
 And the wind blows, and the light goes,
 And the night is full of fear.

The Baudelaire strain in Brooke is
 shown in such ghastly, such brutal, such
 charnel-house things as "Dead Men's
 Love" and "Jealousy." Time and again
 he applied his realism and his satire,
 none too dainty, in a display of his
 hatred of German ways, German man-
 ners, and German sentimentalism, while
 in "A Channel Passage," a poem of sea-
 sickness, he quite forgot the cañons of
 good taste. "Menelaus and Helen"
 consists of two striking sonnets. In one
 he tells the old story of how Menelaus,
 at the taking of Troy, succumbed once
 more to Helen's beauty. In the second
 sonnet, Brooke, with ruthless realism,
 showed himself a student of the terrible
 ballades of Villon:

So far the poet. How should he behold
 That journey home, the long connubial
 years?

He does not tell you how white Helen bears
 Child on legitimate child, becomes a scold,
 Haggard with virtue, Menelaus bold
 Waxed garrulous, and sacked a hundred
 Troys
 'Twixt noon and supper. And her golden
 voice
 Got shrill as he grew deafer. And both
 were old.

So Menelaus nagged; and Helen cried;
 And Paris slept on by Scamander side.

It seemed surely that Brooke's next
 book must take him to the parting of
 the ways. If he cultivated his very
 great ability to write beautiful lyrics
 and sonnets, he would take a high place
 in the literature of his country. If he
 perversely gave rein to his tricky desire
 at times for the coarse, the nastily real-
 istic, the cheaply satirical, his would be
 a case of rich powers wasted, of unusual
 abilities lost to the abiding things of
 song.

But he never came to the cross-roads
 of his career. A seal was put upon him
 all suddenly. The call of his country
 rang in his ears. In his poet's vision
 he beheld where Englishmen

——poured out the red
 Sweet wine of youth,

as he himself phrased it. And he heeded
 England's call for her youngest and
 bravest and best. He did it with his
 eyes open and with no delusions. His
 mood resembled that of the fated be-
 ings in a Greek tragedy. Like them, he
 knew his doom was upon him. He
 knew he was sacrificing life and all its
 sweets to whatever gods might be. He
 did not expect to come back. He did
 not believe he would survive. Gone for-
 ever were light loves and wandering in
 pleasant, faraway places. There was
 nothing left, save to pronounce the elegy
 of those departing—and then to depart.

And so it was. One of his last lega-
 cies was a series of five war-time son-
 nets, notable not only for their premo-
 nition of the end, but also for their

beauty, their ability to touch the heart,
 their lofty patriotism. In saying hail
 and farewell to him, nothing could be
 more fitting than to quote this, one of
 the last things he wrote for *New Num-
 bers*:

If I should die, think only this of me:
 That there's some corner of a foreign
 field
 That is forever England. There shall be
 In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;

 A dust whom England bore, shaped, made
 aware

Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways
 to roam,
 A body of England's, breathing English air,
 Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of
 home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
 A pulse in the eternal mind, no less,
 Gives somewhere back the thoughts by Eng-
 land given;
 Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as
 her day;
 And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentle-
 ness,
 In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

IN MEMORY OF LIEUTENANT RUPERT BROOKE

BY JOYCE KILMER

IN alien earth, across a troubled sea,
 His body lies that was so fair and young.
 His mouth is stopped, with half his songs unsung;
 His arm is still, that struck to make men free.
 But let no cloud of lamentation be
 Where, on a warrior's grave, a lyre is hung.
 We keep the echoes of his golden tongue,
 We keep the vision of his chivalry.

So Israel's joy, the loveliest of kings,
 Smote now his harp, and now the hostile horde.
 To-day the starry roof of Heaven rings
 With Psalms a soldier made to praise his Lord;
 And David rests beneath Eternal wings,
 Song on his lips, and in his hand a sword.

THE MAGAZINE IN AMERICA

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

PART VII—PUTNAM'S AND THE NEW JOURNALS OF OPINION

THE ideal of a magazine which Lowell had attempted to embody in his *Pioneer* (the life of which was so brief that it might almost have been called the Minute-Man) found another incarnation in New York before returning, in the *Atlantic*, to its original dwelling-place. Still may be heard echoes of that joyful choir which hailed the establishment of *Putnam's Magazine*. This was in 1853—the year of the earliest forecasting ripple of the *Atlantic*, by the way. It took the Boston literati four years to persuade their publishers to make the venture, but either Putnam was rasher or the New York writers more eloquent—for the magazine was only six months incubating. And the month that saw it absorbed into *Emerson's* beheld its delayed twin just making an appearance. The race is not always to the swift!

All good periodicals go when they die, said Holmes, into the archives of the deaf, dumb, and blind recording angel whose name is Oblivion. But magazines which have lived ten times as long as *Putnam's* have been taken less frequently from their dusty shelves. "Many of the writers of the *Dial* are now connected with that successful and independent magazine, *Putnam's Monthly*," wrote Mr. Frank Sanborn in the *Harvard Magazine*, 1855. "It is an approximation to the end for which the *Dial* was set up. When shall we have in New England a magazine which to the enterprise and briskness of *Putnam's* shall add the high purpose and rare genius of the *Dial*?" He seems not to have known that "the gnomon that should mark the full noon" (as Alcott pompously prophesied) was even then in the second year of its gestation. To

that magazine long years afterwards, Holmes wrote in retrospect. "The *Atlantic* was still an experiment. *Putnam's*, owing its success largely to that very accomplished and delightful writer, Mr. George William Curtis, had so well deserved to live that its death was a surprise and a source of regret. Could another monthly take its place and keep it when that, with all its attractions and excellencies, had died out, and left a blank in our periodical literature which it would be very hard to fill as well as that had filled it?"

But all unaware has the present writer, as if with the pen of destiny, killed off the meteoric *Putnam's* ere yet it has fairly begun. He must return to its inception. This was due to "Harry Franco" Briggs. Like Underwood, he represented to the publisher that the time was ripe for a literary monthly of the highest sort, which should stand for American literature and should at the same time concern itself with public affairs; but, very different from Underwood, he could not point to an established literary circle on which he could rely. Instead—when Putnam had willingly listened to the voice of the tempter—a round-robin was sent out to American authors asking if they would give their support, and calling attention to the announcement that the magazine would be entirely original. Most of the replies were joyful, and commented significantly on the fact that as far as originality went there would be little domestic rivalry. The publisher said that he would pay for everything he used at the highest rate he could afford; and this he would raise as time went on. He hinted at his expectation that some of the magazine material would be

available for books. Sauce for the goose, this had no doubt been sauce for the gander also; and there was also another inducement to the book-publisher to undertake the enterprise. The success of *Harper's* had shown that such a magazine could be utilised as the most effective advertising machinery to make known a publisher's list.

"Has not the long and dreary history of magazines opened our eyes?" questioned *Putnam's* of echo in opening. "Is there some siren seduction in theatres and periodicals that forever woos managers and publishers to a certain destruction? Why do we propose another twelve-month voyage, in pea-green covers, toward obscurity and the chaos of failures?" The answer to these questions was the same as it had been one hundred years before. "Because we believe the time is now ripe," and so forth. But, aside from this perennial ripeness of the times, there were two new bids for survival on the part of the young aspirant. The first was its quixotic determination to be original and to accept no man's goods without payment; the second was its intention to move nearer to life by the discussion of every-day affairs. For the former, the time proved, on account of certain local and foreign conditions, to be greener than it had ever been before. The latter attempt was less premature, yet it brought no fruitage of enduring subscribers to *Putnam's*. Indeed, for most of them it was an ideal which suffered the fate of the medlar—to become rotten before ripening. Few free-born American citizens had ever been willing to have their opinions criticised, and to pay for the pleasure was quite preposterous. It took them some years to learn to refrain from the inalienable right of cancelling their subscriptions at once. Of the welfare of these two confiding ideals, C. F. Briggs, when he opened the Second Series of *Putnam's*, had some interesting things to say:

It is just fourteen years since we had the honour to assist in getting out the first

number of *Putnam's Monthly*. We derive considerable satisfaction in remembering the cosy little dinner in a certain cosy house in Sixteenth Street, at which the plan of the work was discussed and the adventure determined upon. The little party consisted of Mrs. Caroline M. Kirkland, Mr. George Sumner, Mr. Parke Godwin, Mr. George W. Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. Putnam, and the present writer. Two of that little party are already gone; the rest remain to assist in the revival. The chief doubt in the minds of many was whether the country could furnish the requisite number of writers to sustain an original magazine of the better class, but the experiment proved there was plenty of latent talent which only required an opportunity for its development. Through certain misadventures the work stopped for a while, but anxious inquiries have constantly been heard as to when it would reappear. No one seemed willing to believe it had stopped for good. When the old *Putnam* furled its sails for a season, the *Atlantic Monthly* was launched and took the flood of public favour. In its build and trim was much that was most familiar to us. From the numbers of the first monthly seventeen books were printed, including *Potiphar Papers* and *Prue and I*. Fourteen years ago it was considered an act of harkari for a popular periodical to express a political opinion, particularly if it was adverse to the "peculiar institution" of the South. But we ventured upon it without any particular harm coming of it, and we shall probably try it again. Certainly, we have no desire to publish a magazine for readers who are too feeble to endure a candid discussion, now and then, of political subjects. One serial used to be considered sufficient for an English magazine; no magazine ventures now to have less than two. American readers are accustomed almost entirely to foreign works of fiction, but we shall publish none but stories of native production.

At the end of the first volume, the editors stated that they had received from voluntary contributors four hundred and eighty-nine articles, the greater part from writers wholly unknown be-

fore. From them they had selected some of the most valuable papers they had published. Every article had been paid for at a rate which their writers thought "liberal," all were original, and, with one exception all, they believed, had been written for the magazine. For volume two they had as many as nine hundred and eighty articles to choose from, and they had had the good fortune to introduce some young writers of promise. This number was doubled for the fourth volume, and there could be no longer any doubt that abundant native literary support could be found for an American magazine. But literary support was by no means the only thing to be considered. The publishers stated that they were fully aware that in a country where the choicest works of foreign genius are to be had for the taking, to found and sustain a magazine at once universal in its sympathies and national in its tone, was not an easy task. But the position of *Putnam's*, they felt, was now assured.

"PUTNAM'S" AND "HARPER'S"

No reader of this announcement could have failed to recognise the point of this allusion. "*Harper's* had for the two years since it had been started been almost wholly a reprint of English current literature," says Scudder's Lowell, "and even its cover was a copy of *Bentleys*. It had, however, struck a popular taste, and its success made other publishers jealous, while its easy use of foreign matter made the men of letters angry." *Putnam's* had little to say of the "scissors and paste-pot magazines" except as they made its own position precarious. It exhibited commendable restraint even when *Harper's* published three months after its original issue in *Putnam's* an American story which had been copied without credit in *Eliza Cook's Journal*, of London. Certainly the incident afforded a tempting occasion—as did *Littell's Living Age*, when it republished Longfellow's "Two Angels," appropriated in the same way by *Bentley's*—to remind the public how the reprint

magazines kept their eyes shut to all that was going on in America. But upon this latter subject—having a mind of their own and speaking it—*Putnam's* prided itself very much; and here it did venture to proclaim disapproval of its rival. As Curtis was writing for *Harper's Monthly*, sketches and social notes, and had *The Lounger* in the *Weekly* when he was associate-editor of *Putnam's*, it may be guessed that he was ambidextrous; in this instance, at least, he must have kept from his right hand the knowledge of what was going on in the neighbourhood of his left. In March, 1857, appeared this interesting article about the periodicals of the rival house.

When *Harper's Magazine* was commenced, it was in pursuance of a shrewd perception that the time and the country demanded and would readily support a periodical of higher character than what were termed the "Philadelphia magazines," which were, to speak generally, simply repositories of silly love stories, rhymes, and fashion-plates, with occasional poems from our best poets, which served as corks to float the rest of the freight to market. *Harper's* was the rod that consumed all these creeping things. It was compiled with such tact from the stores of current literature furnished monthly by the English periodicals; it was so copious, so various, and so entertaining, and took the field with such an air of confident triumph that a much inferior magazine would have succeeded. The very first numbers were so clean and handsome and prompt and bright that the rivals retired and the "Philadelphia magazines" lost their exclusive prominence. The secret of its popular success is that it just keeps pace with the popular mind; consequently it had no opinions, no politics, no strong expression. The same good sense and shrewd perception also saw that the unprecedented success of the *Illustrated London News* showed conclusively that the public liked pictures, and that careful illustrations gave an increased value to every descriptive article. Instead, therefore, of old fashion-plates and Rosalie and Sweet

Seventeen and the Belle of the Ball-room there were two or three elaborately written and capitally illustrated articles. The American people had always taken the anti-British view of Napoleon—and the most illustrious contribution to Harper has been the literary apotheosis of Napoleon, wherein for scores of successive numbers that eminent saint was delineated in all the details of his humility, piety, and unswerving devotion to the welfare of mankind by the Reverend Mr. Abbott. This combination of piety and military glory coinciding with the prevailing partiality of American readers, confirmed the triumph that was already achieved. *Harper's* reached a fabulous circulation. Probably no periodical in the world was ever so popular or so profitable. It had ably done what it proposed to do. It was a result to be regarded in some degree with national complacency and pride, because it was undoubtedly much superior to the class of periodicals it supplanted.

But there was a remarkable other side to this phenomenon. It sought to be universally acceptable, and its complaisance inevitably destroyed its force; it was known to be largely compiled from foreign literature and consequently it was considered to be no representative of American talent. It was therefore no leader, no friend, no critic, no censor. It was good-humouredly called the Buccaneer's Bag, Abbott's Magazine, the Monthly Corn Plaster, the Universal Shin-Saver, the Monthly Nurse. But everybody bought it and read it and everybody was sure that nothing decided or impolitic, no laugh at anything that everybody did not laugh at, would be concealed anywhere between its fair yellow covers. It risked no popularity by trying to step ahead and to furnish something a little more marrowy. It was still felt that the intellectual independence and movement of the country had no organ; and from that conviction in due season sprang *Putnam's Monthly*. In a retrospective view of our literature of the last three or four years, it seems to us very evident that the first immediate effect of the success of *Putnam's* was to naturalise *Harper's*. That magazine ceased to be a second table of the English periodicals and became gradually more

and more American. But rather in subject than in treatment; its spirit was still timid and hesitating. Every month it made its courtly bow; and with bent head and unimpeachable toilet, whispered smoothly, "No offense, I hope!" The inevitable penalty was that with the greatest circulation in the world, it could not make the smallest literary reputation. It was managed with profuse generosity—probably literary labour of the kind was never better paid than it has been by Harper—but when the author had pocketed his money, he might as well have pocketed his article. Yet elsewhere it might have made a literary mark. *Harper's* still flourishes with unabated vigour. It still bows and avoids. Their new weekly periodical commences with more chances of pecuniary success than any weekly ever undertaken in America. But already the spirit of the paper is manifestly that of the magazine. In the war of the roses it is sure that a great deal may be said for white, but then it believes there is much to be urged for red. Whenever unanimity of public opinion may be assumed, then *Harper's Weekly* cordially agrees with the public.

Nevertheless, Stedman thought that *Putnam's*, even in the line of "opinions," left much to be desired. He wrote to his step-father in 1857 begging him to come back from Italy and establish a Republican Review, saying that nine out of ten of the reading public were republicans and had no magazine to represent them. "*Putnam's* is Republican, to be sure, in distinction from other journals, but it does not fling out much of a banner and is not sustained in its mental calibre—is alternately sensible and foolish, light and heavy." Lowell, on the other hand, thought Briggs was a trifle too disposed to consult the opinions of the majority. "I doubt if your magazine," he wrote, "will become really popular if you edit it for the mob. Nothing is more certain than that popularity goes downward and not up; and it is what the few like now that the many have got to like by and by." What called forth this letter was the editorial disposition to pay attention to the com-

ments of the readers upon the contents of the magazine. In this respect possibly Lowell might have been somewhat prejudiced. To an early number he had contributed some facile satirical verse which rambled along for two hundred and fifty lines in a clever and uninteresting way. It was intended to become another "Fable for Critics." Briggs had written him that readers hoped they would not be treated to another installment. "Of course I am sorry that Our Own has not succeeded," replied Lowell. "My counsel is not to print any more of it. That it should be damned is nothing. I could print it, as Fielding did one of his stupid farces, with 'as it was d—d in *Putnam's Magazine*.' But I could not bear to have you go on publishing it to the detriment of the magazine, merely out of friendship for me."

"In 1853," writes Mr. George Haven Putnam, "no such heavy outlay was required to place a magazine upon the market as has proved to be necessary in these later periods of magazine competition. My father told me he actually made no cash investment other than the payment to the authors for their contributions for the first two months. The receipts from subscriptions and sales proved to be sufficient, before the time came for the settlement of the bills of the printers and paper makers, to provide the necessary resources for these. The circulation of the magazine during the four years of its existence ranged from twelve to twenty thousand. What was called the normal price for the earlier contributions was \$3 a page. The more important men received \$5, and contributions of a special character were paid as high as \$10. Of poetry not very much was utilised, but such verses as were accepted (mainly for the purpose of filling up any blank half-pages) were paid for at from \$10 to \$25."

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

Briggs made an able editor, but the success of *Putnam's* owed to the personal charm of Curtis almost as much as

the *Atlantic* later owed to Holmes. "He gave," said Scudder, himself a seasoned editor, "that distinction of lightness and flavour which every literary magazine covets but can rarely command." This all the world could see, but its readers did not know that they had him to thank for keeping it, after it passed into other hands, as near to its original high standards as circumstances would permit. Nor did they know that he was furnishing in his own conduct an example of that fine and quixotic endeavour which from the beginning had characterised the magazine. Curtis was a special partner of Dix and Edwards, who bought out Putnam's rights; he took no part in the management and yet had some pecuniary responsibility. When the firm failed in 1857, Curtis sacrificed his private fortune to save the creditors from loss and managed by 1873 to recoup them.

But the excellence of his written work and its popularity all recognized. And the proof of this was the frequency with which it was claimed by others. For the plan of printing articles without names landed them in the familiar predicament of having unsuspected authors pop up everywhere. About Potiphar Papers they published quite a correspondence. The gentleman who insisted that a deceased friend had written them must have been somewhat taken aback when he was told that "one of our editors, Mr. Blank, claimed the authorship for himself." The exquisite pen of this editor opened the new series with a gay and tender reminiscence.

One bright day and long ago—it seems to me now that it must have been soon after the war of 1812, but on reflection I discover that it was in 1852—I was dining with Mr. Harry Franco at Windust's in Park Row. Mr. Franco asked me what I thought of the prospect of a new and wholly American magazine, and immediately proceeded to set forth its possible character and brilliant promises so fully and conclusively that I knew he was prophesying and that before many months a phoenix

would appear. Now in the following autumn after the other dinner—for it is a beautiful provision of nature that literary enterprises of great pith and moment should be matured under the benign influences of good eating and drinking—I found myself consulting, in a bare room in a deserted house in Park Place, where nobody could find us out, with Mr. Publisher Putnam, Mr. Harry Franco, editor-in-chief, and Mr. Parke Godwin, associate editor, upon the first number of *Putnam's Monthly*. Our council chamber was a third story front room in a doomed house near to Mr. Putnam's headquarters. It was a dwelling house, and as fashion had at last flown even from Park Place—the spot below Bleeker Street where it lingered longest—the house was patiently waiting to be demolished and make way for a "store." Every day we met and looked over manuscripts. How many there were! And how good! And what piles of poetry! The country seemed to be an enormous nest of nightingales; or perhaps mocking-birds—certainly cat-birds. I can see the philosophic Godwin tenderly opening a trembling sheet traced with that feminine chirography so familiar to the editorial eye, and in a hopeful voice beginning to read. After a very few lines a voice is heard—methinks from Franco's chair: "Yes, yes; guess that's enough"—Walter di Montreal, thy hour has come, and the familiar chirography flutters into the basket. I suppose that Mr. Franco and Godwin and the poor fellow who was snuffed out by Mr. Brown's brief remark (that he didn't know the person who had written about Mrs. Potiphar of "Brown's society") might fill many pages with their recollections of the pleasant cradle-and-crib days of the young *Putnam*. Those three were the monthly nurses. They saw that infant phenomenon safely through his prodigious childhood, and how rapidly he obtained his growth! There are books in good standing everywhere, which I can never see but with the feeling of the pedagogue toward his pupils. *My boys, sir, my boys!* he remarks with complacency as the famous poets or travelers or novelists pass by. . . . How this latest born into the monthly world springs and sparkles! Ah, Mr. Franco, if it is not our

child, let us submit and believe it to be our grandchild. May heaven bless you, young stranger! Forgive an old-fashioned benediction, but may you be a better man than your father!

The father had gone down, like so many good men and true, in the panic days of 1857. At least, in the euphemistic language of magazine announcements, *Putnam's* espoused *Emerson's* in October of that year—and it was never more true that "a young man married is a young man marred." It then came out that Putnam had sold the magazine some time in '55. The *Round Table* in a series of articles on the publishers in 1866 said that the amount paid to Dix and Edwards, who bought it, on Putnam's own offer, was eleven thousand dollars. And it had paid him a liberal profit while he published it. Many readers did not know that Putnam had relinquished it at the end of its fifth volume, and consequently were somewhat mystified at the absorption, especially when they were editorially assured that the magazine had doubled its circulation in the past three months. "*Emerson's* with his honest and manly bearing," ran the announcement, "has grown so rapidly, and on several occasions so outgrown his tailoring, that it has been a little difficult to keep up with his length of limb." But vital statistics in magazines are always roseate, and though it was true that the youngster had changed his name four times recently and was to do so once more, the alliance—which many people thought unholy—was not to prosper. The publishers pledged themselves to devote every dollar of profit for three years to improving the magazine—a rash oath, for it lasted but one. Thus *Putnam's* made, in the eyes of the world at least, a rather inglorious end. Even before it openly became *Emerson's*, it had greatly petered out. But the two and a half years that Putnam had it were illustrious. It not only cut a dash but it made an epoch in our magazine literature. Tentative as its policy may seem now, it was the first popular magazine

to take so vigorous a stand upon the living questions of the day. Furthermore, it had announced that it was going to be American and original; and it had kept its word. For this we still owe it a great debt of gratitude.

None know better than our own authors what discouraging disadvantages the publisher of an original American magazine must contend against in being obliged to compete with the unpaid British productions, which are reproduced here almost simultaneously with their publication on the other side of the Atlantic. And while this unequal contest between the publisher who filches his matter and the one who pays for it almost prohibits the possibility of profit to the latter, the American author gauges his demand for compensation by the standard of his British brother. But we are touching, perhaps, on private rights by these allusions. The commercial value of any article depends on what it will bring in the open market, and by that test we will be governed in the question of pay.

THE NEW "PUTNAM'S"

Thus ran one of the editorials in the first number of the New Series, 1868. In their announcement of what might be expected, they stated that they did not intend to delude the public by paying for the use of a name. They were now going to publish names, it is true (though only in the Contents), but experience had taught them that young and fresh writers whose names have no commercial value are both the least expensive and the most beneficial contributors to a magazine. "Many excellent friends who have favoured us with their sage advice, have strangely insisted that it will be useless to expect good contributions without good pay. As though a publisher or an editor were likely to have missed this special lesson in his dealings with authors! One veteran author by way of enforcing his views on this subject demanded a retaining fee of five hundred dollars as an earnest of future payments for whatever he might furnish. But there are two sides to this

interesting question of pay. In order that a publisher should pay, he must himself be paid." Authors, indeed, were growing cocky. Mr. George Haven Putnam in his *Life of his father* said that on account of the three new magazines started about the same time—*Scribner's*, *Lippincott's*, and the *Galaxy*—the competition for the most important contributors became more serious than that for subscribers. Authors who in the day of the first *Putnam's Monthly* had been content with from three to five dollars a page now secured from ten to twenty, and for special contributions much larger sums. His account has many items of interest.

Among the literary plans which engaged my father's first attention in again taking up his publishing business (after the war) was one for the re-establishment of *Putnam's Magazine*. The conditions seemed to be in certain ways favourable for the experiment, but it proved that the new wealth was very largely in the hands of people not interested in literature. The book-buying conditions of the South had of necessity been destroyed by the war. A very considerable portion of people in the North who had been buyers of books were no longer able to indulge in such luxuries. There were the people who had fixed incomes; incomes payable in the legal tender of the day were materially curtailed. The *nouveaux riches* who had made money out of shady contracts or from pork speculations could not easily be reached by the publishers of standard literature. This seemed to give an opening for a magazine.

The new *Putnam's* started off as illustriously as the old. The reputation of the former magazine for a time seemed likely to be regained and maintained. E. C. Stedman and R. H. Stoddard did the department Literature At Home; and Bayard Taylor covered foreign literature. All did their work in a way that occasioned admiration and added prestige. But times had changed very much since Putnam had started his earlier magazine on no cash whatever. Not only were authors demanding more

money, the public were demanding illustrations. These in the first *Putnam's* had been promised as a treat for the second year. They proved, however, to be few in number and mostly architectural; and the following year, illustrations other than architectural were entirely confined to the first instalment of the *Early Days of George Washington*. But what had been a luxury then was a necessity now. The competing magazines were making large outlays for illustration. The First Series had paid, under Putnam's management, \$12,819 to editors and authors and \$3,000 for illustrations; and thus had proved a practicable undertaking with a circulation ranging from twelve to twenty thousand. The Second never exceeded fifteen thousand, and Putnam considered that with the resources at his disposal it would not be wise to continue. The following "card" marked the valedictory:

A few words may be expected from the Publishers in closing this second series of *Putnam's Magazine*, and in introducing the new periodical which will take its place. This magazine was very generally and very kindly welcomed. We have the right to infer that the new series has, during the last three years, given general satisfaction. It has had a larger circulation than several of its contemporaries at home, and much larger than a dozen of the English magazines whose names have been familiar for many years. Yet it is more and more evident that popular taste calls for something *different*; it may be higher or lower or better or worse. But those who pay their money have a right to the choice. We have aimed to produce a magazine *wholly* ORIGINAL and essentially American. We have avoided all temptations to *reprint* from foreign magazines, or to cater to anything merely sensational. In this we may have been Quixotic; but the aim at least was fair. The best material sent us—out of 3,035 mss. in three years—has been printed in the six volumes now completed. Our contributors have all received their pecuniary compensation. We wish it had been a great

deal larger; but we may state our *relative* reward thus:

Dr. To Cash paid contributors.... \$30,000
Cr. By compliments to publishers.. ? ? ?
By profits on outlay of \$100,000. 0 0 0

By Balance—?

We now ask those who have expressed a friendly appreciation of the "pea-green" to permit us to introduce its better-looking successor. Retaining an interest in the sale of the new work (our edition bearing the name of *Putnam's* as well as *Scribner's*) we ask our friends and correspondents to continue their subscriptions to us, in reasonable confidence that they will receive the full equivalent for their money. In addition to the illustrations afforded by the new magazine, there will be an infusion of fresh energy into the editorial management and a large accession of well-known and capable contributors.

The remainder of Mary Clemmer Ames's serial story was sent free to all paid subscribers. The new editor was to decide as soon as possible in regard to using the accepted manuscripts, and those rejected would be returned (chilling disappointment!). In the first number of *Scribner's* was this announcement: "*Hours At Home*, whose unpretending dress and suggestive title had grown familiar to the eyes of many thousands, died—not of disease, not of old age, not of decay—died simply that *Scribner's Monthly* might live. *Putnam's*, which has embodied in its pages the old Knickerbocker culture and prestige together with the free spirit of American progress, dies a month later, or rather merges the gathered resources of its life in the new magazine. The two have made their way to this change with the conviction that such changes have occurred in the popular demand that a great success is not possible if sought only by the old means and methods." This was very handsome editorial language on the part of Dr. Holland; for when he wrote a retrospect of the magazine eleven years afterward, he said that *Hours At Home*

was both worthless and moribund, and as for *Putnam's*, "when Mr. Putnam came to us with an offer for it, we acceded to his conditions, though I have forgotten what they were, and it was soon quietly left behind with the other." Another sun was rising and already yesterday's magazine was old-fashioned.

For *Putnam's* in spite of its new and progressive idea of handling public questions, had upon it the large shadow of Irving. (It even counselled Melville to read his Addison! Not that Melville didn't need advice, heaven knows; but it would be difficult to devise for his staccato temper a more ludicrous misfit than the undulating Addisonian phrase.) And there was much of the conscious Knickerbocker superiority and deliberate Knickerbocker exclusiveness about it. Perhaps if *Putnam's* had lived to grow up, we should have seen how one good custom could corrupt the world. As it is, it wears the charming halo of those generous high-souled companions of our youth who were destined to die young—and each year to become more admirable thereby. There were those who deemed *Putnam's*—in spite of the fledgling authors it was so proud of—entrenched in its clique. It is amusing to hear Stedman, who had greatly contributed to maintain a closed shop, bitterly complain of the *Atlantic* in this respect. "Would finish the poem for the *Atlantic*, did I suppose they would take it from me," he wrote to Bayard Taylor in 1865. "Sometime I must get an introduction there, through a kind word from you. What bad poetry they occasionally print. You furnish apparently all their good." The year before he had recorded in his diary: "Finished 'Holyoke Valley.' Here now is a poem which I know to be artistic and full of feeling—equal to anything which the *Atlantic* has published for months. But I cannot send it there, because they have time and again refused the best productions of New York writers. Last summer they sent back the best short poem I ever wrote, 'The Test,' afterwards printed in my book and copied

everywhere. So I must send it to the *Round Table*, where the impersonal rule hides the author's name and where it can reach but a limited audience. An American, New York poet sings against the wind."

"THE ROUND TABLE" AND "THE NATION"

These quotations date in the arid stretch between the two oases of *Putnam's*. During part of that period the only good literary paper in New York was the *Round Table*, a weekly of distinguished tone and bright, forceful writing. A literary friend wrote to Stedman in 1864; *The Round Table* must not go down. For God's sake, if Boston can support a literary journal, cannot New York? Your wealthy men must be made to feel that the literary honour of the great city is at stake, and if she totters prop her good legs." *The Round Table* did not starve to death until 1869, but like *Putnam's*, she suffered, in the optimistic phrase of Briggs, an "interruption" for a little over a year. Its editorial outlook was similar to *Putnam's*. That magazine was saying in 1870: "Our own box is crammed, but the most of it is not good or good in such an indifferent way as to be quite as bad as bad. Nor is it for want of talent it is not better. But our writers want independence, individuality. They seem to be afraid of something or somebody and do not trust their personality. Then again, there is such a manifest absence of care, of study, of labour, of painstaking accuracy in what we do." Four years earlier the *Round Table* had made the same plea for more conscientious devotion to thorough work, and some boldness and power.

What are American writers doing to-day? The vigour and originality that promised a new era at the close of the war are lost already in nerveless twaddle. The leading monthly of the country vainly strives for a new and distinctive series of articles, but is compelled to fall back upon a Biglow paper, Hawthorne's private note-books, and a story

written on the other side of the water. The leading review seeks purchasers by publishing sensational articles upon bar-room dailies, which its editors freely admit they cannot endorse. Two literary monthlies, promised to appear, dare not make the venture, mainly because it is well-nigh impossible to procure worthy literary matter. The literary field was never so barren. Meanwhile Sylvanus Cobb, Mrs. Southworth, and Mrs. Stephens are having a boundless opportunity. Disgrace to our scholars and authors! A good writer can make a handsome competence in this country.

The charge of slovenly authorship by both of these periodicals was well sustained, doubtless; but there was a reason why *Putnam's* should have found young writers "afraid of something or somebody and afraid to trust their own personality." They were all trying to cram themselves into the Knickerbocker mould which, though judiciously followed, was still Putnam's pattern. And the flowing draperies of the Knickerbocker garment resembled the voluminous military cloak of the period—it was a fine thing to pose in if one had a figure for posing. What the youngsters of the day were afraid of was not filling it out well enough for Putnam's standard, and so they padded to suit. This editorial in the *Round Table* was answered very pertinently (however personally) by a correspondent. What new authors have lacked, he said, is editorial sympathy; they have had precious little of it since the days of *Graham's* and *Sartain's*.

In spite of these publications containing the best efforts of the established authors, the way was not barred to an untrained one and real talent had always a welcome. When Sartain gave up his enterprise and Graham withdrew, a great change came about. No longer having the stimulus of editorial encouragement and good pay, some ceased writing altogether. The New England writers went back to write for New England publications. The New York men of letters soon gravitated to sets. A few men of merit formed among themselves a

kind of free masonry of authorcraft and seized upon *Putnam's Monthly* as their special property and kept out all but the brotherhood. *Putnam's* failed as it ought to have failed; and likewise the weeklies conducted by these other sets. You are almost alone in volunteering editorial encouragement and proper reward to new pens. What chance has an unknown correspondent in *Harper's Monthly, Weekly, Independent, Atlantic*? A few pens only are used and paid for. If he is bold enough to venture on romance, he is informed by Harper's suave editors that both *Monthly* and *Weekly* are more than preoccupied by foreign writers. Where else can he go? To the *New York Ledger*, the *New York Mercury*, the *New York Weekly*, to the Philadelphia weeklies; just where he will *not* go if he have any self-respect left, but just where many *have* to go who are constrained by their wants to find a market. Or if perchance *Harper's* do accept a brief story from an American pen, the reward is about one-tenth of what is paid the British writer for mere advance sheets. It is, as you know, considered an editorial favour to permit papers of a literary aspirant to go to press, for which he is supposed to be grateful.

This perennial accusation, never entirely true in the very worst of times, seems to have been truer then than generally. For we hear the complaint echoed, as just now in Stedman's letter, by the most established of writers. It must, however, be remembered that self-respect, especially that of writers, is of variable elasticity. Stedman, though he said at this period that a married man could not live on magazine work if he wrote night and day, refused to write eleven poems for the *Independent* at one hundred dollars each—he had too much self-respect to make a grist-mill of himself! Yet while he was writing to his mother in 1864 that literature was at a stand-still in America—paralysed by the war, though all other arts and trades were thrifty, the *Round Table* was saying: "In these days even the small fry of authors who live from hand to mouth find far less difficulty in keeping up a

pleasant intercourse between the two." Furthermore, tastes differ as widely as consciences. In 1866 Stedman wrote to Lowell: "I need not tell you how much the best readers in New York have been interested in the new series of the *North American Review*. We all feel like the audience of an opera when the gas is suddenly turned up. In New York quite a literary revival has followed the happy close of the war—you know we have the *Nation* and the *Round Table*, such as they are, well written-for and poorly edited. Then we are to have at least two new magazines this spring, of a respectful cast, and perhaps three. I fear that, as usual here, our publishers and writers will so *divide* their energies that we shall have three tolerable affairs instead of one first-rate and standard." To say nothing of the fact that there were many people in New York calling themselves the best readers whose pulses were quite unstirred by the prospect of a new series of the *North American*, Stedman and Lowell (who might have agreed exactly upon the latter's beneficent ministries for the Boston magazine) differed decidedly about the *Nation* established by Godkin in 1865. Stedman said the first number was rather heavy, and in 1867 he wrote: "The *Nation* is cheaper than ever. The magazine man in his complacent stupidity has a laborious genius for saying precisely the wrong thing, as regards poetry." Lowell, on the other hand, wrote thus to Godkin in 1868: "Its discussions of politics have done more good and influenced more opinion than any other agency, or all others combined, in the country. For my own part, I am not only thankful for the *Nation*, but continually wonder how you are able to make so excellent a paper with your material. I have been an editor and know how hard it is. . . . I shall write from time to time till I think we are square. What Fields pays me, I doubt if anybody else would." Three years later he wrote: "You are the only man I know who carries his head perfectly steady, and I find myself so thoroughly agree-

ing with the *Nation* always that I am half persuaded I edit it myself."

Thus we again return to the point of union between these divergent doctors—for if Lowell thought the man who agreed with him had a steady head, Stedman in 1868 was proposing to Ticknor and Fields to scatter the energies of New York writers still further by a literary journal of which *he* was to be editor. Having gone vainly so often to the *Atlantic*, he was now trying to get an *Atlantic* to come to him! It was a neat little irony which the whirligig of time had played upon one of the leading exponents of interurban jealousy.

He and Bayard Taylor were enthusiastically interested in the welfare of the *Galaxy*, a monthly established in 1866, edited by friends of his "who are doing their bravest to establish a New York magazine, and ought to be helped and encouraged by New York authors." To this, Taylor sold many poems of a new friend of his from the South, Sidney Lanier, and got better prices for his intercession. Lanier had brought his first considerable poem, "Corn," to New York himself but had gone home unsuccessful, convinced "of the wooden-headedness of many persons who were leaders there in literary matters." The *Galaxy* lasted a dozen years—a high class magazine which left no particular mark deserving of notice here, but a boon to "self-respecting" authors—and then (cruel fate for any periodical in which Stedman was interested!) died and entered into Nirvana, the *Atlantic*, in 1878.

The *Round Table*, 1866, in commenting on the great increase in periodicals since the close of the war, summed up the situation, "Many of these new periodicals were trashy to the last degree; some were simply rehashes of the English weeklies; a few were honourable attempts to elevate the standard of literary taste. The era of weekly journalism has fairly begun in this country. Of the weeklies started last year three or four appeal to intelligent people, and these still have vitality." It is strange

that any literary man in New York should have failed to see that the *Nation* and the *Round Table* marked the beginning of a better era. Each was the exponent—in the words of the latter periodical—of a high-class, high-toned, and well-written weekly, which believed that people were something more than grown-up babies unable to digest anything more solid than Sylvanus Cobb's romances and Fanny Fern's tart paragraphs, but would listen to a serious discussion of serious topics from a purely American point of view and without scissors or paste-pot.

"I used to try hard," wrote Mr. W. C. Brownell in the semi-centennial number of the *Nation*, "to think the *Round Table* a real rival." Nevertheless, both were seeking to do the same thing—to cultivate a spirit of reasonableness, to express trained and cosmopolitan judgments upon American life and literature. The criticism of public men and public movements had always been personal and partisan, in each case provincial and indiscriminating. Both were trying to give the educated man a voice in the periodical press. Before their advent, and that of *Putnam's* and the *Atlantic*, he had no place to go. Either the audience that he could address was already committed to follow a policy through thick and thin—and demanded that he do likewise; or it barred out any expression of opinion as being likely to disturb the fellowship of the gentlemen there assembled. With the decline of the lyceum lecturer just before the war, the old method of shaping popular thought on public matters had disappeared. The growing supremacy in politics of purely material interests made it all the more necessary that popular thought should be directed by independent judgments and in an unpartisan vehicle, particularly as the partisan press was largely given over to glib and gushing writers who rarely imparted their own opinions and never inspected them in the light of other people's.

The attitude of independent judg-

ment on the part of a periodical is now frequently encountered, even though its practice far less frequently carries out its promise, but in that day the assertion of such an attitude was cynically revolutionary. As for the admission that national characteristics and international prejudices might distort judgment, the idea was no less than treasonable! To this last accusation the nationality of the editor of the *Nation* supplied many a frenzied period. Even in Boston, it was said at a dinner table where mature minds were gathered together, "An Englishman might be fit for the kingdom of Heaven but not to edit an American periodical;" and British gold was at its favourite occupation of supplying capital to undermine American ideals. This last in spite of the facts that the financial embarrassments of the *Nation* were unfortunately public property and that the paper was constantly experimenting with changes in make-up in the endeavour to keep afloat. It was generally believed that the end was a foregone conclusion. No matter how "uncommon its gift to make serious inquiry attractive" (in the pat phrase of Mr. Howells), an independent periodical, criticising life and literature from only the highest standards of morality and taste and with no other popular appeal than this, could not long survive. That the *Nation* should have started off with as many as five thousand subscribers is remarkable. On this subscription list it sustained itself, in spite of bad business management, without profiting by patronage or puffery. Lowell (that unpatriotic person!) said that in this regard it was the solitary American journal worthy of respect; and Charles Eliot Norton ("without whose aid," said Godkin, "I could never have been successful") capped the climax by expostulating with America in its seditious columns for being satisfied with half-way men and half-way achievements. Not even in the old lyceum days, when such unpartisan opinions as people heard were expected to wear the fiery garments of oratory, had

any one ventured to proclaim the home of the free the paradise of mediocrity! It raised a rumpus. But the traitors who read its inspection of American ways and institutions somehow took its point of view after the first gasp, and then went forth to make similar nuisances of themselves. At high-water mark there were twelve thousand traitors in all, somewhere about its fifteenth year; but each felt himself commissioned to a high calling and remembered that the success of Saint Paul had largely come about from his talking out of season as well as in. "To my generation," wrote William James, "Godkin's was certainly the towering influence in all thought concerning public affairs, and indirectly his influence has certainly been more pervasive than that of any other writer of the generation."

Now, it is necessary—if we would estimate the influence of these three New York periodicals and their Boston neighbour—to emphasise the fact that all this expression of independent judgment in crisp and quiet accents was something quite new. The *Nation* itself provides an amusing illustration of this. Calling attention with unwearied reiteration to the independence of its opinion, it nevertheless had not ventured to put from harbour without a flag. It intended to furnish "earnest and persistent consideration of the labouring class at the South with a view to the removal of all artificial distinction between them and the rest of the population." And if its consideration lacked anything, it was not persistence. Edward Everett Hale somewhere speaks of the old war-horse abolitionists casting anxiously about for another crusade—most of them polygamously embraced woman's suffrage before the breath was well out of the body of their first spouse. Godkin, later in one of his letters, naïvely indicates the same necessity. "The newspapers all began now to look about for a cause, and in bethinking myself what the United States seemed to need most in this new emergency, I bethought myself of a reform of the

civil service." Thus the natural-born free-lance is ever boastful of the freedom which frets him, and ever provoking the inevitable yoke. At least, so it was in the glad days when independent opinion first tried its wings—the day of the foot-loose reformer and the migratory muck-rake was still unborn. *Putnam's*, ere its brief second life was sped, saw popular magazines which once deemed it indiscreet to hold opinions, scramble for some to exploit; and Godkin chided even George William Curtis in his later editorial chair for upholding principles which as a private citizen he did not believe. The era of opinions or nothing was dawning.

As for literature in the *Nation*, it did not lag behind life. It insisted on impartial and informed judgment of books. This was as new in the literary world as the other in the political and social. Mr. Henry Holt says he still remembers his surprise and enlightenment at their sending a book for review to a man who was supposed to have some special knowledge of the subject. Such a thing, he thinks, had never been done before in American journalism, except spasmodically by the *North American* or the *Atlantic*. Furthermore, the publishers had been used to having everything that was not glaringly ignorant or immoral gently treated, if it was not praised. They did not know what to make of the *Nation's* strange ways, and it educated the publishing trade as well as raised the standard of literary criticism. "Then we used to feel if a book was pitched into it was because of personal feeling against the author or the house. The *Nation* was the leader in the policy of without fear and without favour."

Thus, the period of social responsibility had set in for periodicals; and, as was to be hoped and expected, it replaced the ideal of moral responsibility—under which they had so long led a pallid and mincing existence, when it was their stupid boast that "everything in the slightest way offensive even to the least fastidious would of course be ex-

cluded from these pages." Another race had come, it is true, and the war had fortunately killed off many age-worn notions and substituted for them others nearer to actuality and common-sense. But it was *Putnam's* that, along with its quixotic attempt to make a native literature, had paved the way for a magazine which, retaining the urbanity of the Knickerbocker school, should concern itself not only with literature but life.

Only one other aspect of the era may detain us here. We quote from a *Round Table* of 1867.

A magazine has long been known as among the useful adjuncts to the business of a larger publishing house, and it would seem that it is now becoming recognised as an indispensable appliance of any whose operations are on a grand scale. Already there are in our three publishing cities fourteen of the book-publishing firms which among them issue twenty-one periodicals, varying in grade from quarterly and professional or scientific reviews to weekly and juvenile journals, a majority of which have come into life within a very short time. Besides these are New York branches of three London houses publishing eight magazines, and rumour says four more of our publish-

ers are to give us new monthlies. The magazine mania—for it is scarcely less—prevailed in England for many months before it appeared here. That Messrs. Putnam and Lippincott will do well with their new monthlies is a matter of course. It is clearly out of the question that a book-publishing house of repute and large business connection should find a periodical otherwise than remunerative. That the taste of the public for literature has grown as well as its appetite is attested by recent successes which a few years ago could have found no sustaining clientage. There is one measure of paramount importance that must be hastened by this literary revival. Magazine-writing will become little less than a profession, a new class among us, and its members must be paid. Publishers will thus be forced to secure protection through an international copyright.

The facts of this editorial are, as usual, more impressive than the opinions—which well illustrate the futility of prophecy. Putnam, as we have seen, did not do well with his new monthly; and it was many a weary year before some publishers who were then doing well without an international copyright found the need of one become imperative.

"No successful magazine can be published out of Philadelphia," croaked the owls when "Harper's" was established. But not only was it the most successful magazine the world had ever seen, but it is the only one of its day which survives (always excepting the ancient and honourable "North American Review," whose life so often had been but a sleep and a forgetting). Beginning as a reprint magazine, within a few years it published as many American articles as its numerous English serials left it room for. It was a considerable period, however, before the leading American writers felt themselves represented; and for this reason we hear very few familiar chirps of satisfaction over the early "Harper's" in their letters. The magazine announced itself as caterer to the family circle, and, true to the traditions of a popular magazine, did not venture to disrupt it by having any opinions. But from the very start it began to work a revolution in magazine illustration, and in other particulars it relinquished one by one its conservatisms, until it reached a level of catholic excellence it would be difficult even to suggest ways of improving.

FRENCH LITERATURE AND THE WAR

BY JULES BOIS

No other event could have exerted upon French literature an influence comparable to that of the present monstrous phenomenon, a world-wide war, and more especially a war between France and Germany. It is an influence felt by publishers and authors alike, by the ideas and sentiments, the schools and tendencies, not only of the present but more especially of the future. In this necessarily brief study, I shall find it difficult, in the case of a people so intellectual as the French, to avoid identifying the national awakening with creative literature. The first fact to establish, and a rather brutal one, is that of the cessation, in a certain sense, of the production of true literature, a cessation following brusquely upon an over-production that was out of proportion to the demands of the French public.

Up to the month of May, 1914, books poured forth in such numbers that the booksellers were over-burdened and sometimes even refused to unpack the consignments received from certain publishers; many of the latter had given themselves over to a sort of speculation, always disastrous to authors of real merit and to serious publishers; they published "at the author's risk," in other words, at the author's expense, works that often did not have sufficient value to attract and interest purchasers. The chief aim was to keep alive certain small publishing enterprises, and more especially to gratify the self-conceit of the amateur writer, eager to see himself in print.

This steadily mounting flood of mediocre if not worthless productions was often harmful to writers of real talent. The over-burdened critics no longer knew what to think or what to write. Too often they chose from the pile the

book that first came to hand, at hazard, or else the one insistently recommended by some one of journalistic or social influence. I can speak of this rather delicate question from personal experience. As a critic on the *Annales*, and possessing, by habit and training, a scrupulous desire to discover true talent and give due recognition to writers who have already won their laurels, I have often found myself extremely embarrassed, and sometimes badly cornered. When young beginners called upon me to talk of their "youngest born," which was often also their "first born," I hastened to advise them to adopt some other career than that upon which they were entering with such simplicity and imprudence. The war has added a conclusive argument to such advice.

In a land like France, where every one, or nearly every one has a more or less complete degree of refined culture, it is necessary rather to discourage than to encourage literary ambitions. In the first place, because those who truly feel that they have something to say, far from weakening in the face of obstacles, will find on the contrary an opportunity for greater effort; and secondly, because those whose vocation is not firmly established, should be saved from failures and disappointments that would otherwise surely follow. As secretary of the "Committee of the National Travel Fund" (*Comité de la Bourse Nationale de Voyage*), and selected by the French Government to act with a certain number of my colleagues to choose each year an official prize, either for a poet or a novelist, I found my task steadily becoming heavier, since my conscience kept driving me to the formidable task of trying to read everything. This not only interfered with our own personal

production and our serenity of mind, but in spite of all we could do, it was impossible to give sufficient time to works deserving serious consideration. Besides it rarely happened that an author rose conspicuously above his competitors. A sort of average level had been established, and we had the greatest difficulty to form a judicious choice.

This war, detestable though it is, will have at least the happy consequence of proving to innumerable authors that there is something better to do than to confide to paper their little sentimental histories or their dreams, that are far oftener mere echoes of earlier reading than personal creations. To live life to the full, even at the risk of life, is surely better than endlessly to dissect one's emotions and find an empty pride in one's own fantasies, especially when these fantasies happen to be of no interest to anybody but the author. As for the authors of real worth, they will fortify their characters, and give new life and youth to their talent, whether in the heat of action itself or through contact with those who are bearing the brunt. Already what we are here prophesying is being accomplished.

Here is an almost complete list of the most important books which have appeared in France since the beginning of the war: *Germany against Europe*, by Francis Charmes, editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; *The Great Hours*, by Henri Lavedan; *The History of the German Invasion*, by General F. Canonge; *Paris during the War*, by Fernand Laudet, editor of the *Revue Humanitaire*; *The Prince of Germany*, by Charles Foley; *Human Sacrifices*, by Mme. Isabelle Debran; *The Frontier of the Rhine*, by M. Savarit; *The Offerings of the Wounded*, verses by M. de Montesquiou; *The Night Watch*, by Mme. Marcelle Tinayre; *Bleeding Belgium*, by Verhaeren; and lastly, *Along the Glorious Path*, by Anatole France.

The very titles of these books indicate clearly the nature of the preoccupation to which the authors have given themselves up. In any case it will be suffi-

cient to cite a few lines from the preface of the volume by the Belgian poet Verhaeren,—for in these days Belgium and France are united as much in thought as in language,—in order to understand the patriotic and humanitarian feeling that animates this war-like literature:

To the author of this book (writes Verhaeren) amazed at finding himself taught how to hate, when only yesterday he lived a pacifist, no disillusion could have been greater or more sudden. It was such a blow that he could no longer believe himself the same man. Nevertheless, since his present state of hatred has resulted in a hardened conscience, he dedicates these pages, with keen emotion, to the man that he used to be.

The fact is that this war has brought all writers, big or little, face to face with grim reality; it has tested ideas by contact with experience. Many chimeras have vanished or are vanishing; complications of style, useless affectations, verbiage without ideas, artifice, are doomed to disappear; obscure sentiments will be clarified; and on the other hand, sane ideas and sentiments such as have their true source in the human soul, and which nourish courage, faith and serious and fertile Idealism, will once again attain the foremost place, indeed, have already attained it in the few books which have been able to be issued. Even those who formerly attacked the foundations of society are now learning that the Mother Country is a reality, that it is only through this Mother Country that we can attain humanity. Individualism, eccentricity, unmorality, succumb, for the great lesson of the war is to reveal the law of sacrifice, and through that same law to reveal to writers their liberation from the restraints of special schools, certain conventional attitudes,—to the end that they may adopt a freer, higher ideal in common, a clear, robust, humane mode of expression. Nothing is more moral, and at the same time more artistic than such a simplification of life and thought.

This does not mean to say that the war may deprive French literature of

its qualities of originality, charm and tenderness. I believe on the contrary that the public would quickly weary of volumes devoted solely to themes of war, and which searched to perpetuate and to exploit a taste for battles and for the picturesque details of military life. Aside from a few masterpieces, the birth of which I hope to see, and which will be rare, as all masterpieces are, I imagine that the only sort of volumes to which readers of especially warlike taste will choose to direct their emotions and their curiosity, will be in the nature of authentic and in a certain sense scientific history of this formidable tragedy. For the rest, the best among us, even while enduring the tragic and painful present, will hope to find in pity, as opposed to the cruelties of brutal force, and in pure and lofty love, as opposed to the abject manifestations of hate, their source of inspiration, and the renewal of a literature, which even in times of peace was already striving in France to bring to mankind a greater degree of vitality and hope.

Meanwhile, the French men of letters, who have only too often been unjustly suspected in other countries, of lightness, immorality, or egoistic individualism, have proved, with irreproachable simplicity, modesty and zeal, that they possess a sense of duty, and are ready to practice that highest of all virtues, devotion to the Mother Country, especially when that Mother Country is defending the cause of all humanity and has become the champion of the world. They have lived through a new *Chanson de Roland*, ampler and more complex. There is to-day no longer any schism, even in appearance, between art for art's sake and social duty. Our artists are not judged as exceptional beings, labeling as a "prejudice" what others regard as an obligation. The honour of French literature, its highest glory, and quite rightly the origin of its future greatness will spring from the fact that French men of letters hastened to the field of battle, perhaps with even more ardour

and renunciation than the other classes of society, the aristocracy, the bourgeoisie, the proletariat. Those who have disappeared will well deserve the monument which the Academy has promised them, and which is to be called the *Tomb of the Poet*.

There is a little sheet now published in France, very economical of phrases, notwithstanding that it is entitled *Bulletin of the Authors of 1914-15*. This bulletin is not for sale. It is sent free of charge to all men of letters serving with the army. It is made up solely of information that has already appeared in the columns of a daily evening newspaper of high standing, the *Intransegeant*, edited by M. Léon Bailby. The bulletin is published by three young writers, René Bizet, Formand Divoire, and Gaston Picard, with the assistance of their colleagues. It is issued monthly. It contains very laconic articles upon the most important men of letters who have fallen on the field of battle, it gives also certain extracts from "Army Orders," concerning poets and other writers, whether killed, wounded or those who, still surviving have distinguished themselves for unusual valour. What a discussion from the Byzantine discussions of yesterday or the day before, and the pretentious and often malicious little literary reviews sitting in judgment on veteran masters and budding geniuses, and publishing prose and verse all too often bizarre, perverse and obscure! The great Napoleon would have loved these four pages of the *Bulletin of the Authors of 1914-15*, which in their narrow limits contain more heroism, inspiration and emotion than the bulkiest volumes issued before the war.

Shall I recall the best known of those among us who have died confronting the enemy? Charles Péguy, editor of the *Cahiers de la Quinzaine*, and author of a *Joan of Arc*, which won him a *grand prix* from the Academy; Ernest Psichari, grandson of that genius of doubt, Renan, and himself a hero of faith; the charming poet, Robert d'Humières;

Guy de Cassagnac, eminent journalist and subtle novelist; Claude Casimir-Périer, son of the former president of the Republic; Paul Acker, an Alsatian, who even before the war had succeeded, through the popularity of his writings, to stimulate the national spirit. There are too many, even among the most important, to make it possible to cite them all. They must be counted by the hundred.

Prior to the brutal aggression of the Germans, invading Belgium and our northern departments without warning, these same men of letters were all, like Verhaeren and Anatole France, gentle and peace-loving, enamoured of beauty and civilisation and harmony. Many of them, in spite of the smarting wound of 1870, felt an intellectual sympathy for Germany. Some even strove to do away with what they thought were nothing more than misunderstandings between the two nations. To-day the hard school of the trenches has taught them that if they sinned, it was chiefly through excess of generosity. These high-strung men gave proof of splendid self-control; they did not cry, "On to Berlin!" they did not dream of useless conquests; they were neither trumpet blowers nor trouble-makers. But when the moment came to defend the Mother Country, not one of them hesitated, not one trembled, not one considered his life and his talent as more precious than the life and talent of the humblest of his obscure comrades. They fought or they fell without emphasis and without complaint; and marching over the faces of the brothers whose eyes had closed but whose example is immortal, may our victorious troops bring deliverance to our land, soiled by barbarian armies.

Before the war we were divided into numerous schools, which to-day a common patriotism has already abolished. Some of us sang of nature, others of the intimacy of life; this group wrote without conviction popular novels full of manifold and improbable intrigues; that group lost themselves in the labyrinths

of minute psychology, fatiguing and confused. Life stagnated in all these schools, because the great emotions were slumbering in the delights of a prolonged peace which perforce debilitated character and will.

It was above all the religious and social problems that separated these loyal adversaries into two principal camps. The two chiefs of these two phalanxes were, on the one hand, M. Paul Bourget, and on the other, M. Anatole France. Paul Bourget long ago rallied to the Catholic faith and the monarchical ideal; Anatole France is in a certain sense an agnostic, and he has pushed the revolutionary doctrine to a sort of anarchy. The one stood for a strong nation, organised to recover not only our lost provinces, but also our old traditions at home and our prestige abroad. The other likewise wished for France a world-wide prestige, but based above all upon an international idea of revolt against all forms of despotism and prejudice. He strove to relegate all religions to the past, and suspected obscurantism to be lurking in every military initiative.

To-day they are banded together against a common enemy. None the less, in Paul Bourget's articles, which are soon to be gathered together in a volume, and also in those by Anatole France, which have just been issued under the title of *Along the Glorious Path*, we can already discern the divergences which are destined to manifest themselves after the war in the intellectuality of France. The first group, like Paul Bourget, will proclaim that, above the idea of liberty, the principle of authority must be exalted, and that religion is an indispensable element of regeneration and force among nations. The second group, with Anatole France at their head, reacting against the abominations of war, will turn once more against militarism, under the pretext that militarism has shown itself above all Prussian; and they will see in social or religious dogmas the veiled origin of future conflicts.

These two parties have always existed, from the beginning of time. The immediate interest of national defence, combining this time with the highest ideal of humanity, has brought them together for the moment; but they will separate again. They will combat fiercely, without suspecting, or, rather, without being either willing or able to suspect, in the heat of the discussion, that it is not the ideas that are dangerous and destructive—ideas of authority or of liberty, which are contradictory only in appearance—but the fanaticism and the blindness of men who use these standards in order to dissimulate and to exalt at one and the same time their impotence, their errors and their weaknesses.

For my own part, I dream of a third party to be created in France, among men of intellect, which I would call "the party of the conciliators," and which should have a sufficiently strong sense of liberty to admit that this liberty should be extended to every one, even to those who are not libertarians. Literature shall be at once classic and romantic, that is to say, faithful to traditions, and accepting all that may enrich and renew it. Religion and free thought, which have led their votaries to fraternize upon the battlefield, ought, even in times of peace, to accord equitable concessions, and inspire equally beautiful books. And since patriotism has for once risen superior to political quarrels, why should

not that moment be perpetuated, at least among men of letters, in memory of the great lessons of history? In short, I would like to see the sentiment of sacrifice, so magnificently manifested to-day, continued so as to be the centre not only of all French activities, but more especially of our national literature. We must remain united on the great principles of art as well as morality, and to leave to the individual, cured of the malady of individualism, the right and the duty of developing, according to his own personal character, those eminently national virtues, which the war has not created among us, but has merely aided to make better known to the world at large.

What can in any case be predicted, without the need of prophetic gifts, is that for several years to come the great sentiments will happily be in fashion, and that, according to the phrase of Maurice Barrès, "the Eagle will soar above the Nightingale." Yes, the epic poem will be preferred to the elegy, heroic tragedy to the comedy of manners, the romance of crowds and the book of ideas to frivolous adventures. And we are to witness a reawakening of a literature in which Love will be rehabilitated, purified and restored to its highest functions, which are, to lead the human soul upward to the heights, without, however, losing sight, as Maupassant would have it, of "the humble truth" of life.

FROM THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL BAG

I

WE shall begin this month's Mail Bag with a very interesting letter—there is no apparent clue to the identity of the writer—a letter which we call to the attention of other readers of the magazine with the hope that they may be moved to further suggestion:

As an enthusiastic subscriber to THE BOOKMAN I wish to appeal to its columns for help with a problem too large for me.

I have two children very nearly large enough to begin wishing for a wider range of reading than they are now permitted. I do not want to restrain them in this, but I find myself practically helpless to place that broader list before them. I have always selected their reading, and have formed their taste for the books that count, Stevenson, Scott, Mark Twain, Dickens, Lamb, and others. But now what they need is a library where they can exercise their own choice. Will you please publish some time

in the near future in THE BOOKMAN's columns a list of books for a small but comprehensive library. I feel your work would be well repaid, not only by my gratitude, but I know of many people by whom such a thing would be thankfully received. Please help us to give our children what we did not have ourselves,—enough books and the right kind.

We can promise our correspondent such a list, probably in the form of a special article on the subject, in one of the next two or three issues of the magazine. Our correspondent has neglected to say whether the two children in question are boys or girls, quite an important point. Many years ago THE BOOKMAN asked an American writer and an English writer for lists of what each considered the twenty best books for boys. We are reprinting those lists. The American's was:

Westward Ho!	Charles Kingsley
Ivanhoe	Scott
Phaeton Rogers	Rossiter Johnson
Treasure Island	Stevenson
The Spy	Cooper
Tale of Two Cities	Dickens
Hoosier School Master	Edward Eggleston
Hans Brinker	Mary Mapes Dodge
The Prince and the Pauper	Mark Twain
Tales from Shakespeare	Lamb
Boy's Froissart	Lanier
Wreck of the <i>Grosvonor</i>	Clark Russell
Henry Esmond	Thackeray
Silas Marner	George Eliot
Ben Hur	Wallace
Two Years Before the Mast	Dana
St. George and St. Michael	George McDonald
The Wonder Book	Hawthorne
Historic Boys	E. S. Brooks
Little Women	Alcott

In submitting those titles the American said that he had considered them "from the advisor's standpoint, yet from

the boy's standpoint also," and added that he had included *Little Women* because it was one of the few "girls' books" that all boys will read even if they do it on the sly or in a corner. Here is the Englishman's list:

Treasure Island	Stevenson
Kidnapped	Stevenson
Dead Man's Rock	Q
Tom Cringle's Log	Michael Scott
Michael Strogoff	Jules Verne
Beric the Briton	G. A. Henty
The Battery and the Boiler	Ballantyne
The Three Midsipmen	Kingston
The Jungle Books	Kipling
Tom Brown's School-Days	Thos. Hughes
Westward Ho!	Kingsley
David Copperfield	Dickens
Pickwick	Dickens
Lorna Doone	Blackmore
The Pirate	Scott
Ivanhoe	Scott
The Talisman	Scott
The White Company	Doyle
Robbery Under Arms	Boldrewood
The True Story Book	Lang
The Story of the Iliad and the Æneid	Church

II

A letter from Philadelphia:

Will you kindly tell me the name of the third novel of a trilogy by Arnold Bennett, the names of the other two being *Clayhanger* and *Hilda Lessways*. At the end of *Lessways* a third novel was announced, which would deal with the married life of the Clayhangers; but I have never been able to identify this book.

You will, no doubt, recall the character in Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*—one Mrs. Slip-slop, who had a talent for murdering the spoken language. Remembering that *Joseph Andrews* was written nine years before Sheridan was born, does it not seem strange that

this peculiar twisting of the language should be called a *malapropism*.

The title of the third novel of the Arnold Bennett trilogy is *These Twain*. It is scheduled to come from the press of the George H. Doran Company, November 6, 1915.

III

From Stamford, Connecticut:

A question occurs to me which I have wanted you to answer in *THE BOOKMAN'S Mail Bag* if possible. In concrete form it is:

What do you consider economy in reading?

For five years I have been trying to keep up with modern fiction and it seems so hard to choose the right authors. My time is limited and yet often I find myself reading trash because I either don't know the authors or I have followed some one else's criticism. Sometimes I've tried reading the best sellers as listed in *THE BOOKMAN* and again I have found much that is not worth reading.

How do you pick from the mass of fiction that is being constantly put on the market? If you could offer some little help, it would be appreciated.

We are very much afraid that we can offer no certain short cut to the achievement of economy in reading. Although there are more writers doing creditable work to-day—or at least there were until a year ago last August—than at any period before in the world's history—even the elimination of all books except those written by authors of established reputation will not bring positive assurance of quality. To find a novel in *THE BOOKMAN* lists means no more than that it is a "best seller." There has never been any attempt or intention on our part to obscure this. We should say that by reading fifteen or sixteen books a year, a dozen of them American or English authors and the rest from Continental sources a man could keep up adequately with modern fiction. With such a limited list discrimination should not be difficult.

IV

From Hinsdale, Illinois:

Perhaps you will help me to find the title of a story I read in a magazine some years ago and for which I, with the assistance of several librarians, have searched in vain.

The magazine, I think, was *Harper's*, the title was remembered as "His Son," which I am told is not correct.

The story began and ended in a court room, the prisoner standing before the judge while he told his story of counterfeiting that he might have the money to give his children better opportunities than he had enjoyed. His punishment came not in arrest and imprisonment, but in his children's discovery of his methods and their request that he should teach them to engage in his work. In the background of the court room sat the son of the judge.

I will be so glad if you can locate this story for me.

Although we do not seem to remember this particular story it bears strong marks of family relationship to François Coupée's *Le Coupable*.

V

From Santa Monica, California:

Will you please give me a list of the six greatest living novelists of England as stated by foremost critics?

To a large extent a matter of opinion. All such lists would certainly include the names of Thomas Hardy, Rudyard Kipling, and Henry James, now that the last named has become an Englishman. In the matter of the other three places there would probably be a great deal of difference of opinion. Various critics would urge the claims of such writers as J. M. Barrie, Maurice Hewlett, Arnold Bennett, John Galsworthy, Lucas Malet, Anthony Hope, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir Gilbert Parker, and others.

VI

From Pendleton, Oregon:

In the February number of *THE BOOKMAN* Mr. Clayton Hamilton, in his article "On the

Trail of Stevenson," speaks of the elaborate war game which Stevenson and his stepson developed to amuse themselves. I have read considerable of Stevenson's way of amusing himself and, of course, have read of the war-game before, but I have not been able as yet to find quite a complete description of these amusements. Will you kindly tell me where it is that Mr. Osbourne described this game in detail or the other methods these two playmates used in odd hours? It may be that I have overlooked some article of Mr. Osbourne's or some book by him in which these things are touched upon. A reference to this in *THE BOOKMAN'S Mail Bag* will be greatly appreciated.

If Mr. Hamilton were at hand we should refer this question to him. We have an idea that the story of the elaborate war game played by Stevenson and his stepson had not appeared in print before it found its way into Mr. Hamilton's narrative. Mr. Osbourne and Mr. Hamilton have long known each other and very likely Mr. Osbourne was moved to the reminiscence when they were talking of R. L. S.

VII

In the March issue of *THE BOOKMAN* there were some paragraphs about James Hay, Jr., the author of *The Man Who Forgot*, in the course of which there was an allusion to an article by Mr. Hay on the subject of "The Gentle Art of Not Selling a Play." A correspondent in New York City writes to ask if this has been published in book form or if it was an editorial in some magazine. While we are not certain on the point, we have an idea that the sentence referring to Mr. Hay's article was not to be taken literally. He had had some discouraging experiences while attempting to produce a play and had jotted down notes poking fun at the whole wire-pulling system by which dramatic productions were arranged. He told the story of these notes to his publishers and the publishers told it to *THE BOOKMAN*. Hence very likely the allusion.

VIII

In the April issue we printed the poem read by Dr. Samuel C. Bushnell at the dinner of the Harvard Alumni of Waterbury and the verses written in retort by Dean Jones of Yale. Dr. Bushnell's lines were:

I come from good old Boston,
The home of the bean and the cod,
Where Cabots speak only to Lowells,
And the Lowells speak only to God.

Dean Jones's counter was:

Here's to the town of New Haven,
The home of the truth and the light,
Where God speaks to Jones,
In the very same tones
That he uses with Hadley and Dwight.

A correspondent from Bronxville, New York, who in the course of his letter takes occasion to write some very pleasant words about *THE BOOKMAN*, offers this as the authentic version of the lines read by Dr. Bushnell:

I am from Massachusetts,
The land of the sacred cod,
Where the Adams's snub the Abbots
And the Cabots walk with God.

IX

From Amherst, Massachusetts:

In the April issue of *THE BOOKMAN* there was a surprising statement about Mr. Sherlock Holmes. The discussion had dealt with *The Valley of Fear* and then with the Ku Klux Klan. Mr. Holmes was criticised for the "ludicrous" height of prudence with which he mentioned the name of this society, inasmuch as he had looked cautiously around beforehand and lowered his voice. The incident occurred in "The Five Orange Pips." Now, in my book I find no mention of a wary look before speaking of the Klan. Holmes has been discoursing and ends: "In this way you see K. K. K. ceases to be the initials of an individual and becomes the badge of a society." "But of what society?" "Have you never," said Sherlock Holmes, bending forward and sinking his voice—"have you never heard of the Ku Klux Klan?" And

you term that "ludicrous," Mr. Editor? What a pity that you cannot be answered by a sarcasm from Mr. Holmes. But how much greater pity that you have criticised him unfairly and that you apparently fail to grasp the subtlety of Dr. Watson's literary excellence! Here they are in their own apartment and Holmes lowers his voice because of tremendous discretion! Actually, he does it for no such reason but merely for dramatic effect. Surely there are evidences enough of his love for the dramatic. Just to show that I am not unaware of the matter about which I write, allow me to quote from "The Adventure of the Speckled Band": "Round his brow he had a peculiar yellow band, with brownish speckles, which seemed to be bound tightly around his head. As we entered he made neither sound nor motion. 'The band! the speckled band!' whispered Holmes." Please note "whispered Holmes." To speak frankly, I think your magazine tries very hard at times to find some little flaw in the writings of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Its eagerness is somewhat amusing but also, in reaching too far, decidedly unjust to Doyle. In particular, he deserves admiration for the delightful way in which he leads up to a climax and preserves the dramatic.

Yes, we are keenly conscious that THE BOOKMAN has wickedly discriminated against certain authors and characters. So little attention has been paid in these pages to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, O. Henry, Thackeray, Dumas père; to Sherlock Holmes, Mrs. Rawden Crawley, Tartarin of Tarascon, Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and d'Artagnan!

X

A correspondent who gives no address, by which we could address him or her writes asking for the whereabouts of Mr. Barry Benefield, expressing much appreciation of that writer's *Daughters of Joy* and *Nobody Ever Met Her*. Yes, *Daughters of Joy* was a good story but, without disparaging it, it was simply Guy de Maupassant's *La Maison Tellier* written backwards. Mr. Bene-

field, is, we think, with the *Century Magazine*, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

XI

From Richmond, Kentucky:

On page 152 of the April BOOKMAN appears this statement: "The tale of the parted lovers, as Longfellow received it, came to Hawthorne and through him to his illustrious brother-in-law." Was Longfellow's second wife a sister of Hawthorne? I did not know that this was the case. The first wife, I believe, was a Miss Appleton of Boston.

In September, 1831, when he was in his twenty-fifth year, Longfellow married Miss Mary Potter, of Portland, Maine. She died in November, 1835, at Rotterdam, Holland. The Longfellow had left their home and gone to England the previous April. They had spent the summer in Denmark and Sweden and had proceeded to Holland in October. In June, 1843, Longfellow married Frances Appleton, daughter of the Honourable Nathan Appleton, of Boston. He had first met her in Switzerland, the year after his first wife's death. In July, 1861, the second Mrs. Longfellow lost her life in a fire. Hawthorne was married to Miss Sophia Peabody in July, 1842. She died in 1871, surviving her illustrious husband by seven years. Hawthorne and Longfellow were close friends and from the former's lips the poet first heard the tale of the Arcadians, but they were related by no stronger tie than that of friendship. As a matter of fact that friendship did not come until later life. Although they had been class-mates at college no intimacy existed between them in the early years. When Longfellow reviewed *Twice Told Tales* in the *North American Review* Hawthorne, in writing to thank him, addressed him as "Mr. Longfellow." Even in a more formal day it was hardly customary for a man to address a class-mate with whom he had been on terms of any kind of intimacy as "Mr."

ART

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

ART is a flaming mistress,
 Jealous, proud, and elate;
 Deep in her heart is heaven,
 Deep in her mind is hate.

Never, never-forsake her!
 The ways of her love, who knows?
 To-day, she is thine forever;
 To-morrow, forever she goes.

Not hers the tragic ending—
 To nobler loves she fares,
 Nor turns for a last swift parting,
 Remembers not, nor cares.

IS DRAMATIC CRITICISM NECESSARY?

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

It is now no longer in dispute that there has been in the past score or two of years a striking revival of the drama in the English language and that there are to-day British and American playwrights who write plays which are worth while,—plays which are both actable and readable,—plays which often deserve and which sometimes even demand serious critical consideration. This revival has necessarily resulted in calling attention to the present condition of dramatic criticism in Great Britain and in the United States. In a period of dramatic productivity dramatic criticism has an indisputable function and is charged with an undeniable duty, both to the aspiring playmakers and to the main body of the playgoing public. We cannot help asking ourselves whether our dramatic critics rightly apprehend their function and whether they properly discharge their duty; and to these pressing questions the most conflicting answers are returned.

Some there are who insist that it is

hopeless to expect the desired outflowing of dramatic literature in our language to take place so long as our dramatic criticism is as inadequate, as incompetent, and as unsatisfactory as they declare it to be. Others there are who take a more tolerant view, holding the public itself to be at fault for the existing state of things and who therefore believe that we are now getting dramatic criticism quite as good as we deserve. Few there are who venture to deny that there is room for improvement,—although no two of these agree in their suggestions for bringing about a bettering of present conditions. In the multitude of these counsellors there is darkness and confusion.

Perhaps there is a dim possibility of dissipating a little of this dark confusion by an analysis of the exact content, which we discover in the term "dramatic criticism,"—and then by a further inquiry as to whether our customary use of the term is not misleading. "Dramatic criticism" to most of us con-

notes the newspaper reviewing of the nightly spectacles in our theatres. Plainly this was the meaning of the term in the mind of Mr. Howells years ago when he declared that "our dramatic criticism is probably the most remarkable apparatus of our civilisation" and that it "surpasses that of other countries as much as our fire department. A perfectly equipped engine stands in every newspaper office, with the steam always up, which can be manned in nine seconds, and rushed to the first theatre where there is the slightest danger of drama within five minutes; and the combined efforts of these tremendous machines can pour a concentrated deluge of cold water upon a play which will put out anything of the kind at once."

There is no denying that this use of the term by Mr. Howells is supported by custom. Yet it is distinctly unfortunate, for if the newspaper comment upon the novelties of the stage is to be accepted as "dramatic criticism," then what term have we left to describe the more piercing and the more comprehensive discussion of the first principles of the art of playmaking which we find in Francisque Sarcey and in George Henry Lewes, not to go back to Lessing and to Aristotle? It is equally unfortunate that there is an equivalent inaccuracy in bestowing the title of "literary criticism" upon the newspaper comments upon the current books, for if this journalistic summarising is to be accepted as "literary criticism" then what are we to call the exquisite evaluation of favourite authors which we find in Henry James and Matthew Arnold and Sainte-Beuve?

Of course, it is always idle to protest against the popular use or misuse of words and terms and phrases. The people as a whole own the language and have a right to make it over and to modify the original meaning of words. If popular usage chooses not to distinguish between two very different things and to call both of them "dramatic criticism" there is no redress; and yet it is

impossible to discuss the problem of dramatic criticism except by trying to separate the two things thus confounded. Therefore, for the purpose of this inquiry only and without any hope of changing the accepted usage, I make bold to suggest that "play-reviewing" might be employed to describe the notices written in the office of a newspaper, notices necessarily prepared under pressure and under strict limitations of time and space.

These newspaper notices are sometimes careless, they are sometimes perfunctory, and they are sometimes cruel; and occasionally they are careful, conscientious and clever, done with a dexterity worthy of high praise when we consider all the conditions under which it is displayed. But even at its best play-reviewing cannot attain to the level of true dramatic criticism, more leisurely in its composition, larger in its scope, and more discriminating in its choice of topic. The play-reviewing of the daily journal is akin in aim to the book-reviewing which has for its purpose the swift consideration of the volume in vogue at the moment. In our morning and evening papers the book-reviewing and the play-reviewing are both of them necessarily up-to-date, in fact, up-to-the-last-minute. To be contemporaneous, instantly and imperatively and inexorably, is their special quality, and their immediate purpose; it is the reason for their existence and the excuse for their being.

Here it may be well to cite again the oft-quoted confession of the late Jules Lemaitre, writer of volume after volume, in which he adroitly discussed the leading men of letters of his own time and of his own country: "Criticism of our contemporaries is not criticism—it is conversation." Now, conversation may be a very good thing; indeed, when it is as clear and as sparkling as was Lemaitre's it is an excellent thing; yet he was right in admitting that it is not criticism since it could not but lack the touchstone of time, the perspective of distance, the assured application of the eternal standards. And play-reviewing

like book-reviewing cannot be anything but conversation about our contemporaries. It may descend to chaff-like chatter about the writers of the hour and to empty gossip about their sayings and doings; or it may have the sterner merits of brilliant conversation at its best. But it is not really criticism in the finer sense of the word; it cannot be; and one may go further and say that it ought not to be criticism, since true criticism is more or less out of place in a newspaper, because the abiding object of a newspaper is to present the news, with only the swiftest of commentaries thereon.

The final distinction between literature and journalism is to be sought in their diverging and irreconcilable objects. The desire of the former is for permanence and the aim of the latter is the immediate impression. When literature triumphs it is for all time,—more or less. When journalism most completely achieves its purpose its success is temporary, to be retained only by iteration and reiteration, since it has for its target the events of the fleeting moment. If we admit this distinction between journalism and literature, we have no difficulty in discovering journalism in many places other than the daily and weekly papers; very properly it fills the most of the space in the monthly magazines and even in the quarterly reviews; and it abounds in our book-stores, since only a small proportion of the volumes which pour from the press every year possess the combined substance and style, the solidity of matter and the delightfulness of manner which lift mere writing up to the loftier level of literature.

On the other hand we may find literature of inexpugnable quality not only in the magazines but also now and again in the newspapers. Drake's "American Flag" and Kipling's "Recessional" appeared in daily journals, and so did Sainte-Beuve's literary criticism and Lessing's dramatic criticism. But these were but happy accidents; and the great newspaper editor has never striven to

make his journal a persistent vehicle for the publication of literature. He feels that this is foreign to his main purpose; and he is content when his editorial articles and his news stories are vigorous and picturesque—clean, clear and cogent in their English. He knows better than any one else that it is not by its external literary merits that newspaper-writing is to be judged. What he wants above all else is the news, all the news and nothing but the news,—accompanied, of course, by the obligatory comment this news may deserve. He needs editorial writers, reporters and correspondents, not men of letters, except in so far as these men of letters may have accepted the special conditions of newspaper work.

Now, criticism whether literary or dramatic, is a department of literature, dealing with the permanent and having little to do with the temporary. It demands qualifications very rarely united,—insight, equipment, disinterestedness and sympathy. So far from being easy criticism is quite as difficult as creation,—more difficult indeed if we may judge by its greater rarity. In a superbly creative period there are sometimes three or four distinguished poets, friendly rivals, almost contemporaneous; and even at such a time there is rarely more than one critic worthy to be companioned with them. Æschylus and Sophocles and Euripides followed one after the other; and in time the sole Aristotle came forward as their critic. Corneille and Molière and Racine laboured side by side; and only Boileau was competent to interpret and to encourage them.

When it attains to the serene plane of Aristotle and Boileau, of Lessing and Coleridge criticism is actually creation. "The critical faculty as applied to the masterpieces of literature, and still more the critical faculty as applied to the art of literature itself, is akin to the creative faculty of the artist,"—so Professor Mackail has told us. "It does not deal with letters as something detached from life, but as the form or substance in which life is intelligibly presented. Its

interpretation is also creation." But the criticism of dramatic literature which is also creation, is possible only when the critical faculty is applied to the masterpieces of dramatic literature; and nobody knows better than the play-reviewer that masterpieces of dramatic literature do not present themselves frequently and that they cannot be acclaimed as masterpieces until they have stood the test of time. And this is why a critic-creator would be out of place on the staff of a newspaper, daily or weekly, whether he was assigned to deal with the drama alone or with literature at large.

The necessary task of the book-reviewer or of the play-reviewer is not criticism of the creative kind, since for that he is always likely to lack material. His task is humbler even if it is honourable; it is to report upon the novelties of the day and to inform the readers of the newspaper as to the nature and the merits of these novelties. His work is essentially reporting, even if it is reporting of a special kind calling for special qualifications. The connection of the drama with the show-business is intimate; and it always has been. There was not infrequent utilisation of purely spectacular devices even in Shakespeare's plays and in Molière's; and at no time in the history of the theatre has there failed to be an abundance of pieces the appeal of which was mainly sensuous—to the eye and to the ear, rather than to the emotions and to the intellect. While the drama is an art and perhaps the loftiest of the arts, the show-business is a trade. This is no new thing,—although ignorant idealists often declare it so to be, and although it may make itself a little more obvious at one time than at another. What confronts us is the condition of things as they are, not the theory of things as they might be.

There would be occupation for a dramatic critic, who was also a creator, only if our theatres were presenting in rapid succession a sequence of masterpieces, tragedies of austere power, comedies of searching satire, social-dramas

of piercing suggestion. But this is not the case now here in the United States in the twentieth century; and it never has been the case anywhere or anywhen, not even in Weimar when Goethe dominated the ducal theatre. In our play-houses we are proffered our choice of Shakespeare and Ibsen, Pinero and Hauptmann, Henry Arthur Jones and Augustus Thomas, Barrie and Gillette, Sardou and George M. Cohan; and at the same time we are invited to choose between *Trilby* and the *Celebrated Case*, melodramas and farces, summer song-shows and ultra-contemporary reviews, alleged comic operas and terpsichorean spectacles. Most of these latter exhibitions do not demand or deserve criticism of any kind; but they need to be reported upon like any other item in the news of the day.

If this is the case, it might as well be recognised frankly. There is always advantage in seeing things as they are, in fronting the facts and in looking them squarely in the face. Sooner or later some one of those in charge of our metropolitan newspapers will perceive the possibility of a change of method. He will charge one of his staff with the supervision of the theatrical news, the announcements of new plays, and the personal gossip about the players; and he will authorise this editor to send competent reporters to all first performances, directed to report upon these as they would report upon any other event of immediate interest. He would warn these reporters that they were strictly to consider themselves as reporters and that they were therefore to refrain from explicit criticism. He would so select his men that a melodrama should be dealt with by a reporter who liked a good melodrama and that a summer song-show should be described by a reporter who could find pleasure in inoffensive and amusing spectacle. If this policy should be adopted and announced clearly and emphatically, probably most of the occasions for quarrel between managers and editors would disappear; and the immense majority of the readers of

the daily paper would be supplied with exactly the information they would prefer.

Then for the benefit of the smaller number who are really interested in the drama as a serious art, the editor-in-chief might avail himself of the fact that the Sunday issue while it is still a newspaper containing the news of the preceding twenty-four hours is also a magazine, to be read in more leisurely fashion and therefore at liberty to treat artistic topics with a larger freedom. Here space could be found for genuine dramatic criticism by the most competent expert available. This dramatic critic should have nothing whatever to do with the news of the theatres or with the first-night play-reviewing. He should not be tired and bored by having to go to the theatre half-a-dozen times a week, and by being forced to analyse plays which do not reward analysis. He would be expected to select out of the current performances that one which promised to be most worthy of careful consideration, and he would feel himself free to discuss this at such length as it might seem to him to deserve. To him also should be entrusted the more significant of the new books upon the history of the theatre and upon the art of the drama. In the summer (and also whenever at any other season there might be a dearth of inspiring topics), this dramatic critic would not be expected to contribute, since he should never be called upon to make bricks without straw.

Even in New York this method is not as new as it may seem; and more than one metropolitan daily has approximated to it, although no one of them has completely detached the dramatic critic from the play-reviewer and from the supervisor of theatrical gossip. And it has long been adopted in certain of the Paris newspapers. In the *Temps*, for example, when Sarcey was its dramatic critic, there was a daily column of theatrical announcement and gossip, and in this column there were brief reports upon first-night performances; and with this

department of the news of the theatres Sarcey had nothing to do and for it he had no responsibility. Then in the ample space specially reserved for him in the issue of every Sunday afternoon, he dealt with the dramatic themes that seemed to him worth while. If a play appeared to him to require it, he went to see it two or even three times, before he undertook to formulate his opinion; and on occasion he would carry over his detailed discussion of a very important drama into the article of the following Sunday. On the other hand, if no recent play appeared to him to demand his continued attention he would devote himself to one of the recent books about the theatre or to a detailed discussion of the proper interpretation of one of the classics of the French drama kept constantly in the repertory of the Comédie-Française.

The adoption of this method would relieve the dramatic critic from one of his existing disadvantages; he would be released from criticising the pieces which are beneath criticism. The literary critic and even the ordinary book-reviewer never spends his time in considering dime-novels,—whereas the play-reviewer is now called upon to waste many evenings in beholding plays which are only the theatrical equivalents of dime-novels. This obligation is a futile and fatiguing expenditure of energy, the immediate result of which is likely to be discouraging and even enervating. If the dramatic critic could be totally relieved from all contact with the show-business when the show-business has only a casual connection with the drama, it would tend to keep him fit for his essential task. Under the present conditions it is no wonder that the play-reviewer wearies of his task and loses the gusto and the zest without which all work tends to degenerate into the perfunctory and the mechanical.

We need not fear that the first-night reporting would be ill done if competent reporters were instructed that they were not to consider themselves as critics and that it was their sole duty to report, as

they would report anything else, conscientiously and accurately. The difficulty would not be in finding reporters able to discharge this duty, it would be in the discovery of dramatic critics possessing the fourfold qualifications of insight, equipment, disinterestedness and sympathy, which every critic must be endowed with whatever the art he undertakes to analyse. And the difficulty would be increased by the fact that the dramatic critic needs an understanding of three different arts, the art of acting, the art of literature and the art of the drama—of playmaking as distinct from literature.

It would be idle to hope that even if this method were adopted we should soon be able to develop in the United States and in Great Britain a group of dramatic critics of the capacity and the quality of Lessing and of Sarcey, of George Henry Lewes and of William Archer. Yet it is solely by the adoption of this method that we can hope to pro-

vide the opportunity for the development of the true dramatic critic, who can fit himself for his finer work only by being set free from the necessity of doing work quite unworthy of him, although necessary to the newspaper itself. And the development of a group of dramatic critics of a higher type than can be found to-day—except possibly in a scant half-dozen dailies and weeklies and monthlies—is a condition precedent to the development of our drama. Of course, these dramatic critics, whatever their endowment, could give little help directly to the dramatic authors, since it is a mistake to suppose that the critic is capable of counselling the author or that he is charged with any such duty. Where the critic can help is by disseminating knowledge about the dramatic art and by raising the standard of appreciation in the public at large—that public which even the mightiest dramatist has to please or else to fail of his purpose.

THE INTERRELATIVE

BY S. K. WILSON

I ASK, would not "The Passing of
The Third Floor Back" have scored a hit
As quite the neatest thing in farce
If Bernard Shaw had written it?

And would not "Blanco Posnet" reign
As solemn gnomie utterance
If J. K. Jerome's hand had been
The one to give it ordinance?

And yet J. K.'s a funny man
According to the established rule,
While Shaw's the seriouslest yet
Unearthed outside of Sunday-school.

Thus we perceive the poignant truth,
That humour is of humourists
A thing apart and piety
An incident to pietists.

SOME RECENT BOOKS ON EDUCATION*

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

THERE is perhaps no mental exercise in which we Americans take so much pleasure as in that of finding fault with our public school system. As a subject of censure it excels in popularity even the trusts and municipal government, for the measure of chastisement is also the measure of our love and pride. Were it less precious our volleys of criticism would be neither so incessant, so determined nor so well aimed. Because it is as our very life's blood it must be made and kept as efficient for its purpose as possible and its methods must accept and assimilate whatever investigation, invention, discovery in any department of human knowledge or effort can offer that will better its work. And so we criticise and rail at it incessantly, in every day talk, in public addresses, in newspaper and magazine articles and in books galore. And among the most constant and merciless of its critics are those who are engaged in carrying on its work and directing its lines of effort. Always they are in search of better, more efficient means for the achieving of its purposes, always are they sure that they have found, or are just about to find, some new and golden theory which, put into practice, would be of immeasurable benefit. And always they are doing their best to kick off the old, outgrown, clogging methods and to acquaint the public with the new ones which they wish to try.

*Schools of To-morrow. By John Dewey and Evelyn Dewey. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Play in Education. By Joseph Lee. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Practical Conduct of Play. By Henry S. Curtis. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Plays for School Children. By Anna M. Lütkenhaus and Margaret Knox. New York: The Century Company.

Recent books upon educational affairs have in them so much of this eager desire to discard the old and to try the new and set forth with such earnest advocacy the theories, the practices, the methods in which educational experts believe will be found far better means of training children, that they are of prime importance to all the public, whether or not it is directly concerned with the subject. Not in a long time have critics of our school system offered so nearly at once so much that was revolutionary not only in outward practice but in the deep rooting of its theory. Conservative folk, who still hold old-fashioned ideas about the up-bringing of children, will find many of their ideas fairly sensational.

"SCHOOLS OF TO-MORROW"

While some of this criticism takes the form of charging the school system with not keeping abreast of modern developments and modern needs and some of it complains because the schools are moving too rapidly and paying too little attention to fundamental things, at bottom it is all trying to say that the schools do not adequately discharge their function of training the child for practical life. Professor Dewey coincides with that view in his very hopeful study of the tendencies of educational methods of the present time. But he thinks that the new methods which are being tried out in a great number of schools in various parts of the country all look toward a closer union between the school and the social environment. He sees in these various educational laboratories most promising indications for a regenerated school system in which the pupils will receive an all-round training, will take pride and pleasure in their work and will be made to feel

their relation to and importance in the community and so will become active agents in promoting a strong and stable democracy.

The book combines in a very interesting way exposition of those educational principles upon which the new movement is based with description of the methods in various schools in which they are being applied. The descriptive chapters are the work of Evelyn Dewey, who is Professor Dewey's daughter. Even those who are reasonably familiar with the experiment in new methods that is going on in American schools will be surprised to find in how many localities these are being tried, although the authors say that those they have mentioned do not "begin to represent all that is being done to-day to vitalise the school life of children." In as many as a dozen cities and towns they have found the illustrations that show the realising in practice of the principles that demand that the child's training shall proceed in harmony with his mental growth and shall enable him to make use of his environment. Of all these the one to receive the most attention is the school system at Gary, both because it is being conducted on so large and complete a scale and because Gary has quickly become the Mecca of the educational profession. Mr. Curtis in his book, which will presently be discussed, tells how these folk have flocked to Gary in such numbers that certain weeks have had to be set aside in which they could be received and furnished with guides. Professor Dewey, while explaining quite fully the material results of the Gary system, which have had much attention in the public prints, insists that the emphasis should not be put upon that side of Mr. Wirt's work. The big, fundamental idea there, he thinks, is the social purpose, the making of good citizens having a sense of responsibility toward the community and of intimate relation with it. The book contains nothing more interesting or suggestive than the pages in which he expounds the rela-

tions between this method and this result.

Professor Dewey sees in our public school system "the only fundamental agency" which will be effective in combating the dangers which threaten democracy, whose task becomes ever more difficult with the increasing complexity of our life. But to make it effective, "The subject matter and the methods of teaching must be positively and aggressively adapted to the end." The reorganisation of our school system along the lines in which these experimental schools have been successful would, he believes, result in better training for children, moral, mental and physical, better citizenship and a sounder basis for our democratic ideals.

"PLAY IN EDUCATION"

The thesis that Mr. Lee sets out to prove in his very interesting volume is, in a nutshell, that play, for the child, is work, and work, for the man, is play—that is, that the chief activities which engage the human being from the cradle to the grave have their origin in instincts that are the same from start to finish, the instincts that have made the race what it is and are still exercising upon it their mighty moulding power. Therefore, the play of children is of the greatest consequence in their education, and it is only by studying their play instincts and planning their training along the lines thus indicated that the best results can be secured. "Play," says the author, "is the form through which the major, achieving instincts act and through which true growth takes place." "Play is the one most serious business of every child . . . his real life, the expression in him of the same instincts, in the same imperative mood, that govern our own most cherished work." "The play purpose," he declares, "is not the pursuit of pleasure. . . . The heart of the play purpose is always an ideal. . . . The ideal ends that play prescribes are the ideals that dominate our later life, the ends for which men and women in all ages have

gladly died and been praised for doing so."

Mr. Lee studies the several ages of childhood, from infancy to adolescence, the play activities by which each is marked, the instincts by which those activities are inspired and shows how the same instincts are at work all through man's life, spurring him on to all of his achievements. He explains how these play instincts can be utilised in the education and training of a child to a far greater extent than has ever yet been done. Then he goes on to a consideration of how they can be so conserved and directed as to ameliorate the bad sides of our civilisation and make life a better and brighter experience for both young and old. He believes that in this way the young can be so fitted for the industrial demands of modern life that growth and development, both individual and racial, will result, for when, by recognising and training all the play instincts "we do provide an all-round education, we shall release in our children industrial powers which we now deliberately starve." And a continuing and obedient recognition of the play instincts as they work themselves out in man would, he thinks, fit the industrial world to human nature instead of endeavouring, as does the present regime, to fit human nature to the demands of industry.

Mr. Lee writes brilliantly and entertainingly, with frequent sparkles of wit and with a notable faculty for turning a neat and striking phrase. Some parts of his theory had already been worked out, but he has made some contributions of his own and has treated the whole subject so comprehensively and so vitally as to set it before the makers of the world of to-morrow in the form of a practicable theory, ready for their hands. His book is a noteworthy addition to the practical philosophy not only of education but also of life as a whole.

"THE PRACTICAL CONDUCT OF PLAY"

This volume by Mr. Curtis, who is supervisor of the playgrounds of the

District of Columbia and was for a time secretary of the Playground Association of America—of which association, by the way, Mr. Joseph Lee was for four years the president—presents the practical application and its actual working out of some phases of the theory set forth in Mr. Lee's *Play in Education*. The background of wide experience which the author has had with the play of children and out of which he writes is evident upon every page of his book. It is an experience which has given him a rich and varied and comprehensive knowledge of childhood in all its social phases and in all its moral and intellectual variety. But, if he knows children well, he is equally well informed upon all the phases of the playground movement, the steps in its progress, its present development and the points of similarity or of contrast between its methods in this country and in Europe. He gives, incidentally, a few figures which show how rapid has been the growth of the movement in the United States. In 1906 less than twenty cities were maintaining playgrounds. Seven years later the total number was six hundred and forty-two. The City of New York has spent seventeen million dollars on its play systems during the last fifteen years and Chicago has spent thirteen millions in the last ten years. The amount spent by the country as a whole for this purpose increases at the rate of nearly fifty per cent. a year. The numbers of playground workers are increasing at the rate of twenty per cent. each year, and thus has been evolved a new profession in the educational group, very different in requirements from any of the older ones. Mr. Curtis devotes some special attention to the essential qualities, training and requirements of playground organisers and directors, but the high ideal of what such persons should be and should be able to do which inspires his whole volume is constantly apparent. The book gives advice and counsel upon all stages and phases of the creation and conduct of a playground, with constant

reference to what has been attempted and to what has failed and what has succeeded in the playgrounds of the various cities. The school playgrounds of Gary and the remarkable achievements in Chicago receive frequent and extended reference.

Although specialised and technical in its nature, meant for the instruction and use of those who are professionally connected with the playground movement, the book is worth the attention of anyone who wants a measure of the difference between the methods and ideals of the schools of to-day and yesterday.

"PLAYS FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN"

In his *Schools of To-morrow* Professor Dewey speaks at some length but in a general way of the extent and varied ways in which the native dramatic instinct of children is being employed in the various schools which his volume describes as a help in school training. He does not, however, mention Public School No. 15, New York City, of which Miss Knox is the principal and

Miss Lütkenhaus the director of its dramatic club. Their little volume becomes, therefore, a worthy annex to his larger discussion and more generalised treatment of the subject. For it gives a concrete example, with considerable detail, of just how the theory has been worked out and applied in one school. Miss Knox writes the introduction, of some ten or more pages, in which she sets forth the theory of the part which dramatic work can be made to play in the elementary school. In the big school of which she is principal the children put their reading, geography, grammar, and history lessons into dramas which they stage and enact and they learn something about literary composition, civics, nature and social welfare in the same way. Miss Knox says that she has found the practical application of the theory to be remarkably successful. Miss Lütkenhaus's share in the book was to edit a score of plays, many of which were written and presented by the pupils of the school, while all of them are illustrative of the theory and adapted to its practical application.

FIVE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

- I. MARGUERITE TRACY AND MARY BOYD'S "PAINLESS CHILDBIRTH."*
- II. HANNA RION'S "THE TRUTH ABOUT TWILIGHT SLEEP."†
- III. DR. HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS'S "TWILIGHT SLEEP."‡

THE general introduction and establishment of painless childbirth would mean the dawn of a new era for woman-kind. One feels, on reading these three books, which have recently appeared on this subject, that whether American

*Painless Childbirth. By Marguerite Tracy and Mary Boyd. New York: F. A. Stokes Company.

†The Truth About Twilight Sleep. By Hanna Rion. New York: McBride, Nast and Company.

‡Twilight Sleep. By Dr. Henry Smith Williams. New York: Harper and Brothers.

women are to have this boon rests with the women themselves. If the women become sufficiently aroused on the subject, and demand it with relentless persistence, it is theirs. It is their support, their demand, allied to the pioneering group of physicians in this country, who have undertaken to bring it to them against the reactionary and traditional advocates of the ancient order. The first step necessary is that women shall know that there is such a thing as painless delivery of child without injury to mother or child. Toward this initial step the four authors of these three books have rendered a great service to American women, and every woman, for the sake of all women, should at least read these books and know what they have a right to demand and to work for.

The discovery of the possibility of spontaneous birth under artificial painlessness is not a recent event. In 1847 James Simpson first used chloroform in such a manner as to deliver a woman in childbirth without pain. But this method of eliminating pain made such demands on physicians, and the prejudice against it was so great, that his discovery was never developed into a definite method to be generally employed by obstetricians. As Marguerite Tracy and Mrs. Boyd state in their book:

Unpathological pain in childbirth has been accepted philosophically by the profession at large, so that each man whose personal sensitiveness has led him to use semi-anæsthesia in his obstetrical practice, has had to learn its technique for himself by his own experience.

Simpson's object was to secure in his patient a semi-consciousness that should be painless, not the forgetfulness of pain, which is the so-called Twilight Sleep. In order to prevent this semi-consciousness passing into complete unconsciousness, under which labour can seldom be maintained indefinitely, it was necessary to give the anæsthetic in minute doses and constantly keep the patient under observation. Chloroform came to be Simpson's favourite drug. The first case in which he employed it to bring a living child into the world was one in which, owing to the physical formation of the mother, it had been previously necessary to sacrifice her first child by craniotomy. When, however, in the case of this second child, pain was removed, Simpson was able to employ the "waiting method," and the child was born without harm to mother or child. The mother awoke after the birth saying, "She had enjoyed a very comfortable sleep and indeed required it as she was so tired." She was quite unconscious that the child had been born during that sleep. It is almost impossible to believe that so humane a gift to womankind could have been met with the bitter opposition that Simpson encountered. But it was toward the

obstetrical use of ether and chloroform and toward this use only that the religious opposition to anæsthetics was directed. Dr. Williams says in his book on Twilight Sleep:

That perhaps no single phrase among the many misapplied verdicts of a faulty philosophy was destined to exercise a more baleful influence than the interpretation of the observed agony of woman in childbirth that found expression in the phrase: "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children."

Simpson answered this religious attitude by reminding his opponents that God had enjoined suffering on Adam as well as Eve. And

Called the attention of the male clergy and medical profession to the fact that in the only case of male parturition recorded in history real or legendary, "The Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall on Adam and He took out one of his ribs and closed up the flesh thereof."

But all Simpson's humanitarian efforts did not secure to the descendants of Eve the general acceptance of his discovery. When, however, in 1853 he attended Queen Victoria at her confinement, his method of administering chloroform in small intermittent doses came to be known as *chloroform à la reine*, and thereby attained a certain dignity and respectability. But the effort to secure complete painlessness was not carried forward and developed into a definite technic by the medical profession at large. Simpson said of the women who had *chloroform à la reine*:

Most of those who had this anæsthetic subsequently set out like zealous missionaries to persuade other friends to avail themselves of relief in their hour of trial and travail.

One woman, the mother of ten children, had had her last baby under *chloroform à la reine*. When one of her daughters was about to have a child she demanded that the physician apply Simpson's method. He refused and the mother herself administered the anæ-

thetic, thus securing for her daughter a painless spontaneous birth. But from the accounts rendered in *Painless Child-birth* there seem to have been too many physicians of this indifferent attitude and too few mothers like this one. For, as Miss Tracy and Mrs. Boyd point out:

In 1864 The Royal Medical Chirurgical Society put itself on record, when some thirty thousand painless births were known, as believing obstetrical anæsthesia to be a safe and desirable procedure if administered with the care expected of all obstetricians. . . . [yet] a conspiracy of respectful silence has retarded the normal development of Simpson's contribution to semi-anæsthesia. Simpson's experience has not died with him; instead it has been buried alive in the files of obstetrical journals. Only a few have practised his perfect method and his universal use over long periods of labour.

Many physicians nowadays do give anæsthetics in childbirth. But usually it is employed only in the last stages of labour or when operative interference is necessary. Sometimes it is given to minimise the pain to some degree. This use of anæsthetics is, of course, a blessing compared with the unrelieved painful labour; but it is by no means ideal. As one mother said:

There may not have been so much pain. But the sense of helplessness that I had seemed worse than full consciousness and ability to fight for myself.

But there is no such wavering verdict from the mothers who have had children under the artificial painlessness of the Dämmerschlaf or Twilight Sleep. Especially is this true of women who have had children under both methods. Dr. Williams quotes one mother who is typical:

"If you had another baby which way would you choose to have it?" was asked of an American mother who had been in Freiburg for her most recent confinement. "Which way?" she is said to have answered, "Which *way*? If I had another baby, I

would have it in Freiburg if I had to walk all the way from California."

Hanna Rion quotes another mother whose attitude seems equally typical. When she asked her at Freiburg whether she had any objection to having publicity given to her experience with Twilight Sleep, she replied:

Objection! why we are all so anxious to make this thing known to the women at home we'd welcome you and tell you everything we know about scopolamin even if you were going to publish it in the *Police Gazette*.

Dr. Williams says of scopolamin that it

is not a new drug, but it has been comparatively little used in medicine until recent years. It belongs to a rather long series of drugs that act on the nervous system in a striking way when administered in very small quantities. It is not a drug that can be handled with impunity. Under no circumstances should it ever be given except by a skilled physician. The possibility of this drug as a narcotic, in particular as a substitute for chloroform and ether, has been under consideration since about the year 1900.

This is the drug that, associated in the first dose with morphin, or more recently nacrophin, is used at Freiburg to produce the Twilight Sleep. Dr. Williams continues:

A distinguishing peculiarity of the scopolamin treatment, as perfected at Freiburg, is that it does not produce complete narcosis. If it were merely a question of giving hypodermic injections of a drug, until the patient became unconscious the case would be different. But scopolamin is not a drug that lends itself to such use as this. With a patient thoroughly narcotised the muscular contraction would cease, and the birth of the child would be retarded, even if the life of the mother were not jeopardised. So it is necessary to restrict the dosage, and to regulate it very carefully. In fact, herein lies the entire secret of the Freiburg method. The fame of the Freiburg

method depends largely upon the exact rules of procedure that have been elaborated by these skilful physicians. The essence of the matter is that when the drugs are given in just the right quantity, the patient retains consciousness, and (except that she may fall asleep between pains) is at all times more or less cognisant of what is going on about her, but is singularly lacking in the capacity to remember any of the happenings that she observes. She may seem to be conscious of the birth of her child, and may give evidence of apparent suffering. Yet when a few moments later the child is brought in by the nurse from the neighbouring room where it has been cared for, and placed in the mother's arms the patient does not recognise the child as her own, or realise that she has yet been delivered.

Just as there was hostility to *chloroform à la reine* in Simpson's time, so there has been hostility to this method. However, much of this criticism is, in reality, a criticism of the early unstandardised use of scopolamin in obstetrics. Twilight Sleep does not mean any and every state of unconsciousness induced by scopolamin-morphin. It is a very definite mental condition which can only be secured through an exact technique of dosage. This condition is not one in which pain is obliterated, but one in which the memory of pain is obliterated, though the mother is able to assist the birth. And the test by which this particular condition is produced and maintained throughout birth is the so-called "memory test." This test and not the degree of pain which the patient seems to be having is the fundamental rock on which Twilight Sleep, as practiced at the Frauenklinik in Freiburg, rests. Despite this constant admonition by the physicians of the Frauenklinik, most of the physicians who have condemned Twilight Sleep after a trial have, on their own testimony, ignored, or disregarded in great part, the successful technique so painstakingly worked out at Freiburg. Some American physicians who have opposed the

method did so after a few days' visit at the Frauenklinik, having visited only the fourth ward. There they found an experiment in fixed dosage being conducted. (This is referred to as the "Siegel Method" by some American physicians.) The experiments were being conducted in an effort to work out a method which, involving a less exacting care on the part of the attendant physician, would enable scopolamin-morphin to be more generally used. It was purely an experiment and was so regarded at the Frauenklinik. Gauss himself said of it:

If you could trust to having an average woman, you could use an average dose, but the dose is easier to standardise than the woman.

Thus various American physicians condemned Twilight Sleep, because they regarded this fixed dosage as the accepted Twilight Sleep of the Frauenklinik. The authors of *Painless Childbirth* make this comment:

Siegel's method is discountenanced by all doctors who stayed at Freiburg long enough to learn the real *Dämmerschlaf*. Their chief fight is against it (the Siegel fixed dosage), as it furnishes just the easy means of using scopolamin-morphin without skill or judgment, which an ill-equipped general practitioner would seize upon and work damage with.

The real menace to the permanent establishment of Twilight Sleep in this country lies, not in the active opponents of painless childbirth, but in the ill-informed advocates and poorly trained practitioners. It is of the greatest importance that the method worked out by Kronig and Gauss at the Frauenklinik and elsewhere shall not become confused in the public mind with experiments which might easily become ineffective and dangerous in the hands of the unskilled. It is on this that Miss Tracy and Mrs. Boyd lay constant emphasis. Only the skilful obstetrician, carefully trained in the application of the "memory test," should be permitted to ad-

minister Twilight Sleep. In fact, they go so far as to say that the Siegel, or fixed dosage, method is the greatest menace to the success of Twilight Sleep in this country. For it is precisely this seemingly easy method which would appeal to the untrained and unskilled general practitioner. Dr. Williams also lays great stress on the necessity of having this method used only by the thoroughly equipped physician. It seems to the present reviewer that Hanna Rion does not lay sufficient stress on the avoidance of the fixed dosage. In a portion of her account one almost has the impression that the fixed dosage method had been established and given the final stamp as the method of the Frauenklinik, whereas in another portion we are shown that it was still regarded by them as in the experiment stage at the time the war broke out. Twilight Sleep, with the "memory test," as conducted by Gauss at the Frauenklinik, is no longer an experiment. It is the eighty per cent. perfect method for painless birth. But the Siegel, or fixed dosage, method is *still* in the experimental stage, and should, one feels from reading the other two books by Dr. Williams, and Miss Tracy and Mrs. Boyd, continue to be so regarded. It should not be confused with Gauss's Twilight Sleep, which rests on the memory test.

Twilight Sleep can only be ideally conducted in hospitals, since it requires a special environment. It is hoped that it will convert women to hospital delivery and lead to the establishment of properly equipped hospitals with trained obstetricians throughout the country. In this manner the science of obstetrics would be raised to its proper place beside major surgery. The obstetrician and gynecologist should be one. Not, as now, an army of highly skilled gynecologists kept busy repairing ills which could have been to a great extent absolutely prevented by the proper attention at delivery or shortly after. Dr. Williams presents a terrible arraignment of the present condition of obstetrics in this country. And the devel-

opment of the science of obstetrics is bound up with the development of painless child-bearing and hospital delivery.

The most comprehensive and exhaustive study of painless childbirth is found in Marguerite Tracy and Mrs. Boyd's volume. Mrs. Boyd is herself a Twilight Sleep mother. Dr. Williams's book is much smaller, but gives an excellent brief account of Twilight Sleep. Hanna Rion's study is written in a more colloquial, almost personally conversational, style. One feels she has constantly in mind the average woman, and except for the reservation mentioned above, its careful simplification of terms will help it to carry the message to many, though it is not necessarily so comprehensive or restrained a volume as *Painless Childbirth*.

Fola La Follette.

IV

PAUL H. B. D'ESTOURNELLES DE CONSTANT'S "AMERICA AND HER PROBLEMS"*

The charm of personality which lingers long in the memory of those who heard M. D'Estournelles lecture on his several visits to the United States illumines this book from first to last. It is refreshingly different from the snap judgments so often put into print by many even of the able foreigners who have visited us. It is inspired by a lifetime of study, and while what the author has seen here has often filled him with admiration and hope for the future, he is keenly aware of many a danger forgotten or deliberately neglected by those of us who claim to be most concerned about our country's destiny. M. D'Estournelles, one of the world's most able peace advocates, a delegate from France to two Hague Conferences and a member of the Senate of France, has travelled much, read much and thought much. A certain insularity peculiar to all French critics and men of

*America and Her Problems. By Paul H. B. D'Estournelles de Constant. New York: The Macmillan Company.

intellect shows itself in his writings only in little personal touches which are charming in their intimacy. In the wider world of public thought he has a mind open to justice and truth wherever he finds it. The keynote of his book, the reason for its being, is explained in the preface to the American edition in the following sentences:

I had two objects. One was to do my best not only to show the United States how fully I appreciate their vast resources, but to make them realise the incalculable service they could render to civilisation by remaining faithful to their peace policy, which is the main cause of their prodigious prosperity. Secondly, in defining this peace policy and quoting facts to show that it was inspired neither by short-sightedness nor by cowardice, I have tried to indicate its patriotic grandeur and its advantages for other nations, especially for those who believe in the superiority of militarism. I have given my readers a choice between two forms of actual experience . . . two models, the first, to be followed, a peace policy, and the second, to be avoided, a policy of adventure and armament.

And again, in the last chapter, after a splendid heartfelt apostrophe to those nations which have kept themselves free from militaristic ideals, the writer asks again:

Do Americans intend to reject the lesson of all this experience, repudiate their past, place themselves on the same footing as the heavily handicapped military nations, and begin a fruitless squandering of the men, money and resources they need to meet competition? This is the whole question.

The writer's reiteration of his main theme, and the keenness of the argumentation by which he leads up to it again and again, as well as the warm personal feeling and the high ideals that pulse through all these pages give the book a double value just now. It is one that should be put into the hands of many young men now hovering between two ideals offered them as their country's

destiny. Its influence cannot help but make for justice, a sense of true liberty, and last, but decidedly not least, for that higher form of common-sense from which all real progress has come.

The first half of the book is taken up largely with accounts of the author's travels and experiences on his first trip as lecturer to the United States when much that he saw was new to him and excited his eager interest. His view was more limited than his power of seeing keenly. Everywhere he was met by men and women of prominence who wished him to think well of our national life and institutions; his acquaintance was naturally limited to his fellow intellectuals or people of means whose delight it is to entertain intellectuals. But in spite of this restriction Baron D'Estournelles gained a very good working knowledge of many important factors and tendencies in our national life. With charming frankness he tells us that he had formerly believed in an "American peril" (and leaves us with the inference that many of his country-people think likewise), but that he came to believe surely and joyously in the "American remedy" for many of the ills which inflict army-ridden Europe. He had already revised his book for the American edition before the present war broke out and only a few footnotes and one or two interpolated passages were written to fit changed conditions. But M. D'Estournelles tells us several times that recent events have given him no cause to change any opinions in this book. He is too modest to point out to the reader how true much of what he says has proved to be. But the discerning reader will see it and respect the writer all the more for his modesty.

There is much in lighter vein, sayings wise or witty concerning themselves with men, women and conditions in our country which would be pleasant to linger over and quote here. But the serious underlying thought of the book, and the added importance given it by the war, force our attention to the deeper problems treated. Some clever

remarks about the skyscraper as a "form of oppression directed against the population of the entire city" and about "reporters who are also journalists," also some delicious kindly-satirical sayings about our Chambers of Commerce, are worthy of record. M. D'Estournelles does not like our choice of the eagle as the national bird; it is in his eyes "an anachronism in the armourial bearings of a democracy." It represents brute force and oppression. "The cultivation of delight in existence of which I see signs everywhere in the United States is incompatible with the lust for destruction." He suggests the blue-bird as a better emblem. Some of our own thinkers have also called the blue-jay the typical American bird.

M. D'Estournelles is full of sincere praise for the youthful vigour in so many lines of undertaking which met his eye everywhere in this country. To him, all was new and fresh and full of the delight for existence. He did not distinguish between the older East, already fossilised in certain lines of thought, and the West, seething with the desire to experiment . . . to try out new fashions in living, individual or public. He does, however, see very clearly that the reason so many important political experiments were first tried out in the Far West, is that the people of those States fled from the things they did not like with no other thought at first than just to get away. Finally when the ocean stopped further flight, they had to turn and face the problem and work it out for themselves. In this, the Frenchman sees clearer than many Americans. And in some highly interesting pages on German militarism vs. German idealism (one of which was added after the war broke out), M. D'Estournelles proves himself an observer whose deductions are based on knowledge and the ability to think independently. His summing up of the forces that make the two great parties (the war party and the peace party) in Germany should be instructive and enlightening to many Americans who put

the entire blame for present conditions on a monarch who is himself the greatest loser . . . and likely to be so in the future too . . . for the catastrophe. M. D'Estournelles places the blame where it belongs, first of all on the great landed proprietors of Germany who "wanted war as a means of averting socialistic taxes and delaying the democratisation of Germany," then on the anti-democratic upper middle class, dreaming of the return to an aristocratic régime, and then on the manufacturers of war material. There are some other factors, but in his estimate . . . and who that knows will dispute it? . . . these three elements lead all the others.

His travel narrative over, his graceful compliments paid, and his gratitude for many favours charmingly rendered M. D'Estournelles becomes deeply serious in the later chapters of his book and points out to us, in able, telling arguments, what we have gained by independence of thought and action. He warns us—gravely and in words that come from the heart, of the danger of embarking on a policy of armament which would divert men and resources from all kinds from productive work, from all the forces for social welfare that have come to mean so much in our life—and which yet, for years to come, could never show result that would make us more than a third rate military power, as military powers go in Europe. To gain this low position we would step down from our proud pinnacle as a great nation which has become great through the arts of peace and is not afraid to trust its greatness to these arts and rest its reputation on construction instead of on destruction. He shows us how dangerous even our small military equipment may be, particularly on the sea, where the hasty action of some admiral, with exaggerated ideas as to "national honour" may bring down much trouble upon us. M. D'Estournelles is too courtly, too truly polite to mention instances that prove the truth of what he says more than once. But the exploits of "hair-trigger" admirals are

still unpleasantly fresh in the minds of most thinking Americans.

We Americans can always listen to what a Frenchman says about Panama, as to France is due the first vision of that great enterprise. This Frenchman regrets that his country could not have made the vision a reality, but he is broad-minded enough to congratulate the United States for the work done on the Canal. Then he tells us, with admirable courage, what he thinks of our great mistake in fortifying the Canal. His words sting by reason of their truth and logic.

The fortification of the Panama Canal is unjustifiable in equity and principle, and useless in fact. It is another sign of the growth of American imperialism. It is the outcome of the bad influences brought to bear on official circles in Washington; it is a military act without a motive. It is a seizure of what ought to be common property and an outrage on the world's confidence.

And then he shows the absurdity of this "clumsy and unnecessary act," in pages where all his French courtesy cannot conceal some unpleasant truths. Taken all in all, this is not only a notable but a most timely book. In it we learn to know a man of rare mind and high ideals and we learn to know ourselves as he saw us, and as he furthermore hopes that we may be, in the chance now offered us to set an example to the entire world. It is a book that an American proud of his nation's best possibilities will read with enjoyment and gladly recommend to others.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

V

MRS. ALEC-TWEEDIE'S "WOMEN THE WORLD OVER"*

Mrs. Tweedie subtitles her latest book:

A Sketch both Light and Gay
Perchance both Dull and Stupid.

*Women the World Over. By Mrs. Alec-Tweedie, F.G.R.S. New York: The George H. Doran Company.

It is indeed a cruel trick to play on a poor reviewer, to cut short thusly the supply of adjectives which might fittingly describe this child of her brain. However, some words are left us from which to choose, and out of these, as most appropriate, we would choose, let us say, variegated verbosity, or platitudinous phrasing, either term serving as an excellent characterisation of the material covering three hundred and fifty-seven pages of an imposing volume.

Mr. Ernst Thompson Seton opens the ball with a short introduction which is admirable in its non-committal quality. Then Mrs. Tweedie takes the floor and holds it long and triumphantly.

She chats about men, women, and things—but mainly about women, in a series of chapters bearing headings calculated to attract the unwary.

Love and Other Things: Courtship—Should Women Propose?: Marriage—For Life or For Lease: Three Female Pests—Drink, Drugs and Luggage: Bachelor Girls and Old Maid Men: Should Women Have Titles: these are a few out of many. The text under these headings bears a strong family resemblance to the syndicated matter so popular with some papers, the kind that goes out broadcast under a fluffy feminine signature, but is generally perpetrated by some hard-working journalist, male or female, gifted with a robust conscience and a keen contempt for the average run of human intelligence. Only such matter, foolish as it may seem, is still written with more coherency and consistency than Mrs. Tweedie thinks necessary.

When one reads more than one of this writer's books the wonder grows as to how any one dares to continue to be so artlessly casual in print. Also the doubt grows as to whether she really means it, or is playing a huge joke on us!

Every imaginable sort of a bromide is put through its paces as if it were a shining new discovery. Still that is the true essence of bromidism, is it not? And of course it is impossible for utter bromides and platitudes for several hun-

dred printed pages without saying a good deal that is true, even if not new—without saying much that is generally known but not always clearly formulated. It does not hurt us to be reminded of some of the things Mrs. Tweedie tells us in this book, even if we did know them long ago.

Her answer to the question as to why woman should take up certain lines of endeavour comes in this category:

Please remember that women have got to live, to be fed, clothed and housed, and if they are not provided for by some one, they must provide for themselves; and the only way they can provide for themselves (or the only way they should have to do it) is by working.

The following is another such incontestible truth:

Men who marry educated companions gain cooks; but men who marry uneducated cooks never gain companions.

Mrs. Tweedie has a great deal more to say on the subject of men's faults and failings, which she seems to know pretty well. She lectures them on the absurdity of their clothes, particularly in hot weather, in a way that will delight the hearts of many women who have had to hear the same sort of things said about their clothes from many sorts of men.

Mrs. Tweedie has coined a new word in this book, it is *NAMOW*. It is, she says, a term we should use in speaking of men and women together; she objects (with justification) to sex segregation in matters where it has no reason. "*Namow* is Woman spelt backwards, the letters of the word containing both sexes." But her use of it frequently makes it seem like the name of some queer tribe of Gulliverian genesis.

It is a surprise to find a country-woman of George Bernard Shaw giving a whole chapter to a searching inquiry into the reasons that would justify a woman in proposing marriage instead of waiting for the man to do it. We thought that was settled long ago. And

again Mrs. Tweedie, in her chapter on "*American Women*" impresses upon her readers the fact that:

In England it is the fashion to go to the theatre or to dine at a restaurant in a low cut gown.

It is surprising how necessary it is for the rest of the world to be keenly aware of this important bit of knowledge—according to Mrs. Tweedie.

She does not much admire our American girls of the present day, but our women over thirty call out her whole-hearted praise. Still, we must learn manners from the English, and there is really no such thing as "*American hustle*." It is merely a bit of national bluff, and there is more splendour than comfort in American homes.

We can recommend the chapter on "*Making the Best of It*" to readers who enjoy Mrs. Tweedie's striking talent for jumbling the most varied subjects together in one breathless and oftentimes periodless rush of words. In this chapter family budgets; punctuality; restriction of the birthrate; women factory workers; cremation; vivisection; mummies; tomohawking useless old people; suicide, and kindred themes meet and mingle in bewildering array without absolutely no transition from one subject to another, so that the result is always startling and frequently amusing. The following quotation, from the closing page of the book, shows this peculiarity of style better than could any criticism:

A lonely walk through a beautiful glade or sun-kissed wood is an uplifting force. It fills our soul with joy and delight and enthuses us with the multitudinous wonders of Nature and her mysterious whole. The more beautiful the scene the more beautiful still it is rendered by the presence of some one we love. BUT. . . . Has the day not come when women should have fair play?

A word of sincere praise is due the clever cartoons by W. K. Haselden scattered through the book.

Cornelia Van Pelt.

SOME NOVELS OF THE MONTH*

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

"THIRTY"

"THIRTY," by Howard Vincent O'Brien, sounds a new note in the "Beloved Vagabond" type of fiction. Brent Good is a human derelict, of indefinite age and unguessed antecedents. At the moment he drifts into the story he is temporarily reporting for a rabid socialistic paper, which has sent him down to interview Judith Wynrod, a young heiress of great reputed wealth, in connection with certain riots at the Algoma Mines, in which she has large interests. Now, at the critical moment when Good crosses her horizon, Judith and her younger brother, Roger, are in a fair way of wrecking their lives. They have no serious purpose, no definite goal, nothing but the vicious wasting of time and money that fills the days and nights of the idle rich. Roger is drifting the faster of the two; he is drinking unwisely, and his losings at bridge are alarming, even with the Wynrod fortune back of him. Furthermore, there has been a woman, who nearly precipitated a scandal; while, on the other hand, he is foolishly interfering with his sister's love affairs, and his interference has already once led to blows between

*Thirty. By Howard Vincent O'Brien. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Athalie. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Michael O'Halloran. By Gene Stratton-Porter. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Millstone. By Harold Begbie. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The House of Many Mirrors. By Violet Hunt. New York: Brentano's.

Thankful's Inheritance. By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Of Human Bondage. By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Lovable Meddler. By Leona Dalrymple. Chicago: Reilly and Britton Company.

himself and a guest. Into this troubled atmosphere comes Brent Good. The brother and sister are prepared to resent his intrusion, and refuse to be interviewed. But there is a quiet magnetism about the man, a slow, calm logic that compels answers. The author wastes no time in explaining his hero, or chronicling his past; he contents himself with letting us hear him talk. He is not a socialist, although he admits some of their doctrines interest him. His own creed is simple: he believes that the greatest thing in the world is truth, truth at all times, the whole, uncompromising truth, no matter whose favoured interests it may harm. How Good comes to be a vital influence in the life of Judith Wynrod; how he awakens her to an active interest in social and civil reforms; how he persuades her to use her vast fortune to found a newspaper, and to run it fearlessly, in the interests of truth, defying the influence of the advertisers, the trusts and the politicians, forms a stirring chronicle that would seem too fabulous if the man's big, dominant personality did not carry conviction with it. And then, after he has awakened Judith herself into a big-hearted, eager woman, tingling to play an earnest part in life; when he has made a man of Roger, and trained him to understand and grapple with the perplexing problems of this newspaper, which, all unexpectedly, has proved that truth is a paying policy, Brent Good suddenly finds himself in a situation where he is forced to hide the truth, or else bring shame and sorrow to those he loves. Roger's future, his new-found manhood, his aroused interest in business—all hinge in a vital manner on his love for Molly, Judge Walcott's daughter—and Judge Walcott proves to be the head and front of the notorious ring which the

Despatch has sworn to expose. Having saved the situation and broken faith with himself, Good drifts out of sight, a rolling stone to the last, and his end is not known until Judith receives a farewell note, containing the mystic symbol, 30, with which journalists are in the habit of signing despatches, and which signifies The End.

"ATHALIE"

It is possible that some perspicuous reader will succeed in extracting something more lucid than the present reader has done from Robert W. Chambers's latest achievement, *Athalie*, although this seems very doubtful. Athalie, you must know, is a young person gifted with second sight—even her own mother knew this instinctively when she saw her in her crib. Her playmates knew it, too, and called her the Girl Who Could See Around Corners. Athalie lived with her brothers and sisters in the country, in a sort of roadhouse, and when still a little girl she had her first adventure. Clyde Bailey, a boy of about her own age, drove up to the roadhouse with his parents, and the two children spent a memorable hour together. The patient reader must bear this adventure carefully in mind, because, as happens in pure romance, when Athalie has grown to womanhood and is left without friends or fortune, one of the first persons she meets after she has become a stenographer in New York is Clyde Bailey, and the two recognize each other instantly. They do not fall in love; of course, not—they are just "pals." Clyde fits up an apartment for her, and for a while they are ideally happy, as pals in romantic fiction are expected to be. Then comes a day when Clyde makes a foolish mistake—he marries another girl. Good-bye, pretty little apartment, for Athalie is the soul of honour, and feels that, as a married man, Clyde has lost the right to pay another woman's bills, even if she is only a pal. But there is something wrong with his marriage. His wife has her own views on many subjects: she objects to children, she objects to

about everything Clyde likes, she objects to Clyde himself. Meanwhile Athalie, thrown upon her own resources, for the first time bethinks her of her gift of second sight, sets up as a clairvoyant, and becomes the reigning sensation, swept forward and upward on a wave of prosperity. Clyde, realising at last that it is Athalie whom he has loved all the time, buys back her old home in the country, converts it into a terrestrial paradise, and persuades her to defy the world, give up her crystal-ball readings, and come to his arms. For a brief season they are happy, and she still keeps up her second sight, for she whispers to him that she can see the garden filled with the spirits of little children. But somehow she must have read the signs all wrong, for when the seasons have swung round, Athalie is dead and all her expectations of little children are dead with her. The words are English, but what does it all mean?

"MICHAEL O'HALLORAN"

Every one knows the special brand of street arab that adorned the canvases of the late H. K. Brown. Newsboys and bootblacks alike, they were all immaculately clean of face and hands, their worn clothing miraculously patched, their rosy features radiant with health and good food. It was always a mystery where the artist discovered these wonderful boys, but the mystery is now in a fair way of being solved, for they plainly are all next of kin to Mickey, the eponymous hero of Gene Stratton-Porter's *Michael O'Halloran*. Mickey is certainly a wonder, a Don Quixote of gutters and back-alleys. If rent money is due, a little extra exertion clears off the whole edition of papers before ten o'clock, and presto, the rent is paid. A little crippled girl is left destitute; is Mickey daunted at the prospect of added expense? Not a bit of it—you don't understand Mickey. He moves her in to his own abode, nurses her, and learns from the hospital just what medicines to use for her diseased little back, to prepare her for the surgical treatment

she must have later. A heartless nursemaid ill-treats the children of her wealthy employer, and one day Mickey sees her and reports the facts to the children's father. The mother is one of those frivolous, brainless women of fashion that are so plentiful in a certain type of novel. She is too busy going to auction bridge parties to notice the children herself, and after one child dies in consequence of the nurse having pounded its head on a stone, she excuses her failure to notice it was sick on the ground that she hadn't time to turn its head over to look on the other side. Of course, thanks to Mickey, the father leaves his neglectful wife and takes his two surviving boys to the country, where they grow up strong and hearty. And equally, of course, Peaches, the little crippled girl is cured, not through surgical aid, but thanks to Mickey's systematic massage and the healing balm of country air. In fact, everything miraculous happens in Gene Stratton-Porter's unquenchably optimistic pages; and even when we get a final hint that Mickey's true vocation is journalism and that he may some day end up as a city editor, we don't find that any harder to believe than all the rest of it.

"MILLSTONE"

There seems to be no reason for questioning the sincerity of Mr. Harold Begbie's purpose in writing his latest and extremely unpleasant novel, *Millstone*, but good intentions are not necessarily a justification. Having accumulated a number of especially unsavory details of the white slave traffic, he conceives the idea of putting his facts into the form of a novel so poignant and convincing as to start a nation-wide crusade. Unfortunately for Mr. Begbie, similar material has been used before, and with considerably more skill—notably in the case of Elizabeth Robins's haunting story of *My Little Sister*—yet nothing like a crusade has yet followed in their wake. As for *Millstone*, it is frankly a malodorous theme that defeats itself by clumsy handling. Imagine an innocuous young

fellow arriving at the small, quiet inn of an English coast town. The only other guests are a sinister old man with a religious mania, and two women, aunt and niece, the latter apathetic and with a marked aversion to men. Our young hero promptly loses his heart to the apathetic girl, but is warned of the hopelessness of his suit by the aunt, who hints mysteriously of a secret tragedy. Between the old lady's exasperating secretiveness and the sinister old man's fanatical outbursts, the hero certainly has a far from cheerful time, and the net impression upon the reader is that he has temporarily been introduced into a private insane asylum. And presently the number of inmates is augmented by the arrival of a tragic couple, whose purpose in coming to this remote spot is not revealed until the following morning, when the old fanatic is found dead and quite unpleasantly mutilated. Then at last Mr. Begbie chooses to explain. The murdered man was for many years the head of an international band of white slavers, the master mind of hideous and systematic barbarism. Among his victims was a little girl, a child of less than eight years. She vanished one day while playing in the park, and the details of her subsequent fate are given with an abundant wealth of gruesome detail. For many years the distracted mother has been searching for a clue to the identity of the chief criminal, the leader of the band, and here in this little English inn she has found him and taken vengeance. But what, you naturally ask, has all this to do with our young hero and the reluctant lady of his choice? Why, nothing at all. She is not a victim of the traffic, she would probably not understand about it if she were told. But some months ago, while attending a week-end house party, she did receive a rude shock, when another guest, a man much older than herself, thrust attentions upon her which filled her with a lasting sense of outrage. Naturally you conclude that there is no chance for our young man; he is included in her sweeping aversion for the whole sex. But there you are wrong.

of nature's laws that apply to and are illustrated by the war.

God and War. By Daniel Roy Freeman. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 75 cents net.

Showing how war is a social and religious crime.

The History of Twelve Days: July 24 to August 4, 1914. By J. W. Headlam. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. An account of the negotiations preceding the outbreak of the European War, based on official publications.

In a French Hospital. Notes of a Nurse. By M. Eydoux-Démians. Translated by Betty Yeomans. New York: Duffield & Company. \$1.00 net.

The human side of the great war. Stories of the wounded and of the nurses at the front.

India and the War, with an Introduction by Lord Sydenham. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net. India's attitude toward the war and toward England, with a description of the Indian troops.

Men, Women and War. By Will Irwin. New York: D. Appleton & Company. \$1.00 net.

The human side of the war as personally witnessed by an American correspondent.

The Psychology of the Kaiser. By Morton Prince. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 60 cents net.

A study of the Kaiser as an instigator of the present war.

The Soul of Germany. By Thomas F. A. Smith. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.25 net.

A study of Teuton ideals and daily life by an English lecturer in a German university.

What is Back of the War. By Albert J. Beveridge. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

The results of the author's investigation into the attitude toward the war held by representative men of different classes of society among the warring nations.

Education

Good English: A Practical Manual of Correct Speaking and Writing. By John Louis Haney. Philadelphia: The Eger-ton Press. \$1.00 net.

A text-book, arranged alphabetically by phrases.

The Merrill Readers: Third Reader. By Franklin B. Dyer and Mary J. Brady. New York: Charles E. Merrill Com-pany. Illustrated.

A selection of stories and poems from literature of the worth-while kind.

Play in Education. By Joseph Lee. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50. An interpretation of the child to grown-up people.

The Practical Conduct of Play. By Henry Curtis. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$2.00.

A text-book for those preparing for play-ground positions, and a practical manual for all who have to do with the organiza-tion of play.

Philology

Contemporary Portraits. By Frank Harris. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. \$2.50 net.

The author's conversations with the leading figures in literature.

Science

The Butterfly Guide. By W. J. Holland. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Com-pany. \$1.25 net.

A pocket manual for the ready identifi-cation of the commoner species found in the United States and Canada.

Applied Science, Engineering

The Marine Motor. By Frank W. Sterling. New York: Outing Publishing Company. Illustrated. 70 cents.

A hand-book describing the marine motor and its care.

Domestic Economy

Inexpensive Furnishings in Good Taste. By Ekin Wallick. New York: Hearst's In-ternational Library Company. Illus-trated. \$1.25 net.

A book of practical information for decorating and furnishing a small house in good taste at a reasonable cost.

Fine Arts

Lost Mosaics and Frescoes of Rome of the Mediæval Period. By C. R. Morey. Princeton: Princeton University Press. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

A publication of drawings contained in the collection of Cassiano Dal Pozzo, now in the Royal Library, Windsor Castle.

Games, Sports and Amusements

Letters from Brother Bill, 'Varsity Sub, to Tad, Captain of the Beechville High School Eleven. By Walter Kellogg Towers. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Illustrated. 50 cents net.

Advice to would-be football players.

Poetry and Drama

Barbarians: A Play in One Act. By Robert DeCamp Leland. Boston: The Poetry-Drama Company. 35 cents. Modern problems overdone.

- Beyond Disillusion.** By William Norman Guthrie. New York: The Petrus Stuyvesant Book Guild.
A dramatic study of a phase of modern marriage.
- British and American Drama of To-day.** Outlines for Their Study. By Barrett H. Clark. New York: Henry Holt & Company. \$1.60 net.
The technique of play construction, with biographies and historical sketches.
- Casus Belli: A Satire, with Other Poems.** By Charles Richard Cammell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.25 net.
A satire on the wickedness and folly of the present war.
- The Faith of Princes, with a Sheaf of Sonnets.** By Harvey M. Watts. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. \$1.00 net.
Poems upon the present war, and upon the doctrine that "might makes right."
- The Gates of Utterance and Other Poems.** By Gladys Cromwell. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. 80 cents net.
Verses regarding spiritual events and experiences.
- The Little Mother of the Slums and Other Plays.** By Emily Herey Denison. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.00 net.
Plays of modern life and problems.
- Peace Sonnets.** By Jessie Wiseman Gibbs. Villisca, Iowa: Jessie Wiseman Gibbs.
A collection of poems inspired by the European War.
- Prayer for Peace and Other Poems.** By William Samuel Johnson. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.25 net.
Poems on the war and on miscellaneous subjects.
- Rhymes and Vowlymes.** By Fuller Miller. Published by Author.
An effort after simple, unaffected expression in verse forms.
- Selections from the Symbolical Poems of William Blake.** By Frederick E. Pierce. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$2.00 net.
Selections made by an assistant professor in the Sheffield Scientific School, Yale University.
- The Sinking of the Titanic and Other Poems.** By C. Victor Stahl. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. \$1.00 net.
Poems of many feelings and moods occasioned largely by recent events.
- Sin, Original and Actual: The Plain People's Plaint.** By T. K. E. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.00 net.
A protest against commercialism as the original sin of the Scriptures and the menace of modern civilisation.
- Some Love Songs of Petrarch.** Translated and Annotated and with a Biographical Introduction by William Dudley Foulke. New York: Oxford University Press. \$1.15.
- A Woman Alone.** By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents net.
Contemporary London life, the interest lying in the attitude of the chief character toward current ideas.
- Fiction**
- Anne of the Island.** By L. M. Montgomery. Boston: The Page Company. \$1.25 net.
Telling of Anne's college life, her new friends, and her romance.
- The Charlatan's Prophecy.** By George Klinge. Boston: Richard. \$1.35 net.
Venice of the thirteenth century forms the background for a romantic love story.
- From the Shelf.** By Paxton Holgar. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.50 net.
Reflections from a deserted monastery in a Spanish Mediterranean island.
- The House of Many Mirrors.** By Violet Hunt. New York. Brentano's. \$1.35 net.
A novel of society life and of modern problems.
- Jimmy's Gentility.** By Henry Francis Dryden. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. \$1.35 net.
An extravaganza of wit and philosophy in the form of an autobiographical novel.
- The Lovable Meddler.** By Leona Dalrymple. Chicago: The Reilly & Britton Company. \$1.35 net.
By the author of the ten thousand dollar prize story. The plot is full of mystery and adroit twists.
- Michael O'Halloran.** By Gene Stratton-Porter. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.
The hero is an Irish lad of real wit and sprightliness. The book expresses a feeling for nature, and the charm of the woods and flowers.
- Millstone.** By Harold Begbie. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.25 net.
A mystery story of white slavery, with emphasis upon the psychology of the criminal.
- Of Human Bondage.** By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.50 net.
An intensive study of twenty-one years of a man's life.
- The Sea-Hawk.** By Rafael Sabatini. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.25 net.
Pirates, Spanish gold and galleons in the days of Elizabeth.

Thirty. By Howard Vincent O'Brien. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.

A sophisticated hero of the intellectual proletariat arouses a social conscience among some interesting members of the upper strata. An intimate picture of a phase of newspaper life.

The Tollhouse. By Evelyn St. Leger. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.00 net.

The effect of the war on an old-fashioned English village.

Two Sinners. By Mrs. David G. Ritchie. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company, \$1.35 net.

A study of the "Eternal Feminine" as exhibited in England.

Juvenile Books

Christmas Plays for Children. By May Pemberton. Music and Illustrations by Rupert Godfrey Lee. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Illustrated. \$1.00.

Four short plays with music that can be given by children at home or in school.

Manual of the Woodcraft Indians: The Fourteenth Birch-Bark Roll. Containing Their Constitution, Laws, and Deeds, and Much Additional Matter. By Ernest Thompson Seton. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. 75 cents net.

Designed to teach woodcraft in its best sense to young people, and to tell them how to enjoy and understand the woods.

Sandman Time. By Ilsen N. Gaylord. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.00 net.

Verses suitable to read to little children just before sleeping time.

Stampkraft. The Story of Peter Rabbit. By Beatrix Potter. New York: United Art Publishing Company. 10 cents.

A story for children, with twelve poster stamps to be used as illustrations.

Tom Kenyon, Schoolboy. By M. Harding Kelly. New York: American Tract Society.

A schoolboy story with a tendency to point morals.

History

Holland: The Birthplace of American Political, Civic and Religious Liberty. An Historical Essay. By H. A. von Coenen Torchiana. San Francisco. Paul Elder & Company. \$1.25 net.

An essay on the historical influence of Holland upon European and American civilisations.

Geography, Travel and Description

The Real Round-the-World Pocket Guide-Book. By William Harman Black. New York: The Association for New York. With maps. \$2.50 net.

Round-the-world tours, day by day.

The Spell of the Holy Land. By Archie Bell. Boston: The Page Company. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.

A well-illustrated travel book for stay-at-homes.

Biography, Genealogy

The Life of Henry Laurens, with a Sketch of The Life of Lieutenant-Colonel John Laurens. By D. D. Wallace. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50 net.

President of the Continental Congress, 1777-1779. He was also one of the greatest merchants and planters in the Colonies.

Napoleon in Exile at St. Helena (1815-1821). By Norwood Young. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. Illustrated. Two volumes. \$7.00 net.

The man Napoleon from 1815 to 1821, with emphasis upon the English point of view.

Napoleon in Exile at Elba (1814-1815). By Norwood Young. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. Illustrated. A companion volume to the above.

General Works, Miscellaneous

A Captain of the Vanished Fleet. By Benjamin Sharp. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.

Memories of the old Nantucket of "square riggers" and whaling fleets.

Castles and Abbeys in England in Poetic and Romantic Lore. By Edward Schuch. Minneapolis: Edward Schuch. Illustrated.

Largely a collection of poems dealing with England's castles and abbeys, with pen sketches by the author.

Clowns Courage. By Patrick Scarlet. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.00 net.

Facetious fairy stories of satire and comedy.

The Fotygraft Album. Drawings and Text by Frank Wing. Chicago: The Reilly & Britton Company.

A satire on the family album. The drawings (by the author) are supposed to be described by a little girl, aged eleven.

The Small House for a Moderate Income. By Ekin Wallick. New York: Hearst's International Library Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

A book of designs with exterior and interior views. Especially adapted for those contemplating the building of a small suburban or country house.

The Widow Woman, by Charles Lee; Prophets, Priests and Kings, by A. G. Gardiner; The Lore of the Wanderer: An Open-Air Anthology, by George Goodchild; The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft, by George Gissing. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 40 cents each.

Four Volumes in *The Wayfarers Library*, a series of reprints of popular books of comparatively recent times.

THE BOOK MART

The following are the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of July and the 1st of August:

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York(Uptown)...	The Harbour	Sanine
New York(Downtown)	A Far Country	The Landloper
Albany, N. Y.....	Thankful's Inheritance	A Far Country
Atlanta, Ga.....	Jaffery	A Far Country
Baltimore, Md.....	A Far Country	Jaffery
Birmingham, Ala.....	A Far Country	Pollyanna Grows Up
Boston, Mass.....	A Far Country	Jaffery
Boston, Mass.....	A Far Country	Thankful's Inheritance
Buffalo, N. Y.....	A Far Country	Jaffery
Chicago, Ill.....	A Far Country	The Turmoil
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	A Far Country	Jaffery
Cleveland, Ohio.....	A Far Country	Jaffery
Dallas, Tex.....	A Far Country	Pollyanna Grows Up
Denver, Colo.....	A Far Country	Pollyanna Grows Up
Des Moines, Iowa....	Pollyanna Grows Up	A Far Country
Detroit, Mich.....	A Far Country	Thankful's Inheritance
Houston, Tex.....	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Turmoil
Indianapolis, Ind.....	A Far Country	Jaffery
Kansas City, Mo.....	A Far Country	Jaffery
Los Angeles, Cal.....	The Rose Garden Husband	A Far Country
Louisville, Ky.....	A Far Country	Jaffery
Memphis, Tenn.....	A Far Country	The Turmoil
Milwaukee, Wis.....	A Far Country	The Turmoil
Minneapolis, Minn....	Ruggles of Red Gap	Pollyanna Grows Up
New Haven, Conn....	A Far Country	Thankful's Inheritance
New Orleans, La.....	A Far Country	Empty Pockets
Norfolk, Va.....	A Far Country	Pollyanna Grows Up
Philadelphia, Pa.....	A Far Country	Jaffery
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	A Far Country	Jaffery
Portland, Me.....	A Far Country	The Landloper
Portland, Ore.....	A Far Country	The Turmoil
Richmond, Va.....	A Far Country	The Turmoil
Rochester, N. Y.....	A Far Country	Pollyanna Grows Up
San Antonio, Tex.....	A Far Country	The Honey Bee
San Francisco, Cal....	Jaffery	A Far Country
San Francisco, Cal....	Jaffery	The Honey Bee
St. Louis, Mo.....	Pollyanna Grows Up	A Far Country
St. Louis, Mo.....	A Far Country	The Keeper of the Door
St. Paul, Minn.....	A Far Country	Jaffery
Seattle, Wash.....	The Rim of the Desert	A Far Country
Tacoma, Wash.....	The Rim of the Desert	The Turmoil
Toledo, Ohio.....	A Far Country	The Turmoil
Toronto, Can.....	A Far Country	Jaffery
Utica, N. Y.....	Thankful's Inheritance	A Far Country
Waco, Tex.....	A Far Country	Empty Pockets
Washington, D. C.....	A Far Country	Jaffery
Worcester, Mass.....	A Far Country	Thankful's Inheritance

(Continued)

FICTION			
3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
A Far Country	Jaffery	On Desert Altars	Athalie
The Honey Bee	Open Market	Jaffery	The Harbour
Jaffery	Anne of the Island	Athalie	The Turmoil
The Rose Garden Husband	Through Stained Glass	Pollyanna Grows Up	
Pollyanna Grows Up	Thankful's Inheritance	The Double Traitor	The Yellow Claw
Jaffery	Still Jim	The Rim of the Desert	The Turmoil
The Harbour	Thankful's Inheritance	The Taming of Zenas	Open Market
		Henry	
Jaffery	The Turmoil	Angela's Business	The Harbour
Thankful's Inheritance	Victory	Ruggles of Red Gap	The Honey Bee
Thankful's Inheritance	The Harbour	Jaffery	Ruggles of Red Gap
House of the Misty Star	The Yellow Claw	Hepsey Burke	Sanine
The Honey Bee	Hepsey Burke	Thankful's Inheritance	Empty Pockets
The Turmoil	Ruggles of Red Gap	The Second Blooming	Angela's Business
Pollyanna Grows Up	Open Market	Still Jim	Ruggles of Red Gap
The Rose Garden Husband	The Honey Bee	Hepsey Burke	The Harbour
Jaffery			
The House of the Misty Star	The Double Traitor	The Honey Bee	House of the Misty Star
	Open Market	A Far Country	The Rose Garden Husband
The Turmoil	The Harbour	Open Market	Angela's Business
Bealby	The Harbour	The Turmoil	House of the Misty Star
Jaffery	The Good Shepherd	The Wooden Horse	The Turmoil
Angela's Business	The Cocoon	The Honey Bee	The Turmoil
Ruggles of Red Gap	Still Jim	Sun Down Slim	The Valley of Fear
Thankful's Inheritance	Jaffery	Pollyanna Grows Up	Contrary Mary
The Harbour	The Turmoil	Jaffery	Thankful's Inheritance
Jaffery	Open Market	The Taming of Zenas	The Landloper
		Henry	
Jaffery	The Life Builders	The Second Blooming	Ruggles of Red Gap
Jaffery	The Code of the Mountain	Sundown Slim	Athalie
Anne of the Island	Thankful's Inheritance	Contrary Mary	The Double Traitor
The Turmoil	Thankful's Inheritance	Mary Moreland	The Harbour
Thankful's Inheritance	Jaffery	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Harbour
Pollyanna Grows Up	Angela's Business	The Harbour	The Honey Bee
Pollyanna Grows Up	Angela's Business	Mary Moreland	The Keeper of the Door
The Turmoil	Still Jim	Jaffery	The Rose Garden Husband
The Turmoil	Angela's Business	Pollyanna Grows Up	Empty Pockets
The Harbour	The Honey Bee	The Turmoil	The Double Traitor
The Valley of Fear	Victory	Open Market	Ruggles of Red Gap
Jaffery	House of the Misty Star	The Harbour	Still Jim
Jaffery	Mary Moreland	The Double Traitor	The Rose Garden Husband
Pollyanna Grows Up	Still Jim	The Turmoil	Angela's Business
Jaffery	Pollyanna Grows Up	Thankful's Inheritance	Through Stained Glass
Jaffery	A Far Country	The Valley of Fear	The Double Traitor
Pollyanna Grows Up	Thankful's Inheritance	Ruggles of Red Gap	The Harbour
The Turmoil	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Double Traitor	The Valley of Fear
The Landloper	The Harbour	Jaffery	Pollyanna Grows Up
Still Jim	The Turmoil	Innocent	The Patrol of the Sun
			Dance Trail
Thankful's Inheritance	The Harbour	The House of the Misty Star	Amarilly of Clothes-Line Alley
		Jaffery	Amarilly of Clothes-Line Alley
Pollyanna Grows Up	The Rose Garden Husband		

SALE OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library, Circulation Department, reports books most in demand, excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending July 7th:

1. Modern Drama. Lewisohn.
2. John Shaw Billings. Garrison.
3. Tennis as I Play It. McLoughlin.
4. Breath of Life. Burroughs.
5. Spoon River Anthology. Masters.

For the week ending July 14th:

1. Slav Nations. Tucic.
2. When a Man Comes to Himself. Wilson.
3. The Human German. Edgeworth.
4. New Optimism. Stacpoole.
5. Spiritual Letters. Benson.

For the week ending July 21st:

1. How France is Governed. Poincare.
2. Studies of the Great War. Hillis.
3. Tennis as I Play It. McLoughlin.
4. Spiritual Letters. Benson.
5. Selling Latin America. Aughinbaugh.
6. The Human German. Edgeworth.

For the week ending July 28th:

1. Pan-Americanism. Usher.
2. Defenceless America. Maxim.
3. When a Man Comes to Himself. Wilson.
4. New Map of Europe. Gibbons.
5. Play Writing for the Cinema. Dench.
6. Chief Contemporary Dramatists. Dickinson.

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

When a Man Comes to Himself. Wilson.
 The Secrets of the Hohenzollerns. Graves.
 Eat and Grow Thin. Thompson.
 Spoon River Anthology. Masters.
 War Brides. Craig-Wentworth.
 Chief Contemporary Dramatists. Dickinson.

The World in the Crucible. Parker.
 The Note-Book of an Attaché. Wood.
 The Spell of the Yukon. Service.
 What Men Live By. Cabot.
 That Something. Woodbridge.
 Four Weeks in the Trenches. Kreisler.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 110 and 111) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

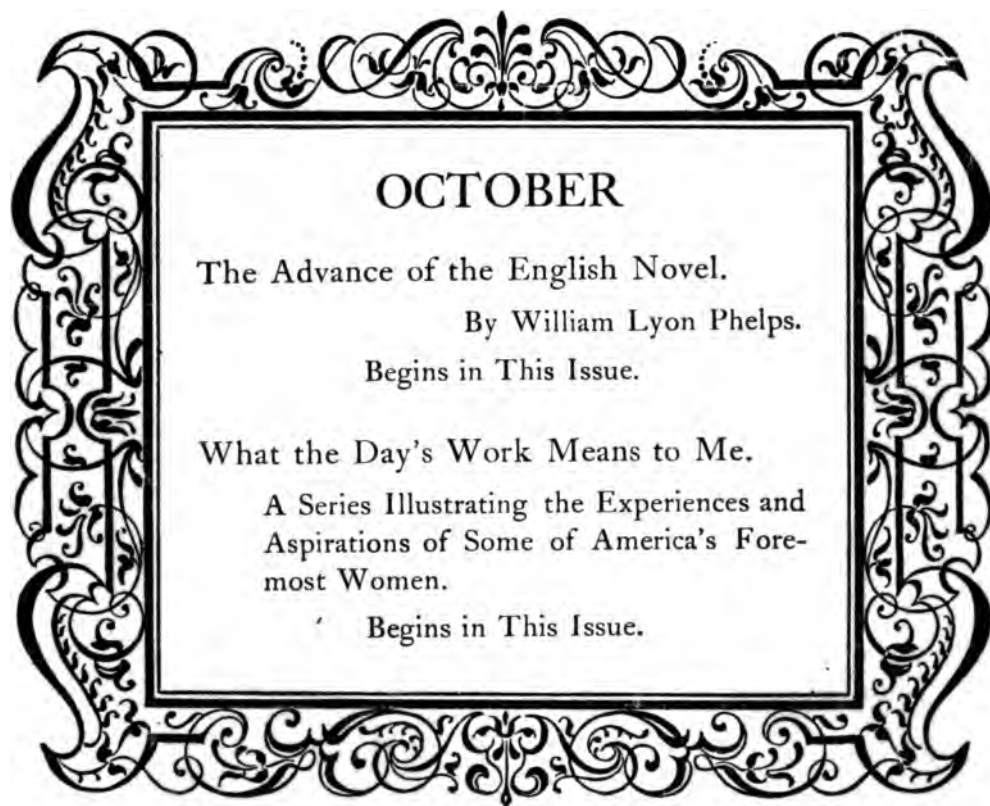
A book standing 1st on any list receives	10
" " " 2d " " " "	8
" " " 3d " " " "	7
" " " 4th " " " "	6
" " " 5th " " " "	5
" " " 6th " " " "	4

According to the foregoing list, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. A Far Country. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.....	422
2. Jaffery. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35....	266
3. The Turmoil. Tarkington. (Harper.) \$1.35.....	155
4. Pollyanna Grows Up. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.....	146
5. Thankful's Inheritance. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.35.....	131
6. The Harbour. Poole. (Macmillan.) \$1.40	95

THE BOOKMAN

An Illustrated Magazine
of Literature and Life



DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

25 cents a copy NEW YORK \$2.50 a year

New and Forthcoming Macmillan Novels

Important New Books by Leading Authors

H. G. Wells's New Novel

The Research Magnificent

By the Author of "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman," etc.

Pronounced by those critics who have read it to be the best work that Mr. Wells has done. A novel of real distinction handled with skill, feeling and vision, realizing fully the promise of greatness which some have seen in his previous works. \$1.50.

Jack London's New Novel

The Star-Rover

By the Author of "The Sea Wolf," etc.

Daring in its theme and vivid in execution, this is one of the most original and gripping stories Mr. London has ever written. It is a work that will make as lasting an impression as did "The Sea Wolf" and "The Call of the Wild." *Frontispiece. Ready Oct. 6.*

Eden Phillpotts's New Novel

Old Delabole

By the Author of "Brunel's Tower," etc.

Because of its cheerful and wise philosophy and its splendid feeling for nature and man's relation to it, "Old Delabole" will take its place as the author's most important book. \$1.50.

Algernon Blackwood's New Novel

The Extra Day

By the Author of "Incredible Adventures," etc.

Because it deals with the joyousness of life this book will remind some readers of "The Bluebird" of Maeterlinck, but in style and spirit it is altogether of its own kind. \$1.35.

Zona Gale's New Novel

Heart's Kindred

By the Author of "The Loves of Pelleas and Etarre," etc.

In the rough, unpolished, but thoroughly sincere Westerner and the attractive young woman who brings out the good in the man's nature, Miss Gale has two as absorbing people as she has ever created.

Illustrated. Ready Oct. 27.

William Allen White's New Book

God's Puppets

By the Author of "A Certain Rich Man," etc.

Mr. White has already distinguished himself in "The Court of Boyville" and "In Our Town" by his intimate studies of life at first hand. In this new volume a different group of his best stories more fully reveal his mastery of the art. *Frontispiece. \$1.25.*

New Books for Boys and Girls

These are fine, wholesome stories that mark a distinct advance in juvenile publications.

Deal Woods

By LATTI GRISWOLD.

This is the fourth of Mr. Griswold's famous "Deal" stories and one which will certainly meet the approbation of many boy readers, for it is full of vigor and the wholesome excitement of school life. *Illustrated. \$1.35.*

The Kingdom of the Winding Road

By CORNELIA MEIGS.

A fanciful story relating the experiences of a beggar as he travels the country over in his tattered red cloak and playing his penny flute—in reality a wonderful magical pipe.

Colored Illustrations. \$1.25.

Chained Lightning

By RALPH GRAHAM TABER.

An absorbing tale of what happened to two young American telegraphers who sought their fortunes in Mexico. \$1.25.

A Maid of '76

By ALDEN A. KNIPE and EMILIE B. KNIPE.

A most entertaining story of a girl of Revolutionary times, a patriot through and through, but whose family is loyal to the King.

Illustrated. \$1.25.

Publishers

The Macmillan Company

New York

the books stood on my little black walnut shelves. It would be more interesting, psychologically speaking, if I had culled these volumes from a large assortment of classics; but I lived in a tiny Maine village, far from circulating libraries, and my elders were reading *Littell's Living Age*, *The Nation*, *Harper's Magazine*, and Harper's "Franklin Square Novels" while I batted chiefly on my own book case save when I was pressed to do my

supposed duty by Washington Irving and Sir Walter Scott."

• • •

In our August and September numbers we made announcement of certain articles and series of articles that were to be features of *THE BOOKMAN* during the coming autumn, winter and spring. In addition, we are beginning in this issue a series of papers entitled

**The Day's
Work**



ALBION FELLOWS BACON, WHO IS CONTRIBUTING TO THE SERIES "WHAT THE DAY'S WORK MEANS TO ME," BEGINNING IN THIS ISSUE OF "THE BOOKMAN"

"What the Day's Work Means to Me," consisting of contributions from a number of prominent American women. The idea of the series is to present not only to the women readers of the magazine but to the men as well frank discussions of the work and the aims of these women. We feel that every one of these papers, revealing as they will the spirit in which the writer tackles her work, and the purpose which she aims to accomplish, will be a source of genuine inspiration to others. The first paper in this series is from the pen of Albion Fellows Bacon. Subsequent papers will be by Louise Closser Hale, Zona Gale, Ida M. Tarbell, Gertrude Atherton, Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, and others.

...

In all Scotland and in all England there is no monument or memorial of any kind to Robert Louis Stevenson. There has been for years a Stevenson memorial in San Francisco, and by the end of this month it is likely that a memorial tablet will be unveiled at Saranac Lake, in the Adirondacks. The suggestion of that tablet is due to Mr. Robert Hobart Davis. A year or two ago Mr. Davis, visiting Saranac, made the remark that it was surprising that the lake, where Stevenson wrote much of his enduring work, should have no memorial. Later, Mr. Stephen Chalmers, in a lecture on Stevenson at Saranac, repeated this, whereupon a committee of professional men was formed and a fund started. Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Baker, from whom Stevenson rented the cottage by the Saranac River during the winter of 1887-88, gave their consent to the creation of the tablet on the wall of the famous veranda where Stevenson said in his letters his "engine" said "come, let us make a tale!" (*The Master of Ballantrae*.) Through Mr. Chalmers and Mr. Davis the services of Gutzon Borglum were secured at the mere cost of casting the tablet. The sculptor gave his services as a tribute to R. L. S.

As soon as the project was announced money came from many sources, and at present the small sum required for the actual tablet is in hand. Further sums received by the committee will be devoted to making permanent or enlarging the memorial. In time the entire property may be acquired, if the present owners will sell. Among those who have contributed are Lloyd Osbourne, who wrote his first book, *The Wrong Box* (in collaboration with his stepfather), in the Baker Cottage; Clayton Hamilton, who has made valuable suggestions as to the form of inscription, and whose book, *The Trail of Stevenson*, which appeared in *THE BOOKMAN* last year, contained a Saranac Lake chapter that helped to stimulate interest in the memorial project, and Robert H. Davis. The memorial will take the form of a bronze tablet, signed by Gutzon Borglum, with a bas relief of Stevenson and the accompanying inscription, which is, however, subject to minor changes:

HERE DWELT

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

During the Winter of 1887-1888

"I was walking in the verandah of a small house outside the hamlet of Saranac. It was winter; the night was very dark; the air clear and cold, and sweet with the purity of forests. For the making of a story here were fine conditions. 'COME,' SAID I TO MY ENGINE, 'LET US MAKE A TALE.'"

—The Genesis of Ballantrae.

Here he wrote "The Master of Ballantrae," "A Christmas Sermon," "The Lantern-Bearers," "Pulvis et Umbra," "Beggars," "Gentlemen," "A Chapter on Dreams," et cetera.

...

The first three monographs in a new series under the general title of "Writers of the Day," dealing with Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, and Anatole France, and written respectively by F. J. Harvey Darton, J. D. Beresford,

and W. L. George, have just come from the press of Messrs. Henry Holt and Company. Other monographs dealing with Joseph Conrad, by Hugh Walpole, Rudyard Kipling, by John Palmer, and John Galsworthy, by Sheila Kaye-Smith, are announced for early appearance. In his study of Arnold Bennett Mr. Darton discourses of the Five Towns. They lie, he tells us, in the north of Staffordshire, and are the centre of the greatest pottery manufacture in the world. "You

cannot drink tea out of a teacup without the aid of the Five Towns; you cannot eat a meal in decency without the aid of the Five Towns." As Bennett uses the term, the five towns are Tunstall (Turnhill), Burslem (Bursley), Hanley (Hambridge), Stoke-upon-Trent (Knype) and Longton (Longshaw), with Newcastle-under-Lyne (Oldcastle) as a sixth. "Oldcastle," indeed, is more prominent than "Longshaw." Politically, the towns and townships are dif-



IDA M. TARBELL, WHO IS CONTRIBUTING TO THE SERIES "WHAT THE DAY'S WORK MEANS TO ME," BEGINNING IN THIS ISSUE OF "THE BOOKMAN"

ferently grouped and are no longer five. Newcastle is a borough by itself; it has been a borough for eight hundred years, and it lives upon that ancient dignity. The other fortresses of humanity are chiefly the outcome of industrialism. They are collectively named Stoke-on-Trent, which comprises Stoker-upon-Trent, Hanley, Burslem, Tunstall, Longton, and Fenton, with their suburbs; this new borough, with a population of two hundred and thirty-five

thousand, was created in 1908, and began to exist officially in 1910.

. . .

That H. G. Wells was not born into the leisured classes, sent to Eton and Christchurch, later to write polite essays or a history of Napoleon during the intervals of his leisured activity as a member of the Upper House, Mr. J. D. Beresford regards as a decided blessing. Happily, he says, fate provided a scheme for preserving his eyesight, and pitched



LOUISE CLOSSER HALE, WHO IS CONTRIBUTING TO THE SERIES "WHAT THE DAY'S WORK MEANS TO ME," BEGINNING IN THIS ISSUE OF "THE BOOK-MAN"

him into the care of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wells on September 21, 1866, behind or above a small general shop in Bromley. Mrs. Wells was the daughter of an innkeeper at Midhurst and had been in service as a lady's maid before her marriage. Joseph Wells had had a more distinguished career. He had been a great Kent bowler in the early sixties, and about a year before the birth of the future novelist took four wickets with consecutive balls and created a new record in the annals of cricket. The Brom-

ley shop, like most of its kind, was a failure. Moderate success might have meant a Grammar School for young Wells and the temptations of property, but fate gave the young radical another twist by thrusting him temporarily within sight of an alien and magnificent prosperity where as the son of the housekeeper at Up Park near Petersfield, he might recognise his immense separation from the members of the ruling class, as described in *Tono Bungay*. After that came "the drapery," first at Windsor



ZONA GALE, WHO IS CONTRIBUTING TO THE SERIES "WHAT THE DAY'S WORK MEANS TO ME," BEGINNING IN THIS ISSUE OF "THE BOOKMAN"

and then at Southsea, but there is no autobiography of this period, only the details of the trade and its circumstances. For neither Hoopdriver nor Kipps nor Polly could have qualified for the post of assistant at Midhurst Grammar School, a position that H. G. Wells obtained at sixteen after he had broken his indentures with the Southsea draper.

Mr. W. L. George begins his monograph with the statement that he comes neither to bury Anatole France nor to praise him. For he does not worship Anatole France. "I have had to read every one of his works over again in the last few weeks, and if there is anything calculated to make one hate a writer forevermore it is to read all his works one



DR. ANNA HOWARD SHAW, WHO IS CONTRIBUTING TO THE SERIES "WHAT THE DAY'S WORK MEANS TO ME," BEGINNING IN THIS ISSUE OF "THE BOOKMAN"

after the other. People are afraid to criticise Anatole France adversely; he seems to have attained the position now accorded to Galileo (who was tortured), to Joan of Arc (who was burned), to Wagner (who was hooted), to everybody, in fact, who ever did anything worth while. In his early years, when de Maupassant, Zola, Daudet were alive, he was ignored; everything was done to keep him down; the Académie Française went so far so to give him a prize. But times have changed; Anatole France is acclaimed all over the world; everybody quotes him; and those who cannot quote him quote his name; he is above criticism. This would be very bad for him if he were not also above adulation. People dare not say the things which should be obvious: that he repeats himself; that he is sentimental; that his novels are, from the point of view of French technique, incoherent; that, as expressed by his characters, his conception of love is rather disgusting; in fact, they take all the humanity out of him by endowing him with all the graces; they erect to him a statue which represents him just about as much as the sort of statue they occasionally put up to some highly respectable politician whom they depict as stark naked, and beautiful as a young *discobolus*."

Then there is a somewhat similar series, though on a rather more elaborate scale, coming from the press of Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, the first three volumes of which deal with George Bernard Shaw, by P. T. Howe; Maurice Maeterlinck, by Una Taylor, and W. B. Yeats, by Forrest Reid. Mr. Howe does not believe that Shaw has profoundly affected his age, although he has edified and delighted it. "His youthfulness has been the youthfulness of the man who, in face of our complaisant assurance that our gowns are white, has gone on reiterating his assertion that they are black until we have looked at them and found that in places they have turned a bit greyish. His unflagging good spirits, with their consequent ex-

cessiveness of utterance, while they have been the truest friend of his comic style, have been the worst enemy of his opinions. The beauties of repose have evaded Mr. Shaw's conversation. His first instinct, when he has got hold of an idea, has been to run out and tell us all about it. All his life he has told us everything that came into his head—every single thing that came into his quite exceptional head. He has been like a busy salesman with a demand on his shop, so heavily engaged in handing out his goods that he has not been able to spare much attention to the manner of the wrapping.

• • •

"Maeterlinck's poems," writes Una Taylor, "are the outcome of a melancholy as vaguely sterile as it is incurable; of a grief as drowsy, void and stifled as that of Coleridge's 'Dejection.'" From the first stanzas to the close of the last page, the poet's imagination dwells in a vision-world of symbolic hallucination, tinged and dyed with the iridescent colours, the dim translucencies, of dream-dusks, of veiled dawns and sultry noons. The sequence attains its unbroken unity of impression, visual and pictorial, spiritual and imaginative, bathed, saturated in a vapourous atmosphere where the strings of sensation are muted, where the pulses of life are numbed, its fevers outworn; where the vital tide is ever receding from its shores and passion itself has fallen into the languor of a mortal swoon. Picture after picture rises. A hot-house in the heart of a forest; exotic vegetations spring and flourish beneath the damp and misted glass, even as sins, sicknesses, and distresses are nourished within the opaque enclosure of that ultimate resort of human personality we name the soul. We see filmy cupolas under whose tinted domes narcotic blossoms spread their petals to the moon; we watch windless waters; marshes where swans hatch a raven brood; plains where grey flocks browse the waste grass; phantasmal figures of wax in a summer forest; apparitions of princesses dying in fields of hemlock. The scenes shift. Irrelevant, unconnected mirages

of bewildering panoramas succeed one to another like the slides of the showman's magic-lantern."

...

It is a high place that Forrest Reid assigns to W. B. Yeats in the summing up of his volume; rather too high most of us will be inclined to think. He says: "He is not a universal poet: his art does not come out of the whole of life, as Shakespeare's art comes, or even as Whitman's comes: and if we judge poetry by the breadth of the poet's vision of life it is possible that compared with Whitman he will seem a secondary poet. If we judge it, however, as I believe we must, by its intensity, its ecstasy, its sheer beauty and music, then, of course, the position will be exactly reversed. If Shelley is a great poet, if Keats and Coleridge and Rossetti are great poets, then Mr. Yeats is a great poet also, greater, I think, than any of these. Even in quantity, if we compare his first-rate work with the first-rate work of the writers I have mentioned, has any of them more to show? has any of them as much? That scrupulous care for perfection which characterises certain writers who are also artists—Rossetti, or Flaubert, and to-day Mr. Yeats—is often misleading; so that what we sometimes take for a sign of greater wealth in others is often really only a sign either of a lack of a critical faculty, or of an unwillingness to make sacrifices.

...

In the September issue of *Scribner's Magazine* there was a delightful reminiscent paper on Francis Hopkinson Smith from the pen of Thomas Nelson Page. The two met for the first time years ago at a supper at the old Aldine Club, when Smith was just beginning to be known as a writer, though he had long been known in New York among a certain circle as a capable engineer; in another circle as a progressive and clever artist, who painted with incredible facility, and in intellectual circles as a good illustrator, and the best raconteur in the city. Together Page and Smith went off on a

joint lecture tour under the direction of the late Major Pond, the result of which was the ripening of a life-long friendship. In Boston, in New York, and in Chicago, they spent weeks at a time together, and in this intimacy Mr. Page came to know his comrade better than might have been done in years of ordinary association. It was thus that he learned of the early Baltimore life, later described in *Kennedy Square*, of the struggles in New Jersey and New York, of the building of the sea wall protecting Governor's Island, the foundation for the Statue of Liberty, and the Race Rock Light House. It was in the last named engineering feat that Francis H. Smith took most pride. While engaged upon the work he used to go off and take his recreation painting. Mr. Page recalls an incident illustrating a certain phase of the New England character. The artist had found a picturesque old water mill and proceeded to paint a picture of it.

His occupation soon drew the attention of the miller, who strolled over and observed him across the fence with growing interest. Finally, on the second day, as his picture grew in resemblance, the miller asked the painter: "What are you going to do with that when it is done?"

"Sell it," said Smith, working at the finishing touches.

After a pause of reflection:

"What do you cal-clate to get for it?"

"Oh! a hundred dollars," said Smith, cheerfully. "Perhaps more."

"A hundred dollars!" gasped the miller.

He walked away to reflect, and presently returned. His manner had somewhat changed.

"Hes you ast anybody's permission to paint that mill?" he asked, leaning over the fence.

"No—I have not," said Smith promptly, whose picture was now about finished.

"Hes anybody ever give you permission to paint it?"

"No," said Smith.

"We-all, you know whose mill it is?"

"No, I do not, but I rather expect it is yours," said the painter.

"It is," said the miller decisively, and then, as the painter made ready to leave:

"We-all, don't you think you ought to divide what you get for that picture with the man who owns the mill?"

"Well, honestly, I don't," said Smith, laughing as he bade him good day, and came away leaving him still hanging over the fence pondering the inequalities of life.

...

It was *Colonel Carter of Cartersville* that introduced F. Hopkinson Smith to a wider reading audience, and Mr. Page thinks that that, of all his books, held most strongly the writer's own affection. Writes Mr. Page:

I have understood that the way *Colonel Carter of Cartersville* came to be written was this: Hopkinson Smith was the best raconteur of a formal story I ever heard. I recall that a mutual friend once told me that Hopkinson Smith's stories had changed the tone of stories told at men's dinners in New York. I give the account as it was given to me. He had become known as a delightful after-dinner story-teller, and presently his stories made so much impression that one day Gilder of the *Century Magazine* said to him that the stories he told—in the form in which he told them—ought to be preserved, and suggested his writing them for the *Century*. Out of this grew a paper which was styled, at first, something like "The Colonel's Dinner Table," the Colonel being simply a peg to hang the stories on. But before the paper was finished "the Colonel" had captured the narrator, and out of it came "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," with "Miss Nancy" and her air of lavender and grace, and all the chivalry and charm of a beautiful picture of the old times in a new setting.

...

Incomparable friendliness and optimism, to Mr. Page's mind, were the dominant notes in the books of F. Hopkinson Smith.

This is, indeed, the dominant note in his books. They shine on every page and speak in every line. From *Colonel Carter*, with his inexhaustible wealth and hospitality, to *Felix O'Day*—whose happy name is all that

I know of it—the stream of genial good fellowship runs through all his work. As he found picturesque bits for his pencil everywhere, so he caught the ray of sunlight in every field of endeavour, or created it with his touch of universal sympathy. The titles of many of his books bespeak it. *The Under Dog*, *The Arm-Chair at the Inn*, *The Wood Fire in Number 3*, are examples at once of his sympathy and his gift for friendship. It was ever the "under dog" that appealed to him. But if not in the title it was ever in the books, covering the wide field of his varied experience. The reader in the next generation who wishes to get a bird's-eye view of American life, at least on the Atlantic seaboard in our time, will find it in the works of F. Hopkinson Smith. They cover a broad gamut. The decayed gentleman and gentlewoman, the old black mammy, the fisherman and seafaring men of New England's rock-bound coast, life-saving crews of the Jersey shore, the travelling salesman, the metropolitan and cosmopolitan clubman, the nomad at home in all capitals and in all countries—are all drawn with broad, swift, sure lines, and drawn to the life with complete sympathy and knowledge. It was, perhaps, in his sketches of Southern life that he drew his characters with most tenderness. However clear and sympathetic his drawing of others might be—and he had a fellow-feeling with the whole world—in these his touch had an added softness, a deeper sympathy.

...

During the past two or three months there have been stories coming from various parts of the country of persons claiming to be David Grayson.

The Pretended O. Henry to be David Grayson.

This recalls the time when Mr. Booth Tarkington met a young woman who, not catching his name, informed him that she was the author of *M. Beaucaire*—a mere trifle, dashed off with the greatest of ease—and the more serious episode of the pretended O. Henry. With the exception of one tale all of the earlier O. Henry stories found their way to *Ainslee's Magazine* and the hands of Mr. Gilman Hall, whom Porter always regarded as the man who discovered

him. It was Mr. Hall who sent the money to Pittsburgh that took the storyteller to New York. One Tuesday morning Porter reached the town that he later learned to love so well as "Little Old Bagdad-on-the-Subway." It was late Friday afternoon before he mustered up courage to call upon the editor. But the first feeling of diffidence soon passed away and the two men became fast friends.

...

The first stories began to attract attention and in a little time the name of O. Henry came to count for something. Incidentally there was one issue of *Ainslee's Magazine* in which two stories from his pen were printed, and in order to avoid repetition in the table of contents, one of the two was signed James L. Bliss. That story happened to be "While the Auto Waits," which was one of the best of that period. A few days later there appeared in the *New York Times* an editorial, the gist of which was: "We do not know who James Bliss is. The name is a new one to us. But we defy any one to produce a French short-story writer of the present day who is capable of producing anything finer than 'While the Auto Waits.'" About that time there came to Mr. Hall a well-known New York writing woman with the information that she had solved the mystery of O. Henry. The night before she had been dining in company with his uncle, an American painter of distinction, who subsequently went to his death in the disaster to the *Titanic*. The uncle was loud in the praises of his nephew, who was a sophomore in Harvard, and who had been negotiating with the _____ Company for the exclusive rights to all future O. Henry material. For the purpose of narration we shall refer to this O. Henry pretender as Robert Minturn Trimble, which, of course, was not his name.

...

This Robert Minturn Trimble, it seems, was having a very good time as a Harvard undergraduate, and doing com-

paratively little serious work. His parents were dead and he was being sent to college by a devoted uncle and aunt. On one of his visits home the uncle and aunt expressed disapproval of the reports that were coming from his preceptors, and suggested that if he was to get no more out of his course at Cambridge he might better go to work at once. The boy, in a moment of temptation, yielded. He urged that he was doing much more than appeared on the surface, that he had been writing stories for the magazines, and having them accepted; and picking up a current issue he pointed out as his own a certain story which happened to be one by O. Henry. The uncle and aunt read the story, estimated it highly, cut it out, and sent it to a Harvard professor with the information that it was the work of their nephew. The professor read it, and a few days later in open class announced that there was a young man present who had written a story that showed a marvellous grasp of Western life and a knowledge of human nature that was almost incomprehensible in one so young. That young man was destined to go far, and his name was Robert Minturn Trimble.

...

In New York William Sidney Porter had been informed that there was some one who claimed to be the author of the O. Henry stories. He had laughed and made the comment that so long as he was privileged to spend the money that was paid for them the pretensions of the other did not greatly disturb him. But the rumour began to spread. It was heard here, there, everywhere. Finally, a Minneapolis paper came out with something to the following effect: "There have been various conjectures as to the identity of the exceedingly clever short-story writer who signs himself O. Henry. We are at length in a position to speak with authority on the matter. O. Henry is a Harvard sophomore by the name of Robert Minturn Trimble. One of his uncles is _____, the well-known painter." Finally one day a representative of the _____ Company

with whom the reputed O. Henry had been making negotiations, called at the office of *Ainslee's Magazine* and asked to see Mr. Hall. He explained that the ——— Company naturally wished to proceed with every care and courtesy. "Do you know," he asked, "who O. Henry really is? We have always understood that he is an undergraduate at Harvard." Mr. Hall told the representative that the real O. Henry had never been farther east than New York, that his name was William Sidney Porter, and that he was living in East Twenty-sixth Street. Then the dramatic touch—the meeting that was to bring the conclusive proof: to clear away the last vestige of possible doubt. There was a knock on the door, a boy entered, and announced: "Mr. O. Henry!"

...

It seems strange now, when the name O. Henry is so familiar both by sight and sound, to recall a time when the pseudonym **Names of O. Henry** was regarded with marked disapproval. But at first editors were of the opinion that the adopted signature was worse than no signature at all. The first of Porter's stories to appear in *Ainslee's Magazine* was "Money Maze," which was afterward incorporated in *Cabbages and Kings*. That tale was printed in the issue for May, 1901. It was regarded as a good story with an ineffectual name signed to it. So when the second story, "Rouge et Noir" (also included in *Cabbages and Kings*), came along Mr. Hall wrote to the author (it was not until the latter actually came to New York that the editor learned that his name

was William Sidney Porter) asking him to supply a first name. "Rouge et Noir" was published in the November issue as the work of Olivier Henry. There was one story, which appeared in *Everybody's Magazine*, to which was signed the name of W. S. Porter. It is not generally known that at one time O. Henry wrote considerable verse. For the sake of strict truth it must be acknowledged that his verse was far from being as good as his prose. To his poetical effusions he signed several names. One was Harry Clark; another was T. B. Dowd; and disguised as S. H. Peters he perpetrated both verse and prose.

...

Many as were the tales of the people of the Central American Republic that **The Unwritten Tale** found their way into O. Henry's books, there was one favourite yarn which was too dreadful to be put into print, but which he used to relate in convivial hours with great relish. It concerned a ship, with a Central American captain, officers, and crew, bound for New York with a cargo of bananas and a solitary passenger. Nearing port the passenger was taken ill, and speedily developed a malignant tropical fever. The officers were in a quandary. The bananas were approaching the ripening stage and delay at Quarantine meant a loss of the entire cargo. So the sick passenger was told that his illness was merely trivial, and that a cold bath would straighten him up. The cold bath consisted of slipping him quietly overboard in the North Atlantic. The passenger list was destroyed and the cargo landed to the owner's profit.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S ROMANCE

There was much that was autobiographical in Bayard Taylor's "The Story of Kennett," the romance of a poor ploughboy who wins the sweetheart of his choice after her father has forbidden the courtship. When Taylor was young he loved ardently a certain Mary Agnew. Her parents objected to the match because of Taylor's poverty, and because they believed him to be a dreamer and an idler. Finally, when all obstacles were overcome, it was almost too late. Mary became Bayard's wife, but she died a few months after the wedding.



THE CRAGS, TENANT'S HARBOUR, MAINE

THE CRAGS
IN MEMORY OF THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH
BY ALFRED NOYES

FALERNIAN, first! What other wine
Should brim the cup and flush the line
That would recall my days
Among your creeks and bays,

Where, founded on a rock, your house
Between the pines' unfading boughs
Watches through sun and rain
That lonelier coast of Maine;

And the Atlantic's mounded blue
Breaks on your crags, the summer through,
A long pine's length below,
In rainbow-tinted snow;

While, from your railed veranda there,
As on a deck you sail through air,
And sea and cloud and sky
Go softly streaming by.

Smoothing the waves, at set of sun,
Like delicate oils the colours run—
Around the enchanted hull,
Anchored and beautiful;—

Restoring to that sun-dried star
You brought from coral isles afar,
 With shells that mock the moon,
 The tints of their lagoon;

Till, from within, your lamps declare
Your harbours by the colours there,—
 An Indian god, a fan
 Painted in old Japan.

Then, best of all, I think, at night
The moon that makes a road of light
 Across the whispering sea,
 A road for memory;

When the blue dusk has filled the pane,
And the great pine-logs burn again,
 And books are good to read;
 For his were books indeed.

Their silken shadows, rustling, dim,
May sing no more of Spain for him;
 No shadows of old France
 Renew their courtly dance.

He walks no more where shadows are,
But left their ivory gates ajar
 That shadows might prolong
 The dance, the tale, the song.

His was no narrow test or rule.
He chose the best of every school,—
 Stendhal and Keats and Donne,
 Balzac and Stevenson.

Wordsworth and Flaubert filled their place.
Dumas met Hawthorne face to face.
 There were both new and old,
 In his good realm of gold.

The title-pages bore his name;
And, nightly, by the dancing flame
 Following him, I found
 That all was haunted ground;

Until a friendlier shadow fell
Upon the leaves he loved so well,
 And I no longer read,
 But talked with him instead.

THE ADVANCE OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

PART I

The present state of the novel—its immense popularity—the rise in its respectability—definition of a good novel—the penalty of popularity—reasons for this popularity—books sold under false pretences—distinction between “romance” and “novel”—the philosophy underlying realism and romanticism—the strength of realism—the vicious circle in all art.

THE beginning of the twentieth century witnessed the predominance in literature of the novel. More copies of novels were in circulation than all other kinds of books put together. It took two centuries to bring about the consummation; and at this moment the novel is still supreme. Nothing threatens its hegemony except the growing vogue of the printed play, accompanied as it has been by a blizzard of critical works on the stage. We cannot help noticing how many professional novelists have become professional playwrights. Does this mean that the drama has really awakened at last, refreshed by a sound sleep of three hundred years? Does it mean that the dying prophecies of William Sharp and Bronson Howard are to become fact, and the next generation is to express itself mainly in dramatic dialogue, as in the days of Elizabeth? Or is all this play-making simply one more florescence from the root of all evil? Has the same quick-return fever that has shaken the souls from so many bodies in business smitten the vast army of literary speculators with drama delirium?

No accurate answers can yet be given to these questions; but to those professional students, critics and teachers of literature who are as eagerly interested in contemporary production as are teachers of science and economics, the literary movements of the next twenty years are going to be well worth watching. Meanwhile the present proud height of the novel's popularity and influence makes an excellent platform for the observer;

he cannot only look about him; he has a fine chance to look back, and if he is mentally alive, he cannot help looking forward.

There are fashions in the array of thoughts as there are fashions in corporeal coverings; and as it would be a bold undertaking to explain the causes of the time-variations in the length of men's coats and the diameter of women's hats, so even the most philosophical historian cannot fully account for the occasional predominance of certain literary forms. Even some literary *material* actually vanishes; scholastic speculation, that filled many folios, seems extinct. But the chief material of literature is human nature, 'which never changes'; poets, dramatists, novelists, satirists focus their attention on "man's thoughts and loves and hates." It is the fashion of expression that varies; it is rather interesting to reflect that not merely the mob of professional scribblers, who produce what to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, but inspired men of genius interpreted human life by means of the drama and the sonnet in 1600, by the heroic couplet in 1700 and by the novel in 1900. Twentieth century publishers are not eagerly looking for theology in verse; yet two hundred years ago theological poetry was a sure card. Pope's *Essay on Man* sold off as sensationally as Winston Churchill's *The Inside of the Cup*. Pope and Mr. Churchill had one thing in common besides success—an accurate flair for public taste. I dare say that Pope would be a clever realistic nov-

elist were he alive to-day—for he would know his market now as he knew it then. In his time theological verse was so much in demand that Samuel Boyse, who usually wrote in bed, his frequent sprees giving the pawnbroker possession of his garments, composed a poem on the nature of the Deity, being forced—unhappy artist—to produce something that would sell. A similar predicament would to-day drive his energies into a quite different channel. Boyse's poetry is read no more; and he would have followed his works were it not that Dr. Johnson liked him and used to go about collecting sixpences to redeem his clothes, thus giving temporary decency to his body and immortality to his name. The reading public in those days was patrician; in the latter half of the nineteenth century, when the ability to read ceased to be any more of a distinction than the ability to breathe, the novel reached the climax of popularity. For the novel is the most democratic form of literature, easily adaptable to minds of high, low and no intelligence.

The extraordinary popularity of the novel toward the close of the nineteenth century is proved by its sudden conquest of the American stage. The relation between acted play and published romance that had been one of the most notable features in Elizabethan literature again came into being—with just the opposite emphasis and for a totally different reason. The Elizabethan dramatists—except Ben Jonson—did not dream of inventing their plots; their business, as some one has said, was not creation, but translation. They hunted for plots, not in their own brain, but in contemporary fiction; they selected a story, adapted it for the stage, and in many cases gave it permanent beauty. The only reason why many Elizabethan prose romances are still read is because Shakespeare glorified them by his genius; Tolstoy being the only person who has maintained that the originals were better than the dramas. The playwrights took this material, not because it was popular, but because it was convenient; and the custom lapsed

with the extinction of the Elizabethan stage. It was resumed, however, in 1894; and for ten years flourished mightily, being finally killed by the American sense of humour. Two prodigiously popular novels appeared in 1894: *Trilby* and *The Prisoner of Zenda*. They were quickly transferred to the stage, where thousands of people greeted the incarnation of their favourite characters with childish delight. The "dramatised novel" became a fad; every "best seller" was certain to take dramatic form, not because it contained germs of drama, but because it was the thing everybody was talking about. Each theatre manager in New York employed men who made dramas with scissors and paste; and one director said frankly that the natural adaptability of the particular novel had nothing to do with the case so long as it was popular; he had a man on a salary who had become so skilful that he could make a play out of the city directory, were there any demand for it. It is seldom in the history of literature that the popularity of a certain form becomes so extensive as to conquer another form with which it has really almost nothing in common; in this instance the drama for a decade became the slave of the novel; and the fact is worth recording as showing the triumphant vogue of the latter. ✓

The advance of the novel in popularity was accompanied by an automatic rise in respectability. A hundred years ago novel reading was thought by many to be positively wicked, classed with that unholy trinity—cards, dancing, stage-plays. The mother of Thomas Carlyle read only one novel in her life, Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*; and she read that because her son had translated it, the best of all reasons, from a maternal point of view, for making an exception. Could Goethe by any possibility have imagined in the course of its composition that it would be read by such a woman? Yet John Carlyle wrote to his brother Thomas: "She is sitting here as if under some charm, reading *Meister*, and has nearly got through the second vol-

ume. Though we are often repeating honest Hall Foster's denouncement against readers of 'novels,' she still continues to persevere. She does not relish the character of the women, and especially of Philina: 'They are so wanton.' She cannot well tell what it is that interests her." Indeed, from Jane Austen to Henry James, responsible novelists were on the defensive. In the fifth chapter of *Northanger Abbey* we are told that two girls

shut themselves up to read novels together. Yes, novels; for I will not adopt that ungenerous and impolitic custom, so common with novel writers, of degrading, by their contemptuous censure, the very performances to the number of which they are themselves adding; joining with their greatest enemies in bestowing the harshest epithets on such works, and scarcely ever permitting them to be read by their own heroine, who, if she accidentally take up a novel, is sure to turn over its insipid pages with disgust. . . . Let us leave it to the reviewers to abuse such effusions of fancy at their leisure, and over every new novel to talk in threadbare strains of the trash with which the press now groans. Let us not desert one another—we are an injured body. Although our productions have afforded more extensive and unaffected pleasure than those of any other literary corporation in the world, no species of composition has been so much decried. From pride, ignorance or fashion, our foes are almost as many as our readers; and while the abilities of the nine-hundredth abridger of the History of England, or of the man who collects and publishes in a volume some dozen lines of Milton, Pope and Prior, with a paper from the *Spectator* and a chapter from Sterne, are eulogised by a thousand pens—there seems almost a general wish of decrying the capacity and undervaluing the labour of the novelist, and of slighting the performances which have only genius, wit and taste to recommend them. . . . "And what are you reading, Miss —?" "Oh, it is only a novel!" replies the young lady; while she lays down her book with affected indifference, or momentary shame. "It is only *Cecilia*, or *Camilla*, or *Belinda*";

or, in short, only some work in which the greatest powers of the mind are displayed, in which the most thorough knowledge of human nature, the happiest delineation of its varieties, the liveliest effusions of wit and humour, are conveyed to the world in the best-chosen language.

Twenty-five years ago Henry James thought it necessary to insist on the "dignity" of the novel. The best novelists are really historians, and the novel is history. Or, if one is unaffected by the challenge of truth, Mr. James pleaded for the worth of the novel in art. He declared that a picture was not expected to apologise for itself, why should the novel? Our Canadian contemporary, Mr. Leacock, who is a professor of political economy, rather indignantly denies the supposition that his humorous extravaganzas are the offshoots of leisure hours. Quite the contrary he affirms to be true, saying that any one can consult columns of statistics and rearrange them, but to write a work of pure imagination requires a much higher quality of mind and much more serious effort.

When I was a child my mother would not permit me to read novels on Sunday; and yet, some thirty years after that period, I received a letter from a woman who was very old, a bed-ridden invalid, and the widow of a Baptist minister (the three qualifications are not arranged as a climax); she wrote, "Thank the Lord for novels!"

If one indulges in a little analysis, one sees that the respectability of the novel was naturally forced to rise with its popularity—not because of a more general liberality in pleasures, a weakening of the consciousness of sin, an increased flippancy in all life's habits and conventions; no, the rise in respectability came for just the opposite reason. When any literary form is predominant, the majority of writers are compelled to write in that form, simply because it is the surest way to secure the two things that nearly every writer wants—fame and cash. The supremacy of Elizabethan drama forced

most of the great writers of that age to put their ideas and imaginings into the dramatic form; which is one reason why the Elizabethan drama is so wonderful as poetry and so wretched as drama. Of all those towering men of genius, Shakespeare alone holds the stage to-day, and only a small fraction of his plays are commonly acted.

During the last years of the nineteenth century the novel became so popular that many professional writers chose that method of expression, whether they had any natural love for it or not, and even when they were totally ignorant of the novel as an art form. All over the world thoughtful authors joined the ever-swelling ranks of the novelists. The result was, of course, that serious readers, men and women who were determined to read works that reflected the great movements in modern thought, were compelled to read novels. Clubs were organised all over our country to study contemporary fiction, courses on the novel in college curricula ceased to attract outside attention, and critical works on the subject multiplied abundantly.

This vast popularity of the novel was and is by no means an unmixed blessing. Indeed, with reference purely to the *art* of fiction—a great and noble art—it has been fraught with disaster. I should define a high-class novel in five words—*a good story well told*. How rarely do we find a perfect illustration! The number of people who are seeking in the welter of contemporary books to find “good stories”—stories that shall at once be interesting, charming, clever, decent, and that shall not be treatises on politics, religion or sociology—the number of such earnest seekers after amusement is pathetic. They want entertainment, and what are they doing? Many are turning from “novels” to history, biography, letters and essays to find it. Every man and woman with any pretension at all to a knowledge of literature is constantly besieged with this question: “Where can I find a really good story?”

For if a true novel be a good story well told, it is certain that the majority

of so-called novels are not stories at all: of the saving remnant, only a few are good stories: and still fewer are well told. The great bulk of modern fiction may be divided into two classes—those that are merely rambling accounts of the lives of uninteresting characters, and those that are treatises on aspects of modern thought. Among the “best sellers” of the past thirty years only a small number could possibly be classified as real novels. Edward Bellamy was deeply interested in socialism, and its earnest advocate as well; in 1860 he would perhaps have written a tract embodying his arguments, but coming at a later time, he called his treatise a novel, and named it *Looking Backward*. Mrs. Ward has never written a novel in her life, and only once came near it, in *David Grieve*. But she is a serious, earnest, thoughtful, deeply read woman, with a passion to improve the world: she once wrote a treatise on religious reform, and called it *Robert Elsmere*. As people are more interested in religion than in any other subject in the world save two, her book had a prodigious success—exactly paralleled a short time ago by Winston Churchill’s *The Inside of the Cup*. For many months after the day of its publication this work was selling at the rate of five hundred copies a day; yet, with the possible exception of the curate, there was not a living character in the book, there was no real story, and none of the charm of fiction. But there was a timely and earnest discussion of the modern creed and the modern work of the church, with a plea for liberalism. Suppose one is interested in the question—Have we a right to kill our friends when they are suffering acutely from a hopeless disease?—one may be referred to Edith Wharton’s work on the subject, called *The Fruit of the Tree*. The fact that in this particular instance the woman who did kill her friend to save her from suffering subsequently married the friend’s husband, is merely a matter of detail, and should not be permitted to distract our attention from the main theme. All of these “novels” remind

me of the way I was once decoyed by a Sunday school book. I looked over the catalogue, and my youthful attention was arrested by the title *Putnam and the Wolf*. Thinking I should witness a rattling good fight, I drew out the book, and in the calm of the Sunday afternoon began to read. This was the first sentence: "As General Putnam descended into the cave to fight with the fierce and savage wolf, so should we all struggle with the demon of intemperance." And there was not a further allusion to either Putnam or the wolf in the entire work. "Money under false pretences" is a mild term for such literary dexterity; but it can now be paralleled in every publisher's list of forthcoming works of fiction.

The production of literature and the various forms that it assumes are, of course, chiefly governed by our old friend in the study of political economy—the law of supply and demand. What, then, has caused the sharp demand for novels which has made the supply increase in a cumulative progression since 1850, and which accounts for such a vast body of essays, sermons, theses, arguments, scientific treatises, masquerading as works of fiction? It is, I think, the enormous increase of high schools. Formerly the number of people for whom reading was either a refuge or a stimulation was comparatively small; toward the close of the nineteenth century millions of people discovered the pleasure or the anæsthetic of books. I do not refer to college professors, ministers, journalists, who make their living by reading books and then writing or speaking about them; no, I mean people engaged in useful occupations, who work hard during the day, and who read anywhere from six to fifteen hours a week for pleasure. Most of these read for a mental change of air, for rest, relaxation, for refuge from sorrow, for relief from care, possibly to get to sleep o' nights—this vast army of readers demand, of course, something entertaining, something that can be guaranteed to divert the mind; and the novel has risen by

leaps and bounds to satisfy this particular daughter of the horse-leech.

It is somewhat unfortunate, in discussing the history of English prose fiction, that we cannot make a sharp distinction between the words "romance" and "novel." We ought to mean by "romance" a story where the chief interest lies, not in the characters, but in the events; as, for example, *Quentin Durward*. By the word "novel" we should denote a story where the principal stress falls, not on the succession of incidents, but on the development of the characters; an excellent illustration would be *The Mill on the Floss*. Occasionally a man of genius has made a splendidly successful fusion of the two, as in Thackeray's *Henry Esmond*—which, if a secret ballot could be taken, might possibly be voted the greatest work of fiction in the English language. In 1785, at the flood-tide of the English Romantic Movement, Clara Reeve attempted to draw a distinction between the two words: "The novel is a picture of real life and manners, and of the times in which it is written. The romance, in lofty and elevated language, describes what never happened nor is likely to happen. The novel gives a familiar relation of such things as pass every day before our eyes, such as may happen to our friend or to ourselves." It will be observed that her distinction is not the same as the one I have suggested as desirable. I do not think the main difference should be one of style, nor do I think romances should include only those works which deal with fantastic or impossible adventures; for such a nomenclature would leave no place at all for those works of fiction that deal with historical events and personages in a manner that is meant to be scrupulously accurate. Such works, according to Clara Reeve, and all historians who follow her, could not possibly be either romances or novels. What are they, then?

When one considers such difficulties as these, one is, after all, reconciled to the generally prevailing loose use of the word "novel," which means simply any

work of prose fiction. Definitions are dangerous; no sooner have you got your definition stated in a manner that appears to you sound and unassailable than some awkward questioner will want to know what you are going to do with such and such a concrete instance, which most certainly exists, and which refuses to conform to your artificially made standard. Creative writers are more interested in the inherent truth and beauty of their compositions than they are in their possible classification under established forms. A man who writes for the stage does not care very much if all the critics refuse to call his composition a play so long as the theatre is packed night after night and audiences are spell-bound. It is better to have it indefinable and impressive than to have it a perfect illustration of the rules without the breath of life.

Still we can, I think, by remembering that romances contain incident and novels analysis, find such a distinction useful. One of the greatest of all English romances is *Lorna Doone*; and its author, in his original preface, remarked: "This work is called a 'romance,' because the incidents, characters, time and scenery are alike romantic. And in shaping this old tale the writer neither dares nor desires to claim for it the dignity or cumber it with the difficulty of an historic novel." There you have the real essence of romanticism—liberty. The romantic drama and the romantic story are essentially free—free of all rules, and not to be measured precisely by canons of criticism or standards of fact. Mr. Blackmore did not care to verify any statement or any person in his work; but he meant to write, and did write, a good story, a genuine romance. For *Lorna Doone* is surely a romance, as *Barchester Towers* is surely a novel.

For my part, as a tireless and catholic reader of fiction, I do not much care whether I read romances or novels. I have never had any of Mr. Howells's contempt for romance. I have more contempt for a badly written realistic novel than I have for a well-executed, wildly

exciting romance. I had rather hear a good melodrama than a stupid play founded on fact. But the theories underlying romantic and realistic fiction are diametrically opposed, and might be compared to two opposite methods of treating a hospital "case." The romanticist and the realist agree that all men and women, no matter how apparently healthy, are suffering from an incurable disease—life. In addition to being doomed—every one of us—most of us are not any too comfortable in our prolonged illness. Our days are filled with small aches and pains, little vexations, frustrated hopes, with every now and then a calamity or a disaster of serious magnitude. Our appearance, ability and resources during the progress of our disease are just ordinary, without any positively striking characteristics. The world is made up of average men and women, whose lives are filled with trivial events. Your realist is a homeopath; because persons and happenings are for the most part commonplace, novels should be the same; they should be filled with commonplace people, and extraordinary incidents should be barred. Let all novel readers find the truth of life accurately reflected in art, and art will be a real antiseptic. Your romanticist, while agreeing in the diagnosis, insists on an absolutely opposite remedy. Because life is rather stupid and commonplace, art should be just the contrary. Novels should save us from ourselves, by taking us into a refreshingly different world. Romances should act on our nerves exactly as a change of air—to borrow Stevenson's phrase—acts on the bodily health. Without the slightest jar in the transit, we escape from our environment, meet marvellously strong men and radiantly beautiful women, who, after passing through thrilling adventures, reach a paradise of wedded love. The novelist remoulds the sorry scheme of things nearer to the heart's desire. We return to the daily task refreshed in spirit, with the blessed knowledge that the first half-hour of leisure can take us back to the world of beauty.

While the philosophies underlying realism and romanticism are thus diametrically in opposition, it must be confessed that, however alluring and diverting the field of romance may be, the realist makes in the end a deeper and more lasting impression on the mind. Suppose, for example, Blackmore had supplied a different ending to *Lorna Doone*, as some misguided critics would have preferred. It will be remembered that at the wedding in the tiny church Carver slips in with a gun and shoots the bride; she lingers for a page and a half, and recovers. Now, suppose she had succumbed. The reader would doubtless have wept; then shortly have dried his tears with the sound reflection that all this never happened, and that it is silly to weep over the fate of even so attractive a girl as Lorna, since she never existed. We come to ourselves at the end of a sad romance, as we leave the opera house after the curtain of *Königskinder* to eat a good supper, or as we awake from a horrible dream, and hear the reassuring trolley car go by. But the effect brought by a realistic novel cannot be thus summarily blotted out; in fact, it cannot be blotted out at all, except by the slow and unconscious method of forgetting it. When one finishes *Esther Waters*, one cannot say, "Pshaw, this is all a dream!" because it is not a dream, and we feel certain that the selected cases are accurately typical of millions.

Every sincere novelist, poet and dramatist hopes that his created illusion will endure; all have a well-founded fear of importunate facts of life that may erase the impression made by the eloquence of art. The dramatist wishes that between the acts the audience would remain in their seats, discussing the probabilities of the next act in awestruck whispers; but the women indulge in social gossip and the men adjourn for a drink. In August, 1914, every novelist was angry with the war; he would rather have the little groups of casual acquaintances talking excitedly about the one thing most important to him. Even in the absence of journalistic sensations, life is always

the ruthless enemy of art; the novelist fears the bridge party, the dramatist fears the oysters and champagne. So the teacher fears the football game which is imminent, and the fiery preacher the soggy Sunday dinner, which will stupefy the audience he has momentarily awakened to a sense of spiritual values. Art always loses much in a vicious circle; the singers cannot be supported without the boxes, and the boxes do not respond to the singer's soul, and they are empty during the early and during the late portions of the great opera. The faithful gallery has the thrills, but lacks the cash. The West End dramatist is the one who reaps the harvest of gold; and his plays are supported by grown-up children and must be modelled to their necessities. For although God never tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, the artist finds it expedient to do so. The novelist may aim his work at the highest intelligence; but the highest intelligence borrows or reads the book in a public library, adding nothing to the author's royalties. If it is to make an immediate fortune for him, he must perhaps compromise with his soul. If it is to be published in a limited and beautiful edition, it will be owned by those who will never cut the leaves. The greatest portrait painter cannot always select interesting faces; he is doomed to paint those who have his price.

This fear of indifference, frivolity, lack of response on the part of those by whom the work of art is made possible has afflicted many a creative genius. At the very beginning of *Père Goriot* Balzac roared in his reader's face: "This drama is neither fiction nor romance. It is so true that each one can recognise its elements in his own home; yes, perchance in his own heart."

Everything works together for evil against art. The only possible salvation is sincerity. The duration and depth of the impression made by a realistic novel are both in direct proportion to its approximation to reality; whether the reality be in the events, in the characters, or in both.

(To be continued)

THE MAGAZINE IN AMERICA

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

PART VIII—THE CONVERTED CORSAIR

IN George W. Childs's memoirs there is a story which makes an exclamation point seem but a feeble toy. "I can recall," says he, "a solemn conversation in the office of the Harpers, then on Cliff Street. The four founders of the great firm were present. I was one of a group of Philadelphians and we were discussing the first number of Harper's new monthly. It seemed so certain to us that the publication would be a failure. 'It can't,' said one Philadelphian emphatically, 'last very long.' The only successful magazines then published in the United States were in Philadelphia—*Graham's*, *Godey's*, *Sartain's* and *Peter-son's*."

One can understand under these circumstances (or perhaps under any) the peculiar bias of Philadelphians; but you will look in vain, in authors' letters and reminiscences, for any of those familiar chirps of satisfaction which heralded the hatching of almost all the other American magazines. You will find, instead, curses not loud but deep. Indeed, there was no reason why any one, besides the publishers themselves, should have hailed the advent of *Harper's* with joy except that notoriously inarticulate person, the Average Reader—and he, as was soon admitted even by the most disgruntled American author, was placed under an everlasting debt of gratitude. The Philadelphia magazines, so shortly to be extinguished or dimmed by the new luminary, might have merited the derision which they later received from those who now mocked the meat they had once gladly fed upon, but there was never any question that they had saved the life of the struggling American author of professional potentiality—life which the paddles of the first transatlantic steamer

had well nigh made an end of. For when it became possible to get English magazines once a fortnight, there had sprung up in New York numerous weeklies whose sole purpose was to serve the plunder piping hot; and had it not been for the Philadelphia magazines, the native author would have found no market whatever, so entirely had these weeklies driven out of existence the dealers who paid for home products. Though like all the magazines they were in the habit of printing for nothing what was worth scarcely more, to writers who were in demand Philadelphia paid prices deemed munificent in those days. And the writers, in return, were never weary of testifying that to her they owed creation, preservation, and what temporal blessings they possessed. And of that gratitude *Graham's* had the lion's share. The *United States Gazette* cautiously estimated that sometimes *Graham's* must be paying as much as five hundred dollars a number to American authors. But the figure was low, in spite of its being put forward as strapping.

"Graham says he would have given me one hundred and fifty dollars for the Legend of Brittany without the copyright," wrote Lowell in 1845, only three years after he had written jubilantly that he might safely reckon on earning four hundred dollars by his pen the following year. "We have spent as high as fifteen hundred dollars on a single number for authorship alone," said *Graham's* editorially in 1853. "This is more than twice the sum ever paid by any other magazine in America; while for years our minimum rate was eight hundred dollars per number." In its valedictory to *Sartain's*, which had made a splendid

struggle for three years, there is a note of bitterness:

It has spent over fifteen thousand dollars for original contributions, and now it is hopelessly wrecked. The publishers spent money with a lavish hand to American writers, but the flood of foreign literature overwhelmed the gallant book and she has gone down to rise no more. Will there *never* be pride enough in the American people to stand by those who support a national literature! We felt a year ago the demand for English magazine articles; the success of the reprint magazines confirmed what we felt; and we therefore doubled the number of our pages to give our readers, *in addition* to our former supply of original American articles, such papers from foreign sources as struck us of value or interest. We shall only add—in answer to carpers generally—that *Graham's* for the last ten years has paid over eighty thousand dollars to American writers.

This was in 1852—two years after the establishment of a magazine which had helped to re-create and greatly profited by this demand for English magazine articles. *Graham's* had watched anxiously the growth of its competitor. "*Harper's* is a good *foreign* magazine, but it is not *Graham's* by a long way," had run an editorial in 1851. "The veriest worshipper of the dust of Europe will tire of the dead level of silly praise of John Bull upon every page. John hasn't *quite* the brains of all the family. Jonathan is not altogether a dolt in letters. Graham thinks he has a class of young writers now who ask no odds in a fair encounter—Lowell, Read, Legare, Godman, Whipple, Fields, Bayard Taylor, Stoddard, Hosmer, Street, Boker, Tuckerman, Hawthorne, Conrad, Moorhead and others of the young men." Many newspapers of the country were watching the struggle with indignation. "*Graham's* great rival now is *Harper's*," said one of them, "but *Graham's* equals it in amount and quality of literary contents and far exceeds it in beauty of illustration—and in the fact that its contributors are all honestly paid for their labours." Said another: "*Graham's* is

now what *Harper's* should have been. *Harper's* is a grand failure." Upon which remark Graham commented grimly: "Our friend is a wag in his way. We have done more for magazine writers than *Harper's* will ever do, but one hundred and thirty-five thousand copies a month does not seem to us a grand failure." This same year of 1852 Boker was writing to Stoddard:

Graham is our only stand-by in these evil times. He is a man with a big soul and a gentleman, but his liberality, great as it is, cannot support an author. Alas! alas! Dick, is it not sad that an American author cannot live by magazine writing? And this is wholly due to the want of an international copyright law.

In these documents, then, we find one of the reasons why we encounter so little pleasant mention of *Harper's* in authors' correspondence in the 'fifties. Furthermore, there was an indefinable but spacious air of self-righteousness about the magazine which, taken with what was considered the unique opulence of its publishers, seems to have greatly annoyed its critics—and not the less, of course, because they were less successful. There was, for instance, none of the ingratiating impudence which Willis had exhibited a few years before when he established a weekly called the *Corsair*. Lest the romance of this title should deceive any one, Willis had proposed to name it the *Pirate*; and he editorially desired Henry Clay to take it into Congress as a people's exhibit of the results of an iniquitous law. "We shall convey to our columns," said he, "the cream and spirit of everything that ventures to light, in France, England and Germany. As to original American productions, we shall, as the publishers do, take what we can get for nothing, holding, as the publishers do, that while we can get Boz and Bulwer for a thank-ye or less, it is not pocket-wise to pay much for Halleck and Irving."

As frankly did Harpers announce their intention, but the implication was different. In their *New Monthly Mag-*

azine, June, 1850, occurs A Word at the Start:

The design is to place within the reach of the great mass of the American people the unbounded treasures of the periodical literature of the present day. The leading authors of Great Britain and France, as well as of the United States, are now regular and constant contributors to the periodicals of their several countries. The publishers intend to place everything of permanent value and interest in this literature in the hands of people who up to now have been hopelessly excluded from it.

The columns of *Harper's* did not for a long time, however, contain any treasures of the "leading authors of the United States." In the Contents of volume one appear only a few names, leading or otherwise. They are Ik Marvel, William Howitt, Dr. Moore, Leigh Hunt, Albert Smith, Harriet Martineau, Frederika Bremer, and Robert Southey. Volume three announces that the best talent of the country has been engaged in writing and illustrating original articles, and the magazine now contains regularly one or more original articles upon some topic of historical or national interest by some able and popular writer, illustrated by from fifteen to thirty wood-engravings. In the Contents now appear the American names: G. W. Curtis, G. P. Morris, Epes Sargent, Jacob Abbott, John S. C. Abbott, B. J. Lossing. Setting aside Curtis, who was one of the editors, and Lossing, whose historical articles were a convenient vehicle for illustrations, the leading authors of the country had no reason to regard this list with satisfaction. Volume ten announces that, while they have not neglected the rich stores of foreign literature, they have gradually enlarged the list of their editors and contributors till it includes the names of a large portion of the most popular writers of the country, and nothing has been wanting to induce them to contribute their best productions. But the Contents presents only the names of J. T. Headley, G. P. R. James, J. Abbott, S. I. Prime,

Thomas Ewbank, G. W. Greene, Elias Loomis!

Certainly, no material inducement needed to have been wanting. "Although but six months have elapsed," said volume one, "we have a monthly issue of fifty thousand." Volume three speaks of the present circulation as enormous, saying, and with justice, that it has come about simply because the magazine gives a greater amount of reading matter, of a higher quality, in better style and at a cheaper price, than any other periodical ever published. Volume six proclaims a monthly edition of one hundred and eighteen thousand, and it had to be electrotyped. Volume seven announced a gain of seventeen thousand over the last. Thus in four short years the magazine was financially able to stimulate the best writers to contribute to its columns. The *Atlantic* had not yet come to afford the Boston men an outlet; and many New Yorkers were complaining that they could not get a living price for their wares at home; while the Philadelphia magazines, as we have seen, were offering less and less, on account of the shrivelling of their subscription. The best writers of America had either been uncharacteristically deaf to inducement, or *Harper's* considered that they were already included in its columns. In the first decade of its successful existence *Harper's* had printed, by the standard of contemporary judgment, scarcely a notable name. The home-grown treasures it had contributed came chiefly from the store of the Abbott brothers—Jacob, the father of the immortal Rollo and Lucy, and of many histories which on a somewhat wider canvas presented life in the same spirit of domestic didactics; and John, who piled up during his industrious and exemplary existence more than fifty volumes of a moral, religious and historical nature. In 1870 he wrote:

I prepare a monthly article of twenty pages for *Harper's*, and am writing two books, one on the history of Louis XIV and the other the *History of the Christian Re-*

ligion. Last week I wrote the tenth chapter of this history. I have sent the first four chapters of *Louis XIV to Harper's* and have four other chapters completed. In addition to this, I have full charge of not a small parish, with all its pulpit and parochial labours; it is a rule with me to prepare one new sermon every week."

It is no wonder that Henry James, senior, complained of the "stupid Methodism" of *Harper's*, or that here and there among the sturdy middle class it so triumphantly catered to were some who remembered that even in the Scriptures it had been written that man should not live by bread alone.

In 1859, after almost a decade of *Harper's*, Godkin could write, from the city which now raised the ancient Philadelphia boast of the greatest periodical in the world, to a friend in England, his apprehension about the financial embarrassment of the *Atlantic*—with never a hint that *Harper's* was existent:

Our one, our only, magazine is again in danger. We have been for many years dying for a magazine and have been making divers unsuccessful attempts to have one of a high order, that would rival your *Blackwood* or *Fraser*. Our last attempt was *Putnam's Magazine*, which, after a brilliant career of a few years, was at last driven into that last haven of all crazy literary craft, "first-class wood-engravings." Boston stepped into the breach, however, and set on foot the *Atlantic*, which was to be kept up to the highest point of excellence by contributions from both sides of the Atlantic. The British quota, however, was not sent in very long, and it has owed a very remarkable success almost entirely to native pens. The articles were rarely either so elaborate or so profound, or even so varied in interest, as those of its English contemporaries, since that ripe and careful cultivation of which good magazine literature is the fruit is by no means so general here as with you; but they were incomparably better than any similar recueil that has yet made its appearance.

THE LIMITED APPEAL OF AMERICAN WRITERS

In reviewing the early history of its magazine, the House of Harper, published in 1912, discloses an uneasy appreciation of the need for an apologist. "If *Harper's Magazine* had been started upon the plan of exclusive American authorship," it says, "the limitation thus imposed would have been an obstacle to the development of its present comprehensive and popular scope. Every other American magazine published in 1850 had a definite plan which determined its field, and, as a matter of fact, had filled its field and had attained its full development. As regards literary appeal, the conditions of American literature at that time fixed a narrow limit. In this situation the Harpers did, as magazine publishers, what for many years they had been doing in their book business—they brought to readers the richest treasures of literature wherever they were to be found, which at that time was mostly in periodical publications of Europe." Yet in a moment the apologist hastens to announce that its eclectic character—in spite of the limitations of American literary appeal—rapidly disappeared in its very infancy. Now, it does not appear that the work of the chief native authors had undergone any change whatever by the time *Harper's* decided to give a more national tone to its pages. But even had this been the case, its readers would not have benefited thereby; for the chief concession the magazine had made to native authorship was in articles especially designed as vehicles for the illustrations that had been the other great reason for the financial success of the publication—"popular" scientific and historical and travel articles, which cheered the family circle without any danger of inebriation. These were supplied by American ministers and writers of journalistic calibre, but for the most part all expression of thought or imagination was imported from England. A moment's marshalling of the men so limited in literary appeal as to fail entirely to meet the demands of the early *Harper's* will convince one

of the impressiveness of their exclusion. We may find them in Parke Godwin's address upon Curtis:

When we began *Putnam's*, among our promised contributors—and nearly all of them made good their promise—were Irving, Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Ripley, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Kirkland, J. P. Kennedy, Fred Cozzens, Richard Grant White, Melville, Stoddard, Stedman, Read, Maria Lowell.

The secret of the exclusion of these writers is afforded almost in the same paragraph. "If we were asked why we started a monthly magazine," said Fletcher Harper, "we would have to say frankly that it was as a tender to our business, though it has grown into something quite beyond that." The business of the house, the author states quite as frankly a little later:

The Harper brothers saw an enormous reading public in a country of cheap literature and an immense store of material at their disposal in England, more various and more attractive than the home supply; and they resolved to bring the two together.

Harper's Magazine, in short, intended to do on a wider basis only what *Harper's Family Library* had done—and bring as many kinds of English literary goods as possible to an American market.

There is no reason why it should not have done so, but in the process of the lucrative enterprise no outsider, except the Average Reader, had any cause for gratitude. *Knickerbocker*, *Putnam's*, *Graham's* and the Philadelphia sisterhood had all likewise fought according to the measure of their intelligence for their place in the sun, yet they had fought for the fatherland also—they had fallen in the combat, it is true, but they had gone down with the sustaining thought of having assisted in furthering the cause of American literature. Although *Harper's* splendidly atoned for the sins of her youth, her punishment endures now when those sins have been forgotten by the present grateful generation. Scarcely, in the lives and letters

of our illustrious of fifty years ago, do we come across an appreciative and endearing mention of her name, like that which has so often bejewelled all the others. *Putnam's*, while the light of her founder still shone in her, contributed generously to the advancement of periodical literature in America, but not the least of her gifts was bestowed in departing from the field it was not given her to win—the nationalisation of *Harper's*. The *Atlantic* continued the fight, and when *Scribner's* came along in 1870 to make its notable American success, it had become no longer possible for an American magazine to be mainly nourished from over seas. The converted corsair had metamorphosed into one of our most reliable merchantmen; and thus we may echo the House of Harper in closing the retrospect of its magazine: "Looking back upon the one hundred and twenty-one volumes, the first impression made upon the mind is their real exposition of human activity and interest in the half-century and"—when it at last made its delayed appearance—"our steady growth in literary and artistic excellence."

For a long time after American authors of a higher rank began to appear, the magazine and the other periodicals of the house had but little room for them. Three novels of Dickens, four of Thackeray's, with the Four Georges, one of Bulwer's, two of George Eliot's, six of Trollope's rather crowded its earlier years. "In the period 1860-1880," says the House of Harper, "not infrequently we would have two and even three foreign serials running at the same time in each one of our three periodicals." As the prominent English novelists did not, in their opinion, often write good short stories, here seemed to offer the American opportunity; indeed, the English serials, the account continues, caused special stress to be laid upon short stories of American life. Yet the stories submitted could not have been very satisfactory, for on the occasion of Justin McCarthy's first visit to America they gave him an order for forty-five in a batch.

These, with an industry which even John Abbott might have envied, he finished and delivered before returning to the smiling shore of Britain. Besides lecturing right and left and acting as the literary editor of the *Independent*! He must have looked back upon his tidy trip with satisfaction.

All the more because, although he went to America to make money, his immediate literary success came as a surprise to him. "Up to the time of my visiting New York," he says, "I had published nothing bearing my name, but I had published three books anonymously. I found on my arrival one of my novels passing as a serial through *Harper's*, which became the means of introducing me personally to the house, with which I have had many dealings since of the most cordial and satisfactory kind." McCarthy does not, unfortunately, tell us how it happened that a serial of his could be running in New York without his knowledge. But the confusions arising from the lack of copyright gave room for endless predicaments as well as endless exploitations. William James Stillman throws some light on the magazine phase of the situation in the *Autobiography of a Journalist*:

In 1871 I became the London literary agent for *Northam's Magazine*; afterward the *Century*. I was instructed to secure a story from a certain author and contracted for the proof sheets of her next novel, about to be published in England in a certain magazine. On the announcement of *Northam's* of the coming publication, the American firm who published her prior works announced that they would not respect the agreement with the publisher, but would pirate the story. As the result of the quarrel *Northam's* resigned the story to its rival on payment to the author of the sum agreed on. But now, under an entirely unsuspected state of things, the London magazine had already sold the proof sheets of the story to a third American house, and an expose of the situation showed that English publishers had been in the practice of selling the advance proofs of their most popular works and recouping

the half of the price paid the authors. I wrote to the English papers, which were just now indulging in one of their periodical outbreaks against American literary piracy, and dwelt on the hitherto unknown point that the depredations on the author's interests were committed by the English publishers, who sold to the American the wares the latter was accused of stealing, whereas the fact was that he bought and paid equally for the right of publication, while the English publishers continued to reprint American books without the least regard for analogous transatlantic rights. . . . I was treated with a torrent of abuse. Only Mr. Trollope came forward to sustain me, with the statement that he had received more from Harpers than from his English publishers. The author whose novel had been the occasion of the trouble declared that English authors ought to make me a testimonial, but from no other source did I receive a word of thanks.

To follow all the implications of this interesting story would lead us far afield. There was, at any rate, no lack of British material, and the success of it in the magazine amply justified the admirable business perception which had thus made a market for it. As Charles Nordhoff said, "Fletcher Harper made few mistakes about his public, because he had created it." And even had he been seeking to force American writers down its capacious throat, there was a striking confirmation of the wisdom of his policy. We are told that after the conclusion of the war the edition of the magazine fell off so greatly that he seriously considered terminating its publication; but "Our Mutual Friend" and Wilkie Collins's "Armada," especially the latter, revived its circulation. After all, even when one has created a public, one is as much at its mercy as if one had not. It is with gratitude that we find that in the mid-seventies this infant-turned-giant had at last come to the appreciation of Longfellow, who had for some years been getting from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars a poem in other magazines, and for whose "Hanging on the Crane" Robert Bon-

ner, catering to the exclusively intellectual readers of the *Ledger*, had paid three thousand dollars). The poet records in 1877 that he has received one thousand dollars from them for the right of first publication of "Kéramos" in their magazine, his earliest mention of any dealings with them, although he had, through the kindly services of Fields, sold them "Morituri Salutamus" in 1875. By 1882 Higginson also, having outlived the earlier limitations of his appeal, was publishing there chapters of his *Larger History of the United States*; and notes, "I have written one of my *Harper's* papers regularly every month for the last eleven months." And in 1885—when he engaged to write a weekly article for *Harper's Bazar*, similar in tone to his *Woman's Journal* papers, but not entering upon the still delicate question, from a publisher's point of view, of suffrage—he speaks of his great pleasure in an audience of one hundred thousand people listening to his voice in all parts of the civilised world.

ILLUSTRATIONS

In artistic excellence, however, the record of America's steady growth began from the very beginning. This was for precisely the same reason that the other had not. It was found before the first year was out that the patrons wanted pictorial illustrations; and these, if they were to have any appositeness, were better procured in America. The prejudice of high-class readers against "picture-books" has historically been one of the most amusing of their many affectations; and, like a great many others, it had little counterpart in their actual practice. Intellectual people liked pictures whenever they were interesting; when they were not, it afforded an excellent opportunity to exhibit a fine chastity of taste. The three portraits of contemporary historians which enlivened the first number of *Harper's* naturally filled no family circle with clamorous joy, nor did the cautious adventures of the rest of the first volume. The numbers had, apart from fashion-plates, only about half a

dozen pictures each, and almost all of them were of the highly uninteresting kind which have "literary associations." But crude by our standards as are the early wood-cuts, the fact that they bore any immediate and spontaneous relation to the text was very interesting in itself to readers for whom the funeral-baked steel-engravings of *Graham's* and *Godey's* had coldly furnished forth the wedding feast for so many years; and *Harper's*, emboldened by the great success of a new pictorial London paper, tried a flyer with some home-made descriptive articles, rather elaborately and freshly illustrated. The experiment demonstrated. Until *Scribner's* was founded in 1870, *Harper's* had, except for a limited flight or two by the clipped-winged *Putnam's*, no competition in the new popular specialty. Their rival took a long leap ahead in the discovery and development of a new method of printing illustrations—to which perhaps more than to any other one item the success of the American magazine is to be ascribed—and *Harper's* naturally strained every nerve to come abreast of her once more. "The competition between the two," says the House of Harper, "became so keen that at times we paid as high as five hundred dollars for engraving one page. In 1888, when both the *Century* and *Scribner's* were in the field, the demand for first-class engravers was very great, and the market value of their work became a serious consideration for the publishers." Thus the competition waxed—to the chagrin and often to the cost of authors, who found their texts become decidedly second-fiddle—until the invention of process reproduction in half-tone worked another revolution and began to take the place of wood-engraving. But with it the author was in no better case. Indeed, he had all the more reason to feel that by the decrees of heaven and publishers the artist was a pampered child of fortune. For he was still second-fiddle in prices, and the change allowed the artist to gloat over the engraver, whom he had accused of tampering con-

stantly with his work; but no revolution of process is yet in sight which will compel the illustrator to stick to the author's text. Lafcadio Hearn broke his contract with *Harper's* when he found that he was getting less for his Japanese sketches than his illustrator, but his fancied superiority was as unwarrantable as his folly. Now—in the making of the modern magazine—abideth these three: the advertiser, the artist, and the author, and the least of these is the last.

EDITORIAL POLICY

The new journals of opinion founded during *Harper's* first decade and a little later reproached it for having none. But it is to be remembered that this was distinctly a new idea for a magazine which aimed at large popular circulation. Lewis Gaylord Clark, who was in charge of the "Drawer," had been editor of *Knickerbocker*, and that urbane old party would have thought it as bad taste to divide the company of gentlemen by uttering an opinion which all could not share as to raise his voice in the lurid accents of the *Ledger*. Another editor of *Harper's* was H. J. Raymond, who had plenty of opinions (proved by his having helped to found the *New York Times* and his resigning in five years in order to pay exclusive attention to it), but, like Curtis, who also had a mind of his own, he was not encouraged to express them. Indeed, when Curtis was very forcibly expressing his editorial opinion in the *Weekly* at a later date, Godkin of the *Nation* felt aggrieved that it ran counter to the personal opinion of the man. But the real editor, Fletcher Harper, kept his eye single unto the prospectus. This announced that the magazine intended to supply to the family circle of every intelligent citizen in the United States, at so low a rate as to give it a value much beyond its price, everything of *general* interest and usefulness. And the family circle must not be disrupted by opinions. "We shall not, I trust," said Mrs. Malaprop, or some other Dogberry, "venture any opinions before ladies." It was many years

before the ideal of the magazine—"that it should lie along the great lines of current thought"—was interpreted as other than merely expository. That it should not risk its great circulation by having opinions was naturally resented by those virtuous magazines which had limited theirs by doing so. The obvious safety of this course somewhat discredited, in the minds of its enemies, the obvious sanity of another—the middle path it took between the immoderation of slaveholder and of abolitionist. This was also thought to be dictated by prudence. It was, however, an opinion shared by every property-holder in New York; as was also the advocacy, after 1861, of the principles of the Republican party. Not, then, until it espoused Civil Service Reform, and later the nomination of Grover Cleveland, did its subscription list run any risk by reason of its ideas. And by that time it was beginning to be discovered that nobody gave up reading a magazine which was nine-tenths profitable entertainment merely because he disagreed with the other tenth. It was just about this era that Sarah Bernhardt became a great factor in our civilisation by providing a topic of burning discussion in clubs and debating societies (a subject which agitated many editorial sanctums also): "Should we go to see an immoral actress? (Especially if foreign?)" But long before the *Magazine* ventured to have opinions of its own, it had intrusted them to the *Weekly*, issued in 1857. This, too, announced itself as "adopted for family reading"; but, being nearer a newspaper by three weeks, tradition justified it, family harmony notwithstanding, in speaking its mind. How long ago it seems since literary magazines, like clergymen, were expected to have plenty of sentiments, but no alienating ideas!

Almost as long ago was it when publishers trusted it was not necessary for them to reiterate their assurance that nothing should ever be admitted to the pages of the magazine in the slightest degree offensive to delicacy or any moral sentiment. When *Harper's* added in

volume five a department "Pictorial Comicalities"—the matter and manner of which was not very dissimilar to *Graham's* "Sips of Punch," begun in 1851 and followed later by "Original Comicalities"—it declared its intention with the utmost solemnity: "The most scrupulous care will be exercised that humour shall not pass into vulgarity or satire degenerate into abuse."

This whole subject of the sacredness of moral sentiments, which once so concerned our publishers, is, of course, extremely skittish. Nor is this the place to dwell upon the inevitable absurdities of a censor. It is not so long ago that the law of the English-speaking stage was, "Say anything you like about seduction, but be sure you call it flirtation—except, of course, in a farce"; and since mothers were writing to school teachers, "Don't teach my girl anything about her insides; 'taint no use, and besides it's rude." But surely few things are more apt to make us blush than the books we once called immoral. And the influence of our magazine publishers in prolonging our intellectual infancy must have been a powerful one. The announcements which bleat so proudly from all of their opening pages would no longer allure subscribers to-day, when the hearth has ceased to be a cloister and fathers have given up fondly conceiving that the family circle suspends its animation until they return with the hour of the evening lamp. The House of Harper provides a delightful illustration of how beneficent has been the flight of time. Can you fancy this happening in the 'sixties, for instance, when the moral sensitiveness of *Harper's* was appalling?

The Simpletons, afterward Hearts In-surgent, as it appeared in the magazine, was published by us in its original form as a book, with the title *Jude the Obscure*. We had said when he wrote us that he must assure us it would be in every respect suitable for a family magazine. He said it would not offend the most fastidious maiden; so we began it. It had not progressed far when he informed us that he was distressed

to say the development of the story was carrying him into unexpected fields, and he proposed that we discontinue it or make any changes we desired. We wrote him that we were properly ashamed of every word of protest we had to write, but our rule was that the magazine should contain nothing which could not be read aloud in any family circle. Hardy, without any irritation, rewrote one of the chapters, and we made some modifications as the story ran.

Addisonian in its morality and its sentimentality, it was—in the beginning—following in all other respects the well-beaten and safe path. Unlike *Putnam's* and the *Atlantic*, it sought nothing new. The early issues lacked only a meterological page to duplicate its forbears of a score of years before. The old titles to the old departments are all here, without any effort for individuality or originality—Literary and Scientific Miscellany, Literary Notices, Monthly Review of Current Events, Domestic and Foreign, Fashions. Only in the third volume is an attempt made to be interesting in the titles of the new departments, Editor's Drawer, Easy Chair, and Editor's Table. These headings, like Leaves from Punch, were stereotype, but not flavourless, and made some slight concession to erring humanity. They did not even exhibit any novelty in the type they employed—speaking according to sanctified precedent in the tiny voice of Alice's gnat, as if their time alone were worth a thousand pounds a minute. This third volume, by the way, announces that it cost more than either of its predecessors by five to ten thousand dollars! A lavish use of figures, which becomes all the more convincing when you remember that just at this time Graham mentioned (certainly not conservatively) one-fourth of the lesser amount as a thumping sum for a single number, even when most of his authors were paid. The Editor's Table purposed to discuss the higher questions of ethics and principles, the Drawer was to serve viands otherwise rejectable, the Easy Chair was for light and pointed

social chat. The last was undertaken in 1853 by Curtis, although other men contributed to it for several years. Curtis had become a Harper author with Nile Notes in 1851, and when he became associated with the magazine he was an editor of *Putnam's*, which a little later spoke its mind so freely on the policy of its editor's other household. As the two publishers were on the most ticklish terms, never could a man have had more trouble with his double life; and he doubtless returned devout thanks when he became monogamous again. It was in 1863 that he left the Chair, which he must have found at times uneasy, to be political editor of the *Weekly*. This year Mr. Howells joined the magazine, and Literary Notices reincarnated under the more attractive name of Editor's Study. Here he was succeeded by Charles Dudley Warner. The trio is a gracious and accomplished one, of which any magazine—or era—might be proud. When the *Bazar* appeared in 1867, Curtis took a department in that also. The *Bazar* was the same canny compound of old and new which had made the other periodicals so brilliantly successful. Its sub-title, A Repository of Fashion and Instruction, might have graced many of our eighteenth century magazines; but the ingenious advertising which heralded it and its pictorial policy were an outcome of Harper's specialised experience. The first Easy-Chair, so charmingly endeared to later generations by its succession of genial occupants, is of interest.

After our more severe editorial work is done—the scissors laid in our drawer and the Monthly Record made as full as our pages will bear, of history—we have a way of throwing ourselves back into an old red-backed easy-chair that has long been an ornament of our dingy office, and indulging in an easy and careless overlook of the gossiping papers of the day, and in such chit-chat with chance visitors as keeps us informed of the drift of the town-talk. Having made our course good, we mean to catch up in these few additional pages those

lighter whiffs from the great world of opinion which come floating to us as we sit here in our Easy-Chair.

Thus it records the fire of December, 1853, which cost the firm a million and a half dollars and destroyed the entire January number of the magazine—and incidentally demonstrated most triumphantly the Harper efficiency by delaying it no more than ten days:

It is now just about a year since we rescued our Easy-Chair from the falling timbers and the general wreck of our great fire. This Easy-Chair can never forget how along the wires came thrilling a thousand messages of cheerful encouragement, of prompt offers of aid, and of the most generous sympathy. But not only is our Easy-Chair planted again, but a great part of the building in which it stands is restored. The same old square between Cliff Street and Pearl Street will be occupied by the new structure.

"Wesley Harper told me," wrote Charles Nordhoff, "that the fire seemed at first a heaven-sent opportunity to give up business. They were abundantly wealthy. 'We never dared let our children know how well off we were,' he said, 'for fear of spoiling their lives.'" Nordhoff tells his experience in "Some Editors I Have Known":

I came into the firm in the fall of 1856. Mr. Fletcher Harper was then in his prime and planning the establishment of a weekly paper. I was a young man and very much unknown. I had offered them a small book for children and had signed the contract, when he suddenly asked me if I should like to come to them. I was to have no specific duties, but would have to find my place and work. On my first appearance in Franklin Square I felt as uncomfortable as a very young cat in a very strange garret. I found it literally true that for a while I had no regular duties. I wrote some things, of which a few were used; I read foreign papers and made extracts; at the suggestion of an editor, whose kindness to a very depressed young man I have never forgotten, I "gutted" a new book of travel and ad-

venture—that is to say, I made out of the most readable parts of it a magazine article, and this, to my delight, was printed; and of this kind of work I did later a good deal. Then I became one of the readers. . . . Mr. Fletcher Harper had a sound popular judgment. In respect to magazine articles he often stood alone—but his judgment was final. “Whether we ought to publish it” meant with him whether it would be intelligible, interesting and useful to the average American reader. Mr. Harper made very few mistakes. He was a most lovely character, unpretentious and considerate to all in his employ. I suppose the other brothers would have freely owned that Mr. Fletcher Harper was the ablest of them all, but they were a united band.

ITS RIVALRY WITH INFANT PHENOMENON NUMBER TWO

In 1874 *Harper's* followed the lead of *Scribner's* and the *Atlantic* in introducing the transformed South and its new writers. This exceedingly great service to the cause of the American reunion, as well as of American letters, had been begun the year before. Its effect upon the Southern attitude toward the North was immediate. “Contrary to the idea which had prevailed in the South after the war,” says Mr. Edwin Mims, in his *Life of Lanier*, “that Northern people would refuse to recognise Southern genius, it was the Northern magazines which made possible the success of Southern literature.” *Harper's* in January, 1874, began a series of articles on the New South, and the next year Constance Fenimore Woolson began to write her Southern articles. In 1887 Southern literature, thanks to *Scribner's* and the *Atlantic*, had now become of such bulk and quality as to hold a conspicuous place in periodical output, and *Harper's* devoted an appreciative article to it, saying that it had introduced a stream of rich warm blood. In opening another new field *Harper's* was nip and tuck with *Scribner's*, but, as before, the latter seems to have nipped first. This was the issuing of an English edition. It started off in

1880 with a large circulation, and there was in the beginning a difference in the editorial departments. “The delicacy and beauty of the illustrations,” says the House of Harper, “found nothing comparable in Europe; and it was the English edition of *Harper's* which made Europe acknowledge our superior work in rapid fine art printing.” But *Scribner's* also rather piqued itself on making Europe sit up and take notice—the inborn craving of every true American heart—and feeling that she was ahead of her rival in illustration, as well as in priority of the invasion of London, she naturally claimed that honour. “The founding of an English edition,” said she in 1881, “seemed on the face of it like carrying coals to Newcastle. It was not many years since American monthlies largely lived upon the productions, sometimes bought and sometimes stolen, of English writers. Starting with an edition of two thousand, it now issues in England eighteen thousand. The daring of the publishers has given an impetus to American literature in England, two other magazines having since issued English editions.”

Her rivalry with *Scribner's-Century* was always a touchy subject with *Harper's*. Dr. H. M. Field in his paper, *The Evangelist*, wrote in 1894 a straddling article entitled “Is There a Falling Off in Our Magazines, or Are They Better Than Ever?” It was difficult to extract his meaning, for what he took away with one hand he gave back with the other. But it was at least apparent that he had praised the *Century*, and condemned some qualities which *Harper's* shared with the other popular magazines. “The idea of *Harper's* learning a lesson from the *Century* is not objectionable,” wrote Mr. H. M. Alden in reply, “as I hope we are not above learning a lesson from any quarter. There would have been no competition if the *Century* had not so entirely adopted the plan of *Harper's* from beginning to end, even in its editorial department. This was a very comprehensive lesson taught by *Harper's* to the

Century, as, indeed, to every popular illustrated magazine that could hope for wide success." As we have already seen, neither the idea of their editorial departments nor of addressing the average family circle originated with *Harper's*; what the magazine chiefly resented was the imputation of "stooping to a lower level of readers." But it was an accusation that once the firm would have gloried in, and did when charged with it by certain unsuccessful magazines. *Harper's* had grown with the growing age, that is all; and was a little ashamed to recall that its estimate of the average family circle had once been somewhat lower than now could be remembered with any pride. As for the rest of Dr. Field's charge, it ran as follows:

They have carried illustrations to such an extent that they (the magazines) are becoming more and more picture-books, very beautiful to the eye, but a little wearisome to one who looks for something besides "embellishments," while in their contents there is a little too much of froth and foam for my antiquated taste. Whereas I once felt that life was hardly worth living if I did not have my monthly magazines, I now feel that I could at least endure existence if those stars in the literary firmament should disappear.

Mr. Alden wrote in somewhat pointed rejoinder to this part of the accusation:

I will admit that we are not making so prominent the editorial features as we did a generation ago—simply because other agencies meet the popular need. We never treated political or religious questions; but recently, far more than formerly, have we laid open the more hidden phases of European politics and the most important phases of religious development. It is a good thing for you and me (who are growing older) that there are now special periodicals, religious, scientific, artistic and political, to which we can resort for the satisfaction of our scholarly interests in these several fields, untroubled and undistracted by the fluctuating and ever-changing moods of a world that insists upon living as strongly as we insist upon studying.

This was a good enough answer, but there were obviously three better ones which he was constrained from making. It would perhaps have been impolitic to express his surprise that any one could prefer the didactic and wishy-washy tone of the old *Harper's* to the tone of the modern magazine; it would perhaps have been impolite to point to the pages of the dull and feeble *Evangelist* as the sort of thing they had now learned to avoid; and it would perhaps have proved embarrassing to inquire what in that year's contents had given Dr. Field the impression of prevailing foam and froth. Merely to open the two bound volumes of that year gives a reminiscent delight. Where could be found a more varied, substantial and well-seasoned feast? Dr. Field confessed to as much loftiness of spirit about stories as about pictures—but friends who had read them didn't feel repaid for their time. Well, they were by Miss Wilkins, Constance Woolson, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Sarah Orne Jewett, Egbert Craddock, Owen Wister, R. H. Davis and Howard Pyle. As for serials, the year was made remarkable by one of the most exquisite of American romances—"A Kentucky Cardinal," by James Lane Allen—and "Trilby," by Du Maurier, which if it stooped to a lower level of readers, stooped to conquer the world, since it was by universal admission more popular with more kinds of readers than any other serial ever published. But to turn to something Dr. Field at least would not recoil from unread, since it provided the educational and informational food he craved, there were, among an opulent list of topics, "Charleston in 1861," "Egypt and Chalda in Recent Discoveries," "Emperor William's Stud Farm and Hunting Forest," "The English Senate," "Russia and Her Jews," "Tuberculosis and Its Prevention," "Relation of Life to Style in Architecture," a series of articles on "Great American Industries" and some studies of the "Comedies of Shakespeare," together with instalments of Mr. Howells's charming literary recollections. Other authors were Frederic

Remington, George W. Smalley, Edwin Lord Weeks, Poulney Bigelow, and Arthur T. Hadley—a light and frothy crew! It was a golden year. What volume of *Knickerbocker* or *Putnam's* or *Graham's* or *Godey's* could have made his life more worth living when he was young? Dr. Field confessed that he might be growing old, but what rose-misted reminiscence of youth could so enhalo any periodical in the whole history of America as to entitle it to stand beside the plain fact of *Harper's*, 1894! And except for the beatific chance of the two serials, the year was not unrep-

resentative. Fashions in literature come and go, and the worst as well as the best of magazines must follow them; after a season of grey half-tints and an exasperating cultivation of nuances, swings in a season of splurge and an equally exasperating welter of red blood—with the change the individual liking may expand or contract, but it should admit, if it recognise that a magazine is published for more than one subscriber, a steady level of catholic excellence in *Harper's* which it would be difficult to suggest ways of surpassing.

ARNOLD BENNETT AS A MELODRAMATIST

BY GEORGE BRONSON-HOWARD

I

SAID Robert Stevenson of Rudyard Kipling, writing from Saranac Lake in 1890:

He amazes me by his precocity and various endowments. But he alarms me by his copiousness and haste. He should shield his fire with both hands, "and draw all his strength and all his sweetness up into one ball."

If the beloved Louis was alarmed that, through haste and wide direction, Kipling would waste his energies before he delivered his message, what would that same Tusitala have felt at discovering talent in the earlier work of the facile and versatile Five Towns fellow? Unremittingly painstaking over the smallest literary task, and fortunate enough to have means that was provided by his pen, Stevenson never allowed anything to leave his workshop until he had lavished upon it the last possible iota of lapidarianism. So that when he saw in the work of others points neglected through haste, he grieved. Had there been less of this in Stevenson, the world would have been richer for many tales and essays plotted out, in some cases partly done.

With one so inevitably doomed to short life, it would seem that for the sake of polished phrasing we lost much we can ill afford, especially when the subjects of the unfinished tales are dangled tantalisingly before us by biographers and writers of Stevenson memorials. That yarn about "Jerry Abershaw" now; "a tale of the Great North Road"; with one of its chapters laid on and many about Hounslow Heath. How I, for one, have longed to read that yarn. How I have pictured it, written in the style of *A Lodging for the Night*.

It may be fitly answered that I would have had no Villon story, with its memorable snowy Paris night, had Stevenson written less sedulously; but it is my privilege to reply that while some finer flights of style might be missed, it was, after all, the atmosphere and the characters of *A Lodging for the Night* that put it on a shelf with *The Christmas Carol*—another triumph of atmosphere—to be read and reread. And yet, while accomplishing the same purpose, *The Carol* does not abound in delicate phrasery. We love it none the less for that.

I imagine all will agree that we

would unwillingly part with *Great Expectations*, *Dombey and Son*, *Our Mutual Friend* and *Martin Chuzzlewit* for the same of more polished versions of *Pickwick*, *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Barnaby Rudge*. Put us in solitary confinement and give us the choice of but one set of one author, and, while there is in all Dickens no equal number of words as effective as the *A Lodging for the Night*, I hardly believe that we would prefer the scanty Stevenson set to the ample one of Dickens.

No, let us by all means have as many of the author's imaginings as he can write in his usual vein, and as long as they produce the desired effect upon us, we are willing to be indulgent when our favourite's tired brain falls into blank verse, or he forgets the difference between pathetic with a "p" and with a "b." One feels sure, after finishing his Dickens, that he has had as much of the author as there was to have. With Stevenson this is not so. No person has written of Stevenson's work without maddening us with imaginations unfulfilled.

II

It was Stevenson's opinion, and is that of many literary censors to-day, that facility is fatal to the development of talent, and that quickly conceived and hastily written matter of early days stand blots immemorial against future reputations. Worse: work done not the author's best (at the time) weakens his inspiration and retards his progress; so that, if much of such work is done, progress ceases and genius dies in the fire that boils the pot.

No doubt this is true when an author looks upon such work as good work and uses it as a standard. But hack-work, in my opinion, never yet has hurt any writer worthy of the name; so long as he realises it *is* hack-work and does it sooner than submit to outside employment distasteful to his temperament. It is difficult to clerk all day and produce masterpieces all night. Leaving aside the drain upon energy, it puts

the young writer in so subordinate a position that he must be a confirmed egoist, indeed, who can take himself with sufficient seriousness to believe that one the world so hustles about on petty details by day has it in him to be an instructor of that world by night.

Egoism plus egotism is necessary to the young writer just trying his wings; necessary to persuade him to try them for splendid flights; although, as one's knowledge of the world is necessarily exceedingly small when first tempted to fly, the result of such flights, outside justifying him to make further use of his wings, can be of very little service to the world at large. To leave hyperbole: the youthful writer knowing nothing of human nature and of life (*per se*), his earlier writings can be of little permanent value unless he be a poet, a child-genius, a Keats, fast-defying paradox. Therefore, the earlier efforts of a young writer will be either expositions of the mechanical side of his imagination or else be copies of sentiments and philosophies of writers he most admires.

Stevenson recognised this fact instinctively, and, consciously (as everybody remembers), aped the style of masters. Combining these imitation styles with boyish imaginations, he produced (he tells us) epics styled "Robin Hood," "Rathillet," "The King's Pardon" and others whose titles betray their type. Perhaps they were not so worthless as he thought; but he had a father and an allowance, so was not forced to discover. For this work, then, he got only experience. Arnold Bennett, by trimming such cloth closer to the desired pattern, got the same experience, and, besides, money to support him while he learned his trade so thoroughly that he could produce *The Old Wives' Tale*, *Buried Alive*, *A Great Man*.

III

Feeling that the public should see that it, not he, was to blame for the inferior quality of subjects selected for a majority of his earlier work, Arnold Bennett in 1900 delivered himself of an

anonymous brochure, *The Truth About an Author*. In this he tells us that after producing a novel written in a manner to please Flaubert and the brothers de Goncourt, he was no richer than half a guinea above the cost of typing it. This novel, now to be identified as *A Man from the North*, is creditable fiction; not poignant, scarcely vital, concerning itself, as it does, with Bennett's own authorial aspirations, but distinctly worth while, and with no stylistic traits of the amateur.

It was received by the press, in many instances, with enthusiasm; the enthusiasm every reviewer feels for a book by an unknown that can be read with neither skipping nor impatience. But Bennett could not afford to write forty-five thousand words at one-fiftieth of a cent a word. He wanted at least the current rate he himself was compelled to pay for reliable serials by hack-writers—a guinea a thousand words. He was at the time acting as editor of a small magazine for women, and he knew the rates. Also he knew the formula:

I had entered into a compact with myself never to "write down" . . . in long fiction. I was bound to pander to the vulgar taste in my editing, articles, and short stories, but I had sworn I would keep the novel-form unsullied for the pure exercise of the artist in me. What became of this high compact? . . . It was forgotten the instant I saw a chance of earning the money of shame. . . . The tale was divided into twelve instalments of five thousand words apiece and I composed it in twenty-four half-days. . . .

This tale the present writer now identifies as *The Gates of Wrath*, since upon the reverse of that volume's title-page appears the note: ". . . published serially before the publication of either *The Grand Babylon Hotel* or *Anna of the Five Towns*." No doubt it lay dormant between magazine pages until these future semi-successes, and, having disposed of the book rights and unable to prevent its republication, Bennett shamefacedly adds the slight apology just

quoted. We appreciate the apology. It is not meet that a Bennett enthusiast be plunged into alien blood-and-thunder without some sort of warning.

For this *frisson* Bennett received about a cent a word, and perceiving that he could so earn three guineas per half-day, plunged into composition again, evolving *The Mystery of the Grand Babylon Hotel*, and beginning my first acquaintanceship with him.

IV

The Grand Babylon Hotel—as it is more generally known—dates back fifteen years. Yes, fifteen years—you who now regard Bennett as a new and promising writer, deploring only his fecundity of production—fifteen years ago Arnold Bennett's second book was published in these United States. The first, *A Man from the North*, has John Lane's imprint, and the date of copyright 1898; the second, this sensation serial now under discussion, appeared first—you will never guess where—in the *Argosy*. So that the editors of *McClure's*, *Harper's* and the American magazines must waive their claim as to the discoverers of Bennett's toothsome magazine confectionery in favour of Matthew White, Jr., whom boys have worshipped for a quarter century as the tutelary genius of the first *Munsey Magazine*.

Whether Mr. White paid anything for the American serial rights of *The Grand Babylon Hotel* he now smilingly refuses to say; but it is doubtful, for in those days prior to international copyright in its stricter or moral sense, struggling magazines often maintained men who had almost no other duties than to look up the actual hard-and-fast copy-righting of English authors' work; and since our copyright law made it frightfully expensive to copyright English work, the stories of minor authors, if not snapped up when offered for American sale before English publication, were allowed to take their chance. I note that the American edition of this work now under discussion bore no men-

tion of copyright, and after serial publication opened its pages in New York under an unimportant publisher's imprint, not as *The Grand Babylon Hotel*, but as *T. Racksele and Daughter*.

I may safely say that, as an *Argosy* story, this second serial of Bennett's attracted boyish attention. Its hero and heroine were Americans in London, and every form of kidnapping, murder, conspiracy and crime in general flourished in its pages. But in the opening chapters, and here and there amid sensations, are traces of that whimsical awe and exaggeration which are among the chiefest charms of the Bennett we know to-day.

I lavished wit and style on the thing, and there is no material splendour of life that I left out. I wrote the fifteen instalments in fifteen days. But when I was done I was a wreck.

So writes Bennett concerning the story now identified. It is curious that no reviewers have troubled to perform this office for any work referred to when *The Truth About an Author* was republished recently; nor to speak of its author as a sensational serialist. Possibly to them Bennett's earlier stuff is as unknown as it is to the bookseller; they have no remembrance of Bennett in those earlier days.

Again Bennett disposed of all rights in his work for payment only slightly in advance of the last; one and one-half cents per word was paid for *The Grand Babylon Hotel*—serial rights, second serial rights, foreign rights, book rights, dramatic rights, everything.

This will always remain a sore spot with Bennett. For the serial was a boom. It was profusely illustrated, highly advertised and, later, overran the provincial press. As a book in London it went almost immediately into a second edition.

"It was the first of my books that *The Times* condescended to review," writes Bennett; "the *Spectator* took it seriously in a column and a quarter and my friends took it seriously. I became known as the author of that serial. . . ."

Indeed, he did, and I can remember a certain small boy who, having enthused over the *Argosy* serial, persuaded his father to buy, as part of the literary portion of his Christmas gift, the next Bennett book to see American light, *Anna of the Five Towns*, dramatised by the author as *Cupid and Commonsense*, and performed by the Stage Society, London, in 1908. An act is added ridiculing the youthful serious termination of the tale, which the *McClures* brought out soon after, the first of the *Five Towns* books, and, like most of them, a serious character study. I can remember that boy, wading through descriptions of commonplace people in the forlorn hope that, soon, a prince, incognito, would appear to make love to Anna, followed by an arch-conspirator, who would tempt Anna's grim father to aid him in his nefarious kidnapping by appeals to cupidity. But finally the book was traded to a second-hand dealer for a tattered copy of *The White Company*, and Bennett faded out of the boyish mind as a possibility when asked to name authors desired for birthday and other presents.

V

Just why Bennett serials did not continue to appear in the *Argosy* Mr. White will not say. Privately, it is my opinion that with the publication of that magazine in England it was not deemed advisable to include English stuff that had already had serial publication. For Bennett was not the only author to vanish from its pages after endearing himself to its boyish clientele.

An author to be found still in the catalogues of Messrs. Sampson, Low, Marsden and Company vanished with Bennett. This firm was the English representative of the French house that brought out the Jules Verne stories; and, while the *Argosy* was too late for Jules, it rejected in his successor and imitator, M. André Laurie, one of whose tales about adventurers in the moon I remember pleased the *Argosy* boys mightily. André Laurie continued to write reams just as available, and so

did Bennett, although he goes into details about *The Gates of Wrath* and *The Grand Babylon Hotel* only.

"Subsequently I wrote other serials, but never again with the same verve," that is all *The Truth About an Author* has to say concerning the many volumes of sensation that Bennett afterward brought out. His sensational fictions, in fact, are almost the equal in number of his more serious works, and it may be are not complete in volume form, either. Dimly do I remember some yarns—a series—that appeared in the magazine edited by and bearing the name of Archibald Clavering Gunter—as far as I know, the second sensational serial of Bennett's to be published here. They seemed to concern—although this is not certain—some noble lord posing as a valet; and the title, *The Loot of Cities* (which I have never been able to procure), seems to suggest that this published volume may be identified with that Gunter series. This book and *Teresa of Watling Street* are the only Bennett melodramas I have not read.

That Bennett began calling these sensation serials "melodramas" when serially issued is evidenced by the title-page of *The Gates of Wrath*; but evidently this had a deterring effect upon the purse-strings of "genteel" lower middle-class buyers, and no doubt editors suggested that Bennett make apologies less thinly disguised; as that when *The Grand Babylon Hotel* was issued the author substituted as a criticism, "A Fantasia on Modern Thames." Thereafter this type of story was included among his works under "Fantasies" contradistinguished from "Novels" of the *Five Towns* series. A masterly blending of "fantasia" and "novel" is *Buried Alive* with the good features of both and the bad ones of neither. The fourth of these sensational serials, a discussion of the third serial comes later, to have American publication was *Hugo*.

In this Bennett shows the romantic possibilities of a huge department store. In it he practically duplicates the system used in his second serial, except that

he dramatises Marshal and Snelgrove's, say, instead of the Savoy or Cecil Hotel. But this magazine publication in America came after *The Old Wives' Tale* had brought him success, nay, fame; and cannot be called strictly serial publication, for the magazine (one of the all-fiction Munsey publications) admits that the story has had previous book publication in America. (Again an obscure publishing firm.) *The Ghost*, another "fantasia" published in America, had the same type of publisher; but the others remain, mercifully, on Chatto and Windus's catalogues only.

The "fantasias" in the order of that catalogue are as follows: *The Grand Babylon Hotel*, *The Gates of Wrath*, *Teresa of Watling Street*, *The Loot of Cities*, *Hugo*, *The Ghost*, *The Sinews of War*, *The City of Pleasure* and *The Statue*. *The City of Pleasure*—another place of public interest dramatised; this time Earl's Court or Coney Island—is the last by his own hand. On *The Statue* he had the assistance of no less a person than Mr. Eden Phillpotts, famous for Dartmoor word pictures. It was not their first collaboration; together they had already produced *The Sinews of War*, which, under the name of *Doubloons*, had serial publication here in the *Sunday American and Journal*, antedating *Hugo*; for this was in the days when Bennett was unknown to American readers, and consequently the story was placed almost altogether to Phillpotts's discredit.

To those familiar with preceding "fantasias," however, there was more of Bennett; the descriptions of Bermudan scenery alone suggested the Dartmoor artist. *The Statue*, I think, must be an acknowledged failure; it is neither sensational serial nor novel; suggesting that the authors took little interest in their work and tried to make up for this deficiency by assiduous concentration in the working out of details.

VI

The date on *The City of Pleasure* is 1907; the reverse of title-page shows

that it is copyrighted in the United States—no doubt Bennett was weary of unauthorised American editions. At that time he was the author of five *Five Towns* novels, *A Great Man*, two volumes of *Five Towns* short stories—many republished after his American fame in *McClure's Magazine*, five volumes of belles-lettres, and a collection of "Polite Farces"; so it would seem that sensational serials had impaired neither his ability nor his vision.

His fame was growing despite this "fantasia" prostitution; and he now determined to do no more. Only *The Statue* afterward appeared, and, as has been said, was taken too seriously, and not seriously enough to be successful. Soon after Bennett began the labours resulting in *The Old Wives' Tale*, published in England only a year and a half after *The City of Pleasure*; and then to him finally came financial success, precluding further need of "writing down." Followed the speedy publication of all his American unrecognised novels by the Doran Company, which made of George H. Doran something more than the American selling agent of Hodder and Stoughton; and the initiative of the Duttons in making with Bennett a liberal contract for the American rights of a new *Five-Towns* series, a contract that has given us two of a serious trilogy (*Clayhanger* and *Hilda Lessways*) and one comedy, *Denry the Audacious*, called in England *The Card*, a sequel to which now runs its way in the *American Magazine*, *The Regent*.

Jack London in *Martin Eden* tells how scornfully "Martin" received the plaudits of a finally awakened public; all for "work performed." No doubt Bennett feels something akin to this when he reads enthusiastic American criticisms of novels which, when published, brought him so little that they were not deemed worthy of American copyright: a state of things that forced him to the manufacture of sensational series; while all along he wrote illuminative criticisms of which novels *should* be!

Which reminds the present writer that one of the best volumes of contemporary literary criticism has never seen the American light. It is *Fame and Fiction*, by E. A. Bennett, published in 1901 by Grant Richards, and published before Bennett had deleted the superfluous "Enoch." The fact that Bennett was so secretive about his given names, using initials only for his first published volumes, has given rise to the calumny that the novelist was christened not "Enoch Arnold" but "Enoch Arden." This (many urge) is quite probable, since Tennyson's sentimentalities were the rage among the people of the *Five Towns*. And those sentimentalities are of the sort to enrage one who, from his own admission, finds among the coldly logical of the Flaubert school his favourite authors. However, that is as it is. Arnold by any other name could write as well, so it hardly matters except to him and, perhaps, to those whose sense of humour is so great that they find delicious paradox in such a parent's reminder upon so errant a child.

Such a paper as this should have a purpose; else why drag from obscurity work a celebrated author would rather forget. And the purpose was expressed for the knowing in the quotation of R. L. S. upon Kipling. Bennett has proven it is not necessary to "draw up all your strength and all your sweetness into one ball." The change of prenominal form is intentional; the change refers to those young writers of talent forced by the age to produce work such as Bennett's "fantasias," or perish before their message has been delivered. It is to encourage them to labour upon remunerative work containing that message that the above has been written; to prove to them that though they may be hack-writers by day they may be real writers by night.

It is the very spread of education that has caused their temporary undoing. The great figures of last century's literature flourished when a few people made literature's laws; those few, mostly of



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT IN THIS PICTURE ARE OWEN JOHNSON, THE NOVELIST; WALTER HALE, THE ETCHER; CHARLES HOFFBAUER, THE PAINTER, AND ARNOLD BENNETT. THE PICTURE WAS TAKEN IN JULY OF THIS YEAR, AND THE MEN ARE WITHIN THIRTY YARDS OF THE FRENCH TRENCHES AND ONE HUNDRED YARDS OF THE GERMAN TRENCHES. MR. JOHNSON, MR. HALE AND MR. HOFFBAUER ARE MEMBERS OF THE SAME NEW YORK CLUB. IN AUGUST, 1914, MR. HOFFBAUER SAID GOOD-BYE TO HIS CLUBMATES AND WENT TO FRANCE TO ANSWER THE CALL TO THE COLOURS. ALMOST A YEAR LATER MR. JOHNSON AND MR. HALE WERE PRIVILEGED TO SEE THE FRENCH ARMY AT CLOSE RANGE, AND CHANCE THREW THEM IN WITH THEIR CLUBMATE

catholic tastes; at least enough judgment to make it necessary for any even popular novelist to possess talent. Now that such dicta are by sales alone (a great army of recently unread people responsible, in most cases, for sales), the man of talent must cry long in a wilderness of books before his voice, like Ben-

nett's, is heard and recognised. And so, contemplating his lengthy obscurity and the work he did, yet loathed Arnold Bennett remains the great exemplar of early twentieth-century literature; one who adapted himself to conditions that he might live to deliver the message that was in him.

THE TROUBLESOME LAST ACT

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

THERE is an old saying in the theatre that hell is paved with good first acts; for many a play has started out with promise and failed to fulfil that promise in the end. It must not be supposed, however, that first acts are easy to construct. In fact, the very contrary is true; for the problem of laying out a well-ordered exposition is one of the most difficult for the playwright to attack. But, even if he falters in his handling of this problem, he may be carried safely by his subject-matter. If the project of his play is at all interesting, and particularly if it shows the trait of novelty, a barely adequate exposition of this project will attract the attention of the audience and hold it until time is called by the first curtain-fall.

In the subsequent acts, however, the attention of the audience is shifted from a consideration of the material itself to a consideration of what the playwright does with this material; and this is the reason why a faltering technique is more disastrous to a play in those acts which come subsequent to the exposition. A certain expectation has already been aroused; and the audience will be disappointed if this expectation is not satisfied with proper emphasis. To climb the ladder to a climax without ever missing footing on an upward step is a technical task that calls for nice discrimination. The climax itself is usually easy to achieve. It is the first thing that the author has imagined; it is, indeed, the *raison d'être* of his play; and

the "big scene" so much admired by the public has seldom cost the playwright any trouble. But this climax is customarily succeeded by a last act that is troublesome indeed; and it is precisely at this point that the majority of plays are dashed upon the rocks of failure. It is harder to write a satisfactory last act than to write twenty good "big scenes" or ten adequately interesting acts of exposition. These figures have been gathered from observing many plays. The fact, then, is empirical: but wherein lies the explanation of the fact?

The main difficulty in laying out a satisfactory last act arises from the fact that it comes by custom after the climax of the play and is consequently doomed to deal with material inherently less dramatic than what has gone before. To state the matter in the simplest terms, it is more difficult for the playwright to conduct a falling than a rising action. Whatever follows a climax must appear an anti-climax; and the playwright, like the mountain-climber, is inclined to stumble on the downward trail.

Why not, then, obliterate this downward trail?—why not build the action to its climax and then suddenly cut off any further consideration of the story? The negative answer to this question is based upon tradition; and it is therefore necessary that the origins of this tradition should briefly be examined.

In Greek tragedy the climax of the play was always followed by a period of falling action, in which the tragic ten-



"THE BOOMERANG"—ACT I

"The settings are more simple, and less encumbered with unnecessary furniture, than those which Mr. Belasco has exhibited in the past. In the first act, however, he allows the hero of the play, who is a doctor, to wash his hands at an enamelled sink, equipped with running water and with liquid soap. . . . The ostentatious exhibition of that actual sink distracts attention, for the moment, from the imaginative delicacy of the comedy."

sity was lessened and the mood was softened to serenity. Nearly all the literary critics have assumed that the Greeks adopted this pattern in obedience to some esthetic theory; but to a critic of the drama it seems more sensible to suppose that this pattern was imposed upon them by the necessity of providing for an exodus of the chorus from the orchestra. The chorus could not march out while the three actors on the stage were still in the throes of the climax; and it could not remain in the orchestra after the play was over. Hence a period of falling action had to be provided as a sort of recessional for the supernumeraries.

The anti-climax at the close of Elizabethan tragedy may be similarly explained by reference to the physical peculiarities of the Elizabethan theatre. After Shakespeare had strewn the stage

with bodies in the last act of *Hamlet*, he had to provide a period of diminished tensivity during which the accumulated dead could be carried off the stage. The simple reason for this fact is that he had no curtain to ring down. Hence in the original text, the long continuance of unimportant talk after the entrance of Fortinbras. Hence, also, in the original text of *Romeo and Juliet*, the interminable speech of Friar Laurence at the conclusion of the tragedy. This, obviously, was provided to afford sufficient time to carry off the bodies of Romeo and Juliet and Paris.

We are so accustomed to the proscenium curtain in the modern theatre that we are likely to forget that this revolutionary innovation was not introduced until the latter half of the seventeenth century. For two centuries it has been possible to drop the curtain and sud-



"YOUNG AMERICA"—ACT II

"The dirty-faced little gangster is tried in a children's court and is about to be sent to a reformatory when his pathetic appeal that his dog shall be sent away with him so moves the young woman whose chicken-coop he has rifled that she insists on standing sponsor for him and adopting him into her own household, even against the protests of her husband."

denly exclude from observation all the actors on the stage; but this fact has not as yet succeeded utterly in overturning a tradition of the drama which had been necessitated by the physical requirements of the preceding twenty centuries.

But, granted our proscenium curtain, is there any real reason why we should continue longer to follow the Greeks and the Elizabethans in their custom of carrying a play beyond its climax to an anti-climax? It is evident that Ibsen did not think so. Both in *A Doll's House* and in *Ghosts* he rang the final curtain down at the highest point of tensiity, and left the most momentous question of the play still undecided.

The great example of Ibsen should make us bold to try to do away entirely with the period of falling action that characterised the close of Greek and Elizabethan tragedy. The best way to deal with the troublesome last act is

not to write it at all. The insistence of this motive accounts, historically, for the fact that, late in the nineteenth century, the traditional five-act pattern was discarded for a four-act form, and that, early in the twentieth century, this four-act pattern has, in turn, been superseded in favour of a three-act form. These two progressive changes in the standard structure of the drama have been occasioned by a growing desire to do away with the troublesome last act.

The extreme of this treatment is exhibited in the famous close of *The Madras House*, by Mr. Granville Barker. The final curtain cuts off a conversation in mid-career; and the stage-direction reads, "She doesn't finish, for really there is no end to the subject." This piece was designed by Mr. Barker to illustrate the thesis that a play should have no end, since, in life itself, nothing



"COMMON CLAY"—ACT III

"The scene was set in a court-room; and the heroine—her character discredited by the testimony on the stand—suddenly discovered that she was the long-lost illegitimate daughter of the opposing lawyer."

is terminal and nothing is conclusive. The play, however, was an utter failure; and the disaster that attended its production seemed to prove that the public preferred the traditional pattern to Mr. Barker's unprecedented attempt to approximate the inconclusiveness of nature.

But this attempt to obliterate the troublesome last act might have been more hospitably welcomed if Mr. Barker had chosen to cut off his play at the moment of greatest interest and highest tensivity. There seems to be no theoretic reason why the periodic structure developed for the short-story by Guy de Maupassant should not be successfully transferred to the service of the serious drama. It ought to be possible, by the exercise of sufficient ingenuity, to hold back the solution of a serious plot until the very last line of the last act. This feat was successfully accomplished by Mr. Augustus Thomas in one of the

most skillful of his comedies, *Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots*.

In farce, however, the problem of the playwright is more difficult. A farce is customarily developed to its climax through a series of misunderstandings between the various characters. On the one hand, it appears impossible to close the play without clearing up these foregone misunderstandings by explaining them to all the characters involved; but, on the other hand, these eleventh-hour passages of explanation must deal necessarily with materials of which the audience has all the time been cognisant, and must, therefore, result in the falling-off of interest that attends the hearing of a twice-told tale. If some master could invent a method to do away entirely with the troublesome last act of farce, he would indeed confer a boon on future playwrights.

Nothing has been said thus far concerning that falsification in the last act

of a play which is commonly assumed to be demanded by the public. In an absolute sense, any ending to a play is false to nature, since in life itself there can never be an utter termination to a series of events; and it has, therefore, frequently been argued that, to end a play, the dramatist is justified in coggling the dice of circumstance in favour of those characters with whom the audience has come to sympathise. This argument, apparently, holds good for comedy, since it is supported by the constant practice of such great dramatists as Molière and Shakespeare. But in proportion as a play becomes more serious, the audience will tend more and more to be disappointed by any ending that does not follow as a logical result from all the incidents that have preceded it. Shakespeare is allowed to falsify the end of *As You Like It*; but the audience would be deeply disappointed if Hamlet were per-

mitted to live happily forever after the conclusion of the play.

There are certain plays, and not all of these by any means are tragedies, that—to use a phrase of Stevenson's—"begin to end badly"; and to give them arbitrarily a happy ending results merely in preventing the audience from enjoying the exercise of that contributory faculty which the late William James described as "the will to believe." Those managers, therefore, are misguided who persist in assuming that the public will prefer an illogical happy ending to an unhappy ending that has clearly been foreshadowed. Yet the recent history of the drama shows many instances of plays with two last acts—the one preferred for its logic by the author, and the other preferred for its optimism by the manager. Thus, *The Profligate* of Sir Arthur Pinero has two last acts. In the first version, the profligate takes poison;



"UNDER FIRE"—ACT II

"An interesting entertainment, because it effectively rearranges nearly all of the materials that the public, through long custom, has grown to expect of any play that deals with war. Sardou himself would generously have applauded a scene in which an innocent Belgian innkeeper is led forth to be shot by his German captors."

and in the second version, he lives happily forever after. In a recent farce by the same author, *Preserving Mr. Panmure*, one last act was provided for the production in London and a different last act was provided for the production in New York; and it appears that the same astonishing procedure is destined to be followed in the exhibition of Sir Arthur's latest play, "The Big Drum." When Henry Bernstein's *Israel* was produced in Paris, the hero committed suicide at the close of the play; but, when the piece was subsequently produced in New York, he merely married a girl in

a picture hat. This change, suggested by the late Charles Frohman—although it reduced the entire play to nonsense—was accomplished with the consent and connivance of the author. Both *The Legend of Leonora*, by Sir James Barrie, and *The New Sin*, by Mr. B. Macdonald Hastings, were produced in New York with troublesome last acts which did not exist at all when the two plays were first produced in London. It will be seen, therefore, that even authors of acknowledged eminence are not entirely immune from falsifying the concluding moments of their plays when pressure is



"ROLLING STONES"—ACT I, SCENE 2

"A young man, out of work and ejected from his boarding-house for non-payment of arrears, goes forth to the Clark Street Bridge with the desperate intention of holding-up at the pistol's point the first man who comes along. His victim turns out to be a homeless waif more desperate than himself, who had come to the bridge with the express purpose of jumping over and committing suicide."



"SEE MY LAWYER"—ACT I

"The hero, accused of misusing the mails to promote a scheme to rob the public, pretended to be insane, and therefore irresponsible, until it turned out that his project would, after all, result in profit to his patrons."



"THE HOUSE OF GLASS"—ACT III

"The heroine lives continually in a house of glass, until at last she is confronted by a detective who is familiar with her past and who has been searching for her ever since she ran away."

brought to bear upon them by friendly and persuasive managers. To rescue comparatively unestablished playwrights from this insidious insistence, the only certain remedy will be the general adoption of a new dramatic pattern in which the troublesome last act will, by common consent, remain unwritten.

"COMMON CLAY"

In "Common Clay," by Mr. Cleves Kinkead, the first two acts are written with an evident sincerity and the last act is quite as evidently insincere. It may, therefore, be inferred that this last act was suggested either by the leading actress or by the producing manager and does not represent the honest intention of the author. It spoils what started out to be an interesting play, and prevents a proper estimate of the talent of a promising newcomer to the theatre.

Until this most unfortunate last act, the play had appeared to be informed with an indubitable earnestness. The author had a thesis to expound; and, though he chose to illustrate this thesis with a story that was somewhat reminiscent of the cheap melodramas of a former generation, he seemed to believe ardently in the thing he had to say, until in the last act he turned about and called himself a liar.

It was apparently the purpose of the author to inculcate the injustice of that social law which, in the punishment of sins of sex, is harder on the woman than on the man and is harder on the poor than on the rich. This thesis, in the main, is sound; and, in the first two acts, the author discussed it honestly and earnestly, in a series of dramatic dialogues uncommonly well written. In his third act, in order to achieve a "big scene," he made a sacrifice of plausibility for mere theatrical effect. The scene was set in a court-room; and the heroine—her character discredited by the testimony on the stand—suddenly discovered that she was the long-lost illegitimate daughter of the opposing lawyer. This discovery, which resulted in the climax of the play, seemed scarcely credible; but

it had been carefully prepared for in the antecedent action and was sufficiently interesting in itself to be excused.

What cannot be excused, however, is the last act of the play, wherein the author controverts his thesis, alters utterly the characters of his protagonists, and writes a lot of sentimental nonsense which nobody believes. In this act, the heroine, who had formerly been poor, makes her entrance in a gorgeous opera-cloak; and the whole act was apparently designed to get this cloak upon the stage.

"ROLLING STONES"

Rolling Stones, by Mr. Edgar Selwyn, starts out with one of those promising first acts with which, according to the adage, hell is paved. The scene is set in Chicago. A young man, out of work and ejected from his boarding-house for non-payment of arrears, goes forth to the Clark Street Bridge with the desperate intention of holding up at the pistol's point the first man who comes along. His victim turns out to be a homeless waif more desperate than himself, who had come to the bridge with the express purpose of jumping over and committing suicide. The irony of this incident, in which a potential suicide is rescued from his intended death by his potential murderer, is undeniably delightful. The two desperate young men become intimate at once. They agree that the world owes every man a living, and join forces to beat the game that hitherto has beaten them.

This is indeed a promising beginning for a comedy, but the author subsequently conducts these two young men through a series of events both incredible and unethical. They steal a business that does not belong to them and grow rich by exercising a suddenly discovered genius for finance. Both the morality and the plausibility of the play become more hopelessly submerged as it proceeds, until the last act disavows the promise of the first.

"UNDER FIRE"

Under Fire, by Mr. Roi Cooper Me-grue, is an interesting entertainment, be-

cause it effectively rearranges nearly all of the materials that the public, through long custom, has grown to expect in any play that deals with war. Sardou himself would generously have applauded a scene in which an innocent Belgian innkeeper is led forth to be shot by his German captors and a subsequent scene in which his daughter avenges him by stabbing in the back the German officer who had ordered his execution.

The most questionable point about this play is the ethical status of the heroine. She is an English governess in love with a Captain of the Irish Guards. After a misunderstanding with her lover, she marries a German spy who has assured her that he is a spy of France. Her lover, at the outbreak of the war, is assigned to the English secret service. Discovering that she is married to a German spy, he requests her to continue her conjugal relations with her husband, to worm out her husband's secrets in moments of marital intimacy, and to betray them to himself. This she does; with the result that, at a particularly ticklish moment in the trenches, the hero is enabled to save the entire British army. The play closes with a negligible last act, in which the hero, lying wounded in a hospital, is discovered by the wandering heroine, who informs him that, her husband being slain, they may now at last be married. Oddly enough, she has suffered no diminution of her integrity and purity in the course of her uncomfortable career; and the hero takes her—as old Thomas Heywood puts it—"as spotless as an angel to his arms."

"THE BOOMERANG"

The Boomerang is by all odds the most delightful play of the early autumn season. It is a tenuous but clever comedy by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes. The theme is that the disease of unrequited love may be cured most easily by the counter-irritant of jealousy; and this theme is illustrated in a pleasant story that probes, at many points, beneath the surface of human character. The dialogue is deftly writ-

ten; the acting is, in every part, superlative; and the production of the play by Mr. David Belasco is, with a single reservation, worthy of the highest praise.

Particularly interesting, as showing an advance in Mr. Belasco's stagecraft, is the lighting of this play. The old footlights have been utterly abolished; and the stage is flooded with an amber light diffused downward from the top of the proscenium and disembarrassed of intrusive shadows by cross-lights from the borders. This new method of lighting, which Mr. Belasco has imported from Germany and Russia, considerably aids the facial expression of the actors and enhances the atmosphere of actuality.

The settings, also, are more simple, and less encumbered with unnecessary furniture, than those which Mr. Belasco has exhibited in the past. In the first act, however, he allows the hero of the play, who is a doctor, to wash his hands at an enamelled sink equipped with running water and with liquid soap. This operation—if, indeed, the doctor's hands were dirty—might much more plausibly have been imagined off the stage; and the ostentatious exhibition of that actual sink distracts attention, for the moment, from the imaginative delicacy of the comedy. Mr. Belasco, it would seem, has still to learn that the actual is not the true.

"YOUNG AMERICA"

Young America is not a well-constructed play, and the scene in the children's court is utterly unplausible; yet this new piece by Mr. Fred Ballard is so rich in human interest that it deserves to be ranked as second only to *The Boomerang* among the early autumn plays.

The hero is a dirty-faced little gangster who is arrested for stealing chickens, and by this circumstance is separated arbitrarily from his faithful dog. He is tried in a children's court and is about to be sent to a reformatory when his pathetic appeal that his dog shall be sent away with him so moves the young

woman whose chicken-coop he has rifled that she insists on standing sponsor for him and adopting him into her own household, even against the protests of her husband. In the last act, the dog first wins the affection of the protesting husband; and this humanly induced affection is subsequently transferred to the unfortunate little ragamuffin who is his master.

This play was originally called *Me and My Dog*, and this eloquent and homely title sufficiently expresses the sources of its sure appeal to the emotions.

It is rich in the sort of comedy that is attended by a tear, the sort of pathos that is attended by a smile.

"THE HOUSE OF GLASS"

On two successive nights at the outset of September, two plays by a hitherto unknown author, Mr. Max Marcin, were produced at two adjacent theatres in New York. The first was a melodrama and the second was a farce. Both were reminiscent of many other recent plays in their respective styles; but the melodrama was by far the more effective of the two.

The House of Glass, though laid out on familiar lines, was an interesting melodrama until the troublesome last act was reached. In the first act, the innocent heroine was shown to be implicated by circumstantial evidence in a robbery of which, in actuality, she was ignorant. In the first *entr'acte*, it was assumed that, having been convicted of this crime, she served a term in prison, and, having subsequently been released on probation, broke her parole and fled to a distant State. In the second act we find her married to a rising railroad magnate; but, when the exigencies of his own career require him to bring her back to reside in the State whose laws she has eluded, she lives continually in a house of glass, until at last she is confronted by a detective who is familiar with her past and who has been searching for her ever since she ran away.

The development of this familiar plot

is well conducted; but, in the troublesome last act, the author shows himself unable to unravel the "knot intricate" that he has tied. He introduces, as a *deus ex machina*, the governor of the State, who duly pardons the heroine for her perilous evasion of the law. This is the sort of last act in which the audience cannot possibly believe; and it seriously mars a melodrama that, until this final anti-climax, had been interesting.

"SEE MY LAWYER"

See My Lawyer, by the same author, was merely a belated imitation of *Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford* and *It Pays to Advertise*, divested of the spontaneity of these exaggerative and engaging farces. The hero, accused of misusing the mails to promote a scheme to rob the public, pretended to be insane and therefore irresponsible, until it turned out that his project would, after all, result in profit to his patrons. The ethical integrity of this play was just as defective as that of *Rolling Stones*, and both the situations and the lines were lacking in the necessary comic spirit to win forgiveness for the play's infirmities.

"NO. 13 WASHINGTON SQUARE"

No. 13 Washington Square, a dramatisation by Mr. Leroy Scott of his own novel of the same name, exhibited an abundance of farcical material but also an evident deficiency of skill in the dramatic projection of the narrative. What it lacked mainly was the sort of pointed dialogue that is welcomed with laughter in the theatre. The structure, however, was so devised as to sustain a suspensive rise of interest until the end. A point of genuine surprise was reserved until the final act; and the necessary explanations at the conclusion of the play were summarised so swiftly that the audience was undisturbed by the expected anti-climax. The same scenario, if followed faithfully by an author with a practised gift for comic dialogue, might have been developed into a diverting farce.

THE GREAT WAR AND THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

IN the Annual Report of the New York Public Library for the year ending December 31, 1914, it is interesting to note the effect of the European war on the use of the library. First there is the increase in the demand for the service of the library. In the Reference Department, 711,122 readers consulted 2,127,328 volumes, a gain of thirty-five per cent. over 1913, while in the Circulation Department, 9,516,482 volumes were given out for home use, as against 8,320,144 in 1913. Not all of this increase, of course, can rightly be attributed to the war, but especially in the Reference Department, an analysis of the conditions shows an interesting connection between the war and the service of the library in many departments. Thus, the Arts and Prints Division notes that demands from costume designers became acute the latter part of the year when they were thrown on their own resources by the war; the Economics Division had so many inquiries about the effects of war on prices in general, and the effect of the Napoleonic wars on the prices of consols, "rentes," and so forth, that a bibliography was prepared and issued on the economic and social aspects of war. To the Science Division the war brought first, specialists who were making practical investigations connected with inventions for use in warfare; another large class of

inquirers consisted of those who were desirous of making money in the manufacture of certain chemicals, particularly the pharmaceutical chemicals whose importation was so largely cut off by the war. Finally, it was noted by this Division that there was a marked falling-off in the number of professional chemists who usually make bibliographical researches there, the inference being that they did not have time this winter to leave their laboratories. The Technology Division also felt the pressure of the increased interest in the manufacture of chemicals, and also the effect of the presence of many engineers and draftsmen who were out of work. The Periodical and Newspaper Divisions have naturally had a large increase in the number of readers, due to the war. In the latter Division the average daily number of readers for the first six months of 1914 was 286, while for the last half of the year it was 349. One of the most interesting effects of the war has been the increase in the use of the Slavonic Division, which has supplied information by correspondence, by telephone, and by word of mouth to lecturers, newspaper reporters, and general readers concerning the cities, rivers and battlefields of Poland and Galicia, and has answered over five hundred inquiries about the pronunciation of "Przemysl"!

THE NEW YORK OF THE NOVELISTS—A NEW PILGRIMAGE PART III—THE REMNANTS OF BOHEMIA

In the third paper of this series the trail will lead northward from the Cañons of the Money Grubbers, stopping in the neighbourhood of Washington Square. It will take the reader through the purlieus of Greenwich Village, along the six blocks of the thoroughfare which derived its name from Washington Irving, over on the east side to Rutherford, Stuyvesant, and Tompkins Squares, and among the benches of Union Square and Madison Square.

SO LET ME SHIP WITH GULLIVER!

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

THERE still are spots in Africa, Australia and America,
Where a man who's a man may lose himself and on adventure fare;
But who may sail like Francis Drake with bright uncertainty his stake:
Though a region may be marked unknown, we know that it is there.
So let me ship with Gulliver to Lilliput or Brobdingnag!
Oh, let me ship with Gulliver, for your modern goal's a snare!

The Sea of Chance is a lost Romance, all magic lands are found:
From pole to pole the Golden West with iron bands is bound;
And almost all the spicy East is ladled out to serve as feast
For boiled shirt kings and smug Old Things whose mettle is the Pound.

Oh, yes, there are spots in Africa, Australia and America,
Where a man who's a man may lose himself and on adventure fare;
But who may sail like Captain Cook and take his toll by hook or crook:
Though an island may not boast a name, some desk-grub's flag is there.
So let me ship with Gulliver to Lilliput or Brobdingnag!
Oh, let me ship with Gulliver, for your modern goal's a snare!

THE NEW YORK OF THE NOVELISTS A NEW PILGRIMAGE

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

PART II—THE CANONS OF THE MONEY-GRUBBERS

I. APPROACHING THE SKY LINE

A CENTURY and more has passed since Jacob Dolph of Bunner's *The Story of the New York House* used to sit on his balcony in the long summer evenings, and build dreams of the city's future as he looked across Battery Park and out over the dancing waters of the Upper Bay. At that time his house was a monument to be pointed out by those on the deck of the merchantmen entering the port. The house is still there. But from the incoming *Mauretania*, or *St. Paul*, or *France*, you would be hard put to find it, be your eyes ever so sharp. In the towering jungle of steel, and stone, and masonry, it is no more than a little

shrub. The contrast between what was and what is can hardly be called the epitome of the hundred years. For rightly, in accordance with the spirit of the city, No. 7 State Street should have undergone a series of transformations, in the course of which the original three-story house would have been torn down and replaced by a structure of seven stories, which in turn would have given way to an edifice of fifteen stories, and then—but who knows how far up that marvellous sky line that greets the eyes of the home comer and the new comer will have reached in the year of Grace 1925? Who or what the observer is matters but little. It is the city that

counts; the city, ugly or beautiful, as you will, but never commonplace. The city that may mean welcome, or may mean loneliness, or opportunity, or danger, or refuge, or despair. The Narrows are passed, and there it is behind the Statue of Liberty. Perhaps it is the soul of the *Dimbula*, Rudyard Kipling's "The Ship that Found Herself" that speaks. But in the *Dimbula* the spectacle roused only the overpowering desire for self-assertion, for the song of achievement. "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Princes, Dukes, and Barons of the High Seas! Know ye by these presents, we are the *Dimbula*, fifteen days nine hours from Liverpool, having crossed the Atlantic with four thousand tons of cargo for the first time in our career! We have not foundered. We are here. 'Eer! 'Eer! We are not disabled. But we have had a time wholly unparalleled in the annals of ship-building! Our decks were swept! We pitched; we rolled! We thought we were going to die! Hi! Hi! But we didn't. We wish to give notice that we have come to New York all the way across the Atlantic through the worst weather in the world; and we are the *Dimbula*! We are-arr-ha-ha-ha-r-r-r!" A natural and pardonable exuberance. But perhaps on our second trip westward the *Dimbula* had calmed down to the point where some consideration of the city itself was possible, and New York was compared to Liverpool, and voted rather "ripping" or the reverse.

II. GATEWAYS OF INVASION

Of the writing men and women of the newer generation, the men and women whose trails are the subject of these papers, there are many who have staked claims to certain New York streets or quarters. There has been but one conqueror of Alexander-like ambitions. That is, of course, the late O. Henry, and Sidney Porter's name will naturally appear again and again in these and in ensuing pages. To north, east, south, and west, stretch his trails; to north, east, south, and west, he wandered like a modern Haroun al Raschid. And

like a conqueror he rechristened the city to suit his whimsical humour. At one moment it is his "Little Old Bagdad on the Subway"; at another, "The City of Too Many Caliphs"; at another, "Noisyville on the Hudson"; or, "Wolfville on the Subway"; or, "The City of Chameleon Changes." Bunner, as he told us in certain lines already quoted, had inherited New York from his father, his grandfather, and his great grandfather. Sidney Porter discovered the city comparatively late in life, lived in it but the few brief last years. "Pull up the shades," he whispered a few minutes before the end came, "I don't want to go home in the dark." Perhaps also he did not want to go home without one last glimpse of the city that he had learned to love so well; one last glimpse of his "Little Old Bagdad on the Subway," his "City of Too Many Caliphs."

But turn, for the moment, in the approach to the city, to the grotesque. There is a very human note in the emotions roused in the breasts of Abe Potash and Moe Griesman by the sight of the metropolis of their adoption as they view it from the steamer deck after their return from their European trip as told in Mr. Montague Glass's "The Judgment of Paris." There, on the dock, Rosie was waiting for her Abe, to bestow upon him a series of kisses that re-echoed down the long pier. That pier, contiguous piers, and similar piers across the North and East Rivers, play their parts in every third or fourth novel that touches on New York life. The note may be grave or gay, trivial or comparatively important. Denoting departure, these piers are the gateways to adventure. A hero from one of Mr. George Barr McCutcheon's novels walks lightly down the gang-plank to the deck of the ship that is to bear him away to love-making, and intrigue, and the clash of battle in the somewhere principality of Graustark. A brave little heroine from Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's pages embarks on a journey that is quite as knightly, although it takes her no farther than the pleasant,



A PASSING GATEWAY OF INVASION. DRAWN BY
TOM WILKINSON

peaceful English countryside. The painter hero of Richard Harding Davis's *The Princess Arline* begins the whimsical pursuit that takes him over half Europe, loses him a dream, but wins him very material happiness. In a word, in the picture that is presented by the sailing of any big transatlantic liner you have a picture that, with certain variations, is conventional to the novel touching the social side of the city life, whether the author be Mrs. Wharton or Mrs. Burnett or Mrs. Riggs, or Mr. Davis, or Mr. Chambers, or Mr. Johnson, or Mr. McCutcheon, or any of a score more. But the pier of the transatlantic liner is but one of the gateways of invasion.

Probably in all fiction there is no single episode that has left an impression on succeeding generations of story spin-

ners more obvious than that in Balzac's *Père Goriot* where Eugène de Rastignac, from the heights of the cemetery of Père La Chaise, bids defiance to Paris—"a nous deux, maintenant!" In the New York of the novelists the episode has been constantly imitated. The young hero (we might for example say that it is Frank Sartain of Brander Matthews's *A Confident To-morrow*) sees the big city for the first time at night. From the deck of a ferry boat crossing from the New Jersey shore he beholds the great towers of glittering light. His heart beats fast at the thought of the coming struggle. "I will conquer you!" he whispers to himself, "or I will die in the attempt." Or perhaps the second or third night after his arrival the vision comes to him and he feels the thrill of conflict. The vast-

ness and the indifference of the city have for the moment cowed his spirit. The solitude of his hall bedroom in Chelsea or Greenwich Village has become a horror to him. He finds himself aimlessly walking the streets to the south and east. Then he is in the middle of the Brooklyn Bridge, the black waters beneath him, and the myriads of lights of Manhattan stretching away far to the north. Ah, those myriads of lights! In comparison how dim seem "the lights of London flaring like a dreary dawn" of the Tennysonian poem! Some day let the New Yorker go down to the end of the long dock between the Erie and Atlantic Basins in Brooklyn, and turn his eyes toward Manhattan. Governor's Island, with its thick growth of trees, seems to blend and merge with the lower part of the city, hiding all but the few great skyscrapers. The city itself is gone. The effect is that of an enchanted park in which it has pleased some mediæval giant to conjure up vast castles of fairy-like beauty. But it matters not from where you have seen the city, so long as you have felt once, with the throbbing heart of so many heroes and heroines of fiction, the spirit of invasion.

III. THE BIG CANONS OF THE MONEY GRUBBING TRIBE

The heroine is always an uncertainty. She may be grey-eyed and earnest, with a leaning to settlement work, or she may have no ideals or aspirations that take her beyond the boundaries of "Tea, Tango and Toper Land." It may be on the Drive that you meet her first, or along the Park bridle path, or being propelled by Afro-mobile through the Jungle at Palm Beach, or on the links of Cannes, or in Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo. But whether his business be stocks, or leather, or cotton, the father of the heroine, provided the novel be one of New York life, will spend certain hours of every working day in his office, which will be situated somewhere in the Big Cañons of the Money Grubbing Tribes. In "Thimble, Thimble," that

delightfully whimsical story of the Old Nigger Man, the Hunting Case Watch, and the Open Faced Question, O. Henry gave the specific directions for the finding of the cañons in general and the office of Carteret and Carteret, Mill Supplies and Leather Belting, in particular. "You follow the Broadway trail until you pass the Crosstown Line, the Bread Line and the Dead Line, and come to the Big Cañons of the Money Grubbing Tribe. Then you turn to the left, to the right, dodge a pushcart, and the tongue of a two-ton four-horse dray, and hop, skip, and jump to a granite ledge on the side of a twenty-one story synthetic mountain of stone and iron. In the twelfth story is the office of Carteret and Carteret." For the benefit of those readers who are not familiar with New York and its *argot*, it may be said that by the Crosstown Line is meant Fourteenth Street, the Bread Line Eleventh Street, and the Dead Line, Fulton Street, below which thoroughfare no professional criminal may go without making himself liable to arrest. Very luckily for the purposes of the novelist, what has become known as the malefactor of great wealth is not yet subject to this particular restriction. Tom Scribe has been at liberty to populate these cañons to his heart's content, with the result that from the Battery to the Dead Line fiction stalks. Just the list of the financiers of the world of make-believe who have occupied the expensive and extravagantly equipped offices of this part of Manhattan would fill a chapter. It is hard to know where to begin, or what order to follow. The pilgrim has but to take his stand on the steps of the new Custom House that replaced the row of red-brick buildings on Bowling Green that a decade ago were the offices of the transatlantic steamship lines and gaze northward between the great walls of steel and concrete. There, over on the right, is No. 26 Broadway. That is not a mere indication of a number and a street. No. 26 Broadway has come to stand for the Standard Oil Company as much as Downing Street

stands for the British Government or Quai d'Orsay for the French Government. Somewhere in one of the great adjoining skyscrapers are the offices of Wilton Sargent of Rudyard Kipling's "An Error in the Fourth Dimension." To reach them he travelled down the

Hudson on his twelve-hundred-ton ocean-going steam yacht *Columbia*, and from Bleecker Street by the Elevated, hanging on to a leather strap between an Irish washerwoman and a German anarchist. Once, at Holt Hangars, he tried to make himself an Englishman. But the *Induna*



Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York.

ENTERING THE GREAT CAÑONS OF THE MONEY GRUBBING TRIBE



THE CITY THAT WAS. THE LOWER END OF MANHATTAN ISLAND IN 1876

of the Great Buchonian line was stopped—"for the first time since King Charles hid in her smoke-stack"—such was the picturesque exaggeration of the offender—and Wilton Sargent once more assumed allegiance to the land of his birth, which had reviled him. Nor, with the Kipling trail for the moment in mind, shall we overlook, while the Battery and West Street are close by, the Belt Line of horse-drawn surface cars. On that line, as told in "A Walking Delegate," served Muldoon, born in Iowa, but to end in his equine days swearing by the New York of his adoption. "Any horse dat knows beans gits outer Kansas before dey crip his shoes," Muldoon defiantly told the yellow frame house of a horse, trying to rouse the spirit of rebellion against the tyrant man. "I blew in dere from Ioway in de days o' me youth an' innocence an' I was grateful when dey boxed me for N' York. Yer can't tell

me anything about Kansas. I don't wanter fergit. De Belt Line stable ain't no Hoffman House, but dere Vanderbilts long side of Kansas."

To resume the Broadway trail. On the nineteenth floor of one of these mammoth structures towering above Battery Park were the offices, commanding a superb view of the Bay, the Staten Island hills and the New Jersey highlands beyond, of "The Goldfish" of Arthur Train's story of that name. Perhaps just across the hall was the fighting lair of the multi-millionaire, Jim Breed, on whose appearance, clothes and deportment Harry Leon Wilson's "Bunker Bean" used to make caustic stenographic comments in moments of irritation. But as it is very unlikely that Mr. Train or Mr. Wilson or any other of the novelists of this part of the city had any particular buildings in mind, it is perhaps wiser to curtail. With old Trinity's spire fac-



THE CITY THAT IS. THE LOWER END OF MANHATTAN ISLAND IN 1915



Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York.

ing the western end of Wall Street, there are perhaps bits of definite description, such as the "that last white meadow of New Amsterdam, where the brown church stands mothering her graves at bay," of the late Herman Knickerbocker Vielé's *The Last of the Knickerbockers*. But of lower Broadway and Wall Street, and Broad Street, and the Exchange of most of the novelists of the last decade and a half, it is perhaps best to speak only in terms of generality. There is so much and yet comparatively so little. The exception to this rule is Mr. Edwin Lefevre, whose "Lane of the Ticker" and its associations will be discussed in the following chapter. Of such novelists as Mrs. Wharton, Mr. Robert W. Chambers, David Graham Phillips, George Barr McCutcheon, Rex Beach, Owen Johnson, Samuel Merwin, Thomas Dixon, it is enough to say that their invasions of "The Street" have been at best vague. Elsewhere in the city we

shall find their trails far more definite and distinct.

IV. EDWIN LEFEVRE'S WALL STREET

Wall Street, like other sections or phases of the city, has had its specialist, the man who, making it the basis of fiction, has written about the life from the inside, in the person of Mr. Edwin Lefevre, the author of *Wall Street Stories*, *Sampson Rock of Wall Street* and *The Golden Flood*. Of the collection gathered under the title of *Wall Street Stories*, which Mr. Lefevre afterward wished that he had called *Stock Exchange Stories*, the most successful and far reaching by far was "The Woman and Her Bonds." The tale deals with the efforts of Fullerton F. Colwell, "the politest man in Wall Street," to aid the widow of a business friend. At 96 he buys for her account certain thoroughly reliable bonds. A slight pressure in the



Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York.



Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York.

THE LONG STRETCH OF THE CHELSEA PIERS. DENOTING DEPARTURE, THESE PIERS ARE THE GATEWAYS TO ADVENTURE. HOW MANY OF THE NOVEL'S HEROES AND HEROINES HAVE PARTED HERE; HOW MANY GALLANT YOUNG AMERICANS OF THE MAGIC WORLD OF MAKE-BELIEVE HAVE SWUNG LIGHTLY DOWN THE GANG-PLANK BOUND FOR INTRIGUE AND SWORD PLAY IN IMAGINARY BALKAN PRINCIPALITIES!

market forces the price down to 93. Despite Colwell's reassurances Mrs. Hunt is seriously perturbed by the paper loss, and in order to relieve her mind the broker buys back at 96 the bonds that he could have purchased in the open market for 93, thereby pocketing an actual loss to himself of three thousand dollars. But when the bonds rise again Mrs. Hunt decides that she would like to buy them back at 93. All Colwell's explanations are useless. "Are those not the same bonds?" she asks sadly. "Then why are they not my bonds?" Through life the woman went clinging to the conviction that her husband's friend had robbed her. The original of Fullerton F. Colwell was Elverton R. Chapman. The Stock Exchange brokerage house of Wilson and Graves of the story was Moore and Schley, at 80 Broadway, in which Mr. Chapman was a partner. As to the heroine, Mrs. Hunt, the author had no particular woman in mind. He kept the sex before him and did his best. The result was that his sister told him when she read the story, that it was a shame for him to poke fun at his own mother. But his brother-in-law, who is a banker, told him proudly that he recognised his own wife. John S. Phillips, who was then the Editor of *Mc-*

Clure's Magazine (in which the tale originally appeared), told Lefevre he did not know whether he had produced a burlesque or a masterpiece. So he read the story to Mrs. Phillips, and when he had finished Mrs. Phillips said: "Well, why didn't he give her back the bonds?" Thereupon, Phillips added, "Then of course I knew that it was a great story." Mr. Phillips also told Mr. Lefevre that Booth Tarkington told him that he had read the story aloud to his mother and sister and that they did not speak to him for a long time afterward, and, if any additional testimony on the subject is needed, the writer of these papers recalls that he read "The Woman and Her Bonds" to his own mother and sister with the resulting comment: "Wasn't it dreadful the way he robbed that poor woman."

"The Woman and Her Bonds" was written at a single sitting before breakfast. Mr. Lefevre had written half a dozen Wall Street stories which he was going to hand into *McClure's*, and it suddenly struck him that he had not done one about a woman. At first he thought he would do a woman gambler, for he had some striking originals. On second thought he decided that it was too disagreeable a type; and, after all,

not really typical. So he thought of the woman investor—Heaven help the brokers! After the story was finished no end of stock brokers told him, "Say, you got that story from seeing Mrs. — in my office." Many of them swore that they had told him all about Mrs. Hunt. But they had not.

IV. SOME MEN OF THE STREET

All the streets in the vicinity of the New York Stock Exchange have definite associations with the men of Mr. Lefevre's stories. The office of "Sam" Sharpe, which plays such a part in "The Break in Turpentine," based upon the old "Whiskey pool," was on the fifth floor of the Johnson Building, at the corner of Exchange Place and New



Photograph by the Author.

NEW STREET, THE STREET OF THE DERELICTS.
EDWIN LEFEVRE'S "WALL STREET STORIES"



Photograph by the Author.

THE OLD SLIP POLICE STATION. IT WAS TO THIS STATION, OR RATHER TO THE EARLIER BUILDING, THAT COLONEL GEORGE FAIRFAX CARTER, OF NO. 58½ BEDFORD PLACE, AND CARTERSVILLE, FAIRFAX COUNTY, VIRGINIA, WAS HAILED FOR THREATENING VIOLENCE TO THE BROKER, KLUTCHEM, AS RELATED IN THE LATE F. HOPKINSON SMITH'S "COLONEL CARTER'S CHRISTMAS"

Street. The haunts of "the tipster" of the tale of that name were in New Street, between Exchange Place and Wall. It was there that the old "Put and Call" brokers, or "privilege men," used to be. This type is now practically defunct, and professional tipsters are scarce. The hero of the story was a composite of several men that the author knew. Percy's bucketshop was in New Street. This was the only bucketshop where they used to trade in as little as two shares. The old building, torn down some years ago, was on the east side of New Street, between Exchange Place and Beaver Street. By the "Lane of the Ticker" was of course meant Wall Street. "At the head of the Street was old Trinity; to the right the Sub-Treasury; to the left the Stock Exchange."

The Colonel Josiah T. Treadwell of "A Philanthropic Whisper" was former governor Roswell P. Flower. He was the leader of the Big Bull market in 1898 and 1899. He was a generous,



Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York.

"THE LANE OF THE TICKER"

genial man, who was forever doing kind things. His office was always full of men like William Rockefeller, D. O. Mills, H. H. Porter, E. H. Harriman, and Anthony J. Brady. Mr. Lefevre recalls the time a poor woman came into the office with some tale of woe about her husband, who had been a friend of the governor's, and had died leaving nothing. She had some jewels which she thought she would like to sell and invest the proceeds. The governor told her to sit down, went into his office, where some multi-millionaires were talking about the Market, and held an auction sale of the jewelry. He was the auctioneer, and he made his friends pay royal prices. The office of Flower and Company was in 45 Broadway. It is now occupied by the Hamburg American Line. Governor Flower used to say, "Stop sitting on the shirt tail of progress, hollering whoa! Stop jumping on the trusts. Get into them!"

Then there is *The Golden Flood*, which tells of a young man opening a bank account with a deposit of something over one hundred thousand dollars, increasing it week by week until the seemingly inexhaustible golden flood threatens the financial leaders of the nation with destruction. "The greatest bank in Wall Street," called in the tale the Metropolitan National, is, of course, the National City Bank. The Marshall National is the Chase Bank. It was in the big room in the City Bank that "the clink of gold was aristocratically inaudible, the clerks habitually spoke in whispers." At the southeast corner of Pine and William Streets was the Wolff Building, containing the offices of Wolff, Herzog and Company, a firm drawn from Kuhn, Loeb and Company. Into the Assay Office, by the Pine Street entrance, "on Mondays William Watson took a loan of bullion bars, painted black to disguise their nature." The Heinsheimer Exploration Company was the Guggenheim Exploration Company at 71 Broadway. "Dawson entered the huge home of the International

Distributing Syndicate." At first it was called the Natural Illuminant Syndicate, but this disguise was too thin, and the name was changed. At all events there is hardly any indiscretion in identifying the enterprise in question as the Standard Oil Company at 26 Broadway.

When *Wall Street Stories* first appeared readers who were familiar with the Street found amusement in identifying the characters. Here is a list which was drawn up at the time by a member of the Stock Exchange.

Samuel W. Sharpe	James R. Keene
Colonel Treadwell	Roswell P. Flower
John F. Greener	Jay Gould
Daniel Dittenhoeffer	Charles Woerishoeffer
Silas Shaw	Daniel Drew

For *The Golden Flood* the following identifications were suggested:

Richard Dawson	James R. Stillman
The Mellons	The Rockefellers
Isaac Herzog	Jacob Schiff
F. W. Harding	Frank W. Savin

In writing *Sampson Rock of Wall Street* Mr. Lefevre had a composite in mind for Sampson Rock; a combination of E. H. Harriman, James R. Keene, and others. He put Rock's office in the Mills Building, at the corner of Broad Street and Exchange Place, because neither Keene nor Harriman had theirs there. The "War Street News Agency" was the New York News Bureau on Beaver Street.

In connection with Mr. Lefevre's Wall Street experiences there is a graphic little story concerning him and the late Frank Norris. During Mr. Norris's last year in New York the two were close friends, and it was at one time agreed between them that Mr. Lefevre should revise the proofs of Mr. Norris's story, *The Pit*, in all the chapters relating to the wheat market, receiving due credit in the preface for his share of the work. As it turned out, they never succeeded in coming together for that purpose, and the plan was aban-



Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York.
BROAD STREET, THE EXCHANGE, AND THE SUB-
TREASURY

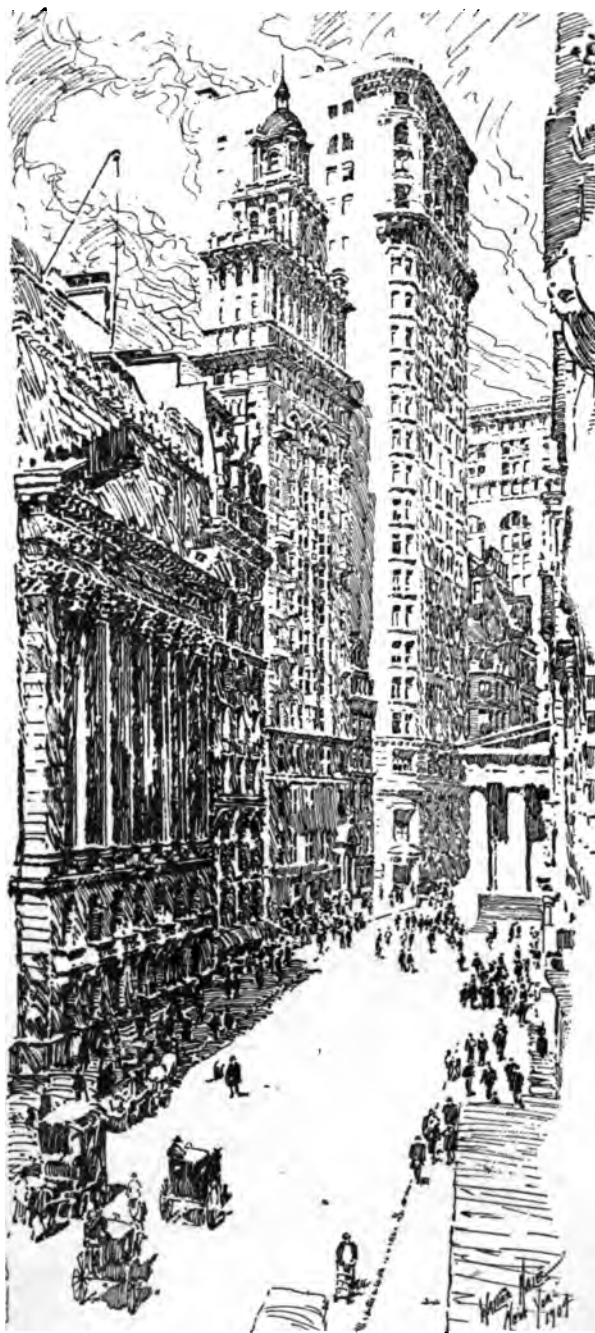
doned. But frequently, at Norris's request, Mr. Lefevre explained the intricacies of stock markets, speculations, corners and the like; and one night he found himself launched upon an eloquent description of a panic. He described the pandemonium reigning on the floor of

the Exchange, the groups of frenzied, yelling brokers, the haggard faces of men to whom the next change of a point or two meant ruin. And then he followed one man in particular through the events of the day, and pictured him groping his way blindly out from the gallery, a



Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York.

"THE BIG CAÑONS OF THE MONEY GRUBBING TRIBE" BY DAY



THE STREET TEN YEARS AGO. FROM A DRAWING BY WALTER HALE

broken, ruined man. So far, Mr. Lefevre had told only what he had seen, all too often, with his own eyes. But at this point, carried away by his own story, he yielded to the temptation to fake a dramatic conclusion, and he told how the man was still striding restlessly, aimlessly along the corridor, when the elevator shot past and some one shouted "Down!" and the ruined man, his mind still bent upon the falling market, continued his nervous striding, gesticulating fiercely and repeating audibly, "Down! down! down!" "There you are!" interrupted Mr. Norris, springing up excitedly. "There you are! That is one of those things that no novelist could invent!" And yet, added Mr. Lefevre in telling

the story, "it was the one bit of fake in my whole description."

V. POLICE HEADQUARTERS AND CRIMINAL COURT

What Scotland Yard is to the English novelist who allows his imagination to play about London crime, what the Rue Jerusalem is to the French novelist, No. 300 Mulberry Street is to the novelist of New York life. In former years it was almost exclusively "300 Mulberry Street:" Now it is as much interpreted by its telephonic symbol. A young District Attorney in a recent story by Richard Harding Davis is inveigled to a road house on the old Boston Post Road, and there confronted with a



THE NEWGATE OF NEW YORK. DRAWING BY TOM WILKINSON

trumped-up situation designed to lead to his political undoing. Tempted to hush up the pretended scandal involving his sister and brother-in-law, his reply comes when he takes up the telephone and says: "Central, give me Spring 3100." For to ask for Spring 3100 is equivalent to Sherlock Holmes calling for direct communication with Scotland Yard. The number signifies the vast, complex underworld of New York life; the struggle between the powers that rule and the powers that prey. From 300 Mulberry Street the logical sequence is to Centre Street, first to the Criminal Court Building and then to the Tombs Prison. All about the Criminal Court are the offices of the shyster, black-mail-

ing lawyers of New York fiction. Here, on one corner are the rooms where Bannister of George Barr McCutcheon's *Jane Cable* spun his web. In bygone years there was a dingy, red brick building in the shadow of the Criminal Court which flaunted the sign of a notorious firm that has since been dissolved. That firm and that dingy structure are continually serving as models. Back in the days of *Mrs. Peixada*, the late Henry Harland, writing under the pseudonym of "Sidney Luska," introduced the firm as that of Shaw and Shimmel. David Graham Phillips in *The Fortune Hunter* called it "Loeb, Lynn, Levy, and McCafferty." It was there that the shady Feuerstein resorted with the hopes



ONE OF THE MOST SINISTER OF ALL THE SINISTER CORNERS OF THE FIVE POINTS DISTRICT OF THE OTHER DAYS WAS WHAT WAS KNOWN AS "MURDERERS' ALLEY." IT WOUND ITS WAY THROUGH THE GRIMY TENEMENTS FROM THE ENTRANCE AT NO. 14 BAXTER STREET TO AN OUTLET ON PEARL STREET. "MURDERERS' ALLEY" WAS USED AND ELABORATELY STAGED BY AUGUSTIN DALY IN "PIQUE," IN WHICH PLAY FANNIE DAVENPORT ENACTED THE HEROINE'S PART. THE DRAWING SHOWS ALL THAT IS LEFT OF "MURDERERS' ALLEY" IN THE EARLY PART OF SEPTEMBER, 1915. DRAWING BY TOM WILKINSON

of buying immunity from just punishment and was naturally bled. But perhaps in no book has that representative firm and the life of chicanery and legal corruption for which it stood been more vigorously indicted than in Arthur Train's *The Confessions of Artemas Quibble*. There is set forth "the ingenuous and unvarnished history of Ar-

temas Quibble, Esq., one time practitioner in the New York Criminal Courts, together with an account of the divers wiles, tricks, sophistries, technicalities, and sundry artifices of himself and others of the Fraternity, commonly yclept 'shysters' or 'shyster lawyers.'" Quibble, ejected from his desk with the dignified legal firm of Haight and Fos-



THE SPIRAL CLIMB TO LITERARY RECOGNITION. AS THE OLDEST OF ALL OUR GREAT PUBLISHING HOUSES THE FIRM OF HARPER AND BROTHERS HAS NATURALLY FOUND ITS WAY INTO THE FICTION THAT HAS BEEN WRITTEN ABOUT NEW YORK LIFE. THE LATE EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN USED TO RELATE HOW, A FEW DAYS AFTER HIS ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK, HE FOUND HIS WAY DOWN TO FRANKLIN SQUARE AND, WITH FAST-BEATING HEART, CLIMBED THE SPIRAL STAIRWAY THAT LED TO THE OFFICES OF "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" AND "HARPER'S WEEKLY." IN MORE THAN ONE NOVEL THE IMAGINARY HERO HAS MADE THAT CLIMB

ter, at No. 10 Wall Street, contracts a partnership with Gottlieb, and for nearly a generation makes a fat living by blackmail, bribery, and perjury; by ruining homes and reputations; and by directing the operations of organised bands of criminals. They become the Fagins of the City of New York. Once the poor and defenceless fall into their power, they extort tribute from them and turn them into the paths of crime. But growing bolder with each year of success they make the one false step that brings them within reach of the arms of the law and with the sentence to ten years in States Prison at hard labour the firm of Gottlieb and Quibble comes to an end.

Artemas Quibble and Abraham Gottlieb, like many of the habitués of the Criminal Court Building, were in the habit of taking their midday meal at Pontin's. That restaurant is in Franklin Street. Now it is on the south side of the street. But for forty-four years, and until 1912, it was on the north side, almost exactly opposite its present situation. For nearly half a century there has hardly been a single great case tried in the New York Criminal Court in which the lawyers for the prosecution and for the defence did not lunch at Pontin's and over the tables discuss the points brought out at the morning session. A portrait of the original from which Arthur Train drew Gottlieb, whose checkered career as a New York lawyer came to an end a few years ago, hangs on the wall to one side of the little stairway leading from the street to the second floor.

VI. CHINATOWN

The old Chinatown was most intimately portrayed by Mr. Edward W. Townsend. If in the new Chinatown the claim of any one writer of fiction is paramount, it is that of Helen Van Campen, whose trail we shall meet later in Irving Place and along the Great White Way. The stories that appeared in book form eight or nine years ago under the title of *At the Actors' Board-*

ing House were not confined exclusively to the exploits of the various vaudeville teams who patronised the Maison de Shine. There were tales that treated vividly of the seamy side of life in the neighbourhood of Chatham Square, of opium joints in Pell Street, and corner saloons; where the thieves and pickpockets and yeggmen gather for the exchange of confidences. There was "The Fickleness of Pugnose Grady's Girl"; and "Dopey Polly Never Reached the Orchard," with its description of "Boston Annie's resort for crooks of both sexes down a dark alley off Chatham Square;" and "The Finish of Daffy the Dip," introducing "Canton Willie's" place in Pell Street; and "Flatnose Ed Takes His Medicine," beginning in the Mott Street dive of Murphy; and "The Love of One-Armed Anne"; and "The Emperor's Pipe." "The wonder of it all," Mr. James L. Ford once said of Mrs. Van Campen's studies of the New York slums, "is not that she has chosen to portray life in such unusual places, but that she could do it so truthfully and with such a fine sense of humour and the humanities. When she goes down to Pell Street or Chatham Square for characters and what is known on the literary counters as 'local colour,' she does not concern herself with owl-like speculations on the 'problems of the slums' or any of the fifty-seven or more varieties of reform—one for almost every kind of crime—with which honest New Yorkers are harassed year in and year out. The truth is that Mrs. Van Campen, working in the fallow fields that lie below Grand Street, has kept herself free from all taint or suspicion of Zola; even as George Luks, painting butcher boys, beggar women, and the bar-room hag with her offspring, has escaped the influence of Forain."

VII. THE POTASH AND PERLMUTTER TRAIL

Those who saw the play made from the Potash and Perlmutter stories took away some false impressions of certain of the characters and also of the defi-

nite background. For example, stage exigencies made something of a rascal of the lawyer, Henry D. Feldman. As a matter of fact the original Henry D. Feldman was a thoroughly respectable and reliable member of the New York bar, who practised in offices at 51 Chambers Street, opposite the County Court House. The first business establishment of the firm of Potash and Perlmutter was placed in East Broadway. In reality it was in Lispenard Street. There, in a loft in a rickety old brown building bearing the number 19, Potash and Perlmutter first came upon the scene of fiction. Afterward, in both stories and play, the business, feeling the spirit of progress, moved up to Fifth Avenue and Twentieth Street, the very centre of the new clothing district. Just round the corner, at 11 West Nineteenth Street, was the business of Max Koblin, the "Cravenette King." The Prince Clarence Hotel was, of course, the Prince George. In the play the home of Potash was placed in Lexington Avenue. Potash really lived in an apartment over a drug store at the corner of Lenox Avenue and One Hundred and Eighteenth Street. The Harlem Winter Garden, where "Abe" entertained his family, and, on occasion, an out-of-town customer, was drawn from Pabst's, on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, between Seventh and Eighth Avenues.

Probably no place mentioned in the stories has left a more definite impression on the minds of readers than Wasserbauer's Café. Over the tables there were enacted the tragedies and comedies of business. There frugal self-denial was practised and extravagant gluttony given free rein. Wasserbauer's was a composite of many restaurants and hosts. Far back, the original of Wasserbauer's was Glogau's, in Canal Street, where eating was incidental and business was the reigning sport. Then there was a restaurant kept by a man named Wasser, who very closely resembled the Wasserbauer of the tales. Years ago he forsook the business dis-

trict for more aristocratic fields, and an uptown Wasser's came into existence. But most closely approximating Wasserbauer's was Felix's, in Greene Street.

In Canal Street, well over to the East River, was the tailor shop which plays a part in the story "Opportunity." The region is a study in colour and laughable contradictions. The Yiddish tailors have an abundance of signs designed to exploit their wares, but owing to their limited knowledge of English, hang any sign on any suit, with rather astonishing results. Near by was New Riga Hall, the scene of the social activities described in "R. S. V. P."

VIII. THE ORIGIN OF THE TALES

By reason of the extraordinary success of the stories, and the additional extraordinary success of the play subsequently based upon them, there is no more vital trail in recent fiction dealing with the city than that of Mr. Montague Glass's "Abe" Potash and "Mawrus" Perlmutter. A year or two ago Mr. Glass told of the origin of these tales. The first three that he wrote introducing the characters went the rounds of the magazines and were found much too radical for acceptance by the editors. Eventually the author disposed of two of them to a magazine proprietor in Detroit. The proprietor promptly failed. The magazine, however, continued under new management, and a compromise was reached by which Mr. Glass sold the stories to the new owner at an absurdly low figure. The third story appeared in the *Scrap Book*, and the fourth in *Munsey's*. Then came "Taking It Easy" in the *Saturday Evening Post*, followed by "The Arverne Sacque." "With that," commented Mr. Glass, "the season opened."

Henry D. Feldman had a definite office, but Potash and Perlmutter were composite characters. Feldman's habit of quoting law Latin for the benefit of his clients is a trick of many practitioners of New York City, and as for his reputed infallibility, there are few business men who have not exalted ideas

of the powers of some particular lawyer. Of course, the adventures of Potash and Perlmutter were pure invention, but their speech, thought, and action were drawn from life. For ten years Mr. Glass was present almost daily at bankruptcy meetings, closing of titles to real estate, and conferences with reference to the entrance into or dissolution of co-partnerships. At these times he had the opportunity of seeing many Potashes and Perlmutteres stripped to the skin, for there is nothing which more effectually peels off a man's jacket of politeness than a good old-fashioned row over a real estate or co-partnership difficulty.

The fruits of this experience are the

Potash and Perlmutter stories, which, by the way, are not dialect stories in editorial sense. The latter class of stories comprises the narratives in which "Hoot mon" and "Ah'm gwiue, Suh," are sprinkled as liberally as caraway seeds in rye bread; but it will be noticed that, with few exceptions, when Abe and Morris speak, they utter words which conform strictly to the spelling in Webster's Unabridged, the Standard or the Century Dictionary. ("I hold," said Mr. Glass, "no brief for any of these publications.") The reason for this is that the speech of "Potash and Perlmutter" differs so subtly from the vernacular of the ignorant New Yorker as to evade a phonetic spelling, more



IN WASHINGTON STREET, FAR DOWN ON THE LOWER WEST SIDE OF MANHATTAN ISLAND, THERE HAS BEEN, FOR THE LAST FIFTEEN YEARS, A CURIOUS LITTLE SYRIAN COLONY. IN FICTION IT HAS BEEN EXPLOITED BY MR. NORMAN DUNCAN IN HIS VOLUME ENTITLED "SYRIAN STORIES." ABOUT THE YEAR 1900 MR. DUNCAN WAS A WRITER OF "SPECIALS" FOR THE NEW YORK "EVENING POST." IT WAS WHILE DOING THIS WORK THAT HE BEGAN TO EXPLORE THE VARIOUS "QUARTERS" OF THE CITY, NOT FROM MERE CURIOSITY, BUT BECAUSE HE KEENLY SAW AND APPRECIATED THEIR ARTISTIC SIDE. THE SYRIAN QUARTER HAD A SPECIAL APPEAL TO HIM. HE BECAME INTIMATE WITH THE PRINCIPAL MEN OF THE COLONY, AND FORMED FRIENDSHIPS WITH SEVERAL OF THE LEADERS. DISPUTES WERE REFERRED TO HIM FOR SETTLEMENT, AND HIS ADVICE WAS SOUGHT AND FOLLOWED. IN A WORD, HE BECAME A POWER IN "LITTLE SYRIA." WHEN THE TURKISH MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES VISITED THE QUARTER MR. DUNCAN WAS PRESENT AT THE REQUEST OF THE LEADERS. HE MADE THE PRINCIPAL SPEECH OF THE EVENING AND PRESENTED TO THE TURKISH REPRESENTATIVES THE REQUESTS OF CERTAIN AMBITIOUS SYRIANS. DRAWING BY TOM WILKINSON

especially as it is not mispronunciation of words but their inversion of sentences which stamps "Abe's" and "Morris's" dialect as foreign. They continually utter such introductory phrases as "Take it from me, Mawrus," or "Look-y here, Abe, I want you to tell me something," and there are one hundred and one different mannerisms in their conversation which can be faithfully reproduced without misspelling a single word.

Mr. Glass took up an inquiry that has been made often. "Was I ever in the cloak and suit business? I will not deny it further than to say that I have never been in any business but the law business, which in New York City is the trouble department of every other business in the directory from 'architectural iron work' down to 'yarns, cotton and woollen.' I was associated with a firm whose practice was largely of the kind called 'commercial' and many of their clients were engaged in the women's outer garment business. From this source I derived some knowledge of the cloak and suit business, but not enough to prevent me from getting into technical difficulties. No doubt you read in the early 'Potash and Perlmutter' stories that Abe and Morris received many orders for garments in gross lots. After the third story they ceased to do business on quite so wholesale a scale, and this sudden falling off in trade was due to about a hundred letters I received from readers throughout the United States. They all wrote me that they enjoyed the stories very much, but cloaks were *not* sold by the gross. Cloak and suit acquaintances accosted me on the street to tell me that cloaks were not sold by the gross. I was called on the telephone at home and in my office and asked by strange and familiar voices if I knew that cloaks were not sold by the gross. I saw that any attempt I might make to change the long-established custom of a trade would be hopeless, so Potash and Perlmutter now sell cloaks and suits by the single garment."

IX. THE SEARCH FOR THE MYSTERIOUS EAST SIDE

As a respectable, rent-paying, pew-holding, income-tax-resenting inmate of the city directory, the novelist is bound to give his endorsement and support to every movement for the obliteration of the slum, and the amelioration of the condition of the people who dwell therein. As the creator of fiction of a certain kind he is permitted to think of the passing of the dim alley and the rear tenement with a little twinge of regret. When the last bit of the East Side that was once mysterious is gone, when settlement workers, sociological cranks, impertinent reformers, self-advertising politicians, and billionaire Socialists have thoroughly done their work, where will the novelist, engaged upon a book of New York life in which there is to be plenty of action, and the high lights and low lights of social contrast, turn for his 'Thieves' Court, his Gunmen's Kitchen? There is an epic swing to the account of the first journey through London made by Oliver Twist at the heels of the Artful Dodger—"From the Angel into St. John's Road; down the small street which terminates at Sadler's Well Theatre; through Exmouth Street, and Coppice Row; down the little court by the side of the workhouse: across the classic ground which once bore the name of Hockley-in-the-Hole; thence into Little Saffron Hill: and so into Saffron Hill the Great"—and the den of Fagin. The very names are sinister. Years ago the creation of a great viaduct swept away the labyrinth of foul alleys, but with the wise improvement went a corner of romance. What reader can ever forget the *Cité* as Eugene Sue pictured it in the opening chapters of *The Mysteries of Paris*—the cluster of narrow, winding, ill-paved, dimly lighted streets back of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, the den of the "Ogress," and the men and women who answered to such names as "The Slasher," "The School Master," and "Fleur de Marie"? That is gone, too, as almost all of Balzac's city of the



Photographs by the Author.

THIS IS THE TRAIL OF POTASH AND PERLMUTTER. IN THE EARLIER AND MORE UNCERTAIN DAYS, BEFORE THEY MOVED TO THE CORNER OF FIFTH AVENUE AND TWENTIETH STREET, MR. GLASS'S BUSINESS HEROES CONDUCTED THEIR AFFAIRS IN A LOFT IN A DOWNTOWN STREET. THAT LOFT WAS SITUATED AT 19 LISPENARD STREET, WHERE POTASH AND PERLMUTTER FIRST CAME UPON THE SCENE OF FICTION. FROM THE LOFT THE PARTNERS HURRIED EASTWARD, THROUGH THE SWARMING GHETTO, TO DEPOSIT THEIR MONEY IN WHAT WAS DESIGNATED AS THE KOSCIUSKO BANK ON EAST GRAND STREET



Photographs by the Author.

IN "EMPTY POCKETS" RUPERT HUGHES STAKED A CLAIM TO AN HITHERTO UNTOUCHED PART OF THE NEW YORK SLUMS. THESE THREE PICTURES, FROM RIGHT TO LEFT, SHOW "THE CAFÉ OF THE JOLLY ALBANIANS" IN CHERRY STREET, THE DARK ALLEY JUST ACROSS THE WAY FROM THE CAFÉ, AND BATAVIA STREET, WHICH MR. HUGHES REGARDS AS THE "MOST DICKENSY STREET IN NEW YORK." ALL THESE SCENES ARE ASSOCIATED WITH THE NOVEL



PONTIN'S RESTAURANT IN FRANKLIN STREET. THAT THIS SHOULD HAVE BEEN THE PLACE TO WHICH QUIBBLE AND GOTTLIEB REPAIRED FOR LUNCHEON WAS INEVITABLE, FOR FOR ALMOST FIFTY YEARS PONTIN'S HAS BEEN THE CENTRE OF THE CRIMINAL COURT LIFE DURING THE NOON-DAY HOUR

shadows is gone. And there was once a New York in which the novelist could allow his invention free play. Perhaps, like the vanished Bohemia, this vanished proletariat never really existed save in imagination. But it was a place where, if you were walking through one of the side streets and looked up, you were sure to see a wild, frightened, never-to-be-forgotten face outlined against the window. Letters calling for assistance or apprising you that some stupendous crime was maturing were constantly fluttering down to the pavement at your feet. The rivers, especially by night, were places to inspire pleasurable thrills of terror. The land and the structures along the water front were thought to be honeycombed with caves and secret passages. Before the imagination the entire lower East Side loomed up as a vast mysterious region where crime

stalked brazen when night came down upon the city. The very name, the Five Points, carried with it an impression of gloom. As a child the present writer recalls the perturbation with which the mention of Chatham Square, a place that he had never seen, filled him.

X. TALES OF MEAN STREETS

Much of the old East Side is gone, more of it has changed or is in the changing. But some remains, enough to serve the purposes of the novelists of the shadows, provided he be sufficiently diligent in his search. For example, take a very recent novel, Mr. Rupert Hughes's *Empty Pockets*, a tale of the good old melodramatic sort. In it Mr. Hughes has laid very definite claim to a section of the East Side that lies in the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge, a corner of the city that had hitherto escaped the novelist's attention. As a specific background for certain episodes he wanted the ideal street; he sought it in the course of many taxicab rides; he found it in Batavia Street. "I wanted something with the flavour of Dickens's London," Mr. Hughes told the writer, "and Batavia Street is the most Dickensy street in New York." As it impressed the novelist it impressed its characters. Muriel Schuyler, the heroine of the tale, saw it as "a narrow alley, a few hundred feet long." It reminded her of London, with its air of being mislaid, its brevity, and its gloomy antiquity. "It is the region where an arch of the first of the big city bridges soars above the roofs, and where the white height of the Municipal Building thrusts its icy pinnacles up and up into the sky." "In Batavia Street the tenements are not very high and have little wooden steps set sidewise." This curious little thoroughfare, just as Mr. Hughes has described it, can be easily found and studied at leisure by any one willing to take the two short blocks walk from Roosevelt Street to James Street. It is the typical changing neighbourhood in which, years ago, the

American gave away to the Irish, and then, in turn, the Irish to the Jew, the Jew to the Italian, and now the Italian is giving before the Greek. Nearby, within a stone's throw, in Cherry Street, long, long years ago was the first New York home of the first president of the United States. Nearby, to-day, in Cherry Street, is the café of the Jolly Albanians, a scene of *Empty Pockets*, and a resort patronised by "Kill Papa," which was the abbreviation of the leisurely Brooklyn Bridge of a name, Achilles Papademetrakopoulos. You have but to cross the street from the Jolly Albanians to find the sinister back alley which plays a part in the story. In the picture of this Greek quarter

Mr. Hughes believes that he has found a new phase of New York slum life. But the East Side of *Empty Pockets* ranges beyond the Greek Quarter, winding its way through the entire lower East Side. On the roof of a tenement in Orchard Street Merrihew is found murdered. There are descriptions of the clamorous New Bowery, the packed Division Street, and Allen "a very tunnel of a street." "If Batavia is the most Dickensy of New York streets," said Mr. Hughes, "Allen is the most horrible. There is a blacksmith shop now in the street which is the best setting in the city for a really picturesque assassination."

To turn to the trails of other writers.



Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York.

PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE. EVER SINCE ARTHUR PENDENNIS, ESQUIRE, JOURNEYED FROM FAIROAKS TO TAKE UP THE BUSY LIFE OF FLEET STREET, THE JOURNALIST HAS BEEN A FAMILIAR FIGURE IN FICTION. SO LONG AS NEWSPAPER WORK IS THE STEPPING STONE TO NOVEL WRITING PARK ROW WILL CONTINUE TO BE A FACTOR IN THE FICTION THAT IS BEING WRITTEN ABOUT NEW YORK. THIS PICTURE SUGGESTS ANY NUMBER OF ALLUSIONS. BUT ONE OR TWO SUGGESTIONS ARE ENOUGH. FOR EXAMPLE, IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE BUILDING, NOW IN THE COURSE OF DEMOLITION, WHICH WAS SO LONG THE HOME OF THE MORNING AND EVENING "SUN." IT WAS ON THE LATTER PAPER THAT FELIX PIERS WORKED, AS RELATED IN STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN'S EXCEPTIONAL NOVEL OF THREE OR FOUR YEARS AGO, "THE PREDESTINED." AT THE NEXT CORNER IS THE BUILDING WHERE "DODO" BAXTER OF OWEN JOHNSON'S "THE SALAMANDER" VISITED HARRIGAN BLOOD



Photograph by the Author.

THE BEND. H. W. THOMAS'S "THE LAST LADY OF MULBERRY STREET"

In Orchard Street, near the tenement that saw the murder of Merrihew, George Barr McCutcheon, in *The Rose in the Ring*, placed the basement joint where gathered the yeggmen to await the execution of Dick Cronk for the murder of Colonel Grand. In this group was the hunchback brother of the condemned man, Ernie Cronk, the real murderer. Any street in the neighbourhood will do as the background for Josephine Daskam Bacon's *Ardelia* walking derisively behind the policeman after her brief visit to Arcady. About here are the scenes of John A. Moroso's *The Quarry*. Down on the East River water front is the shooting gallery that figures in Arthur Stringer's *The Hand of Peril*, while from the Central office at 300 Mulberry Street, Blake, the Second Deputy, started on the pursuit of Connie Binhart that was to take him twice round the world as narrated in the same author's *The Shadow*. Over toward the Bowery there was a dance hall which Booth Tarkington in his under-

graduate days discovered in the course of certain sociological investigations. Under the name of the "Straw Cellar" it played a part in *The Conquest of Canaan*. It was there that Eugene Banttry found himself involved in a stabbing affray, and was rescued by his stepbrother, Joe Loudin. Until the appearance of his recent *Harlequin and Pantomime*, a story of theatrical life in the metropolis, the episode in the Straw Cel-



Photograph by the Author.

"IN NEW YORK THERE IS AN OLD, OLD HOTEL. IT WAS BUILT—LET'S SEE—AT A TIME WHEN THERE WAS NOTHING ABOVE FOURTEENTH STREET EXCEPT THE OLD INDIAN TRAIL TO BOSTON AND HAMMERSTEIN'S OFFICE. SOON THE OLD HOSTELRY WILL BE TORN DOWN. AND, AS THE STOUT WALLS ARE RIVEN APART AND THE BRICKS GO ROARING DOWN THE CHUTES, CROWDS OF CITIZENS WILL GATHER AT THE NEAREST CORNERS AND WEEP OVER THE DESTRUCTION OF A DEAR OLD LANDMARK. CIVIC PRIDE IS STRONG IN NEW BAGDAD; AND THE WETTEST WEEPER AND THE LOUDEST HOWLER AGAINST THE ICONOCLASTS WILL BE THE MAN (ORIGINALLY FROM TERRE HAUTE) WHOSE FOND MEMORIES OF THE OLD HOTEL ARE LIMITED TO HIS HAVING BEEN KICKED OUT FROM THE FREE LUNCH COUNTER IN 1873." O. HENRY'S "THE ENCHANTED PROFILE"

lar was Mr. Tarkington's only use of New York in his fiction. For all practical purposes the "Straw Cellar" of Booth Tarkington's *The Conquest of Canaan* may have been the same dance hall that Richard Harding Davis casually introduced into *Ransom's Folly* under the name of McTurk's. Until ten years or so ago, there was on the east side of the Bowery, far up near where that thoroughfare merges into Third Avenue, a dive kept by a man whose name closely resembled McTurk. In the Western army post which was the scene of Ransom's activities and occasional impertinences there was a whisper that Cahill, the post trader, and the father of Mary Cahill, the heroine, had once kept bar for McTurk. Cahill heard the whisper, sullenly denied it, but in an unguarded moment bewrayed an incriminating familiarity with the cry of

the Whyo Gang. Then there is the Ghetto. Fifteen years ago Abraham Cahan, the discoverer of the Ghetto in fiction, told the writer that there were four distinct New York Ghettos: the great Ghetto bounded by the East River, by Cherry Street, by the Bowery, and by East Tenth Street; the Ghetto lying between Ninety-eighth and One Hundred and Sixteenth Streets, east of Central Park; the Brownsville Ghetto in the Twenty-sixth Ward, Brooklyn; and the Williamsburg Ghetto. Even then the first mentioned was the largest Ghetto in the world, greater even than the Warsaw Ghetto, and Hester Street, its heart, was known throughout Europe. Into the Ghetto of *Yekl* have come the men and women of James Oppenheim, Bruno Lessing, and Montague Glass. Hester Street, four blocks east of the Bowery, is the scene of Lessing's *Chil-*



THE HEART OF THE GHETTO. JAMES OPPENHEIM, BRUNO LESSING AND MONTAGUE GLASS

dren of Men, while the firm of Potash and Perlmutter, wishing to borrow money, hurried from the loft in Lispenard Street, which was their original home in the cloak and suit business, crossed Broadway, and dodging the pushcarts and the children on Grand Street, found their way to the doors of the Kosciuszko Bank.



Photograph by the Author.
NORFOLK STREET. JAMES OPPENHEIM'S "DR. RAST"

XI. THE GHETTO OF OPPENHEIM

Perhaps there is no novel that better mirrors the New York Ghetto of the last decade than James Oppenheim's *Dr. Rast*. In it are flung before the reader the pathos, the squalour, the ambitions, the heartaches of the men and women of the great melting pot. And the trail of the story leads intimately from street to street. To Mr. Oppenheim as to Mr. Hughes, Allen Street, shut out from the light by the elevated railway overhead, is particularly repulsive. On East Broadway, in a familiar old tenement with a musty hallway, was Dr. Rast's home and office. His devotion to his profession did not blind him to the colour of the life about him. The lighted

windows of one of these hideous tenements at night conjured up to him a whole novel—a whole tragedy or comedy. To his mind there were greater dramas down East Broadway than Shakespeare ever suspected. In Division Street, just beyond where the "el" curved in from Allen on its way downtown, was the four-story, green-painted tenement in which the Grabo family dwelt. On the ground floor was an artificial flower factory; in the cellar lived the Matches Man, the beggar who made his way into uptown brownstone houses with a single box of unbuyable matches. The home of the Sinns, where the doctor and his wife attended the golden wedding, was definitely placed at No. 76 Henry Street. Another episode shows Norfolk Street seen from the second story of a tenement, "a grey, foaming torrent of faces and forms—eddies of fat women in shrill council—homeward racing pushcarts, with their back-bent man-power—laughing cataracts of children—ancient men lounging at the doors of little shops—the evening tide of the spent toilers—here and there a blue arc light glaring in the dying day—and one block downtown the Grand Street crossing, glowing ruddy gold with the western sun." Everywhere are flashes of description of Grand Street; of the Canal Street station of the Second Avenue elevated; of the Seward Playground Park and the Educational Alliance; of the East River waterfront; and the local colour is not a thing apart, but the very life blood of the book. Incidentally the original of Dr. Rast was a certain Dr. Stark.

XII. THE EAST SIDE OF O. HENRY

In his nightly wanderings through his city of Bagdad-on-the-Euphrates (or is it the Tigris) the good Haroun-al-Raschid in his golden prime did not confine himself to those thoroughfares that were analogous to London's Park Lane, Paris's Avenue Bois de Boulogne, or New York's Riverside Drive. On the contrary he preferred to seek out the purlieus, and to listen wisely in the humble shop of Fitbad the Tailor. Like-

wise the Haroun-al-Raschid of the modern Bagdad-on-the-Subway. The editor-man, or more likely two or three of him, would be waiting for the promised (and in many instances already paid for) story, so Sidney Porter would say good-bye to the companions with whom he was sitting in a Broadway restaurant, proceed downtown, and stroll along the Bowery or adjacent streets until he fell in with the particular tramp who seemed most promising as copy. Sometimes he found the story and sometimes he did not. Often, when the idea came, it had absolutely nothing to do with the Bowery, or with tramps, or with two-cent coffee, or with anything remotely related thereto. But to Sidney Porter that was no reason for withholding the credit he considered due to the tramp. "He did not give me the idea," he once said in explanation, "but he did not drive it out of my head—which is just as important."

Whether the particular tramp of an evening's ramble meant the inked pages of a tale of Texas, of Central America, or New Orleans, O. Henry's wanderings about the East Side are reflected in some twenty or thirty stories with very definite backgrounds. The pilgrim following the trail can find, to his own full satisfaction, the famous Café Maginnis, where Ikey Snigglefritz, in the proudest, maddest moment of his life, shook the hand of the great Billy McMahon. An indication as to the Café Maginnis's exact whereabouts is given in the information that Ikey, leaving it, "went down Hester Street, and up Chrystie, and down Delancey to where he lived." Ikey's home was in a crazy brick structure, "foul and awry." It was there that, some weeks later, Cortlandt Van Duykinck found him, and stepped out of the pearl-grey motor car to shake his hand effusively, thereby completing the social triangle. Go down to the Bowery and study the side streets that lead to First Avenue until you find the one in which the intervening distance is the shortest. When you have found that you will have no difficulty in finding the

Blue Light Drug Store of "The Love Philtre of Ikey Schoenstein." It was behind the counter that Ikey concocted the subtle mixture that was designed to work the downfall of his rival in love, Chunk Macgowan. It was a love potion that Chunk asked for; it was a sleeping draught that Ikey provided. But Chunk, in a moment of nobility, poured it, not



• Photograph by the Author.

THE BLUE LIGHT DRUG STORE. THE EXACT WHEREABOUTS OF THIS PHARMACY ARE INDICATED BY PORTER'S INFORMATION TO THE EFFECT THAT IT WAS SITUATED AT THE EXACT POINT WHERE THE DISTANCE BETWEEN THE BOWERY AND FIRST AVENUE IS SHORTEST. O. HENRY'S "THE LOVE PHILTRE OF IKEY SCHOENSTEIN"

into the cup of the lady love for whom it had been intended, but into that of her reluctant father, with the result that Ikey's labour, planned to frustrate the impending elopement, brought it to a successful conclusion. Somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Blue Light Drug Store, probably a little farther down town, was the saloon of Dutch Mike, where the Mulberry Hill gang and the Dry Dock gang met in the Homeric conflict, the outcome of which sent Cork McManus, first to the East River front,

and then to strange lands west of the Bowery and the adventures narrated in "Past One at Rooney's." Although by reason of its situation Rooney's properly belongs to another paper, it may be identified here as Sweeney's, on the north side of Twenty-ninth Street, just west of Sixth Avenue. On Second Avenue, near its southerly end, will be found the boarding house where Andy Donovan wooed Miss Conway, and where she showed him the locket containing the portrait of her purely imaginary lover ("The Count and the Wedding Guest"). In Orchard Street were the rooms of the Give and Take Athletic Association, where, as told in "The Coming Out of Maggie," Tony Spinnelli played Prince Charming at the ball of the Clover Leaf Social Club under the pseudonym of Terry O'Sullivan.

The care with which Porter sought his local colour is indicated in "The Sleuths," in which a man from the Middle West goes to New York to find his sister. At her address he learns that she had moved away a month before, leaving

no clue, and to help in the search he enlists the services of the famous detectives Mullins and Shamrock Jolnes. The science of deduction leads to No. 12 Avenue C, which is described as an "old-fashioned brownstone house in a prosperous and respectable neighbourhood." Now, if any neighbourhood in New York is not prosperous and respectable, it is that about Avenue C and Second Street. The Mulberry Bend of other years was hardly more unsightly and unkempt. O. Henry had sensed its offensiveness through his eyes and his nostrils. The selection of the number 12 was not mere chance. He knew that there was no such number; that on the southeast corner was a saloon bearing the number 10 and on the northeast corner the pharmacy was designated as No. 14. Just as there is no No. 13 Washington Square, there is no No. 12 Avenue C. Also there is no No. 162 Chilton Street, where the missing sister was alleged to have been eventually found, for the reason that in the Borough of Manhattan there is no Chilton Street at all.



CLARENCE HAWKES, THE BLIND AUTHOR

WRITING BOOKS WITHOUT EYES

BY ARTHUR M. CHASE

IN his little book, *Hitting the Dark Trail*,* Clarence Hawkes tells how he writes books that he cannot see, filled with descriptions of things that are to him invisible. For he is an author who from boyhood, for thirty years, has been blind. And while he is an industrious and prolific writer, and has published many poems and stories, his chosen field, and one in which he has achieved success, is in writing nature books—books which demand of the author to an exceptional degree quickness of perception, power of discernment, accuracy of observation. How on earth does he visualise for his readers the things that to him are invisible, and without eyesight fill his pages with descriptions which would seem to be impossible except to one blessed with an unusually good pair of eyes?

Clarence Hawkes was born and grew up on a New England farm. Like not a few country boys plenty of hard, outdoor work fell early to his lot. But he loved the work because he loved the outdoor world. He says:

I was born for seeing, for the world of sunlight and shadow, of scudding wind clouds and fleeting earth shadows. I cannot conceive of any child who could ever have taken more pleasure in these things than I did. Through the eye I lived. Each day I devoured the world of beauty and loveliness, and laid me down at night to dream of the wonderful things that I had seen by day; but with each succeeding morning I got up with a new hunger at my heart, an insatiable longing for broad fields and fertile meadows, for wide skies, and deep sequestered woodland.

His love of nature was fostered in various ways—by his grandmother, who

**Hitting the Dark Trail*. By Clarence Hawkes. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

with his help fed and sheltered the birds, squirrels and other small wild things about the farm house; and by his father, an inveterate hunter, who took his little son with him to the woods almost as soon as he could walk.

When he was only nine years old, Hawkes injured one of his legs so seriously that it had to be amputated below the knee. But on crutches, and later on a wooden leg, he lived his life vigorously, driving teams in the fields in summer and to the woods for logging in the winter, and tramping, playing baseball, skating and even snowshoeing. Significant of the stuff the man is made of is this recollection of his boyhood:

It was during those cripple days, when I was so different from the other children, that I learned much of that hard law of nature, the survival of the fittest. For while most of the children with whom I came in contact were unusually kind to me, yet there was occasionally a boy who would pick upon me, making sport of my deficiency, or even jostling me about. I soon discovered that tact and forbearance will carry one only so far. One can smile and laugh things off, and plead and reason up to a certain point, but there are some people who only understand brute force, so upon this class I gave back blow for blow. A crutch is a very handy weapon of defence, and is very easily converted into a club, and I sometimes had to use it as such to keep my place in this fighting world, that can be so kind, and likewise so brutal.

A fighter, you see. And a few years later something happened that called for all of his courage for all the rest of his life. He was hunting with his father, and tired out with tramping through the woods on a hot day, had sat down to rest, when

There came the report of my father's gun,

which, as the swamp was overarched with tall black ashes above the alders, detonated strangely. A blow as from a blast of wind suddenly striking upon me caused me to sink backward against the tree at my back, while a score of awls, each red hot, it seemed to me from their burning, stuck into my hands, face and breast.

But more than the torment of pain was the fearful fact that in a flash the sun had gone dark.

The sun had gone dark to that fourteen-year-old cripple for the rest of his life. Through a pitiful accident the father had discharged thirty bird shot into his own son, and some of the shot had penetrated both eyes.

For a few weeks of terrible suspense there was just a possibility that the eyesight could be saved. But the boy himself perceived that a fog-wall was gathering about him, which steadily became more dense. Every morning, when he awoke, he would run to the head of the stairs and test his waning vision on a coloured curtain that hung at a window in the hall below. So gradually, so surely, so relentlessly did his vision fade that he was obliged to descend one step lower each day to see that curtain. Finally he counted the steps and calculated that in fourteen days he would be totally blind. In fourteen days he was totally blind.

If any one with normal eyesight would like a significant and deeply moving illustration of what blindness means, let him read *Hitting the Dark Trail*. For up to the time the author lost his sight the book is full of light and colour, and abounds with such vivid bits of description as these:

The little trout brook tinkling away down its pebbly bed under the green willows, pencilled with many a dancing sunbeam.

The sky was very blue, and miles and miles away; and the clouds on it were very white and fleecy, like cotton batting.

But after the tragedy light and colour go out of the book; there is a grey-ness, a monotone—not monotony. And

this contrast, which is probably quite unconscious on the author's part, impresses one more deeply than words could do with the real pathos of blindness.

After a struggle to heal the injured eyes, which involved terribly painful operations and cost over a thousand dollars—a huge sum from the family's slender resources,—the boy was declared hopelessly blind. He was sent to Perkins Institute, at Boston, where after four years he was graduated with a reputation for literary ability, and qualified to earn a living, of a sort, by weaving baskets and tuning pianos. Neither the weaving nor the piano tuning satisfied him, and he conducted a graduate school for himself where he read, through the eyes of his eight-year-old brother, all the books he could lay his hands on. In a few weeks the two completed seven thick volumes on political economy, including J. Stuart Mill's ponderous work in fourteen hundred pages.

Hawkes's first serious attempt at literature was a lecture, "An Hour with the American Poets," which he prepared himself, and by means of which he hoped to make a living. To meet his first lecture engagement, he drove ten miles in an open carriage through a terrible storm, only to find the hall closed and the audience scattered. On his second attempt he drove eight miles through a snowstorm, found thirteen people waiting to see him, received one dollar and sixty-five cents and spent five dollars.

Some literary people, he says with pathetic cheerfulness, stumble on to success and become famous in a few months, or even weeks, but my success has been gained by heartbreaking toil, through what I call my three P's, patience, perseverance and pluck.

Some people are lucky, and fate or the stars seem to send good fortune to them, but I cannot remember ever having had what might be called a stroke of good fortune in my whole life. Every inch of the way I have fought.

Significant words these, for they reveal the real secret of writing books

without eyes. Not the ability to manipulate a typewriter with raised letters; not a mind stored with pictures wonderfully vivid after thirty years of darkness; but the three P's—patience, perseverance and pluck—have made this blind man an author.

After questioning his friends, Charles Eliot Norton among them, as to the advisability of his becoming a poet, and meeting universal discouragement he began to write poetry. He says:

Probably no American poet has had as many poems returned as I have,—and few have sold more for good money.

I made it a rule for years never to allow a manuscript to lie over night on my desk. When I sent out a manuscript I at once planned where I would send it when it was returned, for I took its return as a matter of course. Like a lightning juggler, I always flashed the manuscript back into the letter box almost before my secretary had read the rejection slip. I eliminated all feeling from the matter, and tore that page out of my dictionary containing the word "failure," shut my eyes to the large bills each month for stamps, and fired my boomerangs in every direction. There is hardly a magazine office or a weekly sanctum in this country into which my shafts have not whizzed, and many of them stuck upon the pages and brought me back good cheques.

Having written a sufficient number of poems to fill a volume, the author set about finding a publisher. This proved to be an impossible task, as no publisher would undertake to bring out the book unless the cost was guaranteed in advance. Not at all daunted Hawkes went to work and created his own public by house-to-house canvassing, brought out the book himself, and cleared a thousand dollars. Four other volumes of poems followed in less than five years, all nearly as successful as the first.

From poetry the blind writer turned to a volume of prose, and then, having become interested in nature stories, he found his métier, writing nature books for children. His purpose was to show

them the life of field and forest from the side of the hunted.

I would try and get the attitude of all my little furred and feathered friends, and put it into books. I would teach children, not only to know and love the birds and squirrels, but also to care for them, and to help them in their unequal struggle; in the desperate battle for existence that they daily wage.

Drawing on the long stored up experiences of his boyhood, on a vast amount of special reading, and the observations of his friends, he has written eight nature books. How carefully they are prepared may be gathered from the fact that at no time, even during the height of the attack on nature fakers, has one of these works been questioned on account of inaccurate or untruthful statements. How well they fill the purpose of the author is shown by the fact that thousands of Boy Scouts are familiar with them, and they are used as supplementary readers in schools all over this country and in England.

Not the least interesting portion of *Hitting the Dark Trail* are the chapters relating to the psychology of blindness. The discussion of that mysterious sixth sense by which people without eyes are often aware of solid objects at a distance of ten feet or more, is wonderfully interesting. So, too, are the personal experiences of the author of that quickening of the perceptive faculties, that almost uncanny intuition, that blind people often possess. And he makes a valuable contribution to our knowledge of tone colour from the point of view of one to whom tones have actual and definite colours.

Few people would care to watch a baseball game with their eyes shut, but as an evidence of how much an enthusiastic fan can see, in spite of his blindness, read the following description of how Mr. Hawkes enjoys the national game:

When the umpire cries "Play ball," my nerves are strung up to the highest pitch.

"Ball," cries the umpire, and I hear the

ball fall with a slight spat into the catcher's mitt. By the slight sound that it made I know that the ball pitched was a drop, for the force had nearly all gone out of it.

"Ball," cries the umpire again. But this ball strikes the catcher's mitt with a vicious spat, so it was not a drop. Probably it was an out, or perhaps it was too high. . . . Again the pitcher winds up and there is a loud crack from the bat. There is a rather long minute of suspense, and then I hear the ball strike in the shortstop's mitt. It was a pop fly that went rather high, and that was why I waited so long to hear the catch. If the sound had come quickly I would have known by the same reasoning that it was a hot drive, going low to the ground, and that the shortstop stabbed it as they say.

There is a great deal more in *Hitting the Dark Trail* than can be included in a brief review. It possesses that rare thing, human interest, for it tells the tale, and adequately too, of a man who suffered a great tragedy and made a wonderful fight. Moreover, as a discussion of blindness in all its phases, by a blind man, the book is remarkable. And finally, this little volume is in its own way, for it breathes the same spirit, just such an inspiration as those undying lines of Henley's with which Clarence Hawkes prefaces his story:

It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.

CHOOSING THE CHILDREN'S LIBRARY

BY GRACE ISABEL COLBRON

IF you were the parent of an imaginative child, or in some way responsible for the mental development of any child eager for life and thrilling at the mystery that lies hidden between the covers of a book, what books would you put on the shelves of a library where this child can browse at will?

The thoughtful parent knows that there is no greater gift to be bestowed on a child than a discriminating love of reading, a taste for good reading for its own sake, not merely to amass information or to kill time. True, it adds one more burden to the many resting on the shoulders of the careful parent of to-day! For what with scientific child-training, new methods of education, nursery and school-room sanitation, modern parents may really be pardoned an occasional regretful backward glance to those happy days when all their duty was summed up in the Mother Goose line:

She whipped them all round, and sent them to bed.

However, our modern parent takes the child's reading seriously, and is questioning libraries, literary journals and other centres of interest in books as to which books every child should read, both for its enjoyment and for its best mental and spiritual development. It is a problem which has not yet received as much attention as it deserves. In the space of such an article as this it is impossible to cover the entire field, but it may prove profitable to take up the matter of fiction alone, and in the light of youthful likings and the differing phases of the child's mental development, try to achieve a list of what should be in every library to which a child (from eight to twenty years of age) may have access.

In the September BOOKMAN, in answer to an interesting letter on the subject, the Editor remarked:

Our correspondent has neglected to say whether the children in question are boys or girls, quite an important point.

The writer of this article begs to dif-

fer, and to assert that this particular point is not in the least important, not nearly so important as the matter of age, for instance. In fact, the writer of this article is opposed to sex segregation in literature or in any other form of art—and does not believe that there is such a thing as sex difference in the appreciation of any work of art that endures. If we are to take sex into consideration in choosing books for children, we would have to confine our remarks to such works as the “Nick Carter” or “Jack Harkaway” stories, or the “Bessie Books” and the “Elsie Books.” Not that all these books have not given honest wholesome pleasure to many a boy and girl, and the boy and girl have not been harmed at all by reading them. But we are talking here of such books as develop and fix a discriminating love for reading in the child's mind, not of a passing amusement merely.

When we come to the stories that have endured, we find little sex difference shown in the choice. Quite recently several men have openly acknowledged, in print, that they really enjoyed *Little Women*, the inference being that many more, who have not said so, are in the same gallery. And many a girl has lost her beauty sleep in a surreptitious reading of the *Leatherstocking Tales* or *The Wreck of the Grosvenor*. There are as many girls as boys who look back with delight on *Ivanhoe*, *Robinson Crusoe* and even *Tom Brown*, which is supposed to appeal particularly to boys.

The question of age is more important. But as our library is supposedly designed to give enjoyment to more than one child, it should contain something for every age. A few words here may not come amiss in aiding the parent to choose the book for each particular child. But it must always be remembered that the number of years is no safe criterion. Some children enjoy at nine or ten what others do not care for until they have reached the age of fourteen or fifteen. Individuality and environment have much to do with forming the taste and here the parent's own

knowledge of the child must supplement and modify anything an outsider can say.

A prominent educator, rich in experience in the story-telling which has become so important a part of the modern school curriculum, has some interesting things to say on this matter. According to this authority there are, roughly speaking, three well-defined periods in the child's taste in stories. There is a period of romanticism, love of the purely imaginative story of other climes and other epochs, which lasts until about eight years of age. Then comes a period of prosaic and even interest in the doings of Here and Now, the things of the child's own world, which lasts until about thirteen or fourteen. Then comes a second period of romanticism lasting well on into adolescence and through the later teens.

However, the child as an independent reader, and the child as audience for stories told by some one in the flesh, is two different individuals. While the ideas here suggested have great value, it must also be remembered that the child is never an independent reader until after eight or nine years of age. Indeed the newer educational methods discourage the teaching of reading, except at the child's own request, before the age of nine. The present writer is inclined to think that for the true reader, the child of imagination and eager power of assimilation, the period of romanticism begins just as soon as it discovers that wonderful world of Make-Believe in books, and lasts until well along in adolescence. After this, when childhood, even in the larger sense, is well past, comes the period of intelligent interest in the world around us, and the desire to find its problems treated in fiction. Again we throw the responsibility on the parent, who in addition to a wide knowledge of books and an excellent memory, must have as well a fine understanding of the individual child's development.

Every normal child enjoys fairy tales. These and good animal stories—many of the most charming fairy tales are ani-

mal stories themselves—are staples of the first years of independent reading for our young folks. A little later comes the awakening of interest in human protagonists, which may take the form of a liking for the doings of little boys and girls like the readers, and so prove the truth of what the above-quoted educator has said. But it may also take the form of an inclination for historical stories, for the life-stories of the heroes of myth, saga, or legend, or for tales of peril by sea and land, and deeds of valour. Even here there is a difference. Some children are natural realists in that they like the heroes and heroines of these adventures to be people like those they know in actuality. But the adventures must lead the heroes far afield and may well come within the romantic fiction class. The child who likes the historical story, or any story with a setting strange to him, drifts naturally, in adolescence, into a liking for the great epics of saga or history. This inclination holds us fast for many years, and for some of us does not lose its fascination even in maturity.

There is a point in this connection which is worthy of note. The stories of individual incidents in these great epics are so pulsing with life, so truly dramatic, that the temptation lies near to adapt them to the use of the young child. This should be done with great caution. The basic elements of many of the immortal epics lie well outside the world of the child's comprehension and sympathy. If we teach him to know them in a garbled version we may kill his desire to drink of this wonderful stream at the fountain-head when he has come to an age to understand it. There are some such retold stories from the great epics which are books of lasting value, Hawthorne's *Wonder Book* and his *Tanglewood Tales* as best instances, but there are many others which belittle and mutilate the great stories in such a way as to give the child a false idea of their value.

It is far wiser for parent or teacher themselves to absorb these great stories

and tell them orally to the child, as may be best suited to his nature and likings. When he is old enough to understand their place in history and literature, he can safely be allowed the books themselves, not any garbled modern version. A few excellent versions of the various epic legends or epic treatment of historical heroes have been given in our list, but otherwise the volumes named are merely English translations of the great epics themselves.

In the list which follows the books have been roughly grouped, but no attempt has been made to grade them according to the age of the child readers. The wise parents and teachers for whom we are making this list will, we suppose, wish to know something of any book they put into the child's hands. They themselves can then be the best judge of which book they may give to any of the children fortunate enough to be near this particular collection!

FAIRY TALES OR FOLK TALES

Arabian Nights (any good selection).
 Fairy Tales. H. C. Andersen.
 Fairy Tales. Grimm Brothers.
 Fairy Tales. Sir George Dasent.
 Donnegal Fairy Tales. Seumus McManus.
 Fairy Tales from Far Japan. Susan Ballard.
 Fairy Tales. Perault.
 Old Indian Legends. Zitkala Sa.
 Fanciful Tales. Stockton.
 The Wonder Book. Hawthorne.
 Tanglewood Tales. Hawthorne.
 Æsop's Fables.
 Alice in Wonderland. Lewis Carroll.
 Through the Looking Glass. Lewis Carroll.
 The Water Babies. Charles Kingsley.

ANIMAL STORIES

(Many of the fairy tales listed above are animal stories)
 Uncle Remus. Joel Chandler Harris.
 The Just So Stories. Kipling.
 The Jungle Books. Kipling.
 A Dog of Flanders. Ouida.
 Black Beauty. Anne Sewell.
 Wabeno the Magician. Mabel Osgood Wright.

Wild Animals I Have Known. Ernest Thompson Seton.
 Lives of the Hunted. Ernest Thompson Seton.
 Kindred of the Wild. Charles G. D. Roberts.
 Neighbors Unknown. Charles G. D. Roberts.
 Hoof and Claw. Charles G. D. Roberts.
 Call of the Wild. Jack London.
 White Fang. Jack London.

THE EPIC

(History, Legend or Mythology)
 Collected Indian Legends. Schoolcraft.
 Hiawatha. Longfellow.
 Morte d'Arthur. Mallory.
 King Arthur and His Knights. Howard Pyle.
 The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood. Howard Pyle.
 Beowulf (good version by Ragozin).
 The Nibelungen Lied.
 The Frithjof Saga. Tegner (translated by Longfellow).
 The Kalevala. (Finnish Epic.)
 The Odyssey.
 The Iliad.
 The Story of Roland. (Good version by James Baldwin.)
 The Story of the Cid. (Good version by Calvin D. Wilson.)

GENERAL GROUP

Robinson Crusoe. Defoe.
 Swiss Family Robinson.
 Don Quixote. Cervantes.
 Pilgrim's Progress. Bunyan.
 Tales from Shakespeare. Lamb.
 Westward Ho! Charles Kingsley.
 Hypatia. Charles Kingsley.
 Tom Brown's School Days. Hughes.
 Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea. Jules Verne.
 Around the World in Eighty Days. Jules Verne.
 The Count of Monte Cristo. Dumas.
 Scottish Chiefs. Porter.
 Thaddeus of Warsaw. Porter.
 Last Days of Pompeii. Bulwer Lytton.
 Harold. Bulwer Lytton.
 Ben Hur. Lew Wallace.
 Complete Works. Walter Scott.

Complete Works. James Fenimore Cooper.
 Complete Works. Charles Dickens.
 The Alhambra. Washington Irving.
 The Sketch Book. Washington Irving.
 Poems. Henry Longfellow.
 Little Women. Louisa M. Alcott.
 Little Men. Louisa M. Alcott.
 Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag. Louisa M. Alcott.
 An Old Fashioned Girl. Louisa M. Alcott.
 Midshipman Easy. Marryat.
 Snarleyyow. Marryat.
 The Wreck of the Grosvenor. Clark Russell.
 Treasure Island. Robert Louis Stevenson.
 The Wreckers. Robert Louis Stevenson.
 Child's Garden of Verse. Robert Louis Stevenson.
 Tom Sawyer. Mark Twain.
 Huckleberry Finn. Mark Twain.
 The Story of a Bad Boy. Thomas Bailey Aldrich.
 The Heart of the Ancient Wood. Charles G. D. Roberts.
 Indian Boyhood. Charles Eastman.
 The Forest. Stewart Edward White.
 The Adventures of Bobby Orde. Stewart Edward White.
 Peter and Wendy. J. M. Barrie.
 Peter Pan in Kensington. J. M. Barrie.
 The Voyage of the Hoppergrass. Edmund Lester Pearson.
 The Believing Years. Edmund Lester Pearson.

The chosen animal stories contain something of value for any age from eight to twenty, or older. For the later teens many novels by Bret Harte, Stevenson, Morgan Robertson's sea tales, poems by James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field, can be included, as well as a choice of Washington Irving. Many of Dickens's books are too mature even for the later teens, but some, such as *Oliver Twist* and the *Pickwick Papers*, make their appeal before this. And in these later teens many a young mind has felt the abiding fascination of *Bleak House*, *Dombey and Son*, *David Copperfield* and *Our Mutual Friend*. For this reason we have included the Complete Works in our list.

There is another list which could be made, a little group of books which deal with children and their ways. They are very wonderful books, some of them, and all are good. But it is a mooted question as to whether these books about children are not better understood and enjoyed by grown-ups than by children themselves. They are too subjective in tone—and the normal child is not subjective. He demands the objective point of view in the books he shall like, and so often likes the naïve “grown-up” fiction of an age when grown-ups took their fiction more objectively than they do now, better than he does these charming studies of child-life of to-day. In this class we would place those delightful books *The Golden Age* and *Dream Days*, by Kenneth Graham. Also *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin, and *Penrod*, by Booth Tarkington. There are a number of others, but these are the best. They really should be in our library, however, for they will be of inestimable value to parent or teachers in their desire to understand the child-mind. In this class one *might* place *Bobby Orde* (Stewart Edward White) and the two books by E. L. Pearson quoted in our list. And yet these books combine a searching insight into child nature with a fine objectiveness which makes them enjoyable for child and parent alike.

A word in closing about a book which is not on our list but which is indispensable for our library, the Bible. No other book has been more sinned against by those professing most reverence for it. Many an adult's pleasure in this great book has been effectively spoiled by being forced during childhood to read a chapter a day. It was considered a

penance apparently, for no attempt was made to make the reading interesting. It was supposed to work automatically and to improve our minds and souls while we ploughed mechanically through its pages.

But if some kind fate puts us into the hands of parents or teachers who let us understand that the Bible is just a book, but the best-known and best-loved book in all the world, then indeed we have won a treasure for a lifetime. Then we realise that it is full of wonderful adventure stories and fascinating legends that charm us when we are little and mother tells them to us. And when later we read these stories ourselves and find the great thoughts that lie beneath them, and when we come to the beautiful philosophy of life preached by the most epic figure of history, we do it as a pleasure eagerly sought and we win something we can never forget.

It would be better to have the Old and the New Testament in separate volumes in our library. Tell the stories from the Old Testament to the younger children, and let them read some of them when they are studying the history of ancient peoples. Then, in adolescence, when duty and responsibility shine before us like twin guiding stars, let the life-story and the teachings of the Carpenter's Son of Nazareth fill the eager young mind with high ideals of human devotion and social service.

And so the Bible, containing some of the most delightful fiction in the world, and yet belonging, for other of its content, to the non-fiction class, paves the way for a consideration of the non-fiction books which should be in every child's possession. But that is another story!

WHAT THE DAY'S WORK MEANS TO ME

BY ALBION FELLOWS BACON

WHAT it means to the knife to cut, to the stream to flow, and more than this, my Day's Work means to me. Looking back to earliest childhood, I can see how every experience gave me equipment to meet some special demand of my work. Because of this, and because it calls out every power and ability I possess, so that I can throw myself into it full length, it gives the satisfaction of doing that for which one is fitted—the joy of the knife to cut.

To devote one's self to fulfilling the evident purpose of one's creation is no more than a logical duty. I could not possibly make clear all that my work means to me without stating, simply, that it has grown from an act of religious consecration. So it means more than flowing means to the stream, more than its springs, its course, its shoals—it means the emptying out of the river into the ocean. To say that my work, just now, is Housing Reform, is to give a small arc of a circle that may not be rounded out in my lifetime. To give an adequate idea of it, it would be necessary to tell something of the years of work that led me to make a specialty of Housing Reform, as I have done for the last eight years.

I am oppressed by the consciousness that Housing Reform means about as much, to most people, as a pile of bricks. How I am to give its intense human significance, in black and white words, how compress into one brief article all the doings and feelings it implies, I am puzzled to know.

Briefly, my early work took me among the homes of the poor, in an effort to relieve their distress. What I found was just what every reader of this article would find in visiting the slums of his own city—for every city has slums. It was a surprise to me to discover that

we had so many poor families. The shock of finding out how wretchedly they lived was so violent as to project me into an effort to improve their conditions, to prevent as well as to relieve their misery. The depth of my hatred and horror of slums is one measure of the meaning of my Day's Work.

From my first visit, I was impressed that the poor were largely victims of their environment, and every successive visit made it more clear. The cheerless ugliness, the wretched sordidness of their "homes" filled me with almost as much loathing as did the filth. When I saw how needlessly the sick suffered, and when I learned, later, that the greater part of that sickness, itself, was needless, and due to their living conditions, I could not help but be indignant. It seemed bad enough that they lived in dark, damp sties, built with no provision for light or air, water or waste, so that filth and foulness were unavoidable. But to find that these places were veritable death traps, and that we were killing babies in the hot, stifling rooms, murdering fathers and mothers with tuberculosis and typhoid—the thought was beyond endurance.

Then I came gradually to see in the dark, and to recognise those awful things of vice and shame that hide and breed in the darkness, where people live huddled together like beasts. The whole sickening problem grew upon me, as I wrestled with each phase of it in my charity work, trying to untangle the human threads, each tied to the other—father, mother, children.

Our charity records showed that half the dependency in our city was due to the long illness or death of the bread winner. A large percentage of the diseases named were Tuberculosis, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Typhoid, and other

"house diseases" or "filth diseases." In many cases, dependency was followed by delinquency. Sometimes the mother, left penniless and in debt, broke down under the strain of providing and caring for the family. We often found families reduced to a single tenement room, in a slum neighbourhood, beset with saloons and dens. One look at the wretched room was enough to see why the father died in it, why the mother broke down in it, and why the family fled from it to the street—anywhere. One round of the house, overflowing with families and lodgers, with its dark hall and stair and yard, with its horrid sheds, was enough to explain the sequel of the police court.

Death and disgrace and misery were not all that stirred me. It was the realisation that the children, in such a place, could never know the meaning of the word "home," because it was impossible to make a real home in such a place. All over our State, I knew, were thousands of children living in just such conditions—a whole generation growing up that could never know what a home meant. That means a fearful thing to a State.

It was the babies that drove me to desperation. My children were little then. What it meant to me then—what it means to me now, one sight of those little, pallid, tear-streaked faces, with round, innocent eyes, that too often gazed upon vice until they came to look knowingly; those baby lips, from which I have heard curses lisped—I cannot tell except that it has "murdered sleep" for me until their wrongs are righted. I seem to hear, in their voices, the command of Christ, and their little grey hands, that never loosen their clutch of mine, urge me on when the battle wavers.

To say that the congestion and the unsanitary conditions that bred vice and sickness could only be remedied by means of Housing Reform, ought to show what that means to me. It was necessary to get a law, I found, that would enable us to cut windows into

the dark rooms, to put in water, drains, sewers, to put on fire escapes, to prevent overcrowding, etc., in other words, to make slum dwellings safe and fit for habitation.

I need not go into the question of why housing laws are necessary to housing reform. Suffice it to say, it is easier to reform slums than slum owners, although I found it takes a death grapple with a legislature to get the power. The reason is that housing legislation involves property interests—what we may call the illegitimate interests—those that are opposed to public welfare, public health, safety and morals. The high class architects and real estate men stand with us, but the slum owners and "skin builders" come in droves, and wage a desperate fight. No wonder, for slum property pays from fifteen to one hundred per cent. Lot space is the vital point in housing regulations for new buildings, and the skin builder fights for every inch of earth, for the rental it should yield, for, if allowed, he will build apartments in solid blocks, all the inner rooms having no windows, of course!

It is evident that to cope with these most earthy of all enemies one must be entirely practical, and "get down to brass tacks." One must have facts and figures and business arguments. I need not tell how, to get the facts about bad housing, I made investigation into the shame of our cities, nor of the publicity campaign that had to follow. It meant articles, letters, addresses before every kind of audience, from churches, charities and women's clubs to Health Officers, Real Estate Exchanges, and Chambers of Commerce. All of this underlies the meaning of the Day's Work.

It took three legislative sessions to get our Indiana tenement law, and we had another battle, this year, to save it. I am grateful that we have it, grateful for every old house that has been razed under it, for every window cut and water connection made, and for all the sanitary new buildings erected under the law. Yet it controls only tenements—no single dwellings. This year, while

at the legislature, I worked hard to get a supplemental law that would control all "infected and uninhabitable dwellings." We lost it in the last ditch because of the members who admitted that it would affect their property! We must go on until every dwelling is subject to the control of our health authorities. But when we get all the laws possible to obtain, we can still require only that dwellings shall be safe and decent, for legislatures, in any State, grant only the lowest standards, that simply graze the danger line. But I am not satisfied with that. It is not enough to set the limitations of bad housing. I want to go on and establish standards of good housing. A house has to have more than mere safety to be fit for a home. It is *homes* for the children of the State, homes as the foundation of the State, that I have been fighting for, not simply public health, morals and safety. I want to establish *the right of every child to a real home*, and then go on to create a public demand for the best and highest environment it is possible to obtain. We have made the demand that all children should be safe in their own homes, and it is horrible that they should not be. We must go on, now, and plan and work, not simply that they "might have life," but that they "might have it more abundantly."

I need not go into any argument on the effect of physical environment on home life, as well as on people. It is demonstrated by slums, and by model dwellings. And my ideal of standards is not a baseless dream. They are being worked out, in a practical way, by the National Housing Association, and by many communities, where "Industrial Housing Companies" or "Sanitary Housing Companies" are in operation. They have proven that beauty costs no more than ugliness, and that comfort and convenience can be provided in the cheapest houses.

We are working hard to get a model block for workingmen in my own city, to demonstrate that we can have "decent homes for decent people at decent

prices," and add gardens and playgrounds, too. If we make it "go," others will follow, in the city and throughout the State. But how long it will take to get even one model block in each city! Is it any wonder that I am setting my resting age at ninety-five? For years to come, as in the past, I must give my voice and pen to the making of public sentiment, and to the raising of public standards of what we build—not for ourselves—but to rent.

In the main, my work has been in my own State. As far as I have had time and strength, it has been given to other States. For the purpose of reaching a wider field, I have taken the sub-department of *Shelter* under Home Economics in the General Federation of Women's Clubs. This gives me an opportunity to appeal to the club women of the country for "All the Homes of All the People." It gives me a chance to do a larger part toward creating a general sentiment that will rise in arms against unsafe housing, first, and then against all that is sordid and mean and ugly.

The trouble is, those who are working for housing betterment in our different States are balked by the fact that the general standards of living are entirely too low. We must get rid of the "slum concept," which makes the majority of people complacent with gloom and grime. We need not go slum hunting to find this out—simply house hunting. Let the reader recall the horrors that he found on such a hunt, in any city, within any range of prices and streets. The dark, stuffy rooms, the dilapidation and dirt, the smelly halls, mouldy cellars, gloomy wall paper, defective plumbing, dangerous steps, damp yards, the cheerless ugliness that made the family feel they could not possibly endure life in any house they tried, and worse things, will come to mind.

It is bad enough that there should be such an absence of comfort and convenience, beauty and cheer. It is unpardonable that there should be an absence of sanitation, a matter of life and

death, and the lowest reasonable demand. We must at least bring the public to the point of demanding that no unsanitary dwelling shall be rented. If this were done, we should see the inspector's sign "condemned" on every street, on handsome rows, on drearily ugly flats, those institutions for the homeless, on single houses, cottages, tenements, hovels—from the best streets to the worst. But, alas! what the public does not condemn, the building inspector has small chance to get the power to condemn.

Few of our States have housing laws, and only in cities so regulated has a tenant any legal right even to sunlight, air and water. A State or a city cannot get a housing law until public sentiment demands it. To force this demand requires a stupendous amount of popular education, as housing reformers have all found. Communities must be taught what their slums cost them, in lives and dollars, and in personal peril. They must be taught the truth of "solidarity," one of the least believed and most unwelcome of divine teachings. To do this needs that Prophet to come again who cried out upon "How the Other Half Lives."

Few people in any town know or care how many poor they have, where they live, or how they live. Still fewer have any realisation of how the vice and disease bred in the slums endangers their own homes and their own children. It is pleasant to feel that a safe, solid golden floor separates us from the "lower classes." The only way we can dislodge the illusion, and show people that they are actually living on the thin crust of a volcano, is to take them to a crack in the crust and let them look in and inhale the fumes. One visit to the slums is often enough to make a housing reformer. In fact, it is enough to put a housing committee into a Commercial Club.

Our Chambers of Commerce are quick to grasp the idea, when it is properly presented, that housing reform is a business proposition. They will pass as drastic resolutions as one can prepare,

condemning slums because they are injurious to the city's business interests, because they breed crime, vice, disease and pauperism, that burden the taxpayer: because they injure the legitimate real estate interests; because they injure the workman, and, through him, the manufacturer, and so forth. They will do this, without ever having seen a slum, on presentation of the facts. But when we take a half dozen autos, and spend part of a day in going down alleys, and up over stores, and in and out of the dark places where the poor live, what enthusiasm marks the next meeting, and how indignation burns to a white heat! They are more sure than ever that housing reform is a business proposition, and they go after it with the business methods I try to learn and follow. But one feels, most of all, that he is in a meeting of sure-enough "City Fathers," and that the little grey hands of the slum babies have clutched theirs, too, and that they are leading the city to its salvation.

One can't care so much about the issue of one's work without its having a personal meaning. It makes a big difference where the Day's Work is done, whether it be on the lecture field, in the legislature, or at home. On the lecture field the day is happy, but hard. On the legislative field it means grim battle. Here in my desk are four legislative "directories," representing as many sessions, that I never see without a shudder. Those black marks along the edge, opposite certain names—what struggles they bespeak! They bring back the sights and sounds of those days, the roar of mingled voices in House and Senate, the ring of the gavel, the confusion of the halls and lobbies, the suspense of critical moments, even the feeling of exhaustion, the head-ache and heart-ache—ugh! Put them away! I will need them again, for the next fight, and I will be ready when it comes.

After all, most of my work is done at home, for only occasional absences are necessary. Yet these are a grief, the only real hardship that I count. When

the Day's Work is at home no strain, no labour counts, because I am with my family. Once at home, the wheels sing as they grind. Here I can write and plan, in the security of my home, with the help of my family. I am sure that my work means more to me because I have a home and a family. They are at once a centripetal and a centrifugal force, giving help and encouragement and incentive to go out, yet holding me in an unwavering orbit. There is always a string tied to a mother, and it is always pulling! Three days' absence finds me homesick, and I can never stay a convention through, though I rush home to find I might as well have stayed.

With all my stout assertions of business methods, I wonder what a business man would think of my Day's Work at home! The public work of a mother and housekeeper is always done in parentheses. Business letters are written in domestic pauses that would make absurd side notes. It is surprising how one learns to get along with interruptions. The fact that I can hear my fourteen-year-old son sawing in the attic, just overhead, gives me peace and gladness, because I know that he is safe and happy. That his twin sister, and several of her friends, are rehearsing for a "show" in the next room, is a similar satisfaction. I may even stop and plan masquerade costumes, and come back and finish the sentence. But the children more than make up the time lost. They not only insist on taking from me many household tasks, but they take pride in helping me with my work in every way they can. When we made a housing exhibit for a special occasion, we all got down together with cardboard, glue, scissors and paint, to make miniature model houses and slums. The model houses had vine-clad porches, gardens and flower beds on the green lawns. The rickety slums, with real ash piles, and a small-pox sign on one little door, were my triumph, and almost too charming to mark "condemned." It was a family affair, and gives me hope that

some time we may travel in a troupe.

Some years ago, when my children were small, and I could do very little civic work, I wrote a humorous monologue, with a descriptive piano accompaniment, called "A Mother's Day." Since my public work has been growing up, with the children, I have wondered how it could be woven into the monologue, to make it a truthful representation of my "Day." It could hardly be done except by adding to the accompaniment the roll of a drum, with the occasional clash of cymbals.

For the most part, the Day's Work at home is made up of writing. All through the day I grind at the endless grist of letters. At night, when the others are asleep, is a good time to write articles. There is always a pencil pad on the little table by my bed, and sometimes I reach out and write in the dark, through the night. At home or away, the day is full to the brim. Most of the time there has been no leisure for recreation, often none for exercise, little, alas! for my friends.

This is a common story of workers. One who undertakes all he can well do finds that there come "busy seasons" of stress and strain, when he must work over hours, unless his cause is to suffer. If one could only run without danger of spilling the cup of life!

"This week isn't as full as last week," I explained to my sister, who came on a visit. "Last week there were so many meetings and other things to see to, all at once, that it was just like going over Niagara in a barrel, every minute."

"It looks like the whirlpool rapids now," she replied.

There is one recompense for the full day—it crowds out all the trifles and the little worries, even the little sick spells. The very number and complexity of demands hold one to the simple life. Under the worst strains, food is simply rated as engine fuel, and one has to keep to a simple diet, even to fast.

If the Day's Work leaves no time to seek play or pleasure, there is a keener

enjoyment of the bits that come our way, and the unsated palate gets the full flavour. I have no pangs for gaiety forgone, however, and it is perhaps lucky that I would as soon play with a tub of sawdust as with cards. If one were willing to keep count, there is more outgo than income in volunteer work, in certain ways. There must be a spending of one's self, as well as one's time and other things, if one's work is to be of real value. But this, of course, is only incidental, like the hacks on a knife blade, from hard use.

The fuller meaning of the work is in the spiritual returns, the patience one learns, the courage that even a born coward can acquire, the "experience" that "worketh hope," the growth in judgment and decision, the satisfaction of accomplishment. I have set a measure of the depth of its meaning. If I

set a measure to its height it would be "a sky full," as the children say, of all the light and beauty and gladness that I hope for, in the homes of our country. There are other things one must count; the friendships one makes, and the joy of finding out strong true souls, through one's work. There is also a chance to help many whom we would miss, except for what we are doing.

To feel that we can serve, at once, our State and our fellow-men, that our work is fundamental, and will help to build up a good citizenship, is one of the deepest sources of satisfaction. As I think of the Day's Work, while it goes on, it seems to be a steep road up which, step by step, to the summit, I must carry a burden. But as the Day closes, I think of it as a libation that has been poured out, freely and gladly.

CERTAIN REMINISCENCES

BY RICHARD WHITEING

PART IV—LATTER DAY LONDON

As long as I remained in France, all English writers were to me but importations. It was no easy matter to get their flavour without having their surroundings. This I imagine must always be the case. *Pickwick* read in the Pyrenees would be rather out of focus. In spite of Stevenson's bias toward the old literature his outlook was entirely fresh. I began to realise how much had passed since Charles Reade was the newest thing in romance. "Yet it moves" is as true of literature as of the spheres: compare a philosophic novel of Voltaire with one of Henry James. The former a mere didactic principle that could have been stated in two lines, with no more construction than a steel chain, nor of character than a box of chessmen.

Though a cosmopolitan James is still hard to understand without his British setting. Even in the more purely Ameri-

can work, he is still the Briton studying a foreign type. I remember a chat with him at the club in which I asked him as a kind of favour to cross to America, and to stand and deliver on the question: "How do you like our country, sir?" He did go there shortly after, as we know, and with precious results, but I claim no rights in the happy thought. I was afterward indebted for piquant, if only fanciful, particulars of his life and work to a rather famous lion hunter of the other sex, who had stalked him at Rye with a letter of introduction. She reported on him as a peripatetic of dictation to a shorthand writer, with occasional lapses to the sofa or the armchair. He trod his subject for its innermost juices, and occasionally, as with the other wine pressers, was glad to mop his brow when his task was done. I give it as I had it, and I am willing to admit

there was a tinge of malice in it as, on her own admission, he did not take kindly to the intrusion. Her *mot* on the situation, if it was her own, was amusing. "As for his style, well he reminds me of the—how do you call it? you know what. And yet there are not two Incomprehensibles—in this case—but one Incomprehensible, for there could be no double of Henry James."

Kipling came upon me as a glorious innovator—the Empire in the, till then unconsidered trifle of its maker,—the common man. This brought us abreast of the time with its sense of the poetry of steam and electricity and its power to make a stoker's fire shovel as picturesque as any implement in Homer. It still atones for all later aberrations when society persuaded him that he was a prophet on a mount.

I met him but once, at a grand dinner given by A. P. Watt to his young men. Watt was the Moses who brought the successful person of letters out of Grub Street, and put him in line with the merchant prince for results. Pope managed to get ten thousand out of his *Iliad*, but it was only the exception that proved the rule of poverty and neglect. How many thousands of writers have had to part with masterpieces for a song to the Lintots of their time! Think of the long procession of them with envy, want, the patron and the jail, for their portion, till this inspired wolf of the trade,—for Watt had begun as a publisher—saw that there was business to be done by going over to the lambs. Think of Dickens, with *Pickwick* for his start, yet glad to pledge himself for future masterpieces at a trifle in three figures, and still a loser in highest possibilities when Forster had procured some sort of revision of the terms. But for Watt, or his followers in the field, the Kiplings, the Barries, the Bennetts, and Wells might to-day have been in the same plight or worse. "There he goes," groaned a victim of the old system, "on a penny 'bus ride to Paternoster Row, with a manuscript in his pocket and a small fortune for his own share."

The very pugilists have their agents now, and Carpentier enters the ring with the certainty, win or lose, of an endowment for his night's work. Though Tom Sayers had his modest annuity, and his little six-roomer in Camden Town all to himself, it was due to the public generosity. Most of the veterans of that craft were glad to haunt the sporting taverns for their drinks, and their free lunches of bread and cheese, munched minus the teeth lost in the service. The very poets and stars of the earlier music halls had no better prospect, until the agent came to their aid, to enable the author of "Hi-tiddly-hi-ti," and "If you want to know the time ask a p'liceman" to die a fundholder.

It was all new to me as a returned prodigal of opportunity, and I settled down to the sheer enjoyment of it, leaving the moral to take care of itself. London, London, the mighty and the rare! that was enough—a cinema effect of figures in lightning movement across the screen, out of nothingness for a moment's joy of life, and back to it again within the second, the best image of the whole course of man. A crumb of mel-low cheese under the microscope may be offered as a variant, for the spectacle of a feverish energy of being to no particular end or aim.

I wrote a little here and there by way of getting a foothold and soon joined the editorial staff of my old paper, *The Daily News*. Frank Hill was then in the chair. Though naturally with but little leisure for other work, he had to his credit a volume on the leading writers and politicians of the day, laboured with a somewhat too manifest art for epigram and point. Chained to his desk he seemed to shiver at all contact with the outside world, and he had the nervousness and irritability of his state of isolation. There was a legend in the office of a tiff between him and Pigott—not the other one of course—but in his later years examiner of plays. Pigott, then a leader writer for the paper, was of the same sensitive cast as his chief, who on this occasion had put him to the

torture of a snub. He said nothing at the time but walked straight to his room, only to return in a few minutes to breathe this through the half-opened door, "Hill, I think it right to tell you that I consider your last observation uncalled for." "Oh do you," said Hill in the same dead-and-alive tone. "Yes," gasped Pigott with another prodigious effort; and the incident was closed. So they exchanged their cartels of defiance in the old days. It is still the common note. Formidable in print, with all the weapons of attack and defence at their command, writers are often passionless and powerless without their pens. A child shall lead them; and happily its mother almost invariably does. Hill was a journalistic recluse, with a sole concern for the interest of his literary columns. When the three leaders and the reviews were off his mind, the rest was left to the sub-editor with but two or three men under his command. The order of importance has since been entirely reversed. The sub-editor as news gatherer is now the chief authority, and the literature has to take care of itself.

Hill had Herbert Paul on his staff: and prided himself on successful overtures to Andrew Lang. Both were wonders, Paul chiefly in politics, Lang in everything but that, for he had no sympathy with the policy of the paper. Paul was a Balliol man of the Jowett group, with all the savagery of Swift in his style, and much of his power. He was widely and deeply read in modern as in ancient literature, and he had a prodigious memory which he cultivated by never taking a note. He dipped his pen in a liquid, fortified, I suspect, with a dash of vitriol and went his way without an erasure. At a moment's notice he could give a sympathetic estimate of a great writer in the whole range of his work, or a political opponent a passport to the shades for future use, with marks of identification omitting no single particular of turpitude. His health finally broke down under the strain of a series of historical works written too closely to

time, yet showing not the slightest trace of it in their craftsmanship.

Lang was another person of the same range, and perhaps even with greater versatility. His facility was prodigious; it reminded one of the catalogue of the gifts of the players in *Hamlet*. His touch was feathery in its lightness, if his social satire was not always in the happy mean of urbanity and good nature. He was of the few who write with as much ease as they are read with pleasure. I have known him to get his subject from Hill, and there and then sit down at the corner of the table to turn out his leader well within the hour. When it was done, he gathered up his slips from the floor, and without a glance of revision sent them upstairs to the printer. This, as also I imagine the readiness of Paul, came from the familiarity with great studies. His leaders and fancies were but chips from the workshop in which he had fashioned his thoughts on history, philosophy, folklore and what not during the earlier part of the day. His journalism was but a by-product, yet in more senses than one it sometimes exceeded the value of the original product. His letters, as I once took occasion to say, had the same spontaneity. They came from a storehouse of often in my judgment, wrong-headed opinions, which he cherished mainly for the sake of their picturesque charm. He was not a Scotch Tory for nothing, and I fancy that would have been his label if he had had to write himself down. "I could prophesy if I cared," he once wrote to me. He seemed to think that ours was and always would be a horrid rough-and-tumble sort of a world with its only solace in art for life's sake. World bettering on the big scale was futile and only made you bad company.

He seemed to dread boredom above all other things. Chance acquaintance met at dinner, hostesses who wanted to use him as a nice man for a small tea-party, found him trying. He would slip away from the front drawing-room with its buzz, on pretence of looking at a picture in the antechamber, and thence make his

escape. His treatment of an unfortunate American who got him to dinner, white tie and all, at The Cheshire Cheese went quite beyond the bounds. It was in the Dog Days too; and as one masterpiece after another of that robust *cuisine* came upon the board—steak, potatoes in their jackets, tankards of stout in which you might have stood a knife upright, with hissing hot toasted cheese to follow—he waved them all away with a squeaking “What is this?” which carried dismay to us all. It was horrid, but I am ashamed to say it was still sport of a kind. Its culmination came when the host explained that this was the favourite fare of Dr. Johnson. “Dr. Johnson—who was he?” was the merciless parting shot.

In his day and to the last in his own way, he was one of the handsomest men I have ever seen. There was so much distinction in the face; and when its time came the snow-cap of grey hair was an added charm for the lofty brow. He was of a most melancholy cast in his innermost recesses; and his boundless activities were but resolute attempts to make the best of a bad job—existence. He was no tuft-hunter, yet I think he sometimes suffered lords beyond the requirements of the case. His translations are among his masterpieces. What must he have thought of our modern Samuel Butler’s *Homer* with its deliberate jog-trot of tea-table chatter for the talk of the skies! Or of Mr. Masefield’s *Pompey the Great* as the dignity of history in drama. He was of the few who broke a victorious lance with Anatole France. He would not have his Joan of Arc explained away on theories of hallucination, or of suggestion by priestly fraud.

Such was the team in the old days. Many changes were to come, transitional in the course of the change to the new ha’penny model of our time. That change has been marked in a way by the passing of the editor of the old type. The new one is no longer, of necessity at least, a scholarly recluse, he is a man of the world. His three leaders are reduced to one and a few scrappy para-

graphs. His sub-editor has in a manner supplanted him by learning to let the facts in their dressing speak for themselves. This cunning artificer forms opinion by suggestion and enables his reader to say “I told you so” without knowing that he has himself been told. His room, which used to be one of the smallest in the office, is now comparable in size and the number and multitudinous activities of the staff, to the kitchen of a big hotel. Add to this that the departments have been increased beyond the dreams of the past. There is a huge contingent for illustration, staffed with all the labour, artistic and mechanical, belonging to that branch of the work—draughtsmen for the sketches, craftsmen for the production of the plates. So, while this is still the newest thing in one way, in another, as picture writing, it is a reversion to the youth of the world.

The library again is an integral part of the equipment. In the earlier time the leader writer had to carry all his information in his own head. Paul could do it, but then his was the head of Paul. The books of reference might almost be counted on the fingers. Wilson, so long the mainstay of *The Times*, told me that the only thing of the kind in his room at the office was an Army List, and that several years out of date. Now, whatever the topic, you have only to touch a bell, and you are instantly furnished with all the information bearing on your subject from a miniature British Museum reading room on the premises. And there is this to the good, it is information brought down to the very day of writing. The Librarian, often a young woman, is an Atlas staggering under the burden of a world of reference, and understood to be ready to resign or to commit suicide at a moment’s notice, on failure to meet all demands at sight.

I did my best in my own behoof with a small amateurish collection of my own. When E. T. Cook came into the succession of the editorship, he continued the same plan from his own pre-

vious practice, and we exchanged good offices at need. He was a man of the new generation, and a remarkable one at that. Given his proper supply of cigarettes, I think he would have been capable of writing the whole leader page on an emergency. I often saw him in a tight place: I never saw him turn a hair. At Oxford I believe he was one of the best Aristotelians of the time. So the drilling and the milling of the academical system counts, when the student is of the right sort.

Newspaper work is a terrible strain till one gets used to it. The ordinary conditions of literary leisure, pleasant surroundings, the sense of the full possession of your own soul, are opposed to it in every particular. You are generally within the bounds of the City, and the City is never quite quiet day or night. Often you back on a slum, and in spite of yourself have to take a certain interest in its quarrels and its fights. Slum or no slum, the rooms are usually bare and comfortless, and the sounds and other interruptions incidental to the work of the premises are distracting until you have acquired the second nature of the calling. The too insistent "devil" who steals into your room every ten minutes or so to bring proofs of the whole issue for your inspection as they are pulled, and to take copy sheet by sheet as you write, is a bit of a trial till you get used to him. The "reader" who occasionally descends from above to ask you to verify a quotation, or to suggest an emendation is another. But he is more human, for he rarely takes his departure without offering you a pinch of snuff. He is usually a venerable person with a manner suggestive of better days and higher hopes in the work of the pen. His out-of-the-way erudition is sometimes quite remarkable. There are moments when you could fain ask him to linger and tell you of his past; but after all he is one interruption more. For another, there is the distant but still quite audible throb of the engines as a preliminary to the work of going to press.

Writing is almost impossible till you have got the better of these trials, and you will never attain to the mastery if you begin late, or let yourself drop out of training. Poor Davidson, a man of letters if ever there was one, went all to pieces as a journalist under a mishap of the latter kind. He once came to the office as my *locum tenens* when I was away on a holiday, and I had a sad account of the result. The place was new to him, the conditions were distracting, he was unable to write a line. The demon boy came and went; and still all that awaited him was the sight of a miserable fellow-creature with his hands in his hair, and a welter of torn beginnings on the floor.

Presently, of course, on information received, the editor came in with a cheery "how are you going on?"

"Not very well."

"Ah, just the want of the habit of it, but you'll soon get used——"

"If you don't mind I think I won't stay," and, pocketing a handful of his failures, he decamped.

"They're of no mortal use to you," he pleaded with a weary smile, "but I might find a place for them in my next novel on the Press."

The whole staff is now mobilised for instant action at any point of the compass. Speed is the first requisite, and with speed, strangely enough, has come more leisure than of old. We toiled through our task into the small hours, often enough with midnight for our starting point. Nowadays the paper must be almost ready to go to press at that hour. It is a case of having the paper ready to serve with the hot rolls, throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom. Mere fast trains have long been superseded, though of course they still play their part. Much of it is wired down to branch centres in the chief towns, every important word winged for its flight to the farthest confines of the system as it falls from the pen. Most of us old stagers had the sense of holiday if we managed to get away before two in the morning, when

we staggered forth to our cabs at the door, usually to take a first instalment of sleep on the way home. As often as not, our cabman slept too, trusting to Providence and the sense of emergency for the avoidance of accident.

Each of us had his own particular man for the drive. I once took the liberty of remonstrating with mine on the risks of collision with the market carts taking the opposite course to ours, and with drivers wholly regardless of rules of the road as they, too, lurched in slumber in their shafts.

"It's like this," he said. "'Ow many years 'ave I drove you and 'ave I ever spilt you onst?"

I had to leave it there until "onst"—I lived in Kensington then—the hansom came into collision with the refuge at the top of St. James's Street, and turned neatly over on its side. We were rescued by one of the night birds always at hand in London. "I see it comin'" he said, "but I was a bit too late: you was on the hobelisk"—his generic name for anything placed by authority in the middle of the road—"before I could give your chap the tip." To this day, I believe, an obelisk in honour of a deceased alderman is still used as a refuge in Farringdon Street.

"What do you think of yourself now?" I asked the cabman.

"'Ow many years 'ave I drove—Well it won't 'appen again."

And, with my active co-operation, it never did.

Strangely enough, though the glass was shivered to fragments neither of us was a penny the worse. Providence itself had been caught napping, but had roused itself in time to make amends.

His successor was always in the highest spirits, and whistled all the way home. I never saw a more cheerful man. As he told me in confidence, he was getting on. I was only one of his regular customers: "Mr. Phil May—the gentleman what does the pictures for the papers"—was another; and often gave him a sovereign for his fare as he drove from night house to night house.

"He begins to be stirrin' just as you leave off: you know 'Box and Cox': you've seen that, I dessay. I'm beginning to save, I am; and bye and bye I'll buy a cab and a gee-gee or two, and be my own master." He achieved them bit by bit and whistled louder than ever. Then one day, while acting as his own stableman, he had his leg badly broken by a kick from one of his horses, and got lamed for life. The long illness brought him down with a run; he was sold up, and he had to decline to a "growler" owing to the impossibility of mounting the higher box—the growler and wage servitude. After that he whistled no more.

All so well and truly tried, and all so frustrate! What can one say of such fates, but "why is this, wherefore, what should we do?"

Sir John Robinson was from first to last the master of us all in Bouverie Street. He was at first only the manager, though he afterward became titular editor. As between him and the nominal chief it was long a question of conflict of jurisdictions, like that between the Mikado of Japan and the Shogun. He ruled by suggestion, scouring the news of the day for topics for Lang, and promoting without commanding suitable subjects for the rest. His pride was that he knew a handy man when he saw one, and annexed him as soon as he could. He discovered Archibald Forbes, when the latter, while languishing for a job equal to his powers, was glad to become correspondent for the *Morning Advertiser* at the outbreak of the Franco-German war. Our manager was still busy with the question of getting him into the net, when one day up came his card for an interview. "The Lord hath delivered him into my hand," muttered Robinson and he was engaged at once. The result was the finest work in that branch of journalism ever seen since the golden prime of Russell of *The Times*.

Forbes was an ex-dragoon, in one of his attributes as a rolling-stone, and he never lost that trace of his origin. His

manners were those of the barrack-room, but genius atoned for all. He knew how to get there, the supreme gift of a writer working in the rough and tumble of war. He wrote, as they all have to do, sitting, standing, lying down, with a drum head for a table, or at need the saddle of his horse. And when he had written he knew how to get first in with his copy. His rivals in the field might be as quick as himself with the pen, but they had no other resource than to wait for the transmission of their dispatches until the military people had done with the wires. Forbes saw a better way: Luxembourg was on the frontier of the scene of fighting, and its wires were disengaged. He made straight for that quarter after every battle, often riding all night to do it, and beat the field. In work of this kind, an hour sometimes counts in priority, and four and twenty, or even twelve, make an eternity. He was ably seconded at the office. Robinson slept there half the time, to await the dispatch, and at need to put it into print in the form of a special edition. The result was fame for the writer, a circulation of leaps and bounds for the paper—sorely in need of it—and a modest fortune for the arch-contriver in the managerial chair.

He was content to be a contriver, an efficient cause to the last, without a thought of the honours of notoriety. He knew, and that was enough for him. His eyes twinkling behind his spectacles, he sat tight in his office chair, and judged men and events. His one infirmity was that he never could tell where he had left the spectacles, after removing them but a moment before. A smart lad in his antechamber found a vocation that was something of a sinecure in restoring them to their owner. His heart was as good as his head, a true friend, a genial companion, a lover of the good story and the quip and crank for his leisure hour. If he had one other weakness it was the belief that a diary, which he had kept for the better part of his ca-

reer, was charged with secrets of state unpublishable in his lifetime, and only to be printed with caution after his death. He seemed to tremble at the thought of the dangerous nature of its revelations. It made its appearance in due course, but without disturbing the peace of politicians or even contributing to the gaiety of nations in any marked way. This is easily accounted for. The secrets of to-day are the only things that count as curiosity and wonder: to-morrow they have only the interest of ancient history. Fresh from a Cabinet Minister's room, Robinson might justly fear that he carried high explosives enough to ruin a government, if, in the chance contacts of the pavement, they happened to "go off." As it was, their too long storage in the magazine of his diary often failed to bring them to the flash point of the interest of anecdote.

He was the first to use the wires extensively—with an anathema on the consequences. For long years they were regarded by the Press as a costly luxury, and no wonder when every message was charged at prohibitory rates. Reuter partly remedied that in introducing a system of joint service for matters of common interest. He saw that in many things what would serve for one paper might serve as well for a hundred, with a consequent cheapening to the customers.

Robinson had a good story of the way in which the enterprise was launched in this country. Reuter came to the *Daily News* as he went to the other leading papers with a philanthropic offer to give them copious and trustworthy telegrams from abroad on this plan.

The manager naturally asked for the terms.

"Nothing," said Reuter, genially, and I believe spelling it with a "d."

"Come! come! that will never do—what do you expect to get out of it?"

"The esteem and affection of the British people. Because I love them with all my heart."

"Hum," said Robinson, "you may send them in."

They were sent, they were worth printing, and they duly appeared on those extraordinary terms in every important journal. At the end of the year they had become indispensable, and then the philanthropist called again.

"You like my dispatches?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Well, I want to arrange about going on with them."

"Very pleased, I am sure."

"My terms are a thousand a year."

"Come! come! that's a very different story from the one you——"

"Ah!" said the other quietly, "we are talking business now."

And he got his thousand all round. To refuse would have been to have given priority to a host of rivals.

No wonder the capitalist has become indispensable to the Press, when every new departure involves expenditure at this rate. When I see how the newspaper is staffed, from the commissioner at the door to the editor in his sanctum, I think with awe of the bewildering fraction of the incoming ha'penny that represents the average share of each. The hundreds who have to live out of it! The huge sub-editorial staff; the clouds of skirmishing reporters and interviewers; the illustrators; the caricaturists, cartographers, and all the rest in that branch; the resident correspondent abroad in their costly offices, to say nothing of the specials at the front with their mounts and their motor cars. With that all the agency of distribution from Smith and Son down to the urchin who calls his wares in the street, and the goody at the chandler's shop who works them in with the bacon and the brandy balls. The head spins with it, as under some new illustration of the problem of the indivisibility of matter. Where on earth is the chance for the mere human being with the sense of a message, and nothing in his pocket?

In such difficulties one takes to day dreaming as the only resource. I have done that in one of my books where I imagine a man with little more in the

way of worldly gear than what he stands upright in, yet determined to try his luck as a founder. He fastens on a neighbourhood, and resolves to make that in faithful observation a microcosm of the social universe—his premises a back garret; his plant a cheap duplicating machine for manuscript. Nothing of public moment that happens in that quarter escapes him, in its crimes, its labours, its privations and its heroisms—the man out of work; the man and woman at the corner pin; the charitable agencies, with their spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes, in the shape of the underlings at the hospital gate; the district visitors; the well-meaning person on the prowl for souls. Well he makes that district hum; and presently his single sheet at a ha'penny—or at the price of a farthing epic if you like—becomes a second necessary of life to many of its inmates, and to an ever widening circle of the great world outside, to whom he sends it free for a time on probation. It is a dead loss at first, but what with a dietary of oatmeal and potatoes, and a soul never failing in its purpose, it begins to pay out of pocket expenses. The next stage is a font of broken type, and a handpress, or at need a buxom charwoman who takes the imprint with the weight of her person. Bye and bye still, with all the serious labours of production and distribution manipulated on the system of a one-man show, he feels justified in adding an urchin to the staff. The daring of it, the individuality, is the charm, it is a first hand voice, not an echo, and with nothing less than that can deep call to deep. After a while the big brothers, the leviathans of the ordinary issues, get wind of it and write it up as a jest, if only in the hope of writing it down. The sociologist who looks in to inquire; the circulation widens, the front garret is added to the back, and so until a gas engine rises to the occasion, and finally with the help of a whole battery of Hoes, all bought out of profits, we attain to a largest circulation on the strength of a new and true thing in

human personality that has come into the world. The parish has become co-terminous with the planet, and is distinctly recognisable from the Milky Way. The capitalist may come up if he likes but only with the ha'penny for his copy; all his millions will never buy an interest in it, in the sense of a directing voice. The idea is that the resources of civilisation may be made to

tell as much for the small man as for the big one, if rightly used. How much money had Christianity in the bank in its day of power?

My dream is out. To make no secret of it, I came to London to do something like this, but I wasn't man enough for the job. The poor compromise of John Street and one of its fellows was the best I could do.

SOME NOVELS OF THE MONTH*

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

"THE TRAIL OF THE HAWK"

The Trail of the Hawk, by Sinclair Lewis, is the chronicle of an inveterate Rolling Stone, who nevertheless succeeds in gathering a modicum of Moss, in the shape of the pure, unadulterated joy of living. Carl Ericson, a born rebel against conventions, finds himself from boyhood up at war with the combined forces of family, school and society, all three of which unite in trying to mould him into the average colourless human being. Consequently throughout his earlier years he is in perpetual disgrace, at home, at school and at college,—to which last-named institution his father sent him at the cost of many sacrifices, and from which he was ignominiously dismissed because he espoused the cause of a discredited socialistic professor. Thus it happens that we find Carl in

early adolescence a friendless and penniless wanderer, undaunted and thrilling with a sense of freedom and the boundless opportunity of satisfying his unquenchable curiosity about life. Picture him a big, broad-shouldered young Norseman, although the third generation of American birth,—with a skin as white as a girl's, cheeks like a rosy apple, and a smile that invariably inspires confidence. Getting a job is the easiest matter imaginable; jobs simply fall into his hands. The only difficulty is to keep them, for his unconquerable *wanderlust* forever goads him onward, not to something higher and better, but simply to something different, something that will enrich the variety of his experiences of life. The first of the three parts into which this chronicle is divided, "The Adventure of Youth," frankly drags a little. It covers, to be sure, the formative years and helps to explain why Carl is what he is, and not otherwise. Yet the author has overrated the importance of much of its detail. In fact, if the reader starts the story at the opening of Part II, "The Adventure of Adventuring," he will find that he knows almost as much about the hero and understands him as well as he does after he reverts to those opening chapters and fills in the gap. That second part, on the contrary, is an undiluted joy. It is improbable, to be sure, almost burlesque, yet so joyous, so spontaneous, so kaleido-

**The Trail of the Hawk*. By Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Nicky-Nan, Reservist. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Prudence of the Parsonage. By Ethel Hueston. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A Young Man's Year. By Anthony Hope. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The Freelanders. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Valley Road. By Mary Hallock Foote. Boston and New York: The Houghton Mifflin Company.

The High Priestess. By Robert Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

scopic in its varied scene and shifting action, that one needs must accept it with indulgent credulity. Not since Charles Reade wrote *Jack-of-all-Trades* has any hero of fiction filled so rapidly and so successfully such a motley assortment of crafts and trades, or with anything approaching such efficiency. Packer in a department store, waiter in a third-class restaurant, mechanic in an automobile factory, chauffeur, professional tramp and candidate for the bread line, porter in a Bowery saloon, facing the problem of saving four dollars out of a weekly salary of eight, in order to gratify a new ambition, namely to see the Panama Canal,—such is a brief epitome of one phase of our Rolling Stone's career, a phase that all unconsciously is shaping him for bigger things. At Colon Carl makes friends of the right sort; work in the mines, at generous wages, soon puts a substantial reserve fund in his pocket, and the following year finds him in California, a partner in a profitable automobile repair shop. Then the big news reaches him of the first successful flights of Curtis and the Wright Brothers, and Carl recognises by instinct that here is the outlet for his pent-up energies, the one career for which his whole undisciplined nature has been crying out. Much has been written about aviation, both from the technical and the popular standpoint; but it would be hard to find anywhere else in current fiction any description that would give to the inexperienced a kindred thrill of breathless flight, of danger that is a fearful joy, and of confident omnipotence that is superhuman. And then, when this unrivalled "Hawk of the Air-men" is at the zenith of his powers, comes his third adventure, "The Adventure of Love." It is a pleasant little idyl and not badly done, —although Mr. Sinclair has less scope for his natural talent in the confined atmosphere of the ball-room and the boudoir than in the free air of heaven. But, of course, the inevitable happens: the Hawk has his wings clipped, flights are a thing of the past, a confining, although lucrative office position and a

conventional apartment on the upper West Side begin to prey upon his nerves; and soon the happy couple are quarrelling acrimoniously and often. But, Mr. Sinclair seems to say, you cannot cage a hawk for long; the born nomad must "keep going." So at the end we leave Carl and Ruth, once more adrift, bound haphazard for Buenos Ayres, with their bridges all burned behind them, and with no assurance of what lies ahead. Yet they are supremely happy, because "How bully it is to be living, if you don't have to give up living in order to make a living."

"NICKY-NAN, RESERVIST"

When news of War first came to Polpier, Nicholas Nanjivell (commonly known as Nicky-Nan) paid small attention to it, being preoccupied with his own affairs.

This opening sentence of Mr. Quiller-Couch's latest volume, *Nicky-Nan, Reservist*, should be read thoughtfully, because, while at first sight misleading, it really obeys the cardinal rule of fiction in summing up the main substance of the narrative. Although opening with news of the Great War, it is not a war story, but on the contrary a story of Nicky-Nan's personal preoccupations, and the consequences to himself and others through his slow awakening to the fact that a war exists. The scene of the story is a village on the coast of Cornwall; the characters are quaint, diverting types of Cornish fishermen and their narrow-minded scandal-loving wives, whom Mr. Quiller-Couch understands so well how to interpret; and conspicuous among them is old Nicky-Nan, crippled, penniless, and threatened with eviction from the old house that has been his home for the past fifteen years. Until lately he has made a living of some sort from the fisheries, but since a certain queer and painful growth, now the size of a large apple, appeared behind his knee, he has done nothing but drag himself miserably from place to place and lament his hard lot. He has had notice to move,—for the landlord, although not a hard man, wants the site

of the old building for the new village bank, and the final papers will be served on Monday. Nicky-Nan passes a very wretched day of anticipation, until suddenly he remembers two consoling facts: first, that Monday being a bank holiday, no papers can be served on him; and secondly, that the moratorium having gone into effect, he has an extra breathing space before his debts must be paid. Troubles, however, have accumulated, thick and fast; formal notices have been served on him, first and second, to the effect that as a reservist he is liable to duty, and failing to report, will be arrested as a traitor. He knows that he might get a certificate that would excuse him, but is afraid that this may lead to an inquiry about his annual drill duty for the past few years, for which he has drawn pay, although as a matter of fact absent. Now, the ancient house, now a two-family apartment which Nicky-Nan shares with his friend Penhaligon, dates back to Napoleonic times, in which days most old houses had secret hiding-places, in which to escape from press-gangs and revenue inspectors. Nicky-Nan determines to seek for some such place of concealment, and in exploring a closet behind the kitchen, breaks through some rotting boards, when to his amazement out pours a stream of hidden gold, a hoard dating back to the battle of Waterloo. Nicky-Nan, knowing nothing of the law of treasure-trove, assumes that the findings are his by right. And consequently he makes two mistakes: he pays his long overdue rent, without noticing that one of the coins is that rare treasure of collectors, a spade guinea; and secondly, when he learns that the wife and family of his neighbour Penhaligon,—who only yesterday left hurriedly for the front,—are in sore need, he comes forward, with the generosity begotten of what he regards as an endless fortune, and declares that he will see that she and the children shall not want. Such indiscretion in a place like Polpier is fatal. Within the hour evil tongues are wagging fast. Where, ask the men, has Nicky-Nan's sudden wealth

come from? Whom has he robbed? What treasure has he unearthed? Since when, ask the women, has poor Penhaligon's wife given Nicky-Nan the right to look after her? What a false friend to her husband! What a scandal to the village! And so the gossip grows and spreads, until poor, bewildered, crippled Nicky-Nan is glad to restore all but his legitimate per cent. of the treasure-trove, and to go to the naval hospital on the slim chance that an operation may make him fit for active service,—since even war is less of a hell than the evil tongues of Polpier.

"PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE"

If you like a simple and quite youthful story, with a slightly old-fashioned flavour about it, a story in which family prayers and meal-time blessings still have a place, and life is based upon the simple rules of "doing unto others" and "loving your neighbour," then you are likely to find *Prudence of the Parsonage* a refreshing change from the average current novel. Imagine a Methodist minister, still young in spirit, despite the fact that he is a widower with the responsibility of five young daughters,—a minister wise enough and modern enough to throw off the solemn cloak of his calling and occasionally romp and laugh and be humanly and healthfully foolish along with them. Imagine more especially the oldest daughter, Prudence, still on the threshold of nineteen, yet wise beyond her years with the wisdom of a curious and precocious motherliness that is helping her to train her four younger sisters into fine, generous, truth-loving little women. At the opening of the story, the family has just arrived in the town to which the father's new duties have brought him; and the members of the church to which he has just been appointed are mildly scandalised at the unconventional sight of five young girls, and the parsonage girls at that, living without a chaperon. But little by little, Prudence's gentle yet firm discipline, her unfailing patience, her steady sense of justice that never would exact punish-

ment for blunders or misdeeds which hurt no one but herself, her simple rule, "I can't punish them for the effect on me" end in a triumphant recognition on the part of her severest critics that even the oldest and wisest of them have something to learn from her in the art of being mothers. The story is often overdrawn, the escapades of the younger girls, especially of the twins, are exaggerated to the point of burlesque; yet somehow one is inclined to forgive these minor flaws, for the sake of the pervading atmosphere of home and harmonious, healthy, happy living.

"A YOUNG MAN'S YEAR"

Mr. Anthony Hope offers from time to time a welcome relief from the special brand of seriousness that has come to be the hall-mark of the younger school of British novelists. Not that he fails to take himself seriously; on the contrary, few writers in England show a greater contrast between their earlier and their later work than the author of *The Prisoner of Zenda* and of the newly published *A Young Man's Year*. From the rainbow air-castles of sheer romance to the practical problem of a young man's first start in the working world is surely a broad enough step to satisfy any demand that present-day fiction shall be serious. But the big difference between the newer school and that which Mr. Hope's later manner typifies is that his interest remains centred in the individual, in spite of all the new problems, social, ethical, moral or religious, that may have their formative influence; while writers like Galsworthy, Wells, and their followers although able to picture memorable characters when they choose to, are obviously more interested in movements and tendencies and problems than they are in the individual man or woman, and not infrequently give us characters that are really little more than types, standing symbolically for groups rather than for persons. That is why Mr. Hope's new volume, without being a big achievement, is a welcome diversion. Yet it is simply a care-

ful, minute and at the same time vivid chronicle of just one year in the early life of Arthur Lisle, who when we first meet him is a specimen of that essentially British creation, a briefless barrister. As yet he has by no means made up his mind whether he will welcome his first brief, if it ever comes. He is diffident and self-distrustful, and the mere thought of rising to address the Court fills him with an anticipatory ague. Meanwhile, time hanging heavily upon him, he seeks to fill it in by various social relaxations, and forms friendships, some more desirable than others. There is, for instance, a certain semi-bohemian set that gathers almost nightly at the home of Marie Sarradet, only daughter of Clement Sarradet, who traces his ancestry to France and his fortune to a perfumer's shop in Cheapside. With the exception of Arthur Marie's friends lack, in one way or another, the stamp of true culture and refinement. Subtly, deftly, the author conveys this, by a gesture or word too much, sometimes by an awkward or untimely silence. The reader understands, and at the same time realises that Arthur either does not or will not see that his friends are not quite the sort that he would care to present to his mother. At all events, he comes so near to fancying himself in love with the perfumer's pretty daughter that in his impatience for a short cut to fortune he takes a rash gamble and sinks a thousand pounds of his scanty principle in a theatrical company organised by the perennially bankrupt promoter, Joe Halliday, to exploit a new farce by Beverley, another of Marie's inner circle. Meanwhile Arthur has at last done his duty and got in touch with Godfrey Lisle, old, wealthy, a semi-invalid, and incidentally the head of the house,—also the possessor of a rarely beautiful and elusive wife. From the moment that he meets Bernadette Lisle, Arthur forgets that such a person as Marie Sarradet exists, forgets that the bulk of his patrimony hinges upon the success of an inane farce, *Did You say Mrs.?*—forgets that he himself is of the Middle Temple

and that briefs are solemn things, not to be lightly neglected. Here again the veteran skill of Mr. Hope achieves what is well nigh the impossible: he shows how a young man may be something considerably less than a fool and yet make his prayer to a sumptuous and charming woman, past-mistress in the arts of cajoling and anxious for a new and unspoiled soul on which to practise. He lets us look into the shallow depths of her, and yet at the same time leaves us too somewhat under the fair lady's spell. We foresee from the start what Arthur of course does not dimly suspect until the crisis comes, that she is going to betray her husband and elope with that somewhat pedantic, somewhat middle-aged Sir Oliver Wyse; and yet we cannot censure her, for it is Bernadette's peculiar privilege to make her own standards. To sum up briefly Arthur Lisle's momentous year, one may say that it consisted mainly of the salutary discipline of disillusion,—the disillusion of seeing Marie's cheapness in the contrasted light of Bernadette's inimitable charm; the disillusion of seeing Bernadette herself fail in the higher test of unsullied womanhood; the disillusion as to his own ability to judge of human nature and least of all of himself. It is not perhaps an especially ingenious plot, but it is extremely like the experience of average human life, in which many of the most important lessons come to us through the men and women whom we meet apparently so casually and with so little forewarning of the result.

"THE FREELANDS"

We could hardly have a better example from which to justify the above made statement that Mr. Galsworthy's men and women were often types rather than characters, than we have in his new volume, *The Freeland's*. The whole work is a triumph of masterly and close-fitted construction; the cabinet-work of its joints is so neat that you scarcely notice it, unless you too have served some sort of apprenticeship as literary carpenter. And yet it is only by noting

the amount of space, the actual cubic feet of thought and purpose taken up by the central theme, that you begin to realise why it is that here, less than in any of Mr. Galsworthy's previous books do we get the imprint of strong personalities, have photographed on our memories an unforgettable face, feel our very hearts wrung by some personal note of grief. What the author has chosen this time to talk about is the land question in England, the steady encroachment of city, town and village upon the outlying farming lands, the persistent buying up of remoter districts for private grounds and parks. The very name chosen for the family that plays the central rôle, "Freeland," is obviously symbolic: here are four brothers, representative Englishmen, each with his own characteristic attitude toward this problem of what is England's greatest need in regard to free land,—should the influx to the cities be turned backward? Should landed proprietors be compelled to rent out larger portions of their holdings? Or, most revolutionary of all, should it be made easier for the small farmer to own his own land, as the French peasant does? These and kindred questions teem on every page, and behind the pages. We hear them flung back and forth, like shuttlecocks, at afternoon teas, and across solemn dinner-tables; and when the author leads us away on some side issue, ye know that the argument still continues behind our backs. It would be hard to find four brothers more widely contrasted, both physically and mentally, than these four several exponents of the free land doctrine: there are John, high in government employ; Stanley, a captain of industry; Felix, a writer, playing a neutral part and recording what he observes; and lastly, Tod, a social rebel, living with his Celtic wife and elfish black-haired children a recluse life on a small farm, and doing his part to stir up revolt among the tenantry against their landlords. To go more minutely into the separate details of specific results,—to show how the stirring up of primitive passions led to

the condemnation of one old peasant for murder, and almost blasted the hopes of Tod's son, Derek, and his cousin Nedda, who were betrothed, because the lad becomes temporarily deranged and believed that his soul too has the guilt of blood upon it,—to review all this would merely result in confusion by placing the principal emphasis elsewhere than where the author seems to have intended. The real central idea, it would seem, is propounded early in the volume by Felix the thinker when he says, "I do not believe in revolution from the bottom . . . I believe it is in honour up to us to revolutionise things from the top." And it was because Tod and Tod's children insisted in trying to revolutionise from the bottom up, that a host of family tragedies followed in their wake.

"THE VALLEY ROAD"

The Valley Road, by Mary Hallock Foote, has, in common with this author's other volumes, an unmistakable air of good breeding, the distinction of a careful prose style, and a certain gift for making one see agreeable vistas of hill and valley. But beyond this it is rather disappointing. The plot is a leisurely and rambling crisscross of several stories in one; it starts off apparently with the intention of chronicling the history of a big irrigation scheme on which a certain adventurous civil engineer has staked the future of himself and his family; and then suddenly in mid-course the engineer dies, and the rest of the volume is occupied with the struggles and anxieties of his wife and children, their ambitions and friendships, and eventually the courtship and marriage, respectively, of the son and the daughter. Territorially, as well as in other respects, the book rambles widely. The scene is supposed to be laid mainly in Southern California; yet Tom Scarth's romance begins in Korea, while that of his sister, Engracia, culminates in New England. Of course, the question whether the characters of any book are interesting or not is largely a purely personal one with each reader. To the

present reviewer, the men and women of *The Valley Road* remain a part of that great negligible mass of commonplace and uninspired populace that we must needs brush elbow with both in reality and in the realm of fiction. The one exception is possibly that of the girl Engracia. From childhood up, she has been in the habit of receiving each Christmas one or more books of a different quality from her other gifts,—books miraculously suited to her unfolding mind and forming the most precious factor in her intellectual development. These books have come ostensibly from the millionaire president of the company that has financed the valley irrigation scheme over which Engracia's father presides. But when her father and the president have both died, and the estate's trustee, a quiet, middle-aged, bookish man, comes out to look things over, Engracia discovers that it is he whose wise choice has initiated her into the rarest joys of bookland, and that without ever having seen her he has during these years been quietly falling in love with the young girl who every Christmas wrote such wonderful letters of precocious understanding and gratitude. On the whole, a rather pretty little idyl, and the one relieving touch of brightness in a dead level of monotony.

"THE HIGH PRIESTESS"

In any attempt to sum up the literary achievements of Robert Grant there are at least two volumes which refuse to be disregarded. These are *Unleavened Bread*, perhaps the most widely discussed American novel of the year in which it appeared, and his latest story, *The High Priestess*, a kindred satire upon the advanced woman of to-day. Indeed, the author himself openly recognises a certain kinship between the two volumes by laying the scene of the later volume in that same Middle West town of Benham that witnessed the early ambitions and blunders of Selma White. And, as if fearful that the reading public would miss the point, he devotes

some pages in his opening chapter to a recapitulation of just what his Selma White was supposed to stand for in American womanhood of the late nineties, before passing on to an analysis of the new type of the present generation as embodied in his Mary Arnold, suffragette and uncompromising champion of the single standard. If we understand the author correctly, what he means to say in his keen, satiric fashion is that young women are in essentials much the same as they were twenty years ago, and that the Mary Arnolds of to-day, with their martyr-like adherence to their creed, are often just as cock-sure, just as fallible, just as much half-baked as the Selma Whites,—the only difference being that the Selma Whites showed their crudity in distorted views of wall papers and the fine arts, and the Mary Arnolds in equally distorted views of eugenics and the right to vote. Reduced to its essentials, *The High Priestess* deals with the fiasco of the heroine's married life, despite the fact that Oliver Randall is theoretically absolutely in accord with all her most advanced ideas. Two children come to them, a boy and a girl; and these encumbrances Mary accepts without demur, for children are part of her theory of life. But she refuses to allow either them or her husband's comforts to prevent her from carving out a career of her own,—and her dormant talent happens to be architecture and landscape gardening. The beginning of the rift between her and Oliver is so slight that neither of them is precisely aware of it. Her early successes as an architect rather amuse her husband than otherwise, for he refuses to take her seriously. His real interest in life, politics, she is equally scornful of, sarcastically regretting that he wastes valuable time from his chosen profession,

the law. As time goes on, her frequent absence from home, at country week-end parties, where she meets her clients and talks over plans for pergolas, Italian gardens and the like, necessitates the presence of some one else at home to keep the household running smoothly; and here she makes the one serious miscalculation of her life by installing in her place her friend Sybil, a soft, feminine, clinging type of a generation ago, born to the one profession of marrying and making some man comfortable. The way in which Sybil fills in the gaps,—not only those caused by Mary's absence, but more especially the inevitable, ever present gaps due to Mary's modernism and fundamental inability to make a man comfortable,—is depicted by Robert Grant with a subtlety and, one suspects, a certain malicious enjoyment that awaken a responsive appreciation on the part of the reader. We cannot avoid seeing in advance the fore-ordained, inevitable tragedy,—which, after all, when it comes, borders closely upon farce comedy, because Mary reaches home just in time to avert the ultimate catastrophe. But with the inexorable logic of her type,—and here again we glimpse the "Unleavened Bread" of modern feminism,—the intention to be unfaithful is as unpardonable as the deed itself. So with Junoesque majesty she banishes the frail willed Oliver to outer darkness, and involves both him and herself in long years of needless purgatory. However, wisdom finally comes, the slow baking process of sorrow and repentance bring realisation, that while she may have been quite logical, and steadfast and a staunch champion of eugenics and equal rights and sex morality, yet in spite of it she has remained "a good deal of a woman." And in the end her womanhood avenges itself. and she wisely capitulates.

BOOKS AND THE YELLOW BANNER *

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

THE bright flag of the woman suffragists is fluttering from a thousand hills, these autumn days, as its devotees, leaving a trail of yellow leaflets in their wake, press on in the hope of winning their fight in the fall elections of nearly half a dozen States. Their yellow banner glows triumphant over a goodly pile of the fall books which reflect one or another phase of the feminine stir going on all over the world. Reading these books and realising, as one must, that after all they make it possible to sense only a meagre percentage of the effort that has been and is being put forth, one marvels, first, why under Heaven they have not succeeded in conquering the earth to its uttermost parts and, next, why the present possessors of the ballot, if they really have the superior intelligence with which they are accustomed to sanction their monopoly of it, do not, seeing the energy and determination which evidently will not stop short of success, save themselves much trouble

*The Story of a Pioneer. By Anna Howard Shaw, D.D., M.D. With the collaboration of Elizabeth Jordan. Illustrated from photographs. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Feminism in Germany and Scandinavia. By Katherine Anthony. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The Trade Union Woman. By Alice Henry. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

"Common Sense" Applied to Woman Suffrage. Second Edition. By Mary Putnam Jacobi, M.D. With an Introduction by Frances Maule Björkman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In Times Like These. By Nellie L. McClung. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

How It Feels to be the Husband of a Suffragette. By Him. Illustrations by May Wilson Preston. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Are Women People? By Alice Duer Miller. New York: George H. Doran Company.

and disturbance and conserve much energy by making a graceful capitulation. But, in the meantime, the yellow banner, snapping in the breezes of its own activities—when the antis do not make one for it—adds to the interest of life. The books over which it flutters, reviewed below, tell remarkable stories of purpose, endeavour, achievement, full to the brim of that fascination which is inherent in any account of determined human struggle. And through most of them gleams and gurgles such a sense of humour as makes their perusal worth while merely as a matter of entertainment.

"THE STORY OF A PIONEER"

Dr. Shaw has indeed been a "pioneer" in the woman suffrage movement, for she went into it thirty years ago, when it was weak in numbers, poor in purse, and almost without results. But before that she had been a "pioneer" also as a woman preacher and had won her way into the pulpit through an almost solid wall of opposition and conservative disapproval. And still earlier she had been a "pioneer" in the woods of Michigan, where, as a little girl, she went with her family, immigrants from England, in the fifties of the last century. Anybody who thinks that the suffragists will stop fighting short of complete success, or even that Dr. Shaw will quit living before she and her followers have won the ballot at least for the women of this country needs only, for conversion, to read the first half of her autobiography. The girl in her teens who alternated tree-felling and well-digging with preaching from a stump to the surrounding trees and joyously started off to college with eighteen dollars in her pocket and no more in sight can be trusted, even at sixty-eight, to see mountains as

mole-hills if they lie between her and the goal she has determined to achieve.

Dr. Shaw's story of her life will delight the student of heredity. In the suffrage leader allowing, as recently happened, her new automobile, the gift of loving followers, to be sold for taxes, he will see reborn the spirit of her English grandmother, of whom she tells the story that, being a Unitarian and a dauntless soul, she sat year after year upon her doorstep and watched her furniture being sold to pay her Church of England tithes. There are some pages, too, about "the fighting Shaws" of Scotland, her ancestors, which show that blood will tell, even after many generations, although its warlike tendencies may be translated from the domain of the body to that of the spirit.

For one perceives readily that if Dr. Shaw had not spent half her life fighting for suffrage she would have battled for some other cause with just the same energy and determination. The seed of the fighting idealist is in her blood and it had to make itself manifest. "Nothing bigger can come to a human being," she declares at the end of her story, "than to love a great Cause more than life, and to have the privilege throughout life of working for that Cause." And one is inclined to add, after reading the book, that nothing more fortunate could happen to any cause than to have Dr. Shaw among its protagonists. For her autobiography, both in the things its author frankly and intentionally discloses of her life and still more in those unconscious revelations which are inevitable in such a work, shows her whole life to have been one long grapple with circumstances and conditions in which, to a less dauntless soul, the odds would have seemed overwhelming. She took them as they came, one set at a time, and conquered them all, each in its turn, and in every case won what she wanted—barring only, as yet, suffrage. She writes about it all with becoming modesty and with a sense of humour that laughs from every page and she sees in it all only the gracious and pleasure bear-

ing gifts of bounteous life. "Neither the world nor my Cause," is her very last sentence, "is indebted to me—but from the depths of a full and very grateful heart I acknowledge my lasting indebtedness to them both."

"FEMINISM IN GERMANY AND SCANDINAVIA"

Miss Anthony has done a real service for American readers in thus collecting and putting into readable shape a reasonably complete account of the feminist movement of Continental Europe, the lines along which it has advanced, the aims it has set for itself, its methods and its personnel. Over here we have known but little about it, although its aims and achievements are of high social significance, and that little has been mainly in the form of detached news items that carried no information except that of isolated fact and were quite unrelated to social structure and daily life. Many of the matters with which these European feminists have been dealing are of such intimate consequence to the very form and spirit of civilisation in both Europe and America that whoever is interested in our own times cannot afford to pass them by. Miss Anthony has done the work notably well, correlating the information concerning widely varying lines of work with largeness of vision, seeing it as a whole and at the same time giving to each separate part the individuality and attention that it deserves. She discusses its various phases and its general tendencies with philosophy that evinces knowledge of social history, practical sense, and a very welcome discrimination in relative values. Her work is a contribution to the social history of the time for which students of sociology will be grateful.

At the beginning the author shows how widely different the development of feminism has been in the Teutonic and Scandinavian countries from its course in England and the United States. "So far as the more immediate goals are concerned," she says, "Continental feminism and Anglo-American feminism seem to

have adopted a definite division of labour." She finds this difference to be strikingly brought out in the two slogans, "Votes for Women" and "Mutterschutz," which express the respective aims of the two divisions. "Neither phrase," she declares, "is wholly translatable into the language of the other, for each carries in the original a world of emotional appeal which is incapable of a foreign rendering. The 'protection of motherhood' is a colourless transcription of Mutterschutz and no possible combination of German words can give the note of hastening solidarity that rings to-day in 'Votes for Women.'"

But Miss Anthony is guilty of historical inaccuracy when she writes of the English suffrage work as showing the origin of one of "the twin campaigns of the modern woman's movement." It is hardly less than amazing to find her ignoring, with the barest reference to Susan B. Anthony, the energetic and unremitting campaigns of the American suffragists which have been carried on for so many years and with whom the movement originated.

Better informed, apparently, of feminist progress in Europe than in the United States, her volume offers interesting and valuable account of the origin and development of the Mutterschutz movement and of its varied and important achievements. Among these is the protection by the state of workingwomen against disabilities arising from maternity, a work which has been carried to varying degrees of success in different countries. There is a full account, with much discussion, of the efforts of the feminists to revolutionise the ethical ideals of marriage, motherhood and other relations of woman to the social body. One of the minor features of the movement is to secure general acceptance of the "unity-title" for all women, married or unmarried. In the matter of dress reform considerable progress seems to have been made and the author declares that many of the recent fashions which Paris has made the mode had their

origin in models devised and worn by German feminists.

But perhaps the most important chapters of the book are those that tell of feminist endeavours to solve the problem of illegitimacy in such a way as will enable the child to escape consequent evil of any sort. Their best success has been in Norway, where a law passed last spring commands investigation into the paternity of each illegitimate child and makes the father, equally with the mother, as responsible for its welfare as if it had been born in wedlock. The author looks forward hopefully to the spread of the "Norwegian idea" until all children will have fathers and "the social annunciation of paternity will be complete."

"THE TRADE UNION WOMAN"

Alice Henry, who is Secretary of the National Women's Trade Union League, sticks close to her subject and produces out of it a comprehensive account, and the only complete account that, I believe, has yet been made, of the history of American women in industry. But her singleness of purpose does not prevent her from running up the yellow banner alongside the pennant of labour. From her point of view, which is that of the workingwoman, the necessity of the ballot seems to be a self-evident proposition and she regards the vote as not at all an end in itself but as a means to ends that will prove of ever growing importance.

In the woman movement she sees the awakening of a mighty force which, as regards wage-earning workingwomen, is manifesting itself in industrial organisation and in realisation of the need of the vote. And, on the other hand, she thinks that "in the demand for the vote women of all classes are recognising common disabilities, a common sisterhood and a common hope."

In a chapter on "The Workingwoman and the Vote" she analyses incisively and with forceful presentation the reciprocal relations between the struggle for the ballot and the struggle of working-

women for just industrial conditions. She thinks that much of the effort, ingenuity and energy of the campaign for suffrage is not exerted with an aim as far-sighted as it might be, with the result of not a little waste and the increasing of the possibilities of disappointment after the ballot shall have been achieved. "It would be much more in keeping with the modern situation," she thinks, "if the object of suffrage organisations were to read, not 'to obtain the vote,' but 'to obtain political, legal and social equality for women.'" Then, after obtaining the ballot in any particular State, or even, by and by, in the whole country, these organisations would go right on and with their equipment of training and their new power of the ballot would be highly efficient for the service of women in particular and of humanity in general. The organisations would have acquired a higher place in public esteem and in general influence and they would be of particular and important value in the educating of the "great bulk of the new and untrained woman feminine voters."

The chapter is well worthy of the earnest attention of suffrage leaders. And the whole book is one that no one can afford to miss who is at all interested in the processes and results of the mighty flux of present times which seems as if it were sweeping clear the board of civilisation and preparing for an entirely new arrangement. For here there is a complete review, given with considerable detail and with such a constant appreciation of the human element, the human interest, as makes it all very readable, of the steady procession of the women of America out of their homes and into the industries of the world, of their efforts, long abortive, to organise, at first locally and separately, and finally, in recent years, nationally and in affiliation with their brother workers. It is three-quarters of a century and more, she shows us, since they first began going on strike to better their conditions. It is suggestive also to learn something about just how appalling those early conditions

were, with their pitifully small wages and their fourteen-hour days.

Important and very interesting are Miss Henry's discussions of such elements of the situation as that of the immigrant woman, upon which she writes with knowledge and feeling and with keen understanding of meltingpot needs, the vocational training of women, the workingwoman and marriage, and the present ideals and policies of trade-unionism.

"IN TIMES LIKE THESE"

Mrs. McClung's swiftly moving, vivacious chapters have about them a strong flavour of the popular lecture platform, and the fact that she is a successful public speaker throughout Canada and the Northwestern United States makes one suspect that she has put together for this book a dozen of her addresses and given to the collection a title that would hold them together. Their style is of the intimate, somewhat colloquial sort and, like all speeches of that nature, they suffer by the translation from human delivery, with all its engaging accompaniment of colourful personality and surroundings, to cold, bare print. But they still carry the vitality that is born of profound conviction as well as the flavour that comes of a buoyant spirit and a twinkling eye. Nearly all of the lectures are devoted to woman suffrage and other phases of the woman movement and they are full of the apt sayings, the amusing stories, the trenchant phrases of the public speaker who does not wish to get above the heads of the audience and whose first necessity is to hold its attention. The argument throughout is concrete, practical, addressed to the understanding of people who are not expected to think very deeply over problems of statecraft and social organisation. But it rarely fails to be entertaining and it shows the author to be a keen observer of human nature and of the rapidly changing conditions in which we live.

"'COMMON SENSE' APPLIED TO WOMAN SUFFRAGE"

A peculiar interest attaches to this second edition of Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi's book, first published twenty years ago, for it was amplified and developed by its author from the address which she delivered before the committee on woman suffrage of the New York Constitutional Convention of 1894. In an appendix of thirty-eight pages is presented the verbatim address, which was recognised at the time, even by the opponents of her cause, as one of the most powerful appeals made to the convention upon any subject. The present status of the question in New York, with an amendment granting suffrage to women to be voted on at the November election, lends dramatic interest to the closing sentences of her address in which she told the constitution makers that if the decision should be unfavourable "we shall withdraw and bide our time for another twenty years, when once more we, or our survivors or our successors, will present themselves before a new Constitutional Convention, to prefer—and then successfully—our claim."

The volume deserves a place on the suffrage "five-foot-shelf," for, after John Stuart Mill's classic work, it is, doubtless, the most comprehensive, clearly reasoned and lucidly stated argument in favour of political equality for women that has yet been made. A certain amount of space is given up to matters of local and temporary consequence, but for the most part the argument is as valid now, and would ever be, as it was twenty years ago. "The Common Sense" of the title is taken from the title of the celebrated pamphlet that had much to do with the shaping of public opinion in the colonies toward the Declaration of Independence and the Revolution.

Mrs. Bjorkman's Introduction considers the advance in favour of woman suffrage that has been made in this country since Dr. Jacobi's book was first published and reviews the varied activities of her busy and notable life, with especial reference to her work as a physician.

"HOW IT FEELS TO BE THE HUSBAND OF A SUFFRAGETTE"

Whoever the "Husband" may be who has perpetrated this gay little skit, he must be credited with a very unusual sense of sexual justice and an almost equally strong sense of humour. For he does not take himself any more seriously than he does his wife, although that does not mean that he fails to consider her and her ideas and principles with entire respect and sympathy. In essence the booklet is a presentation of the most advanced modern idea of the marriage relation, set forth in concrete example, good humouredly serious in idea and at the same time whimsical and amusing in statement. "There is this, however," he says, "about living in the house with a woman who takes a kind, warm, vital interest in everything that is going on in the world—and you can, if you like, count it as one of the hardships of being a suffragette's husband: you have at times to force yourself to seem more intelligent than you feel like being. There are times when the promptings of the baser nature would lead you to camp down on the sofa immediately after dinner and snore, when you've got to subdue that inclination and look bright-eyed and be just as near a nice fellow as lies within your power."

"ARE WOMEN PEOPLE?"

A saucy wren hopping about in front of a big, sombre owl and being vocally disrespectful is the picture which is conjured up by Mrs. Miller's collection of suffrage rhymes and brief, pungent arguments. The opening stanzas, in which "a consistent anti" warns her son, just arrived at the voting age, about the dangers of the polls, is well flavoured with the ironic humour which is her distinguishing quality. The "consistent anti," anxious mother, tells "Willie" about the polls—

They're dark and dreadful places,

Where many lose their souls,

talks to him about "Father," who casts her vote and that of various other women and begs,

Wouldn't you let him vote for you?
 Father, who loves you so?

— And finally, overcome by her devoted love and sense of responsibility, she exclaims,

Do you think I'd send my only son
 Where I would not go myself?

Mrs. Miller has a specially keen faculty, the endowment of the logical mind, for seeing the weak point in an

argument, singling it out and developing it to its ridiculous conclusion. The half a hundred poems in her book are nearly all written in that way, with not a little facility in the use of rhyme and metre and with such merciless use of her perception of the absurd as will afford cause for merriment among those who are on her side of the suffrage argument. Those who are on the other side are likely to feel different about it.

YANN NIBOR—LAUREATE OF THE FLEET

Among the literary figures that the great war has brought into prominence there is none more curious than Yann Nibor, the bard of French sailors, or, the laureate of the fleet. A Breton sailor-man, his simple songs of the sea have aroused such enthusiasm that the French Government has been sending him from ship to ship to stimulate patriotism. Just as the German troops have been marching to the refrain of "Deutschland Ueber Alles" instead of "Die Wacht Am Rhein," just as the British soldiers have found "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary" preferable to "God Save the King"; so the fighting men of the French fleet have turned for inspiration in the hour of struggle not so much to the "Marseillaise" of Rouget de Lisle as to the humble ballads of Yann Nibor.

THE ADVANCE OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL—IN THE NOVEMBER BOOKMAN

The second article in Professor Phelps's series will deal with the beginnings of the English novel. The outline of Part II will be: The age of Anne a "realistic" age—natural appearance of the novel—the origin of modern prose style—parents of the novel—the splendid dawn of the novel in English—Daniel Defoe and his realistic romances—the style of Gulliver's Travels—Richardson and the psychological novel—the epistolary manner—the great humourist Fielding—naturalism in Smollett—Sterne.

READERS' GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Philosophy

War, Science and Civilisation. By William E. Ritter. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. \$1.00 net.

The much discussed question of the justification of war in the abstract from the biological point of view. The writer believes, however, that the ethical solution of the problems of civilisation is also the scientific one.

Psychology

Business Psychology. By Hugo Münsterberg. Chicago: La Salle Extension University.

Principles of psychology applied to business for the practical use of salesmen and advertisers.

Religion and Theology

The Latin Church in the Middle Ages. By André Lagarde. Translated by Archibald Alexander. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50 net.

A history of the western church at the height of its ascendancy.

Sociology and Economics

The Story of Canada Blackie. By Anne P. L. Field. With an Introduction by Thomas Mott Osborne. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.00 net.

The letters of a criminal who recently died at Sing Sing, illustrating the new warden's success in his treatment of prisoners.

Law

Darling on Trusts. By Joseph R. Darling. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. \$1.50 net.

The Department of Justice; the Sherman Anti-trust Law, with amendments; and the New Rules of Practice for the Courts of Equity in the United States.

The European War

I Accuse! (*J'Accuse!*) By a German. Translated by Alexander Gray. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.50 net.

The anonymous author, a German, warns his countrymen that they are the insane victims of an imperial hypnotist. The book was written in Switzerland.

The Irish Nuns at Ypres. By D. M. C. Edited by R. Barry O'Brien. With an Introduction by John Redmond. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.

One of the nuns tells of the destruction of the ancient Benedictine convent at Ypres which for two centuries and a half

had been the home of the Irish nuns. The nuns escaped while the German shells were actually bursting through the convent.

Modern Germany and Her Historians. By Antoine Guillard. New York: McBride, Nast & Company. \$2.25 net.

The influence of the five most prominent German historians in moulding national thought and Germany's imperial doctrine.

The Pentecost of Calamity. By Owen Wister. New York: The Macmillan Company. 50 cents.

The significance of the European conflict with especial reference to its relations to the United States.

Problems of Readjustment After the War. New York: D. Appleton & Company. \$1.00 net.

A series of articles on the social and economic effect of the European War.

The Soul of the War. By Philip Gibbs. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. \$1.75 net.

Personal impressions of war scenes.

The War Lords. By A. G. Gardiner. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 40 cents net.

Personal impressions by a London newspaper man of the big figures in the European War. An attempt is made to consider the origins, issues, and conduct of the war in the light of the personalities of the leading figures.

Education

The Kindergarten and the Montessori Method. By Martha MacLear. Boston: Richard R. Badger. \$1.00 net.

The effect upon the kindergarten of the adoption of the Montessori method. Written from the viewpoint of a kindergarten teacher.

Schools of To-morrow. By John Dewey and Evelyn Dewey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.50 net.

Describes the changes and the most recent theories in education. See the September BOOKMAN.

Writing of To-day: Models of Journalistic Prose. Selected and Discussed by W. J. Cunliffe and Gerhard R. Lomer. New York: The Century Company. \$1.50.

Specimens of contemporary journalistic writing. The book is intended for the use of students of English composition.

Medicine, Hygiene

Colon Hygiene. Comprising New and Important Facts Concerning the Physi-

ology of the Colon and an Account of Practical and Successful Methods of Combatting Intestinal Inactivity and Toxemia. By J. H. Kellogg. Battle Creek: Good Health Publishing Company.

A practical and exhaustive book for the layman by the superintendent of the Battle Creek Sanitarium.

Agriculture

Continuous Bloom in America: Where, When, What, To Plant, with Other Gardening Suggestions. By Louise Shelton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

Advice for securing an all-summer garden.

Nature Books

Marvels of Insect Life. Edited by Edward Step. New York: McBride, Nast & Company. Illustrated. \$3.50 net.

A popular and exhaustive account of insects and their habits. Illustrated in colours and in black and white.

General Literature, Essays

The First Christmas Tree. By Henry Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 50 cents net.

In a series of reprints of essays of recognised standing.

The Massacre of the Innocents. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Allinson. New York: Duffield & Company.

The first essay in prose by Maeterlinck to be printed.

Poetry and Drama

His Lady of the Sonnets. By Robert T. Norwood. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. \$1.00 net.

Love and nature poems.

Jane Clegg: A Play in Three Acts. By St. John G. Ervine. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 80 cents net.

The London middle class again analysed.

Lilies of the Valley. By Percival W. Wells. Wantagh, New York: Bartlett Publishing Company. \$1.00 net.

Fifty short love poems.

On the Romany Road. By Rena Cary Sheffield. Short Hills, New Jersey: Rena Cary Sheffield.

Verses inspired by the call of the gypsy trail.

Fiction

Alloy of Gold. By Frances William Sullivan. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. \$1.35 net.

The conflict of the hero's ideals with the alleged shallowness and artificiality of New York social life.

The Freelands. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.35 net.

A love story intertwined with the events of the day.

Harding of Allenwood. By Harold Bindloss. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.30 net.

Adventure and romance in the ranching country of Saskatchewan.

The High Priestess. By Robert Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.35 net.

The modern woman of the present generation in her conflict with accepted standards.

The Invisible Might. By Robert Bowman. New York: McBride, Nast & Company. \$1.10 net.

A picture of Russian life in the city, the country, and finally in the Siberian exile settlement.

Living Up to Billy. By Elizabeth Cooper. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.00 net.

Purports to be the story of a dancing girl in New York, told in her own language, intended to be of interest to the general reader rather than sociological.

Me: A Book of Remembrance. Anonymous. New York: The Century Company. \$1.30 net.

Said to be the autobiographical work of a well-known woman novelist, covering a period of about one year. The narrator at seventeen leaves her home to make her way in the business world.

Myrta. By Walter S. Cramp. Boston: Richard G. Badger. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.

An historical novel of Rome in the days of Caligula.

Nicky-Nan, Reservist. By "Q" (Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch). New York: D. Appleton & Company. \$1.35 net.

The struggles of a quaint longshoreman both to get rich and to get into the European War.

Prudence of the Parsonage. By Ethel Hueston. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.

A small town of the Middle West is the setting for this story of characteristic types and human interest.

Shadows of Flames. By Amélie Rives (Princess Troubetzkoy). New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.35 net.

The heroine's love story in the course of her pursuit of happiness. A particular episode of interest is her fight for the saving of her morphinomaniac husband.

The Trail of the Hawk. By Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.35 net.

A novel of youth's adventuring in love and life.

The Way of These Women. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.

Another of Mr. Oppenheim's stories of mystery, with more than the usual amount of love interest.

The Valley Road. By Mary Hallock Foote. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.35 net.

A novel of American life, including descriptions of the San Francisco fire, and of Korea at the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War.

The Winner. By William Winter. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$1.25 net.

A story of the automobile race track.

A Young Man's Year. By Anthony Hope. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.

A young lawyer's early struggles and mistakes in the beginning of his career, especially in the serious business of his falling in love.

Juvenile

Dave Porter at Bear Camp. By Edward Stratemeyer. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. \$1.25. Adventure and mystery in the Adirondacks.

Jean Cabot at the House with the Blue Shutters. By Gertrude Fisher Scott. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

A women's college story with part of the scene occurring in the summer at an historical farm house in Maine.

The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson for Boys and Girls. By Jacqueline M. Overton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.00 net. Adapted for young people.

The Little Folks of Animal Land. Photographed and Described by Harry Whittier Frees. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. \$1.50 net.

Animals personified in appropriate stories for very little children.

Polly Comes to Woodbine. By George Ethelbert Walsh. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

The result of the visit of a cheerful little girl to her country relatives.

History

Constitutional History of the State of New York. By J. Hampden Dougherty. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. \$3.00.

A second edition of a work published several years ago.

The Germans and Africa. Their Aims on the Dark Continent and How They Acquired Their African Colonies. By Evans Lewin. With an Introduction by Earl Grey. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$3.60 net.

Germany's aims in Africa before the war.

The Political History of Slavery in the United States. By James Z. George. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. \$3.00 net.

An intensive and serious discussion of the institution of slavery in the United States. Written by a late United States senator from Georgia who lived most of his life under the old regime.

Biography

John M. Synge: A Few Personal Recollections with Biographical Notes. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.00.

Tad and His Father. By F. Lauriston Bullard. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 50 cents net.

A study of the home life of Abraham Lincoln.

Arnold Bennett, by F. J. Harvey Darton; Anatole France, by W. L. George; H. G. Wells, by J. D. Beresford. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 50 cents each net.

In *Writers of the Day* series. Critical estimates of the works and lives of famous authors by younger fellow-craftsmen.

General Works, Miscellaneous

Chance Hits. By Norman H. Chance. Akron: The Saalfield Publishing Company. \$1.00.

Jokes, puns, etc., mostly in verse.

A Colonial Belle's Message (My Lady's Toilette Table). Philadelphia: G. H. Graves Company. \$1.00.

A novelty gift-book reproduced from a century-old heirloom which was "written and illustrated in water colours by the gifted authoress, Catharine Shepherd of Virginia."

A Handbook of the Best Private Schools of the United States and Canada. An Annual Publication. Boston: Porter E. Sargent.

A critical directory of about twelve hundred American private schools, summer camps, etc.

Lyrics of Old London. By Dorothy Margaret Stuart. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. Illustrated.

Verses and pictures of some of the historical landmarks of London.

THE BOOK MART

The following are the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of August and the 1st of September :

FICTION		
CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City.....	Athalie	"K"
Albany, N. Y.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Atlanta, Ga.....	"K"	Michael O'Halloran
Baltimore, Md.....	A Far Country	Michael O'Halloran
Birmingham, Ala.....	"K"	Michael O'Halloran
Boston, Mass.....	The Harbour	"K"
Boston, Mass.....	A Far Country	"K"
Chicago, Ill.....	Michael O'Halloran	A Far Country
Chicago, Ill.....	Michael O'Halloran	The Lovable Meddler
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	"K"	Michael O'Halloran
Cleveland, Ohio.....	"K"	Michael O'Halloran
Dallas, Tex.....	Michael O'Halloran	A Far Country
Denver, Colo.....	A Far Country	Pollyanna Grows Up
Des Moines, Iowa....	Pollyanna Grows Up	"K"
Detroit, Mich.....	"K"	Michael O'Halloran
Indianapolis, Ind.....	Michael O'Halloran	A Far Country
Kansas City, Mo.....	A Far Country	Jaffery
Los Angeles, Cal.....	"K"	Michael O'Halloran
Louisville, Ky.....	Michael O'Halloran	Jaffery
Memphis, Tenn.	A Far Country	"K"
Milwaukee, Wis.....	The Turmoil	A Far Country
New Orleans, La.....	"K"	A Far Country
Norfolk, Va.....	Pollyanna Grows Up	A Far Country
Omaha, Neb.....	A Far Country	Michael O'Halloran
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	A Far Country	Still Jim
Portland, Ore.....	Michael O'Halloran	A Far Country
Providence, R. I.....	The Rainbow Trail	The Freclands
Richmond, Va.....	"K"	Michael O'Halloran
Rochester, N. Y.....	"K"	A Far Country
San Antonio, Tex.....	A Far Country	The Honey Bee
San Francisco, Cal....	"K"	Michael O'Halloran
St. Louis, Mo.....	"K"	A Far Country
St. Paul, Minn.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Seattle, Wash.....	The Rim of the Desert	"K"
Tacoma, Wash.....	Michael O'Halloran	A Far Country
Utica, N. Y.....	"K"	Michael O'Halloran
Waco, Tex.....	Michael O'Halloran	A Far Country
Washington, D. C.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Worcester, Mass.....	"K"	A Far Country

(Continued)

FICTION			
3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Thankful's Inheritance	A Far Country	The Harbour	Penelope's Postscripts
The Lone Star Ranger	Thankful's Inheritance	Jaffery	The Freelands
The Lovable Meddler	The Freelands	Jaffery	A Far Country
"K"	The Freelands	The Harbour	Jaffery
The Rainbow Trail	Pollyanna Grows Up	A Far Country	The Lovable Meddler
A Far Country	Jaffery	Thankful's Inheritance	Pollyanna Grows Up
Jaffery	Thankful's Inheritance	The Harbour	Athalie
"K"	Pollyanna Grows Up	Anne of the Island	The Harbour
The Rainbow Trail	A Far Country	Pollyanna Grows Up	"K"
The Lovable Meddler	A Far Country	The Harbour	Jaffery
Athalie	The Keeper of the Door	The Double Traitor	A Far Country
Jaffery	The Valley of Fear	Pollyanna Grows Up	Hepsey Burke
Michael O'Halloran	"K"	Open Market	Angela's Business
Rose Garden Husband	The Harbour	Michael O'Halloran	The Lovable Meddler
A Far Country	The Lovable Meddler	Thankful's Inheritance	Pollyanna Grows Up
"K"	The Harbour	The Rainbow Trail	The Lovable Meddler
The Harbour	Michael O'Halloran	"K"	The Valley of Fear
The Freelands	Jaffery	Rose Garden Husband	A Far Country
A Far Country	Anne of the Island	Code of the Mountains	The Landloper
The Lovable Meddler	Michael O'Halloran	Open Market	Angela's Business
Pollyanna Grows Up	Thankful's Inheritance	Jaffery	The Freelands
Michael O'Halloran	The Turmoil	Athalie	The Seas of God
Michael O'Halloran	"K"	Contrary Mary	Code of the Mountains
The Lovable Meddler	Hepsey Burke	Pollyanna Grows Up	Sundown Slim
The Rainbow Trail	The Harbour	A Far Country	The Lovable Meddler
The House of Gladness	The Rainbow Trail	Contrary Mary	Athalie
Jaffery	The Harbour	Thankful's Inheritance	The Double Traitor
The Turmoil	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Honey Bee	Athalie
"K"	Michael O'Halloran	The Lovable Meddler	Me
A Far Country	The Keeper of the Door	Rose Garden Husband	The Rainbow Trail
Anne of the Island	Thankful's Inheritance	Five Fridays	Jaffery
Pollyanna Grows Up	Angela's Business	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
The Freelands	A Far Country	Jaffery	The Harbour
Athalie	The Honey Bee	Ruggles of Red Gap	The Double Traitor
A Far Country	Jaffery	Thankful's Inheritance	Angela's Business
Michael O'Halloran	A Far Country	Pollyanna Grows Up	Through Stained Glass
Jaffery	The Rim of the Desert	The Turmoil	"K"
The Landloper	Thankful's Inheritance	Jaffery	A Far Country
Shadows of Flames	The Lovable Meddler	Still Jim	The Turmoil
Pollyanna Grows Up	Anne of the Island	Amarilly of Clothes Line Alley	Thankful's Inheritance
Michael O'Halloran	Thankful's Inheritance	The Rainbow Trail	Anne of the Island

SALE OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library, Circulation Department, reports books most in demand, excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending August 4th:

1. With the French Eastern Army. Grey.
2. The Soul of Germany. Smith.
3. North of Boston. Frost.
4. Chief Contemporary Dramatists. Dickinson.
5. The Note-Book of an Attaché. Wood.
6. Roughing It De Luxe. Cobb.

For the week ending August 11th:

1. John Huss, His Life, Teaching, etc. Schaff.
2. The Lie. Jones.
3. Animated Photography. Hepworth.
4. With the German Armies in the West. Hedin.
5. Rabindranath Tagore. Roy.
6. Behind the Scenes in Warring Germany. Fox.

For the week ending August 18th:

1. Modern Harmony. Hull.
2. The Great War. Simonds.
3. Roughing It De Luxe. Cobb.
4. The World Storm and Beyond. Schoonmaker.
5. Orthodox Socialism. Le Rossignol.
6. North of Boston. Frost.

For the week ending August 25th:

1. Studies of the Great War. Hillis.
2. The Note-Book of an Attaché. Wood.
3. Secrets of the German War Office. Graves.
4. Roughing It De Luxe. Cobb.
5. Spoon River Anthology. Masters.

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

The Secrets of the Hohenzollerns. Graves.
When a Man Comes to Himself. Wilson.
The Note-Book of an Attaché. Wood.
Eat and Grow Thin. Thompson.
Spoon River Anthology. Masters.
What Is Back of the War. Beveridge.

What Men Live By. Cabot.
North of Boston. Frost.
Chief Contemporary Dramatists. Dickinson.
The Pentecost of Calamity. Wister.
Vanishing Roads. Le Gallienne.
Contemporary French Dramatists. Clark.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 230 and 231) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives	10
" " " 2d " " " "	8
" " " 3d " " " "	7
" " " 4th " " " "	6
" " " 5th " " " "	5
" " " 6th " " " "	4

According to the foregoing list, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Michael O'Halloran. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.....	281
2. "K." Rinehart. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35	275
3. A Far Country. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50	267
4. Jaffery. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.....	99
5. Pollyanna Grows Up. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25	95
6. { The Harbour. Poole. (Macmillan.) \$1.40	69
{ The Lovable Meddler. Dalrymple. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.35 }	

THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

NOVEMBER, 1915

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

IN OUR last issue we printed a paper on "Choosing the Children's Library," and some paragraphs about the books that Booth Tarkington's List had made the greatest impression on the mind of Kate Douglas Wiggin in her childhood. There was no one, we felt, in the country to-day better fitted to speak of books from the girl's point of view than the author of *Rebecca*; and we are equally sure that there is no one better fitted to express the boy's opinion than the creator of "Penrod." Mr. Tarkington confesses that his recollection is perhaps a little faulty, but heads his list of ten with *Les Miserables*. Then he has written The Bible, but has partially scratched it out with the comment "sorry to annul—but conscience, conscience!" Then, in turn, come *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Don Quixote*, *Ivanhoe*, *Ragged Dick*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *Little Men*, *Deadwood Dick*, and Goodrich's *History of England*. "Perhaps," adds Mr. Tarkington, "from another standpoint, the first six should be altered to:

1. Munroe's First Reader.
2. Munroe's Second Reader.
3. Munroe's Third Reader.
4. Munroe's Fourth Reader.
5. Munroe's Fifth Reader.
6. Munroe's Sixth Reader.

"However," Mr. Tarkington goes on to say, "my more considered belief is that
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you asked me to name ten books helpful to the male young—or necessary to their poetic and fictional *Kultur*. In that case:

1. Huckleberry Finn.
2. The Prince and the Pauper.
3. Life on the Mississippi.
4. Joan of Arc (Mark Twain).
5. Rhymes of Childhood (Riley).
6. Ivanhoe.
7. Kidnapped.
8. Robinson Crusoe.
9. Uncle Remus.
10. Gold (Stewart Edward White).

"Of course this is a 'literary' selection. I could make a list that boys would more enjoy, I suppose. In that case I should substitute Owen Johnson's Lawrenceville books for some of the aforementioned, and also add *Deadwood Dick*, *Tom Sawyer*, *Treasure Island*, and various modern substitutes for 'Beadle's Dime Library' classics, of which I always considered the 'Deadwood Dick' series the most worthy and fascinating."

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In the second edition of *Affirmations*, which has just been issued by the Messrs.

Houghton Mifflin
Zola's Methods Company of Boston,

Mr. Havelock Ellis has presented studies of Nietzsche, Zola, Huysmans, Casanova, and St. Francis of Assisi. In his picture of Emile Zola he contrasts the French realist's method of

studying life with that of Tolstoy. When Zola wished to describe a great house he sat outside the palatial residence of M. Menier, the chocolate manufacturer, and imagined for himself the luxurious fittings inside, discovering in after years that his description had come far short of the reality. Before writing *Nana* he obtained an introduction to a courtesan, with whom he was privileged to lunch; his laborious preparation for the wonderful account of the war of 1870, in *La Débâcle*, was purely one of books, documents, and second-hand experiences; when he wished to write of labour he went to the mines and to the fields, but never appears to have done a day's manual work. "Zola's literary methods," suggests Mr. Ellis, "are those of the *parvenu* who has tried to thrust himself in from outside, who has never been seated at the table of life, who has never really lived. That is their weakness. It is also their virtue. There is no sense of satiety in Zola's work as there is in Tolstoy's." Another phase of Zola is reflected in James Huneker's *Ivory Apes and Peacocks* (Charles Scribner's Sons). That is Zola as "best seller." Mr. Huneker finds the figures for the sale of Zola up to the end of 1911 very instructive. The collected works number forty-eight volumes. Of the Rougon-Macquart series 1,964,000 have been sold; other novels 764,000; essays and various works bring the total to 2,750,000, approximately. In a word, a few years hence Zola will easily pass 3,000,000. *Nana* still holds its own as the leader of the list, 215,000; *La Terre*, 162,000; *L'Assommoir*, 162,000. Mr. Huneker thinks that this would seem to prove what Zola's critics have asserted: that books in which coarse scenes are treated have sold and continue to sell better than his finer work, *L'Œuvre*, for example, which has achieved only 71,000. But *L'Assommoir* is Zola at his best. "And then how about *La Débâcle*, which has 229,000 copies to its credit? The answer is that patriotism played a greater rôle in the fortune of this work than did vulgar curiosity in the case of the

others." Another popular book, *Germinal*, shows 132,000.

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In 1893, Mr. Huneker tells us, the figures for the principal novels of Zola stood thus: *Nana*, 160,000; *L'Assommoir*, 127,000; *La Débâcle*, 143,000; *Germinal*, 88,000; *La Terre*, 100,000; *La Bête Humaine*, 83,000; the same number for *Le Rêve*; *Pot-Bouille*, 82,000; whereas *L'Œuvre* only counted 55,000; *La Conquête de Plassans*, 25,000; *La Curée*, 36,000, and *La Joie de Vivre*, 44,000. *La Terre*, then, the most unmentionable story of them all, has jumped since 1893 to the end of 1911 from 100,000 to 215,000, whereas *L'Œuvre* moved only from 55,000 to 71,000 in fourteen years. In addition Zola was paid large sums for the serial rights. *Nana*, in *Voltaire*, brought 20,000 francs; *Pot-Bouille*, in *Gaulois*, 30,000 francs; *Bonheur des Dames*, *La Joie de Vivre*, *Germinal*, *L'Œuvre*, *La Terre*, in *Gil Blas*, each 20,000 francs; *L'Argent*, in the same journal, 30,000 francs; *Le Rêve*, in the *Revue Illustrée*, 25,000 francs; *La Bête Humaine*, in *Vie Populaire*, 25,000 francs; *La Débâcle*, in the same, 30,000 francs, and *Docteur Pascal* in *Revue Hebdomadaire*, 35,000 francs. That amounts to about 300,000 francs. Each novel cost from 20,000 to 25,000 francs for rights of reproduction, and to all this must be added about 500,000 francs for the theatrical works, making a total of 1,600,000 francs.

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From Zola the money maker, Mr. Huneker turns to Guy de Maupassant and that writer's earnings from his pen. Maupassant was paid one franc a line for his novels in the periodicals, and five hundred francs for the newspaper rights of publication only; good prices in the Paris of twenty-five years ago. "His annual income was about 28,000 to 35,000 francs, and it kept up for at least ten years. A table shows us that to December, 1891, the sale of his books was as follows: short stories, 169,000; novels, 180,000; travel, 24,000; in all 373,000 volumes. Maupassant was even for these



GEORGE STERLING STEWART EDWARD WHITE JACK LONDON HARRY LEON WILSON
A LITERARY GROUP AT THE "JINKS" OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO ERNEST PEIXOTTO

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days of swollen figures a big "seller." His mother has an income of 5,000 francs, but she far excelled the amount in her living expenses. Guy was an admirable son—tender, thoughtful, and generous. He made her an allowance, and at his death left her in comfort, if not actually wealthy. She died at Nice, December 8, 1904, his father surviving Guy until 1899." In connection with the tragic hours that preceded de Maupassant's death in a madhouse in July, 1893, Mr. Huneker records that the only pleasure the shattered writer experienced was the hallucination of bands of black butterflies that seemed to sweep across his room. M. Maynial, in his biography of a few years ago, did not tell of the black butterflies. But Mr. Huneker writes that he can vouch for the truth of the hallucination, as he heard the story from Lasalle, the French baritone, a friend of Maupassant's.

As a boy Mr. Huneker paid a visit to Walt Whitman. It was some time after the fourth of July, 1877, and to the poet's house on Mickle Street, Camden, the visitor was directed by a policeman at the ferry. A ring at the bell, and the old man appeared, and cordially invited the youth to enter. But here is Mr. Huneker's story.

"Walt," I said, for I had heard that he disliked a more ceremonious prefix, "I've come to tell you how much the *Leaves* have meant to me." "Ah!" he simply replied, and asked me to take a chair. To this hour I can see the humble room, but when I try to recall our conversation I fail. That it was on general literary subjects I know, but the main theme was myself. In five minutes Walt had pumped me dry. He did it in his quiet, sympathetic way and, with the egoism of my age, I was not averse from relating to him the adventures of my soul. That Walt was a fluent talker one need but read his memoirs by Horace Traubel. Witness his tart allusion to Swinburne's criticism of himself: "Isn't he the damndest simulacrum?" But he was a sphinx the first time I met him. I do recall that he said Poe wrote too much in a dark cellar, and that

music was his chief recreation—of which art he knew nothing; it served him as a sounding background for his pencil improvisations. I begged him for an autograph. He told me of his interest in a certain asylum or hospital, whose name has gone clean out of my mind, and I paid my few dollars for the treasured signature. It is now one of my literary treasures.

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From James Huneker it is natural to turn to Vance Thompson, for, since the days when the world was young and in Paris and New York they hunted together for the vanished Bohemia, the two have been firm and fast friends. To Vance Thompson Mr. Huneker dedicated his *Book of Images*. In the *New Cosmopolis*, which was discussed in THE BOOKMAN last spring, there was a line which read: "Nothing can prove to me that either my Burgundy or my Bordeaux palate has deteriorated." Whether Mr. Thompson agrees with Mr. Huneker on the discrimination of the latter's palate is another matter. On Burgundies and Bordeaux in general, and "Burgundy men" in particular, Mr. Thompson has very definite views to which he gives expression in his new book, *Drink and Be Sober*. Also he has something to say on the subject of beer. "Can you," he asks, "buy a glass of pure beer, made of malt and hops in the United States? I doubt it—since a little old man, a beer enthusiast, died over on Staten Island a little while ago. He was of German extraction, having been painlessly extracted from Germany in his early youth. He came to Staten Island long ago. In the little garden behind his house he set up a domestic brewery and there—in this age of adulteration—he brewed a real beer. But he is dead, the little man, and he left no son."

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Particularly vigorous is Mr. Thompson in his denunciation of cider. It is a bad drink, he says. "It does not broaden a man out as beer does, or set him dancing-gay like wine. It hardens

him and corrodes. In the end it makes for the madness, so common in the cider countries, of melancholia, which is a darker, down-going madness. But before that end it acts curiously on the man. It begets none of the wine-y and beery 'generosity'—the carelessness of possessing of which I have written. It breeds, rather, a curious, ingrowing selfishness. It is the father of avarice. They are tight folk, in a twin-sense of the word, those cider drinkers. And it is the 'father of liver,' as the Latin poet said; for this form of alcoholic poison produces a harsh and crabbed kind of envy. They are an envious, hard, ill-contented lot and avaricious. It is worse than wine, it is more fatally active than beer—it is, in a word or two, the worst of the three brothers. We drink wine to be gay and beer to be emotionally loosened. But he who drinks hard cider drinks it for the one compelling reason that he would fain be sourly drunk. On that dirty little rustic brother of the 'mild drink' family the law should lay a heavy hand."

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The days of the sudden winning of large fortunes are by no means past, as the publication this month of Elmer L. Reizenstein's *On Trial*, in "novelised" form, reminds us. The story of Mr. Reizenstein's success almost in the proverbial single night is the most encouraging instance for the struggling young writer of which we have heard recently. Mr. Reizenstein is a young man, twenty-three years of age, who received, as he writes, just enough education to make him unfit for manual labour. Starting at the age of fifteen in a business office, he sought refuge from the competitive struggle which he detested in the study of law—"that haven of waifs and strays," as he again most picturesquely writes about himself and his doings. For five years he applied himself at this work, in the meantime of course supporting himself, and at the end of that time had successfully removed all the obstacles which impeded the path of the young

aspirant to the precincts of the bar. At this point, however, he became interested in the writing of plays, and in collaboration with a brother attorney wrote two or three little dramas which never



VANCE THOMPSON

reached production. To quote his own words regarding the production of his *On Trial*:

I had read with undisguised scepticism a great deal about the existence of the "commercial theatre," and I determined at length to convince myself of its purely legendary character. Foregoing collaboration for the nonce, I dashed off a play which bore all the earmarks of the mythical "commercial suc-

cess." My object, of course, was to demonstrate that it was impossible to obtain a production for such a play and thereupon to expose and utterly confound the calumniators of the American drama. I submitted copies of the play to two producers. Two days later I received offers from both of them; four days later I came to terms with one of them; and three months later *On Trial* was turning 'em away. The rest, as some one has said, is silence.



BERTA RUCK

Berta Ruck (to call her by her pen name, really she is Mrs. Oliver Onions, the wife of the well-known young English writer) has published two books in this country, *His Official Financée* of last spring, and *The Wooing of Rosamond Fayre* of this autumn. Her ambition is "to write live stories that shall be as modern as the latest pattern of a biplane wing, while at the same time as full of sentiment as the old three-volume novel." She thinks that nowadays people are too much afraid of be-

ing thought "sentimental." Berta Ruck was born in India, the daughter of a soldier, though she was taken home as a baby to England on a troopship to begin her education. Her family have always been soldier folk and so her earliest recollections have been of barracks and of red-coated soldiers on a rifle-range. And as she was brought up to cherish the ideal of Universal Military Service, doubtless in the present crisis she favours conscription. Indeed she writes that she greatly admires Kipling's suggestion in "The Army of a Dream," and feels sure that military training will give a physical and mental health to the nation. She has written a number of soldier stories that have been published in England. One boy in the Engineers wrote that he took her stories into the trenches to read, and one English review says that her stories are "the best recruiting poster yet published." In *The Wooing of Rosamond Fayre* the hero is a young English officer.

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Just a year ago this month the first of a tetralogy of novels by the Dutch author, Louis Couperus, under the title of *Small Souls*, was published in this country. Now comes the second of the series, *The Later Life*, largely a continuation of the fortunes of characters introduced in the first book. The prefatory note by the translator, Mr. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, tells us that, "In the present story, Couperus reverts, at times and in a measure, to that earlier 'sensitivist' method which he abandoned almost wholly in *Small Souls* and which he again abandons in *The Twilight of Souls* and in *Dr. Adriaan*, the third and fourth novels of the series." Couperus himself was born at The Hague in 1863, and although he is known in Holland as one of its foremost realistic novelists, his work has hitherto not achieved any great notice in the United States. *Eline Vere*, *Extasy* and *Majesty*, all translated by Mr. de Mattos and published a number of years ago, did not seem to make a lasting impres-

sion, and it is only with the publication of *Small Souls* last year that Couperus, according to his publishers, shows signs of coming into his own. Little is known about the author himself other than the bare facts recorded above and what may be gleaned from the statements of one of his characters, Paul van Lowe, who appears in both *Small Souls* and *The Later Life* and who is supposed to serve to some extent as the author's mouth-piece.

...

Although it is years since the authorship of *The Bread-Winners* has ceased to be a mystery, the story of that book as told by William Roscoe Thayer in *The Life and Letters of John Hay* (Houghton Mifflin Company) is exceedingly vivid reading. The novel was written apparently in the winter of 1882-83, for the purpose of expressing the ideas that had been revolving in Hay's mind for several years. He sent it to Mr. Howells, who, although no longer the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, was in close relations with his successor, Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Mr. Howells read the manuscript with enthusiasm, and urged Aldrich to accept it. This Aldrich was eager to do, provided the author would let his name be published. But Hay clung to anonymity, and gave the book to Mr. Gilder of the *Century*. It ran through six instalments,—the first appearing in the magazine for August, 1883,—caught the public at once, and became the novel of the year. Although the secret of its authorship must have been shared by eight or nine persons, it was never so authoritatively divulged that curiosity ceased. Any one familiar with Cleveland could not fail to recognise that city; further reasoning might have reduced the number of Clevelandites capable of writing to one—John Hay; but he, of course, gave an evasive answer.

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The success of *The Bread-Winners* during its serial publication outran that of any previous American novel. Three

things contributed to this—the cleverness of the book, the timeliness of the subject, and the mystery as to authorship. Readers and critics alike set themselves to guessing. The literary journals devoted columns to correspondents, some of whom proved that the author must be a man, while others insisted that only a woman could understand the heart of



LOUIS COUPERUS

woman as the unknown writer had done. The name of nearly every literary worker was suggested. One woman in Madison, Wisconsin, wrote that, having "barely escaped a siege of brain fever in endeavouring to pin it on to the *guilty one* by an analytical process," she would "save others from the calamity which threatened" her by suggesting that the culprit "may be, and perhaps is, the Rev. Washington Gladden." A Western Doctor of Divinity insisted that, although he was the author, the publishers had never paid him. A New York woman made a rather astonishing pro-

posals. "Mr. Hay," she wrote, "I understand that you repudiate the parentage of *The Bread-Winners*. As it is now a foundling, thrown upon the world without father or mother, would you object to my adopting it as my own child and giving it my name? If you are willing to resign all rights and title to it,

John Hay may be said to have grown up with a pen in his hand. Like other youths he unconsciously imitated the writers who had most impressed him. In his earlier poems are reflections of Poe, of Byron, of Shelley, and of others. In the autumn of 1870, just after Bret Harte introduced, in the pages of the



PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND HIS SECRETARIES, NICOLAY AND HAY

I shall be most proud to give it a permanent home and standing." *The Bread-Winners* was widely read in England. It was brought out in French, serially and in book form, under the title *Le Bien d'Autrui*. Tauchnitz reprinted it; there were translations into German and other foreign languages, besides various replies to it, one of which, *The Money Makers*, achieved some notoriety.

Overland Monthly, the "Heathen Chinee" to an international audience, Hay is said to have written his two famous poems, "Little Breeches" and "Jim Bludso." Some one reports that he was with Hay in a hotel overlooking the river at Keokuk when he dashed off "Jim Bludso." There have been other statements and counter-statements, and much speculation. After Whitelaw

Reid's death in 1913 there was attributed to him a statement, made three years before, to the effect that he had claimed responsibility for the last lines in "Jim Bludso," although he did not write them. "Hay brought in the poem, having finished it on the train. I told him it wouldn't do, that there must be something besides the recital of an heroic act, some thought drawn from it that was vital and would live. He immediately sat down and added another stanza, closing with:

Christ ain't going to be too hard
On a man who died for men.

John Hay throughout his life cherished a deep liking for "Jim Bludso" even if Mark Twain did write him, saying that he was all wrong making Jim an engineer,—that only a pilot could have done what he was represented as doing. But in time he came to loathe the very mention of "Little Breeches," much as General Sherman loathed the sound of "Marching Through Georgia." Everybody quoted it to him: wherever he went among strangers he was introduced as its author; the parodies on it were numerous. He used to say that the rattle of it dinned in his ears like a tin can tied to a dog's tail. When he republished his *Poems*, he put "Jim Bludso" first in its place. To E. C. Stedman, who wrote to consult him in regard to selections for *An American Anthology*, Hay replied: "I do not want to interfere with your editorial conscience, but would like timidly to suggest that you do not use 'Little Br——' in your *recueil*. You would pardon the cheeky request if you knew how odious the very name of that hopeless fluke is to yours faithfully." Again, in 1889, he wrote to Joseph B. Bishop who had been a former colleague on the *New York Tribune*: "I thoroughly appreciate a good word spoken for 'Jim,' who is a friend of mine. I shudder and hide in the cellar only when the boy with the small Knickerbockers is mentioned."

For the "Lincoln" Hay and Nicolay

had begun to collect material soon after they reached the White House in 1861. They perceived the significance of the administration and the greatness of the man. After Lincoln's death the secretaries felt that, sooner or later, they ought to tell to posterity their story of their martyred chief. The largest body of material, indispensable in every respect, belonged to the President's son, Mr. Robert T. Lincoln; and in due time he put it at their disposal, with the proviso that, before publishing, they should submit their work to him. The earliest record that has come to hand is a letter dated March 3, 1874, in which Nicolay reports to Mr. Lincoln that he is examining the Lincoln manuscript; the following year, Hay having resigned from the *Tribune* and settled in Cleveland, the collaborators began in earnest. Nicolay resided in Washington, where he was near the official archives. His library was the central storehouse of material; but Hay collected also, and, as the work went on he bought many manuscripts and documents and rare books for their joint use. Nicolay blocked out the schedule of chapters, which they then discussed together, and, after coming to a decision, each chose the topics he preferred. As fast as these were written, they passed to the other partner, for criticism, trimming, verification, and additions.

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Soon publishers learned of the work that was in progress, and offers were made for the copyright. But Hay and Nicolay declined them all until they saw the end in sight. Finally, in November, 1885, they signed a contract with the Century Company, selling to it the serial rights in the history. The price agreed upon—fifty thousand dollars—was the largest any American magazine had paid. Their first instalment appeared in the *Century* for November, 1886; their last, in May, 1890. In the course of the serial publication there were the inevitable little conflicts between the authors and the editor. Under date of April 15, 1889, Hay wrote

to Nicolay: "I told Gilder that he could cut and slash all he liked, provided we were to do nothing in the way of rewriting. He expressed his thanks for the permission but thought that he would not need to avail himself of it." As a finished work the "Life" was published in ten volumes in the autumn of 1890. Five thousand sets were sold by subscription within a short time. Since then some fifteen hundred more sets have found a market. Not long before his death in 1901 Nicolay made a one-volume abridgment, which has reached a sale of about thirty-five thousand copies.

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The eighteen-seventies were the days of Mental Photograph Albums. In the spring of 1913 there appeared in *THE BOOKMAN* two articles written by Miss Laura Stedman, telling the story of certain of these albums that were filled out by Richard Henry Stoddard, Mary Mapes Dodge, Louise Chandler Moulton, Richard Watson Gilder, Kate Field, Bayard Taylor, William James Linton, Noah Brooks, and Martha J. Lamb. In February, 1873, John Hay made this portrait of himself:

1. Your favourite color? *Tricolour.*
2. Flower? *Buckwheat.*
3. Tree? *Industry.*
4. Object in Nature? *School girls.*
5. Hour in the Day? *The Shepherd's Hour.*
6. Season? *Currie-powder.*
7. Perfume? *The odor of sanctity.*
8. Gem? *Jem Brady.**
9. Style of Beauty? *The accessible.*
10. Names, Male and Female? *Jack and Jill.*
11. Painters? *Fresh air and sunshine.*
12. Musicians? *Infants (ætat. 6 mos.).*
13. Pieces of Sculpture? *The Sphinx.*
14. Poets? *The unpublished.*
15. Poetesses? *The Nine (none since).*
16. Prose Authors? *Lindley Murray.*
17. Character in Romance? *George Washington.*
18. Character in History? *Susan B. Anthony.*

* A prize-fighter.

19. Book to take up for an hour? *Jonathan Wild.*
20. What Book (not religious) would you part with last? *Dante (because there is no temptation to waste time in reading it).*
21. What epoch would you choose to have lived in? *The Twentieth Century.*
22. Where would you like to live? *Everywhere.*
23. What is your favourite amusement? *Worrying the wicked.*
24. What is your favourite occupation? *Sleep.*
25. What trait of character do you most admire in man? *Luck.*
26. In woman? *Pluck.*
27. What trait do you most detest in each? *Undue prosperity.*
28. If not yourself, who would you rather be? *Her second husband.*
29. What is your idea of happiness? *A bad character and a good digestion.*
30. Of misery? *Life.*
31. What is your *bête noire*? *A pen.*
32. What is your *bête noire* dream? *Tiflis.*
33. What is your favourite game? *Woodcock's Little Game.*
34. What do you believe to be your distinguishing characteristics? *Sweetness and light.*
35. If married, what do you believe to be the distinguishing characteristic of your better-half? *Self-sacrifice.*
36. What is the sublimest passion of which human nature is capable? *Waltzing.*
37. What are the sweetest words in the world? *"It's early yet." (Bleib ä Bisserl.)*
38. What are the saddest words? *Too late.*
39. What is your aim in life? *The Universal Commune.*
40. What is your motto? *Love your neighbour, but be careful of your neighbourhood.*

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Corra Harris's new novel, *The Co-Citizens*, has for co-heroine a certain Susan Walton, a woman who ran her husband for Congress "till his tongue hung out," and who, when opportunity offered, successfully engi-

neered the fight for woman suffrage in a somnolent little Southern town. In Georgia they claim to have found already the original of Susan Walton. According to reports this woman has been an active propagandist for many years. One of her pet hobbies has been the keeping of a large library of scrap-books recording every published bit of information about men in public life. At times she has brought forth these scrap-books with telling effect. A short time ago the *Atlanta Constitution* saw a story in this clue, and came out with head-lines reading, "Spirit of Mrs. Felton inspired Corra Harris to write *The Co-Citizens*." It then went on to say, "From Georgia's brilliant and gifted woman leader, writer, speaker, patriot, Mrs. William H. Felton, Corra Harris has drawn for the creation of the character Susan Walton, in her latest book, called *The Co-Citizens*. Those who have seen Mrs. Felton as the majestic figure at the White House receptions during Dr. Felton's life at Washington, who have heard her measure wit in the drawing-room with the most scholarly men of the state and time, who have seen her in later years with her beauty, not lessened, but grown richer, in the crown of silver hair upon her smooth brow, and the light of her eyes still buoyant with life, may be disappointed not to find this picture of her in the 'Susan Walton' the character she inspires in literature. But it is the spirit, the mind intellect and the power of Mrs. Felton that the writer has drawn from rather than Mrs. Felton in the many-sided fulness of her useful life. It is as the leader of the woman movement, for the oppressed woman and the pleader for the remote farm woman, Corra Harris portrays 'Susan Walton.'"

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While we are on the world old subject of the identification of the originals of characters in fiction a word must be said about a letter written by Charles Dickens, which has recently come to light in England, which seems to establish, once and for all, the fact that the prototype of Wackford Squeers of

Nicholas Nickleby, was a certain Yorkshire schoolmaster, by name William Shaw. The letter is written from Doughty Street, W. C. London, dated December 29, 1838, and, except for the deletion of a line mentioning a mutual friend, is as follows:

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your kind note, and the interesting anecdote which you tell so well. I have laid it by in the MS. of the first number of *Nickleby*, and shall keep it there in confirmation of the truth of my little picture.

Depend upon it that the rascalities of those Yorkshire schoolmasters cannot easily be exaggerated, and that I have kept down the strong truth and thrown as much comicality over it as I could, rather than disgust and weary the reader with its fouler aspects. The identical scoundrel you speak of, I saw—curiously enough. His name is Shaw; the action was tried (I believe) eight or ten years since, and if I am not much mistaken another action was brought against him by the parents of a miserable child, a cancer in whose head he opened with an inky pen-knife, and so caused his death. The country for miles around was covered, when I was there, with deep snow. There is an old church near the school, and the first gravestone I stumbled on that dreary winter afternoon was placed above the grave of a boy, eighteen long years old, who had died—suddenly, the inscription said; I suppose his heart broke—the camel falls down "suddenly" when they heap the last load upon his back—died at that wretched place. I think his ghost put Smike into my head, upon the spot.

I went down in an assumed name, taking a plausible letter to an old Yorkshire attorney from another attorney in town, telling him how a friend had left a widow and wanted to place her boys at a Yorkshire school, in hopes of thawing the frozen comparison of her relations. The man of business gave me an introduction to one or two schools, but at night he came down to the inn where I was stopping, and after much hesitation and confusion—he was a large-headed, flat-nosed, red-faced, old fellow—said with a degree of feeling one would not have given

him credit for, that the matter had been upon his mind all day—that they were sad places for mothers to send their orphan boys to—that he hoped I would not give up him as my adviser—but that she had better do anything with them—let them hold horses, run errands—fling them in any way upon the mercy of the world—rather than trust them there. This was an attorney, a well-fed man of business, and a rough Yorkshireman.

Mrs. Dickens and myself will be delighted to see the friend you speak of . . . and I throw myself single-handed upon your good nature, and beseech you to forgive me this long story—which you ought to do, as you have been the means of drawing it from me.

. . .

According to the *Daily Telegraph* of London, the letter is in the clear, firm hand of Dickens, and from beginning to end of the four closely written pages there is neither deletion nor correction, and only one interlineation—the word “rough,” which has been introduced before the “Yorkshireman” near the end of the letter. In the September number of the *Dickensian*, “the magazine for Dickens lovers,” the above letter is reproduced in fac simile, and the editor, Mr. B. W. Matz, adds:

It will be gathered from this letter that Shaw was the schoolmaster who raised Dickens's ire and indignation more perhaps than any other, and that doubtless the “identical scoundrel” played no small part in the molding of the character of Squeers. There are other points in the letter of extreme interest.

The “old church near the school” was Bowes Church, and it was in the churchyard that Dickens stumbled on the gravestone of the boy whose “ghost put Smike into his head, upon the spot.” The boy's name was, according to the inscription, “George Ashton Taylor, son of John Taylor, of Trowbridge, Wiltshire, who died suddenly at Mr. William Shaw's Academy, of this place, April 13, 1822, aged 19 years.”

. . .

In an editorial provoked by this discovery the *Telegraph* recalls other famous identifications. For example, that

Dinah Morris, in *Adam Bede*, was suggested to George Eliot by her aunt, Elizabeth Evans, who used to go about preaching, like Dinah in the story. When Browning was pressed as to the identity of the “Lost Leader” of his poem, he acknowledged that he had “used the great and venerated personality of Wordsworth as a sort of painter's model,” but protested against the assumption that he had meant it to be “the very effigies of such a moral and intellectual superiority.” Again, George Eliot took her father, Robert Evans, as model for her hero in *Adam Bede*, and there is a story that an old friend of her father's, having the tale read to him, exclaimed at intervals, “That's Robert, that's Robert to the life.” A pleasing story is told of a lady who once confided to Thackeray her admiration of *Vanity Fair*. “The characters are so natural,” she said, “all but the baronet, Sir Pitt Crawley. Surely he is overdrawn. It is impossible to find such coarseness in his rank of life.” Thackeray smiled. “That character,” he said, “is almost the only exact portrait in the book.”

. . .

The interesting controversy as to whether Thomas W. Hanshew, the author of the Cleek detective stories, was also Bertha M. Clay? Bertha M. Clay has been revived by the publication of Mr. Hanshew's posthumous novel, *The Riddle of the Night*. It will be remembered that at the time of Mr. Hanshew's death in London, about two years ago, cable reports definitely stated that he was Bertha M. Clay. This was denied both by the American publishers of Bertha M. Clay and by others in this country, and apparently very properly. But later information, largely based on the story of his widow, Mrs. Mary E. Hanshew, seems to indicate that after all Hanshew did write one or two of those books. That Hanshew was one of the most prolific writers of his time has been proven over and over again, as under his own name he has had published many plays and enough short stories to do sev-

eral average writers a lifetime. Besides these several novels by Mr. Hanshew have appeared under pseudonyms, and one of these pen names, it was said at his death, was that of Bertha M. Clay.

• • •

The Bertha M. Clay story was denied in this country (incidentally, it must be said the publishers of Mr. Hanshew's later work have never in any way used the Bertha M. Clay story) and proof of the denial was advanced on the argument that Bertha M. Clay actually lived and that her grave may be seen to-day in England. The whole question seems to have been not one as to whether Hanshew wrote *all* the Bertha M. Clay novels, but whether he wrote *some* of them, and writing from London Mr. Hayden Church gives an interesting account of an interview he has had with Mrs. Hanshew. Mrs. Hanshew inclines toward the side of the controversy which places Bertha M. Clay as one of the pseudonyms of the English author, Charlotte M. Braeme, who died in 1884 and is buried at Hinkley, in Leicestershire. "I can say quite positively," she said, according to Mr. Hayden Church, "that my husband's only connection with the 'Bertha M. Clay' novels was that, after the death of Charlotte M. Braeme, a New York publishing house kept on issuing novels as by her, some of which were written by Mr. Hanshew, and the rest by other writers."

• • •

Mrs. Hanshew is herself an American woman, coming from Kentucky, and now lives with her two unmarried daughters, both of whom are writers, in a London suburb, where her husband settled when first he went to England, and where "Cleek's" rose garden still may be seen. "My husband was not 'Bertha M. Clay,'" Mrs. Hanshew went on; "he was two or three other supposedly woman writers, among them 'Charlotte May Kingsley' and the story of how he 'became' the latter is amusing. See," she added, pointing to a nearby bookcase, "there is a whole shelfful of books which he wrote under that name. At one time,

when Mr. Hanshew was doing a tremendous lot of work for Norman L. Munro and other publishers, he asked for an advance in the rate of pay which he received for his work and was refused. This annoyed him, and he told Mr. Munro that never again should he get a single line of his work, and fully intended to keep his word.

• • •

"Not long afterward, however," Mrs. Hanshew went on, "an idea for a serial occurred to him which he knew would make exactly the kind of story that Munro was wanting most. Accordingly he wrote it, using for the first time the invented name of Charlotte May Kingsley, and to complete the illusion, I copied it out word for word in my own handwriting, after which the story was sent to Munro. He fairly jumped at it, offering at once a higher rate per thousand words than my husband had previously demanded, and at the same time asking for more work by 'Charlotte May Kingsley,' which, of course, was forthcoming. For several months after, in fact, my husband published a considerable part of his work under the name of Charlotte May Kingsley, and every word of it was copied out by me. And when later on," Mrs. Hanshew added, "Mr. Munro desired to meet Charlotte May Kingsley in person it was I who called on him. The best joke, however, remained for the last; for when, considerably later, my husband and Munro made up their differences, Munro was anxious to have Mr. Hanshew meet Miss Kingsley. An introduction, however, that was never effected."

• • •

As yet the only woman winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature, the prize awarded to Kipling, Maeterlinck, and Hauptmann, is Selma Lagerlöf, whose novel, *Jerusalem*, has just been presented to American readers through the medium of the translation by Velma Swanston Howard, and with an introduction by Henry Goddard Leach. The book is a novel of Dalecarlia, the author's home

province in Sweden. It pictures the every-day life of the simple Swedish peasants, their toil in the fields, or at the lonely forest kilns, their loves and their hates, their gradual religious awakening, and finally their supreme sacrifice, when, leaving home and country, they set out on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. "Truth is stranger than fiction," says Mr. Leach in his introduction. "*Jerusalem* is founded upon the historic event of a religious pilgrimage from Dalecarlia in the last century. The writer of this introduction had opportunity to confirm this fact some years ago when he visited the parish in question, and saw the abandoned farmsteads as well as homes to which some of the Jerusalem-farers had returned. And more than this, I had an experience of my own which seemed to reflect this spirit of religious ecstasy. On my way to the inn toward midnight I met a cyclist wearing a blue jersey, and on the breast, instead of a college letter, was woven a yellow cross. On meeting me the cyclist dismounted and insisted on showing me the way. When we came to the inn I offered him a krona. My guide smiled as though he was possessed by a beatific vision. 'No! I will not take the money, but the gentleman will buy my bicycle!' As I expressed my astonishment at his request, he smiled again confidently and replied, 'In a vision last night the Lord appeared unto me and said that I should meet at midnight a stranger at the cross-roads speaking an unknown tongue and "the stranger will buy thy bicycle!"' "

• • •

An interesting effort is being made by the Boy Scouts of America, in conjunction with the American Booksellers Association and the American Library Association, to develop a taste for the really good things in literature for boys and girls. A "Safety First Juvenile Week" has been planned for, from November 28th to December 4th, during which time the Boy Scouts, through their Library Commission, will make a country-wide canvass for better books

for children by appeals to the various Scout Libraries and through the co-operation of booksellers' exhibits. Ministers also are being asked to preach upon the iniquity of the modern "thriller"; newspapers will be furnished with special articles, and leaders of women's clubs, Parent Teacher Associations, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and other women's organisations, are being invited to arrange for addresses, or the reading of articles that will at this time emphasise the importance of children's reading. Regarding the books to be used to promote better standards, we learn that the Boy Scouts Library Commission are preparing a list to be known as "Books Boys Like Best." It will be ready for distribution about the time this issue reaches our readers. These books have been selected from reports received from the public libraries and bookstores representing all parts of the country.

• • •

This is the poem which by many persons in England has been hailed as the best the war has as yet inspired. It appeared in the *London Weekly Despatch* and was signed "Edwin Smallweed." "Edwin Smallweed" has since been identified as A. Neil Lyons, the author of *Arthuro*, *Sixpenny Pieces*, and *Cottage Pie*.

My Ned has gone, he's gone away, he's gone
away for good;

He's called, he's killed.

Him and his drum lies in the rain, lies in
the rain where they was stood,

Where they was stilled.

He was my soldier boy, my Ned,
Between these breasts he'd lay his head.

But now he's killed.

My soldier's gone. His head lies now be-
tween two naked stones.

His drum is broke.

There's none to mourn him in the rain, only
the rooks which watch his bones:

Which Watch and croak.

His great red hand is wasted bare,
That tapped his drum, that touched my hair.

Hark! Not a stroke.

But what is this beside my heart, beside my
heart that sounds?

Tap tap, tap tap!

Oh, what is this that beats within, like drum-
mers beating bounds

Rap upon rap!

What wonder have I felt and heard?

Is it the wing-beats of a bird?

Tap tap, tap tap!

My boy is gone, yet near my heart another
boy lies now.

Though he be dumb,

He thumps my heart like soldiers thump, he
thumps a tow-row-row,

To say he's come.

A drummer boy, all gaily dres't,

Will yet again be at my breast.

Hark! There's his drum!

. . .

By the middle of November we may
expect the publication of Frederick Pal-

Palmer's mer's book on the Euro-
War Book pean War. In recent
issues we published let-
ters from Mr. Palmer

on his progress at the front as well as an
illustration of his press license, a unique
document, as Mr. Palmer is the only
accredited American correspondent with
the British forces—the license reading
“to act as the representative of the *Press*
of the *United States of America*.” Now
comes a letter regarding the new book.

Had I chosen to write a chronicle, there
was a book in what I saw of the first six
weeks of the war; another in what I saw in
Germany and in Belgium under the Ger-
mans; another in the life of any of the na-
tions behind the armies; another on winter
in the trenches. But I was disinclined to
make a book in a hurry. I wanted time for
my experiences to cool; to walk around them,
and measure them, and find what they
meant, and what was worth while and what
was not. Their value was in their yield.
Thus I have made this book as a book for
its own sake, not dependent for such appeal
as it may have upon the hour of going to
press. It is a book of personal phases; of
personal interpretation of the war from first
hand sources.

My sympathies in the Great War were
with the men who were fighting to hold the
soil of France and Belgium. It was my good
fortune to see something of the French army,
and to be the accredited American corre-
spondent with the British army in France.
I preferred to be in the heart of things with
one army to shaking hands and passing the
time of day with many armies.

In one of these chapters which I have
grouped between covers I may generalise;
in the next, I may tell only of the incidents
of a half hour at the rear or at the front,
which is a bright light illuminating the fea-
tures of the whole. Each chapter has its
theme; each is the expression of an idea.
Always one was asking, Why? What does
it all mean?

The war's horrors you have had in print
on your breakfast table. They form the
grim background of all observation and all
thought, which speaks for itself. But against
that background shine heroism and sacrifice
by men, women and children; an exaltation
in the unity of human purpose, striking the
gold scales from the eyes of the sordid, and
awakening fellowship in the selfish, which,
if applied to the works of peace would bring
us near Utopia.

. . .

Mr. Palmer also writes that he alone
of American correspondents has been per-
mitted to visit the British fleet and that
he is including a number of chapters on
the “Sea Power of England” in his book.
A belated chapter on the great stand of
the “Princess Pats,” the crack Canadian
regiment, is also being sent. Those who
follow the daily news from the front will
remember that the Princess Patricia regi-
ment held an important salient in the
second battle of Ypres and, after suc-
cessfully withstanding a heavy artillery
bombardment, rolled back three succe-
ssive waves of the Teutonic hordes and
gave up their first line trench only at the
end of the day when it had become com-
pletely demolished and the “Princess
Pats” had suffered seventy-five per cent.
casualties.

PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN AUTHORS

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I. HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

I

ONE can hardly take up any biography of Longfellow without being confronted with the remark of Emerson, when his memory was breaking but his spiritual insight was as keen as ever. Standing by the coffin of the dead poet, he said, "I do not remember the name of our friend, but he had a beautiful soul."

The perpetual repetition of the phrase might provoke a petulant reaction against it, if it did not acquire fresh depth and significance with every step we make forward in the knowledge of Longfellow's life. Two observers, so different from each other and from Emerson as Lowell and Mr. Howells, use language even stronger. Lowell said, in dedicating the Westminster Abbey monument, "Never was a private character more answerable to public performance than that of Longfellow. Never have I known a more beautiful character." And Mr. Howells writes: "As for his goodness, I never saw a fault in him. . . . All men that I have known, besides, have had some foible, . . . or some meanness, or pettiness, or bitterness, but Longfellow had none, nor the suggestion of any."

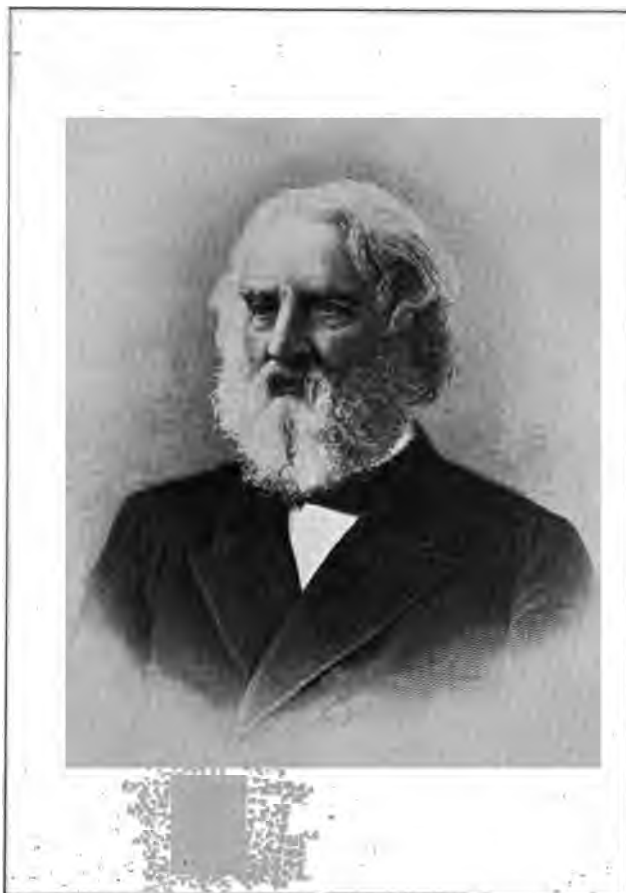
This is high eulogy for frail human nature, but the careful study of Longfellow's life and work, in close comparison with a great many other lives and works, goes a long way toward bearing it out.

Let us consider first the qualities more personal to the man himself. His purity of life and thought, from youth up, hardly needs attesting. When he was living alone, as a student, in Paris, at the age of nineteen, he writes, "I am delighted with Paris, where a person if he pleases can keep out of vice as well as elsewhere."

He did keep out of it, and we need no more than his own word to convince us; for if he was notable for purity, he was notable for truth also. A singular, sweet candour marks all his words about himself, whether reported by others or recorded by his own pen. This sometimes goes so far as an expression of noble confidence in his achievement. For instance, he says of *Hyperion*: "I look upon the work of my hands with a very complacent smile; and it will take a good deal of persuasion to convince me that the book is not good." But with all his frankness, such self-satisfaction is rare, because, though he spoke of himself honestly, he spoke seldom. A friend, seeking information and not getting it, urged, "Yet you confessed to me once—" "No," interrupted Longfellow, laughing, "I think I never did." Even in his intimate letters, even in his diary, where his own affairs are necessarily discussed, absolute and genuine modesty is as marked as candour.

He was eminently modest as to his scholarship, though it was sound and broad. From early youth he was a teacher, but he took on none of the teacher's tendencies to pedantry and disposition to enlighten the world. He was a good deal more ready to learn from others than to teach them. And though he naturally loved and sought refinement and even luxury, his manners were perfectly simple because his heart was. It did not come easy to him to mix loudly with his fellows, whether high or humble; but there never was a truer democrat in the deepest essentials of democracy.

It might seem at times as if he lived a life of leisure and even indolence. Yet if to be proudly busy in achieving things of immense profit and delight to millions



"I DO NOT REMEMBER THE NAME OF OUR FRIEND, BUT HE HAD A BEAUTIFUL SOUL"—EMERSON'S FAILING MEMORY DID NOT BETRAY HIS SPIRITUAL INSIGHT

be to be active, no man's life was more so. He himself earnestly denies that indolence has any part in things neglected.

Not indolence, nor pleasure, nor the fret
Of restless passions that would not be stilled,
But sorrow, and a care that almost killed
Kept me from what I may accomplish yet.

And when grief threatens to overcome him, his remedy is strenuous labour: "I find no other way of keeping my nerves quiet than this—namely, to do with all my might whatever I have to do, without

thinking of the future, in which most people live."

Even, under his apparent rich serenity, he has a strong touch of the Puritan, New England conscience, which grows restless in the enjoyment of leisure that is perfectly innocent. "How lazy the seaside is. If one only had no conscience! But idleness makes me unhappy." And that cunning, relentless taskmaster, conscience, makes him not only labour, but labour with far-reaching precision and design. He plans his study. He plans his work. He keeps every book and paper in exact order and



"HIS PURITY OF LIFE AND THOUGHT, FROM YOUTH UP, HARDLY NEEDS ATTESTING. 'I AM DELIGHTED WITH PARIS, WHERE A PERSON IF HE PLEASES CAN KEEP OUT OF VICE AS WELL AS ELSEWHERE'"

arrangement, so that what is needed may be found and used the moment it is needed.

So much for some personal excellences. But the man's chief charm comes in all his relations with others. And the basis of this lay in two simple things: that he understood men, and that he loved them. We often get these two things separately; but separately neither works perfection, and either alone sometimes works havoc. This man combined the two in a rare degree. He saw in others the good and evil that he found in himself and he cherished the good and forgave the evil.

That he abounded in mere external charity need hardly be said. In later life, at any rate, his means were plentiful and he gave of them freely. Many impositions were no doubt practised upon him, but he had a clear eye as well as an open hand. "Let me see your wound," he said to an apparently crippled soldier.

"The sight might be disagreeable," said the crippled soldier. "I will try to bear it," said the poet. "If that is your spirit," said the crippled soldier, "I wish you good morning."

But Longfellow's charity went far deeper than the open hand. Persons very generous with their money are often not generous with their time, and they sometimes embitter the gift by the manner of giving it. This man had the fullest appreciation of human weakness and an instinctive reluctance to expose, or dwell upon, or emphasise it. After a supper with many brilliant people, not probably unkind beyond the ordinary, he notes in his diary: "General depreciatory tone about everything. I hate this." Though he stood everywhere and always for the noble and the ideal in politics, partisan controversy and the bitterness of argument were always distasteful to him. Owing to his great reputation, few men were more afflicted with bores. And he knew a bore when he saw one, scented the dry and soporific odour afar off. Of the terrible Count Gurowski he remarks, in his intimate record: "We all feel as if a huge garden-roller had gone over us. He has a fifty-ogre power



"FROM EARLY YOUTH HE WAS A TEACHER, BUT HE TOOK ON NONE OF THE TEACHER'S TENDENCIES TO PEDANTRY AND DISPOSITION TO ENLIGHTEN THE WORLD"

of devouring time." Yet the counts and the other bores came again and sent their friends, so gentle and ample was the poet's humanity.

It was not that he had not power of resistance or lacked a keen discrimination between good and bad, wise and foolish, profitable and frivolous. He can write, when occasion really calls for it, a harsh and biting judgment, like the following, "— has published a poem(?)—most rabid trash, trash with a tin pail tied to its tail." Yet his general tone toward the frailty and error of humanity is one of the largest comprehension and the most patient tolerance, and he rarely, if ever, violated the spirit of his own noble and beautiful counsel to a friend: "Pray don't let those unpleasant thoughts haunt and torment you. Dismiss them from your mind as disagreeable guests. Not the wrongs done to us harm us, only those we do to others."

If he had tenderness for even the bores and trouble-makers of the world, how much greater his tenderness for those bound to him by ties of blood and ties of spiritual affinity. His love for the young wife he so early lost and for the other who shared his best years is shown by many an allusion in both prose and verse. We need not go far in his writing to discover his extreme sympathy with children and delight in them. Occasional touches of petulant candour as to the drawbacks necessarily incident to work done at home only serve to emphasise the general attitude. Thus, he writes, with his charming, gentle humour, "bought two velocipedes for the boys, who made a great noise with them in the morning, riding through the hall. Saturday is a bad day to buy playthings for children." Which does not detract in the least from the grace and witchery of the following: "My little girls are flitting about my study, as blithe as two birds. They are preparing to celebrate the birthday of one of their dolls; and on the table I find this programme, in E.'s handwriting, which I purloin and send you, thinking it may amuse you.

What a beautiful world this child's world is! So instinct with life, so illuminated with imagination! I take infinite delight in seeing it go on around me."

Longfellow's genius for friendship is almost proverbial. Many of the noted men of his time, Sumner, Felton, Lieber, Agassiz, Emerson, Lowell, Norton, and many more not noted, loved him and were beloved by him, with a sweet and



LONGFELLOW AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-THREE

peculiar tenderness. I will not say that they all knew him intimately, because it was not his nature to be known intimately. But I do not think one of them ever felt undue secretiveness on his part or anything but perfect openness and candour. It was simply that he could not intrude his deepest feelings even upon those who knew him best. And no appeal for sympathy, no demand upon his time for interest, or attention, or advice, was ever met with anything but the warmest and most entire response. How the whole heart of friendship glows in this vivid figure, conveying affection in a letter to a friend: "Did you ever, in a circus, see a man leap through a paper balloon, tearing his way before him, and

falling into the arms of an associate? If you have, then have you some image faint and feeble of the manner in which my heart comes tearing through this letter (as you break the seal) to fall upon yours. Receive it gently, do not let it fall to the ground."

With his friends, as with humanity generally, Longfellow was keen of vision. Their faults did not escape his notice and in the privacy of his diary he sometimes records them. "Dined with —. He



LONGFELLOW AT FORTY-FIVE. FROM A PASTEL BY F. ALEXANDER

seems to me much my friend, and I like him—all save his confounded positive way about everything." Nothing can be more curious than his frequent references to Sumner, whom he loved and who loved him. Longfellow evidently understands all his friend's numerous deficiencies, makes it plain that he does, but always with a touch so gentle that the deficiencies seem about to be turning into virtues. And against the criticism of others, even just, he has ready some defence of kindly sympathy or human comprehension.

To a being so affectionately constituted society was naturally attractive. He did not indeed seek large and promiscuous gatherings. "I like intimate footings; I do not care for general society." Nor did he shun long hours of solitude, either with nature or with his own thoughts. But a company of two, or three, or a dozen, whom he knew and cherished, was delightful to him. He was not usually a great talker himself, being contented with an apt word in the right place. But he liked good wit, good wine, good fare, entered with the most delicate zest into the mellow atmosphere of such temperate conviviality as Milton commended to "Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son." How charming, from just this social point of view, is the comment of the restless Ruskin, "Strange, that both you and Norton come as such *calm* influences to me and others." How doubly charming this, when combined with the festive exhilaration of a picture painted by Lieber, in 1843. A delightful dinner at young Perkins's with Hillard, Longfellow, Sumner, Greene, etc. A right charming day,—fine wine, fine moonshine, fine country-seat,—and we actually put flowers in our hair." "Flowers in our hair," especially in Sumner's, is irresistible.

II

As you read this account and many others similar, you are tempted to say, "It is easy enough for anybody to be a saint, or something like one, when life is all roses and moonshine and tenderness and laughter." Viewed in its broad aspect, Longfellow's life does seem to have been a peculiarly happy and fortunate one, one that offered little excuse for ill-nature or repining. He was born in a small New England city, and small New England cities are charming places, some of them. His family was sufficiently well-to-do to assure him leisure in pursuing the occupations he delighted in. He became a college professor at an age when most students now are beginning the drudgery of the doctorate with a professorship ten years away, and he re-

linquished teaching as soon as it became seriously irksome. He married once delightfully, and a second time even more delightfully, and had children who gave him pleasure and content. He was able to follow the vocation that most attracted him, and in that vocation he was successful from the very outset, without failure, or difficulty, or hardly even struggle. He had a most attractive home and could leave it practically when the fancy seized him.

He had the finest possible taste for all

as great and as unalloyed as ever came to any man from such a source. He felt keenly, as every creator does, the enthusiasm, the rapturous exhilaration, of seeing desired beauty grow under his hands. Again and again he speaks of the delight of his work, the fascination of his subjects, the immense contentment of adding the perfecting touches which thrill dead matter into life. Things have gone a little wrong in the publication of *Hyperion*, "No matter," he says, "I had the glorious satisfaction of writing it."



"HE HAD A MOST ATTRACTIVE HOME AND COULD LEAVE IT PRACTICALLY WHEN THE FANCY SEIZED HIM"

the pleasures of life and had sufficient—not excessive—liberty to indulge them. We have seen him in society. For art his appreciation was as delicate as it was varied. He was at home in all literature, could own rare books, and read them, and did. He loved the other arts, also, as a connoisseur, knew painting and sculpture and architecture and studied them all over Europe. Music meant more to him than to many literary men. And when the beauty of man's creation failed him, he could always turn to nature and find delight in the song of birds and the motion of clouds and stars.

The pleasure that came to him from his profession of literature was probably

And it was not often that anything went wrong about publication. For few authors, and especially few poets, have found their work so profitable from a material point of view. Editors courted him, publishers favoured him. Even in the early days he could always get a few dollars for a few stanzas, though dollars were then scarce and stanzas common, as they have always been. Later, the few dollars became hundreds.

What is even dearer to poets than dollars, glory, was showered freely, and likewise from the very beginning. The fact is keenly and constantly noted, though without one trace of vanity or unseemly self-congratulation. "The

poem 'Kéramos' has gone to the Harpers, who will harp it to one hundred and fifty thousand households, or say half a million ears,—if they will listen to such music as comes from a potter's wheel." One thinks of the thousands of poets dead and gone whose verses

life," he says, "is made up mostly of a series of little disappointments and little pleasures. The great wonder-flowers bloom but once in a lifetime; as marriage and death." He might have added that there is an instinctive alchemy for turning common dust into little precious



"FEW AUTHORS AND ESPECIALLY FEW POETS HAVE FOUND THEIR WORK SO PROFITABLE FROM A MATERIAL POINT OF VIEW. EDITORS COURTED HIM, PUBLISHERS FAVOURED HIM"

were harped in hardly any households at all, and realises that Longfellow's amiable disposition had much to favour it.

Also, besides these great sources of happiness, he had the fortunate temperament which makes pleasure out of little things, to others indifferent or even tedious. Life turned its sunny side to him, which, when all is said and done, is surely the greatest of felicities. "Human

pleasures and that he was master of it. "Another golden autumnal morning. Translated Anacreon's 'Grasshopper'—an exquisite ode. A dream day." Dream days, spun out of such fragile tissue as golden mornings and grasshoppers, are within the reach of all of us, might sweeten all our tempers, if we were more alive to them.

This gentle, winning optimism of

Longfellow's is charmingly illustrated by a little comparison with Pepys, who was himself no pessimist and made dream occasions out of various pretty little odes of his own. Yet he goes to a wedding and his comment is, "Strange what delight we married people have to see these poor fools decoyed into our condition, every man and woman gazing and smiling at them." Longfellow remarks, under similar circumstances: "I like to go to weddings, and be married over again, as it were. It freshens our feelings." Such is the difference in temperaments, which is more accountable than anything else for the happiness and the unhappiness of life.

It must not for one moment be supposed, however, that Longfellow was one of those fatuous optimists who shut their eyes to reality. Like the rest of us, he had his hours of complete dissatisfaction with the blessings that came to him. "Worked, walked, and wished for many things," is one of the brief and pregnant entries in his diary. He even expresses discontent with the rare good fortune of early success, which so many



LONGFELLOW AT FIFTY-FOUR. "LIFE TURNED ITS SUNNY SIDE TO HIM, WHICH, WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE, IS SURELY THE GREATEST OF FELICITIES"

authors long for in vain. "For my part I have been meditating on the great importance it is to a literary man to remain unknown till he gets his work fairly done. It can hardly be overstated."

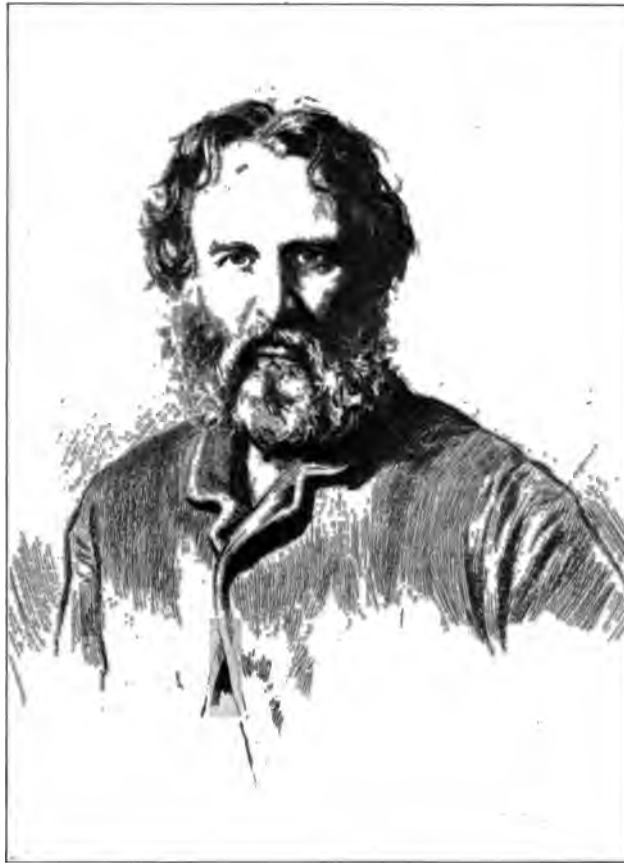
Moreover, the poet had his positive trials and misfortunes, some of them, perhaps, not serious in themselves, yet such as have often served others as an excuse for ill-nature and complaint. To begin with, during a large part of his life he was a teacher, and teaching, however noble and satisfying in its aims, is wearing in its practice, especially to a nervous and sensitive temperament. He felt the drag of it, the tediousness of contracting your thoughts and adapting your ideas to those whose compass is narrow and their response limited. "Perhaps the worst thing in a college life is the having your mind constantly a playmate for boys—constantly adapting itself to them, instead of stretching out and grappling with *men's* minds." He felt the drag of set days and hours, the necessity of subordinating the wide sweep of



BUST OF LONGFELLOW IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

his imagination to the systematic round of regular lessons and oft-repeated tasks. "A delicious spring day. How I long to break from my moorings and be away! The weight and work of the college is crushing me. It is not the labour, but the being bound hand and foot, the go-

make a man persist steadily in the pursuit of that inconstant will o' the wisp, glory, through outward obstacles of indifference and rivalry, through inward obstacles of distraction and indolence, there must be the sting of the pestilent gadfly, ambition. I had almost said that



"THIS SANE, UNTROUBLED SPIRIT KEPT IN GENERAL A BROAD AND HOPEFUL OUTLOOK UPON THE SPIRITUAL STRUGGLES THAT WENT ON AROUND HIM"

ing round and round in the tread-mill that oppresses me. Air, air, more air! more freedom!"

So much for his necessary work of teaching. In his chosen work of literature, even he could not altogether escape the evils that beset every one. "A literary man leads an agreeable life only after he is dead," said Voltaire. To

that fierce sting carries a man further on his way than intellectual power or spiritual grace. Well, Longfellow, tranquil and well-balanced as he was by nature, felt the sting in his youth. "The fact is, I most eagerly aspire after eminence in literature; my whole soul burns most ardently for it, and every earthly thought centres in it." In later years he some-

times disclaims such ardour. Yet till extreme old age he laboured on, toiling after a new and richer beauty, something that should more enrapture others and better satisfy himself. I believe that to the end the gadfly was still there, stinging, stinging.

Now a life so stung is full and active, and with outward success it may be happy, but it has its great and serious drawbacks. There are moments of ecstasy, when limitless visions open before you, so rich and so abundant that words will not contain them, much less fingers write them down. There are dull and barren moments, when what you have achieved seems worthless and what you would achieve impossible. And Longfellow knew these swift, unhinging alternations, as others have known them.

There are external difficulties, also, all the more vexatious because of their pettiness. The whole world knows what a hell that stinging gadfly made Carlyle's life, because cocks crew, and organs played, and fools asked idle questions. Longfellow had no such morbid susceptibility. Yet even he was often driven to despair by the tormenting trifles that beset him. Bores haunted him daily, nightly. Good friends, even, had a habit of becoming bores when work was to be done. If he looked forward to a long morning of uninterrupted reflection and activity, there were swarms of letters knocking at his conscience when pressing intruders were not knocking at the door.

All my hours and days go to perishable things. College takes half the time; and other people, with their interminable letters and poems and requests and demands, take the rest. I have hardly a moment to think of my own writings, and am cheated of some of life's fairest hours. This is the extreme of folly; and if I knew a man, far off in some foreign land, doing as I do here, I should say he was mad.

Then there are the critics, a poisonous and inhuman generation, all the more annoying to popular authors whose works sell by thousands and are read by

millions. It is just as easy to say that your work is worthless because you succeed as because you fail, and it hurts just as much. You may stop your ears and shut your eyes, avoid criticism altogether, as Longfellow professes to do, and make believe that you have not a hostile reader in the world. But when Margaret Fuller derides you and Edgar Allan Poe accuses you of plagiarism, you know it and suffer from it, however you may forgive them with sunny and gentle charity. Also, one critic cannot be shunned, or avoided, or silenced—yourself. There are times when he stands by you nobly and bids the world go hang. But just when you need his comfort most, he is too apt to turn upon you, and say, as to Longfellow, of *Evangeline*, "Alas, how difficult it is to produce anything really good! Now I see nothing but the defects of my work. I hope the critics will not find so many as I do." And perfect glory, when you have achieved it, million-mouthed glory, too often seems pale and empty and miserably inadequate to repay the effort and the suffering: "Then we go to the Museum. The play, wretched stuff: A young woman in yellow satin, representing the fashionable life of New York, holds a red-covered book, which she says is her 'dear Henry W. Longfellow's poems;' and she asks her milliner which she prefers, Longfellow or Tennyson!"

Nor was Longfellow's apparently fortunate life free from the disasters which sooner or later make almost any human life a burden. Though he reached old age, and was exempt from serious maladies, he was constantly plagued by the ills that afflict sensitive temperaments and sedentary pursuits. He himself writes to Sumner, begging pardon for the insult—it certainly was one—that he does not see how any human being with a heart and a brain can ever be perfectly well. Swift and stinging neuralgias torment him for days and even months. Dyspepsia is a frequent guest and, in his own opinion, at any rate, makes him petulant and irritable.

Besides these comparatively minor

evils, which, however, spoil more saints than the great sorrows of the world, Longfellow had to meet one of the sudden and terrible catastrophes that call for every ounce of manliness long training can store up. As the result of a trivial accident, his dearly loved wife was burned beyond recovery, under his very eyes, and even in his arms. Souls petted and cosseted by fortune out of their native vigour are apt to fail in circumstances like these, to lose their energy of reaction, even if they do not settle into whining misery. Not so Longfellow. He rarely spoke of his grief, not to his nearest friends, not in the intimate pages of his diary. How deep and keen it was is shown by his quick reply to one who hoped he might be enabled to bear his cross. "Bear the cross, yes; but what if one is stretched upon it?" Yet the smooth stream of his life flowed on in its outward tranquillity. He did his work. He met men and women with the same gentle kindness he had always shown them. For under the gentleness and the tranquillity there was good measure of the rude strength that came from New England stock and Puritan descent. In face of a great moral ordeal, even of stern danger, who can doubt that this man would have been as firm and patient as a hero or a martyr? His nerves might have quivered and shuddered, but the something that is back of the nerves would have been absolutely unmoved. "Yesterday I was at Mount Auburn, and saw my own grave dug; that is, my tomb. I assure you, I looked quietly down into it, without one feeling of dread." Minds of this temper may be caressed by fortune, they cannot be spoiled by her.

Nor was this spiritual vigour wholly passive or attuned only to endurance. There was plenty of action in it, plenty of movement, plenty of endeavour. In extreme youth the poet practised pugilism against a dummy of his own devising, much after the fashion of the excellent Oliver Proudfoot in *The Fair Maid of Perth*. I am not aware that this led to any combative results in later

years, but we see the same spirit, when he declares, "activity,—constant, ceaseless activity,—this is what I need." From the nature of his life the spiritual effort more often took the form of control, and it is evident that his outward serenity was in many cases the result of victory in a tempestuous inner struggle. Sometimes, however, as in his references to slavery and other moral wrongs, there is an attitude of violent indignation. And one entry in his diary is especially interesting as bearing traces of a spiritual conflict involving deep emotion and stern determination to accomplish a necessary result: "This has been to me a day of indescribable mental suffering. I have given great pain to others; but I could not do otherwise and be true to myself. God grant it may be for the best!"

So, everywhere in diary and letters you catch glimpses, under the superficial serenity, of quick and petulant nerves that danced with joy or sorrow. You have to look carefully, for, as he himself says, "with me all deep impressions are silent ones. I like to live on, and enjoy them, without telling those around me that I do enjoy them." Yet the nerves gleam through. He holds a college examination and some dull face, or awkward gesture, or frivolous word annoys him. "How sensitive I am to the appearance of my scholars." He visits Niagara, and what to others is merely a curious spectacle fills him with strange uneasiness and almost suffering: "Niagara is too much for me; my nerves shake like a bridge of wire; a vague sense of terror and unrest haunts me all the time. My head swims and reels with the ceaseless motion of the water." Again, you think he is floating along easily on the sweet current of his fortune, doing the same pleasant things to-day as yesterday, and entirely content to do them. And you come upon this outburst of gypsy waywardness, in the full spirit of Fletcher's vagrant verses,

Let rogues be stayed that have no habitation.
A gentleman may wander.

"I chanced to cast my eyes this morning upon a map of Italy, where my old route was marked in red,—the red vein of my young life-blood. Instantly I went mad for travel. It is spring, and the sun shines bright; and it seems a waste of life to stay here." Such things make a Cambridge professor seem like a human being, do they not?

As Longfellow's tranquillity has misled some critics in regard to his capacity for emotion, so it has deceived others as to his depth of thought. Certainly he was not one to wear himself out by day and night in wrestling with profound philosophical problems. But his intelligence was clear, accurate, and persistent. He was a close and careful scholar in his special fields of literature and language and during his first trip abroad he devoted himself with faithful study to acquiring the speech of the countries he visited. He was a very wide and discriminating, if not very systematic, reader and penetrated more deeply into the world's thinking than some who talk a great deal more about it. No man could have grappled so closely with Dante's *Paradiso* who had not an acute as well as an energetic intelligence.

So with religion. This sane, untroubled spirit kept in general a broad and hopeful outlook upon the spiritual struggles that went on around him. His optimism was by no means of the blind or foolish variety, but it was solid and above all fruitful. That it was not always unshaken, however, is shown by his remark to a friend who persisted in discussing

Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute.

"I told him that in general I was pretty quiet and calm in regard to these matters, and troubled only when at times a horrible doubt cut into the cool, still surface of my soul, as the heel of a skate cuts into smooth ice."

Finally, in Longfellow's spiritual life and in all other phases of his character I think we must note, perhaps rather

vaguely, the perfecting touch of what I should call distinction, a delicate refinement which does not belong to all American authors, and which should be cherished in proportion to its rarity. This is the more valuable because it implies not one atom of snobbishness or aristocratic exclusiveness. As I have already said, there never lived a man more thoroughly imbued with the essential principle of democracy, that is, the belief, the native, instinctive conviction, that the elements of resemblance in all human beings are far more important than the elements of difference. Yet with this fundamentally democratic sense Longfellow managed to combine the fineness of nature which is supposed to be a gift of aristocratic breeding. Just what I mean is admirably indicated in Mr. Howells's account of the poet's bearing on a social occasion. "He did not talk much, and I recall nothing that he said. But he spoke always both wisely and simply, without the least touch of pose, and with no intention of effect, but with something that I must call quality for want of a better word." *Quality*, as here used, is perhaps indefinable. But every reader of Longfellow's *Life* will realise what Mr. Howells means.

III

It is not my purpose, in these portraits of authors, to attempt literary criticism. At the same time, a man's character is intimately bound up with his work in life, and is often best illustrated by it. Thus, when writing of military figures, though admitting an incompetence for deciding technical questions, I found it necessary to refer to what great soldiers had done in their chosen career and to what, in my judgment, they had failed to do. A similar consideration of literary achievements, confined as far as possible to the psychographic standpoint, is quite unavoidable.

I confess, then, that it puzzles me to find in Longfellow's character this marked element of distinction, or as Mr. Howells terms it, "quality," which

seems to me to be conspicuously lacking in his poetry. It is true that all critics do not agree about this. Lowell, speaking in connection with the Westminster Abbey bust, affirmed that Longfellow's poetry had not only simplicity, but distinction, and others have echoed Lowell's judgment. Yet I believe that these exceptionally favourable estimates are much affected by the poet's character and that most of those who read widely and critically will admit at once that the verse of Longfellow, with some excellent qualities, simplicity, sincerity, facility, freshness, grace, does lack just that element of distinction which is necessary to make poetry count from the literary point of view. In short, these readers, if they were pushed to it, would confess that they found the bulk of Longfellow's poetry rather commonplace; not common with any implication of vulgarity, or such positive defect,—it is as far as possible removed from that; simply commonplace, without peculiar quality to elevate it as literature above the average of clever writing, that is, simply without distinction.

I am not going to attempt to illustrate this. Most readers who habitually dwell with the great poets of the world can turn to almost any page of Longfellow and feel what I mean. Yet I will make one suggestion, which may help. In Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verses* there are two well-known lines eminently marked with what I mean by distinction.

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

If Longfellow had written those lines, I venture to assert that he would have used the word "beautiful" instead of the words "a number of." The couplet would then be perfect Longfellow and all distinction would have gone out of it.

Perhaps I should not have said that the lack of distinction in Longfellow's verse puzzled me, when it was so notable an element in his character. We know, of course, that many persons of the finest artistic temperament could never do fine

work. But then they do not try to do it. To have such a temperament, to have apparently the keenest sensitiveness to the distinction of others' work, and then to do work one's self of an entirely inferior order—this is what is puzzling—or would be if we did not see it happen in the history of art over and over again. And still I find it puzzling. The most curious case in this regard, with Longfellow, is the translation of Dante. Of all the poets who have ever written, Dante is the one who has the quality of distinction most. Longfellow knew this perfectly well and spent years in endeavouring to transfer Dante's distinction into English, and failed utterly, and does not seem aware that he failed. On the contrary, he triumphed in having conveyed, as he expressed it, "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," whereas what he conveyed was the shell, the mere husk, dried apples, withered leaves, the same, yet the same with the informing life and spirit quite vanished away. Who that remembers the four lines which stand among the greatest tragic poetry of the world, can read Longfellow's version of them without a shudder?

When as we read of the much longed-for
smile

Being by such a noble lover kissed,
This one, who ne'er from me shall be divided,

Kissed me upon the mouth all palpitating.

So I have heard some persons say, after a prolonged dose of Longfellow's poetry, "Really anybody could have written it." Which sets one reflecting, because if anybody could have written it, anybody would, and the world would be flooded with "Evangelines" and "Hiawathas."

There are, I think, two things which account chiefly for Longfellow's immense literary success. One is technical. It is simply that he had the power of telling a story in verse. This is something the great poets often lack and writers of a very inferior order abound in. Lope de Vega had it far more than

Shakespeare. Dumas had a similar gift in prose far more than Balzac or Flaubert. The great Georgian poets, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, were quite unable to tell a simple story effectively. Longfellow, on the other hand, understood how to hold his readers from beginning to end. He is often called diffuse, though he himself hated diffuseness and what he termed "watered poetry." From the point of view of narrative interest, he is not diffuse. Every detail helps fix and hold and carry forward the reader's attention. This is true of the long poems and equally true, in a different way, of the shorter lyrics and ballads. They seize some simple, genuine phase of human feeling and present it in a manner which is certain to touch the heart. That Longfellow knew perfectly well what he was aiming at and exactly how to achieve it is shown most curiously by a passage in one of his earlier letters, referring to the "Wreck of the Hesperus." "I think I shall write more. The *national ballad* is a virgin soil here in New England; and there are great materials. Besides, I have a great notion of working upon the *people's* feelings."

The other justification for Longfellow's glory is far more important than any mere secret of dramatic technique. It is simply that his poetry reflects the beautiful qualities we have discovered in the study of his character. The sweetness, the gentleness, the noble effort, the devoted self-sacrifice, the broad and tolerant optimism, the lofty hope,—all these are mirrored in his verses, all these, to a greater or less extent, must pass into the hearts of his readers. And when you reflect what and how many these readers are, you will wonder whether any poet in the world before had ever such a glorious opportunity. Not Homer, not Virgil, not Dante, not Shakespeare even, ever spoke to men as Longfellow speaks. His verses are on millions of tongues at an age when the tongue and the ear are in their closest contact with the heart. And who shall say that any one of those great poets was, on the whole, more fitted to be master of such a mighty and enormous influence?

It is a great thing to have a beautiful soul. It is a far, far greater thing to leave that soul as an eternal possession, and example, and inspiration to millions of one's fellow-men.

HIGH COMEDY IN AMERICA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

No other type of drama is so rarely written in America as that intelligently entertaining type which is variously known as High Comedy, or Comedy of Manners, or Artificial Comedy. The purpose of High Comedy is to satirise the social customs of the upper classes, to arraign with wit the foibles of the aristocracy. It must conform to the requirement of comedy that the plot shall never stiffen into melodrama nor slacken into farce, and it must attain the end of entertainment less by emphasis of incident than by the nice analysis of character. The medium of Artificial Comedy is con-

versation; it dallies with the smart sayings of smart people; and the dialogue need not be strictly natural, provided that it be continuously witty. The world of High Comedy is a world in which what people say is immeasurably more important than what they do, or even what they are. It is an airy and a careless world, more brilliant, more graceful, more gay, more irresponsible than the world of actuality. The people of High Comedy awaken thoughtful laughter; but they do not touch the heart nor stir the soul. By that token they are only partly real. They have merely heads,

not hearts,—intelligence and not emotion. They stimulate an intellect at play, without stirring up the deeper sympathies. For this reason High Comedy is more difficult to write than the sterner types of drama. It cannot strike below the belt, like melodrama, nor, like tragedy, attack the vital organs of compassion; it can only deliver light blows upon the forehead; it must always hit above the eyes.

In the genealogy of English drama, High Comedy can boast an ancient and an honourable lineage. It was introduced in England in 1664 by Sir George Etherege, who imported it from France; for, during that exile of all gentlemen to Paris which is known in history as the Protectorship of Cromwell, Etherege had studied manners at the French court and the Comedy of Manners at the theatre of Molière. He was soon followed by that great quartet of gentlemanly wits, composed of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanburgh, and Farquhar, who carried English comedy to unexampled heights of brilliancy and irresponsibility. Unfortunately for their fame the work of these masters was tinged with an utter recklessness of all morality at which later generations have grown to look askance. Of this tendency—as Charles Lamb has defined it—"to take an airing beyond the diocese of the strict conscience," High Comedy was purged by Colley Cibber and Sir Richard Steele, who introduced, however, the infra-intellectual alloy of sentiment. Then came the richer period of the genial Goldsmith and the incomparable Sheridan, which gave us the greatest of all Comedies of Manners, *The School for Scandal*. Charles Lamb, who had seen this masterpiece performed by many of the members of the original company, lived long enough to pen the solemn sentence,—*"The Artificial Comedy, or Comedy of Manners, is quite extinct on our stage."* But even while this requiem was being written, the type was being kept alive in occasional comedies like the *London Assurance* of Dion Boucicault; and, late in the nineteenth century, it was brilliantly

revivified by the clever and witty Oscar Wilde and the more humorous and human Mr. Henry Arthur Jones.

It is the privilege of American writers to share with their British cousins the common heritage of English literature, and most offshoots of the ancient stock have been successfully transplanted overseas; but there are certain of these offshoots which thus far have failed to flourish in America because we have had so little time, comparatively, to till our literary soil. Our native drama is already thoroughly alive in respect to melodrama and to farce; but it is not yet thoroughly alive in respect to High Comedy.

This fact, however, is not at all surprising; for High Comedy is the last of all dramatic types to be established in the art of any nation. It has frequently been said that it takes three generations to make a gentleman; but it takes more than three to develop a Comedy of Manners. Manners do not become a theme for satire until they have been crystallised into a code; and, to laugh politely, a playwright must have an aristocracy to laugh at. To all intents and purposes, the United States is still a country without an upper class; and the chaos of our social system precludes the possibility of social satire.

Before we can develop a Comedy of Manners in America, we must first develop an aristocracy to satirise. At present our few aristocrats are cosmopolitans; and, if they should be mirrored on the stage, our audience would think them un-American. For not only do we lack the subject-matter for High Comedy, but we also lack an audience that is educated to appreciate it. Compare the *clientèle* of the Criterion Theatre in London with the *clientèle* of any of our theatres on Broadway. Our American audience is more heterogeneous, more democratic, and possibly more human; but it is certainly less cultivated, less refined. It is composed for the most part of the sort of people who are embarrassed by good breeding and who consider it an affectation to pronounce the English language

properly. It is not surprising, therefore, that—as Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton has pithily remarked—most of our American comedies must be classed as Comedies of Bad Manners. We laugh uproariously at impoliteness on our stage, because we have not yet learned to laugh delicately at politeness. We are amused at the eccentricities of bad behaviour, because we have not yet learned to be amused at the eccentricities of good behaviour. We are still in the stage of learning how to laugh, because we are still in the stage of learning how to live.

There are very few ladies and gentlemen in the American drama,—there are none, for instance, in the very popular and thoroughly representative plays of Mr. George M. Cohan; but the primary reason is that there are very few ladies and gentlemen in the American audience, and the secondary reason is that there are very few ladies and gentlemen in American life. It would not be fair to blame our native dramatists for the dearth of High Comedy in America. Bronson Howard, in the first generation, and Clyde Fitch, in the second, strove earnestly to give us a native Comedy of Manners; but their successors in the present generation have, for the most part, given up the difficult endeavour. It is a thankless task to write about aristocrats for an audience that is unprepared to recognise them, and to search for subject-matter for a Comedy of Manners in a country that is still a little proud of the misfortune that it has no upper class.

"THE NEW YORK IDEA"

For these reasons, the achievement of a genuine American High Comedy should be celebrated with especial praise. *The New York Idea*, by Mr. Langdon Mitchell, is perhaps the only play of American authorship which conforms to all the requirements and exhibits all the characteristics of the traditional Comedy of Manners. There is only enough action to keep the characters conversing;

and this action is never serious enough to stir the deeper sympathies. The characters are airily intelligent; and while their levity precludes them from ever lifting the play to any mood more serious than that of comedy, their intelligence prevents them from allowing it to lapse to farce. All the characters are deftly drawn; and every one of them is witty. The dialogue is, from first to last, unfalteringly brilliant; and, while it never calls forth the loud guffaw that speaks the vacant-minded audience, it is continuously accompanied by a ripple of delighted laughter.

The New York Idea is a satire of the tendency of a certain section of American society to indulge unduly in the inspiring adventure of divorce. Cynthia Karslake really loves her husband; but she has divorced him in a moment of pique and has become engaged to the stolid Phillip Phillimore. Thereupon Karslake proceeds to make himself good-naturedly annoying by openly making love to the divorced wife of Phillimore. Cynthia is stimulated by the sting of jealousy to realise her love for the husband she has lightly tossed away; and, at the very moment when her marriage to Phillimore is about to be pronounced, she balks at the ceremony, and flees from Phillimore to become reconciled with Karslake. The former Mrs. Phillimore ultimately marries Sir Wilfred Gates-Darby, a witty Englishman who, throughout the play, has made love to both the women and announced to each of them that the other is his second choice.

The New York Idea was first produced nine years ago by Mrs. Fiske, and is now revived by Miss Grace George. Its brilliancy has not been dimmed by the decade that has passed since the time that it was written; and in that decade no other High Comedy of American authorship has been brought forth to rival it in excellence. It is not only a good play for the theatre, but a good play for the library as well; for it attains that tone of literary distinction which is very rarely reached in our plays of native authorship.

"HUSBAND AND WIFE"

This tone of literary distinction was also attained in the dialogue of *Husband and Wife*, an unusually well-written play by Mr. Charles Kenyon, the author of *Kindling*.

The plot of this piece was rather commonplace; but the characters were new and true, and were carefully and subtly studied. A husband and wife had drifted apart because each of them had failed to understand the other. The husband had immersed himself in business in order to earn enough money to finance his wife's frivolities; and the wife had immersed herself in these frivolities because her husband was always too busy to spend his time at home. The crisis came when, in a single hour, the husband discovered that his wife had arranged to elope with another man and the wife discovered that her husband had stolen money from the bank of which he was an officer. In this tragic hour, both of them were forced to realise the wreck which they had made of each other's lives; and this realisation brought about their reconciliation. The lover with whom the wife had intended to elope, convinced at last that she really loved her husband, not only gave her up, but generously loaned the husband enough money to cover up his shortage at the bank.

This plot, in a brief summary, does not sound particularly interesting; but it was well conducted by Mr. Kenyon, and was intensified at many points by unexpected expedients which exhibited unusual theatric skill. The characters were seriously studied; and it was apparent that the author had sincerely tried to tell the truth about the people in his play. The dialogue was excellently written; it was easy and natural, and yet at times attained the tone of eloquence. *Husband and Wife* was a failure in the theatre; but it was a creditable play and justified the confidence in Mr. Kenyon's abilities that was aroused in many minds by *Kindling*.

"THE TWO VIRTUES"

One of the cleverest writers of High Comedy in England to-day is Mr. Al-

fred Sutro; and *The Two Virtues*, though by no means his best play, is fully as entertaining as many of his former efforts. The characters are deftly drawn and subtly satirised; and the dialogue is keen and sparkling.

The thesis of Mr. Sutro's comedy is that chastity is not the only virtue concerning which a woman should be judged; but that another virtue, charity, is no less to be desired in a woman. The hero, Jeffery Panton, is an historian who for years has nursed a sentimental memory of the one love of his life. A pretty but rather frivolous young girl has jilted him to marry a fashionable poet. She now comes in distress to Jeffery, informs him that her husband has grown dangerously intimate with a certain Mrs. Guildford, a lady of questionable virtue, and urges the historian to call on Mrs. Guildford and use his influence to break off the attachment. After many misgivings, this unpleasant task is undertaken by the hero. To his surprise, he finds that Mrs. Guildford is a very charming woman, deeply interested in the study of history; and not only does he easily persuade her to dismiss the poet who has always bored her, but before long she is working with him in his study many hours every day on the history that he is writing. In this new situation she is discovered by Jeffery's former fiancée and by his sister, Lady Milligan, a social leader with a serpent's tongue. These two chaste but uncharitable women drag forth the questionable past of Mrs. Guildford and so insult her that she leaves the study, never to return. But their victory is soon turned into defeat; for it is the very vehemence of Lady Milligan's attack on a woman he has learned to honour and respect that persuades Jeffery to pursue the fleeing Mrs. Guildford and to offer her his hand and name.

Perhaps the most laudable point in the conduct of this play is that no attempt is made to palliate the past of Mrs. Guildford. The audience is merely asked to agree with Jeffery Panton that, whatever may have been her past experience,



"THE NEW YORK IDEA"—ACT III

"Cynthia is stimulated by the sting of jealousy to realise her love for the husband she has lightly tossed away; and, at the very moment when her marriage to Phillimore is about to be pronounced, she balks at the ceremony, and flees from Phillimore to become reconciled with Karslake."



"HUSBAND AND WIFE"—ACT II

"The lover with whom the wife had intended to elope, convinced at last that she really loved her husband, not only gave her up, but generously loaned the husband enough money to cover up his shortage at the bank."



"THE TWO VIRTUES"—ACT III

"These two chaste but uncharitable women drag forth the questionable past of Mrs. Guildford and so insult her that she leaves the study, never to return."

she is at present a woman worthy of respect and love. Particularly brilliant are the duologues between the hero and his sister, Lady Milligan. The latter seems to have stepped bodily out of the pages of Thackeray, and her lines are written in accordance with the best tradition of High Comedy.

"HELENA'S HUSBAND"

Satire is so rare in the American theatre that *Helena's Husband*, by Mr. Philip Moeller, should be particularly praised. It is only a one-act play; but its merit is not measured by its magnitude. Mr. Moeller has retold the tale of Helen of Troy in a mood as original and spirited as that in which the history of Cæsar and Cleopatra was told anew by Mr. Shaw. Helen is a fluffy little creature, and Menelaus is heartily tired of her. So, when a handsome shepherd wanders thither from the hills, Menelaus contrives to have him left alone with Helen, in the hope that she will fall in love with him and run away from the palace. The plot succeeds, and the king

is greatly relieved by the elopement. But then somebody discovers that the shepherd was no other than Paris, Prince of Troy; and the elopement, instead of remaining a family affair, assumes the proportions of an international incident. Against the wishes of Menelaus, who is a professional pacifist, his country is hurried into war to avenge his honour; treaties are declared to be mere scraps of papyrus; and the king is assured that he and Jove will surely conquer. Thus a little play which began as a satire on Homer grows gradually into a satire of many matters of great consequence that are happening in the world to-day. The piece is written with extraordinary cleverness; and it does not seem excessive to state that a three act comedy that should sustain itself upon the same high level of delightful wit would earn an enviable reputation for the author.

Helena's Husband is the one really interesting feature of the bill of four brief plays with which the Washington Square Players have opened their second season at the Bandbox Theatre. The



"HIT-THE-TRAIL HOLLIDAY"—ACT I

"The best act is the first, which is set in a barber-shop. This act gives Mr. Cohan ample opportunity to apply his talent for delineating a varied group of amusing minor characters and to display his happy gift for recording details of local colour."

other three pieces are so inferior to this that they do not call for examination in detail. Their titles are *Fire and Water*, by Mr. Hervey White; *Night of Snow*, translated from the Italian of Roberto Bracco by Mr. Ralph Roeder, and *The Antick*, by Mr. Percy Mackaye.

"HIT-THE-TRAIL HOLLIDAY"

There is no attempt to attain the level of high comedy in *Hit-the-Trail Holliday*, a thoroughly characteristic farce by Mr. George M. Cohan, which was developed from a scenario by Messrs. George Middleton and Guy Bolton. This play repeats the pattern that was employed in *Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*, *Broadway Jones*, *The Fortune Hunter*, *Ready Money*, and many other popular farces of recent date which have come to be considered "typically American." In all these plays the hero makes a fortune for himself and for a host of other people by putting into practice a commercial scheme which is so preposterous that it succeeds by the impetus of its very absurdity; and the plays are popular with American audiences because they deal with the desired subject of success.

In *Hit-the-Trail Holliday*, the hero is

a bar-tender who has been imported to a small New England town to preside over the bar of the new hotel. The town, however, is inclined toward temperance; and when his rich employer tries to prevent by force the holding of a prohibition meeting, the hero is prompted by the spirit of fair play to go over to the other side. Inspired by the enthusiasm of the moment, he delivers an impromptu speech on the prohibition platform that is so eloquent and so persuasive that it wins a multitude of converts and makes him famous in the town. His renown is soon telegraphed about the country, until he finds himself a second Billy Sunday. Money begins to pour in from many unexpected sources; and, in the end, the hero enriches the town and carries all his friends to fortune and success.

This play exhibits several weaknesses in structure. The chief of these is the fact that the biggest scene is imagined off the stage between the first act and the second, and has to be expounded in retrospective narrative throughout the second act. There are moments in the last two acts in which the interest is allowed to flag; but these are soon redeemed by other moments which are exceedingly amusing. The best act, however, is the first, which is set in a barber-shop. This



"THE BARGAIN"—ACT III

"The hero is a patriarchal Jew. . . . His daughter, in defiance of the tribal faith, allows herself to be seduced and subsequently married by a Christian."

act gives Mr. Cohan ample opportunity to apply his talent for delineating a varied group of amusing minor characters and to display his happy gift for recording details of local colour.

"THE BARGAIN"

The Bargain, by Mr. Herman Scheffauer, betrays the fact that its author is inexperienced as a playwright. The piece is faultily proportioned. Nearly all the first act is devoted to getting the audience interested in a character that is subsequently relegated to the background. A new play, so to speak, is started in the second act and brought to a climax in the third; but these two chapters of cumulative interest are followed by a fourth act that is empty and uninteresting.

The milieu depicted in *The Bargain* is the Yiddish Quarter in the East Side of New York. The hero is a patriarchal

Jew; and the drama deals with the unsuccessful struggle that he wages to maintain his traditional authority against the rebellious instincts of his son, his daughter, and his second wife. His son, envenomed with the American desire to get rich quickly, robs his employers and flees to Canada. His daughter, in defiance of the tribal faith, allows herself to be seduced and subsequently married by a Christian. His wife runs away from him to try her fortune on the stage, and comes back only because her ambition has been thwarted. In material, the play resembles those Yiddish dramas which are justly popular along the Bowery; but it is lacking in their artless reality of characterisation. The dialogue, also, is not sufficiently colloquial to fulfil the requirements of a realistic play. Mr. Scheffauer's spirit was sincere and willing; but his dramaturgic skill was weak.

"MOLOCH"

The purpose of Miss Beulah Marie Dix in writing *Moloch* was to preach the cult of peace by impressing the public with the horrors of war. In an episodic composition, rather incoherently constructed in a prologue, three acts, and an epilogue, she successfully accomplished her intention of making war appear a drab and desolating nightmare. She exhibited in detail the inconveniences, the sufferings, the agonies imposed upon a people whose country is invaded by a ruthless foe. She piled up all the horrid facts of war; but she somehow missed the truth that horrors still more horrible than any of her showing might yet be less distressing and destructive to the soul than a pusillanimous refusal to stand up and take the war when the Hun is at the gate.

Our German friends are fond of telling us that the Belgians might have evaded the infliction of all the horrors that are chronicled in the report of the commission presided over by Lord Bryce if only they had been sufficiently self-interested to surrender Liège without firing a shot. But if the Belgians had chosen to follow the line of least resistance instead of standing steadfast and dying for an idea, they would have accepted a moral degradation more devastating to the soul than a hundred burnings of Louvain. There is such a thing as being too proud to run away, when a nation has in keeping not only its own comfort but that high ideal of justice toward which humanity has toiled through many thousand years. It is undeniably uncomfortable to be hanged upon a

cross; but men have lived and died who were willing to endure this discomfort in defiance of any tempting to save themselves by surrendering a principle.

Of this essential truth, the play of *Moloch* takes absolutely no account. We behold a nation suffering all the afflictions of frightfulness; but we are never told the reason why it chooses so to suffer. Yet some reason there must be. Men do not die for nothing; but only for an idea, whether truthfully conceived or not, that lives within their souls and is destined to survive the darkest iniquity of suffering. This is the truth of war; and, with this truth eclipsed, the facts mean nothing. Even the Huns are sustained through their campaign of frightfulness by that doctrine of Necessity which has been imposed upon them since their birth; and this principle, for which they fight and die, is the thing that keeps them men and holds them still a little higher than the beasts. Not what is done in war, but why men do it, is the proper subject for investigation by any dramatist who wants to tell the truth. This subject is untouched in *Moloch*. In her most appealing passage, the author exhibits the savage destruction of a home; but she neglects to afford us any hint of the ideas that actuated the soldiers who destroyed it or the civilians who suffered it to be destroyed. Can such things be, and overcome us like a summer's cloud, without our special wonder? They cannot. But the author of *Moloch* has afforded us no answer to this wonder. She has catalogued the dismal facts of war; but she has missed its essence and its truth.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S ROMANCE

BY RALPH ARMSTRONG

WHEN Bayard Taylor wrote *The Story of Kennett*, which, for a time at least, made that village famous in American literature, he inscribed it to his friends of Chester County, Pennsylvania, several of whom he had taken as the prototypes of his characters. It was in the village that he had been born and near there that he had grown up and learned the printer's trade. He had contemplated the pastoral landscapes until he knew them by heart, and had listened to the tales of romance and tradition that the Quaker folk delighted in telling until he felt that he himself had been a resident of that place in its good old days.

He wrote the novel less than fifty years ago. Since then there have been many changes in the village and its vicinity—changes more pronounced than those of the half century preceding Taylor's time, and to which he directed attention in his lines:

Gone are the olden cheer, the tavern dance,
and the fox-hunt,
Muster at trainings, buxom lasses that rode
upon pillions;
Husking-parties and jovial home-comings
after the wedding,
Gone, as they never had been!—and now,
the serious people
Solemnly gather to hear some itinerant
speaker
Talking of Temperance, Peace, or the Rights
of Suffrage for women.

Now, since the *Home Pastorals* were written, the subjects of Temperance and Peace have been forgotten largely in Kennett Square and the itinerant speaker's visitations have been supplanted by the film appearances of Charlie Chaplin, though an occasional suffrage speaker from Philadelphia, thirty miles away, still comes out to declaim her views. The change is largely in personnel. A

new people congregate on the streets of Kennett, new proprietors tend the stores and new farmers till the surrounding fields. Many of these are negroes from the Southern States, who have found the Pennsylvania climate salubrious and the Pennsylvania attitude favourable to the best interests of the coloured man. Time was when the county was peopled almost exclusively with rigid Quaker folk, who were above all things upright and just, and who protested at nightly meetings against the institution of slavery. It was here that one of the most important stations of the underground railroad was situated, and it was here that the negro was always assured fair treatment.

Others in the population include scions of the Quaker families—young men and women who have done away, in large measure, with the fashions of the past; and newcomers from Wilmington, and Philadelphia, and other cities. Those whom Taylor had in mind when he made an acknowledgment of "the many quiet and happy years I have spent among you; of the genial and pleasant relations into which I was born, and which have never diminished, even when I have returned to you from the farthest ends of the earth," are now in the minority and they are continually growing fewer in number. Those who are left of them, however, hold the name of Bayard Taylor almost as sacred as they do that of William Penn. Some of them remember the poet when he was a boy, struggling against poverty to achieve a place among the great men of his country, and more tireless in his ambition than any other young man they ever knew. But to the new element the name of Bayard Taylor is virtually unknown. They have little time for the things that have gone before, and less time for a literature that

is not up to the minute. Their literature is the metropolitan newspaper.

A visitor, after reading *The Story of Kennett*, might expect to see a stage coach or at least a saddle horse and fox hound in front of the Unicorn Tavern, which was the scene of so many meetings of the characters in the novel. What he will probably find is the large red motor 'bus which plies between the village and nearby towns, or, perhaps, some one's private machine or motorcycle. If he looks across the street where the old home of Martha Deane was supposed to stand he will observe a very modern brick building which houses a bank and a picture theatre. An up-to-date hotel occupies another site that once contained a building Taylor was fond of describing in his poems, and a grocery store stands on the spot where the old house in which he was born, January 11, 1825, once stood.

If the visitor goes a mile west to Cedarcroft—which has been sold—and it is summertime, he will find a score of summer boarders keeping fresh the memory of the former occupant by reading some of his poetry or his translation of *Faust*, which is said to have been his greatest work. Occasionally the boarders walk to the cemetery, a few miles distant, to place flowers on Taylor's grave.

In the winter Cedarcroft is used for a boys' school. It is on a slight elevation, a hundred yards back from the turnpike leading from Kennett Square to West Chester, and is sequestered by massive cedars which Taylor himself set out. He had the dwelling fashioned after the ancient manor house of England and so built that it would be "large and stately, simple in its form, without ornament—in fact, expressive of strength and permanence. There must be large windows, and spacious verandas for shade and air in the summer, steep roofs to shed the rain of winter snow, and thick walls to keep out our two extremes of heat and cold. Furthermore, there must be a tower, large enough for use as well as ornament, yet not so tall as to belittle the main building."

The house was built for the occupancy of himself, his second wife, Marie Hansen Taylor, and their daughter, Lilian, a few years after the marriage in Germany, October 27, 1857. Marie Hansen was the daughter of a noted German astronomer. Only a few weeks ago she returned to her native home to live with her daughter, who is the wife of Otto Kiliani, a New York surgeon, now serving in the medical corps of the German



MARY AGNEW. TAYLOR'S FIRST LOVE

army, at Munich. Mrs. Taylor is eighty-six years old. Of the large Taylor family only two are living. Mrs. Annie Carey, a woman now in her nineties, occupies a cottage near Cedarcroft and is frequently called upon to answer questions of literary persons who come to visit the old home. The other sister, Mrs. Charles B. Lamborn, lives in Kennett Square, near the place where Taylor was born.

The father kept a miscellaneous store in the village, but moved to a farm near Cedarcroft when Bayard was three years old. Here the boy spent the opening years of his life and here he got the material for many of his poems, short stories and novels, for he roamed about, rather



THE CHIEF MEETING PLACE OF THE CHARACTERS
IN "THE STORY OF KENNETT"

than farm, and learned to know every tree and fence corner in the county.

The physical aspect of this locality remains largely as he knew and pictured it. The gentle rolling land and occasional hill, over which horse and hound pursued the fox in those days, is still marked by the same patches of forests and fields. The blue level at Toughkenamon, the oak woods of Avondale, the hedges of hawthorn or blackthorn are still to be seen; and the roadways on which Sandy Flash committed his midnight robberies still follow the same winding courses, though they have been rebuilt in recent years to accommodate heavy automobile travel.

The Story of Kennett is a delightful old-fashioned romance in which a poor ploughboy wins the sweetheart of his choice after her father has forbidden the courtship, because of the hero's reputed illegitimacy. The father has made a family arrangement for the betrothal of the girl to another man, but it later develops that this man is the hero's lawful

parent, and not his rival. In the course of the story the desperado, Sandy Flash, plays a conspicuous part, and is finally betrayed by his paramour, Deb Smith. A fox-hunt in the beginning and a wedding in the closing chapter are said to be surpassing delineations of the English life which obtained in Pennsylvania in the early nineteenth century.

The people of Kennett Square took especial interest in the novel, for it contained events they remembered and people they knew. Searches were still being made for the treasure which Fitzpatrick, the original of Sandy Flash, was supposed to have hidden thereabouts, and the old horse which Gilbert Porter rode in the fox-hunt was easily recognised as an animal of local fame. Dougherty, the Irish hostler of the Unicorn Tavern in the story, was actually an accomplice of Fitzpatrick, it is said, though in reality he was employed at a tavern in another village in the county.



ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE UNICORN INN,
ON SITE WHERE MARTHA DEANE'S HOUSE
WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE STOOD

Friends of Taylor's boyhood admit that truth and fiction were so skilfully interwoven that they could not disentangle them, but they also tell of a romance which was actually unfolded before their eyes and which was far more touching in its pathos than any the author ever succeeded in creating in his fiction. This was the romance of Bayard Taylor and Mary Agnew.

Taylor himself knew what it was to have his love for a young woman opposed by disdainful parents. When they were children attending the little school to-

gether Mary Agnew asked the teacher, "May I sit beside Bayard," and as they grew older the friendship that was born of the teacher's patience ripened into a wholesome love which could not be discouraged. All of the young poet's ambition was inspired by the girl, who was waiting for him to make good. The older residents of Chester County remember the blushing, diffident youth, and with him they always associated that gentle and beautiful young woman, of soft brown wavy hair and dark blue eyes.



BAYARD TAYLOR

Bedouin Song.

From the Desert I come to thee,
 On a stallion shod with fire,
 And the winds are left behind
 In the speed of my desire.
 Under thy window I stand,
 And the midnight hear my cry:
 I love thee, I love but thee,
 With a love that never shall die,
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book
unfold!

Oct. 29, 1853.

Bayard Taylor.

Mary Agnew's parents objected to Taylor because of his poverty. He was a dreamer, they believed, and an idler. Repeatedly he sought to establish himself to the contrary, but without avail. At seventeen he had a poem published in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and had mastered Latin, French, and Spanish. Yet he was not making a living, and probably never would. Why didn't he get out and do something for himself if he was so brilliant? they asked.

Taylor was trying to do something for himself. He became apprenticed to the publisher of the *Village Record*, in West Chester, and while learning to be a printer spent his leisure time writing poems. One day he gathered together a bundle of manuscripts and took these to Philadelphia, making the trip on foot. Publishers there, however, would not become interested in his writings, so, after some hesitation, he brought out a small volume at his own expense. Then fol-

lowed a campaign of solicitation among his friends back home. Miss Edith Pennock, now living on Linden Street, Kennett Square, who then lived on an adjoining farm, remembers how Bayard came among them and asked them to buy a copy of *Ximena*, "for only fifty cents." He wanted money, he said, so he could go to Europe and write a book of travel. Many of the Quaker people did buy copies, "just to help the Taylor boy along," says Miss Pennock, and he finally got enough together to pay his passage across the sea in the steerage of an old sailing vessel. All the time he was abroad correspondence with Mary Agnew was forbidden, though an occasional missive passed between them through the medium of friends, and Taylor knew that she was waiting.

When he returned home he brought out *Views Afoot*, with some success, and then started publishing the *Phoenixville Pioneer*. Indications now were that the

author was to be secure in his finances, and the opposition of Mary Agnew's parents to him was withdrawn. The engagement was announced. It was then Taylor wrote that if he had enough money, "Mary and I would go to Europe, and Greece would not be missed this time; and—then we would build a beautiful homestead in Kennett, where life would grow to me like a sweet dream of poetry, for I would have no golden threads snapped, no fast-ripening fancies trodden under foot by contact with coarse and jarring natures."

But his fancies were soon trodden under foot, for the golden threads were fragile. Only a short time after Taylor had been assured that Mary Agnew could become his wife her health began to fail and it was said she had consumption. The time set for their wedding had to be postponed, and later it was again put off. Meantime Taylor had obtained a position on the New York

Tribune. In August, 1850, the young woman's health became such that a change was deemed necessary, and it was decided she should marry Taylor and live with him in New York, where she could have better care. The plan was carried out, but she died a few months after the wedding.

Taylor was then twenty-six. Up to that time his whole ambition had been inspired by the girl. His poems all turned to her, and it was for her he wanted to become great. It was she he had in mind when, on receiving at seventeen a personal note from Dickens, he wrote in his diary:

It was not without a feeling of ambition that I looked upon it, that as he, an humble clerk, had risen to be the guest of a mighty nation, so I, an humble pedagogue, might by unremitting and arduous intellectual and moral exertion become a light, a star, among the names of my country.

YANN NIBOR: "LAUREATE OF THE FLEET"

BY EDWIN L. MATTERN

IF THE very wise man of whom Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun speaks in his letter to the Marquis of Montrose was right in believing that, "If a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation," then Yann Nibor is a figure in France more to be reckoned with than most of her law-makers. For, while he has no *carte blanche* as a producer of French ballads, he does occupy a special field of verse, to the exclusion of all competition. He has wisely limited himself to songs of the sea, and of those who rove upon it, whether fishermen, sailors upon merchantmen or those attached to ships of war. To-day, with his country in armed strife against other nations, and its navy in active engagements with its enemies, it is his ballads that stir the heart-strings of these rough, hardy fighters and urge them on in their dangerous

and difficult service to whatever lot may befall them.

Perhaps most of us are prone to think that these French tars sing only "La Marseillaise" to inspire patriotism, but in times of bloody conflict national hymns and anthems give way to more rollicking airs. This was illustrated in our war with Spain, when "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night" eclipsed "America" and the "Star-Spangled Banner" in popularity with the men at the front, just as "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary" and "Deutschland Ueber Alles" have now pushed "God Save the King" and "Die Wacht am Rhein" into the background. So, wherever the French fleet may be at the present time, whether in the Dardanelles, the Channel, or the North Sea, it is "Les Quatre Frères, et l'Ella," "La Boîte de Chine" or some other song of Yann

Nibor that resounds from the quarter-deck.

Yann Nibor in plain, everyday life is Albert Robin, his pen-name being merely the common nickname for the Breton fisherman combined with an anagram upon his own surname. At St. Malo, the quaint walled Breton city, famed for its corsairs and its adventurers, this poetic interpreter of the sea was born October 4, 1857. His birthplace was one of those old dwellings, with timbered front, carved with rude and fantastic designs, upon the Rue de Boyer, a narrow defile of a street near the Porte des Beys. Cradled within the sound of the mighty waves that dash against St. Malo's stone girdle, reared in surroundings peopled by sailors and fishermen, and in an atmosphere where all the talk and everybody's activities recall the sea and its lore, it is no wonder that from his earliest years his destiny seemed fixed. His ancestors had been sailors for ten generations, and, though his father at the time of Yann's birth had forsaken the life of a mariner to become a cabinet-maker, still the voice of the siren had not become so weak that Yann could not hear it. Newfoundland fishermen shared the family residence that his father had inherited, and no lad of spirit regaled with their tales of exciting adventure and histories of their grim battles with storm and shipwreck could avoid, even if he wished, an irresistible attraction toward a career that demanded such coolness, courage and heroism. But days and years must come and go before the ambition of the child could be gratified.

In the meantime, as his father earned but three francs a day and there were five young mouths to feed, Yann must needs find some means of helping to meet the family budget. So, at ten years of age, he became a choir-boy, gaining thereby the munificent sum of twelve francs per month as well as free lessons in singing. He did not realise until much later the value of this instruction, nor its influence upon his future, for to be taken away from school two or three times a week to sing at funerals

does not create the most pleasant emotions in a child, nor appeal to his sense of the useful.

Then in 1870 the Franco-Prussian war came. Yann longed to enlist, but boys of less than thirteen were not acceptable. Finally, however, the minimum age was reached, and in December, 1870, he began his three years' apprenticeship as a *mousse* upon the school-ship *Inflexible*. In July, 1873, having passed his examination creditably, he was assigned as *chef timonier des mousques* to the *Océan*, the flagship of the Mediterranean squadron of evolution. For five years he served, rising to the rank of second mate at twenty-one, an unusually rapid promotion for the French navy. During three years he was attached to the *Magicienne* in the Pacific. He proved not only a hard and faithful worker, but in the hours free from duty his songs did much to drive away the dull monotony of life aboard the vessel.

At last, home again, he resolved to quit the sea and seek employment in Paris, the goal of all French youths. Fortunately, twelve hundred francs were in his pocket when he landed in the metropolis. Like many others before and since, he sought work fruitlessly, and had made up his mind to return to the navy, when, accidentally, he met his old commander of the *Magicienne*, who gave him a temporary berth at the Ministry of the Marine. Soon afterward the place became permanent, and he has been there from then until now. For the past twenty years or so he has held the title of Librarian of the Ministry, but his skill as a poet has extended his name and influence far beyond the confines of the Central Administration.

Yann Nibor found himself through a book. In 1885 Jean Richepin's *La Mer* appeared. It fell into the hands of Yann. He literally absorbed it, memorising every poem. Then he declaimed the *Trois Matelots de Groix*, *les Haleurs* and others to the students. They heard him with the wildest enthusiasm, for he not only spoke the verses, but acted them as well, emphasising their truth and

beauty, and making real and vivid their intense human elements. In the presentation of those in dialogue form he was particularly happy, by reason of his ability to mimic each character by gesture and intonation. He coupled his rare art with an intimate knowledge of the *dramatis personæ*.

Thus he began as a singer of other men's songs. In July, 1889, he read in the newspapers of St. Malo of the loss of the brig *Quatre Frères* and the schooner *Ella*, with one hundred and seventy-nine men, off the banks of Newfoundland. The whole horror of the tragedy at once pictured itself before his eyes. It haunted him so that he must of necessity visualise it for others. So he wrote "*Les Quatre Frères et l'Ella*,"

and sang it for the first time at a *grande fête* of French and foreign students upon the terrace of Meudon. Its dialect, with the mute *e's* elided, its simple direct narration, its imagery and its pathos made instant appeal, despite its faults of form and rhetoric. It betrays Richépin's influence, as the music is arranged upon an air of the *Trois Matelots de Groix*. It runs after this fashion :

Su' les *Quat'-Frèr'* et su' l'*Ella*,
Yavait cent-soixant'-dix-neuf gas!
In' trou'n' dérin' tra, lonlaire!
In' trou'n' dérin' tra, lonla!

I's sont partis de Saint-Malo,
Tous ben portants, vaillants et biaux
In' trou'n' dérin' etc., etc.



YANN NIBOR, BARD OF FRENCH SAILORS

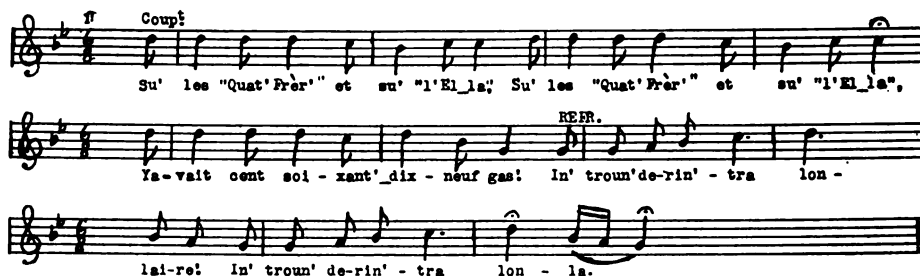
Pour aller à Terr' neuve, au bane,
Pêcher la morue et l' eap'lan.

Mais jamais on n'les r'verra pus!
Les pau' p'tits gas sont ben perdus!

Ceux qui sont les pus malheureux,
C'est les marmail's, les veuv's, les vieux.

For this winter there will be no bread,
And more than one will die of hunger.
But there are some who will make feast!
These are the fishes that will eat them.
Let us away Pelletas,* Newfoundlanders

Must we grow angry on account of this?
We must drink to the health of the tars



Car, cet hiver, yaura pas d'pain,
Et, pus d'un crèvera de faim.

Mais yen a qui se régal'ront,
C'est les poissons qui les mang'ront!

Allons, Pell'tas et Terr' neuvas,
Faut pas s'fair' de la bil pour ça,

Faut boire à la santé des gas,
Qui sont coulés, au fond, en tas.

Car, comm' les *Quat-Frèr'* et l'*Ella*,
Faut s'attendre à passer par-là.*

It loses most of its charm through translation, but this is hazarded as its meaning:

Upon the *Quatre Frères* and the *Ella*,
There were one hundred and seventy-nine tars!

They departed from Saint Malo,
All healthy, brave and handsome,
To go to the Banks of Newfoundland,
To fish for cod and caplin.

But nevermore will one of them return,
The poor little tars are all lost;
Those who are the most unfortunate,
These are the brats, the widows and the old.

**Chansons et Récits de Mer*: The first line is repeated in singing and the two-line chorus, beginning "In' trou'n', derin', etc., follows each stanza.

Who have sunk to the bottom, in a heap!
For, like those of the *Quatre Frères* and *Ella*,
We must expect to go the same way.

No doubt this offers much scope for criticism as poetry, but no one can deny that it is vivid and moving. It must be borne in mind that it is written for sailors, particularly Breton sailors, those "grand dreamers and unconscious poets without voice," as Loti calls them, upon a tragic incident which has similarly at one time or another touched most of their lives. It is not verse simply to be read, but needs a dramatic singer, schooled in an environment where such catastrophes come often, to make real its deep pathos and calm resignation. These Breton fishermen know that each year the sea exacts its toll of four or five per cent. of their number. Conscious of their probable fate, they accept it without complaint or whining, and Yann Nibor has correctly voiced their sentiment that it is idle to repine, even under the rigorous circumstances of their perilous calling.

Since then he has written many poems, which have been collected and published in volumes entitled *Chansons et Récits*

*A labourer who unloads salted codfish, but used colloquially for a fisherman.

de Mer, crowned by the French Academy, Prix Montyon; *Gens de Mer*, *Les Cols Bleus* and *Nos Matelots*.

As another example, take "La Boîte de Chine," beginning:

Adieu, mon p'tit gas, va j'seu ben chagrine
De t'voir t'en aller au Tonkin, là-bas;
J'seu ben veille à c't'heure et j'courbe
l'échine,
Tu n'me r'trouv'ras pus, quand tu t'en
r'viendras.

"Have no fear, grandmother," the boy replies; "I will send you from down there a beautiful Chinese box with a dozen pretty silk handkerchiefs." Unconvinced, she reaffirms that she is too old for such nicknacks. "They were all right thirty years ago, but I am soon to sleep near your sea." "Like an old Turk, I am going to fight," he responds, "and when I return from among the Tonkinese, with my hundred francs of military reward, I will marry, if I wish, the daughter of a *bourgeois*." She then places about his neck her old scapulary that the curé had said would bring good luck. He departs. At Tonkin he fights "like a dog," cutting down a mass of "dirtyheads with long pig-tails," but receives himself a ball right through the heart. Six weeks later the old grandmother had the little wooden box of her boy, but it contained only an old scapulary, stained with blood and pierced by a Chinese bullet. With her little box the poor old woman couches herself in her great *lit-clos*, her heart torn with anguish. The next morning she is dead, having upon her mouth the bit of cloth that brings good luck.

Allons, mes mat'lots, faut boire un s'cond
verre

A la bonn' santé d'la vieille et du gas
Qui repos'en paix sous leurs six pieds d'terre.
Y repos'rons-nous? . . . Voilà c'qu'on n'sait
pas!

The dominant note is sadness, but that is part and parcel of the Breton character. One looks in vain for any humour. The sea has no comedies for Yann Nibor. His pen is inspired only by ship-

wrecks, men overboard, the mourning of widows and children of drowned sailors, sorrowful farewells and more sorrowful returns—by all the hardships and sufferings that fall to mariners. Everywhere, though, the moral of devotion to duty, and, in *Les Cols Bleus*, of patriotism, stands forth in bold relief. The Government has recognised the value of this influence and sent him to Toulon and other naval stations to sing to the men of the fleet. He has evoked tremendous enthusiasm, for the sailors realise that he brings them truth, garnered from experiences like their own, and expressed in their vernacular. Each is a snatch of biography couched in the coarse and barbarous, yet forceful, jargon of the fore-castle. They are all sea-pieces painted by the brush of experience, and not the cold, dry sketches of an observant land-lubber.

In "Les Albatros" he tells with brutal, graphic frankness the story of an unfortunate sailor who, falling overboard, was immediately attacked by a flock of these monster birds, and before assistance could be rendered, devoured before the eyes of his comrades. It is badly rhymed and its two-line stanzas march rather lamely, and yet, as Adolphe Brisson says, at the close its imagery reaches a very high plane of tragic art:

Et, quand ces vorac's fur'nt repus
Quand du pauv' bougre i' n'restit pus,

Su' la boué', qu'sa pauv' carcass d'os,
Alors tout' cett' band' d'albatros

Dans les gros naug's noirs s'envolait,
L'coeur gai d'avoir le ventre empli!

Mon mat'lot, les sal's albatros,
I's n' lui ont rien laissé qu' les os!

Jean Aicard, the Academician, in his *Portrait de Yann Nibor*, has given a highly realistic picture of the poet's recital of this gripping piece:

Attention! Yann has begun:
"Au Cap Horn!"

With a voice formidable, a voice of command, with a voice which explodes as bombs

explode, and which makes jingle the glasses upon the closely set table, he has begun one of his recitals of the sea.

One cannot gainsay it. Yann is a sailor.

* * * * *

"Au Cap Horn!"

From the moment that he roared these three words, "Au Cap Horn," I pray you to believe that there was no more of Paris, no more of the banquet-hall about his hearers. The tables started to shake, and the lamps also. . . . You are on the sea. You hear the foaming billows spending themselves against the bows of the boat. Ah! the fine breeze!

All this Yann Nibor alone can give to us.

His absolute fidelity to fact impresses itself at once upon his readers. We feel that every incident is merely an excerpt from the log-book of his experience. The range of his ideas is limited. There is perhaps little that is inherently novel about them. Like all Bretons, he dotes upon his little corner of the earth. He sings of it longingly and of the house, the wife, the child and the old folks. He voices the sorrow of those left behind, and the mourning of those who scan the sea in vain for the return of their loved ones. The sailor in danger, his sufferings from hunger and cold, his silent fatalism, his generosity and self-denial for his comrades, are the simple chords upon which he plays. All are in dialogue form. All tell a tale. There is not a line of description. He purveys rough, undressed truth—truth that many times is "stranger than fiction." His verse certainly lacks literary refinement and elegance, and justly so; for, if it possessed them, it would not ring true nor be poetry for sailors.

If, as we are told, his fellow-Breton, Théodore Botrel, has been honoured by the French Minister of War with the title of "Laureate of the Trenches," for inspiring the men in the field by singing his patriotic songs, Yann Nibor should be officially acclaimed the "Laureate of the Fleet." We presume, however, that he prefers to be the bard of all French sailors, and not assigned merely to the

fighting branch. Besides, as he is already a chevalier of the Legion of Honour and an officer of the Academy, new titles are probably not the subjects of his anxious thought in these trying times.

He is no doubt satisfied if he has been able to express the feelings and sentiments of his sea-folk with sincerity. That he has succeeded is attested not only by the enthusiasm with which his songs are greeted by any group of sailors, but also by the opinion of that most literary of sailors, Pierre Loti, the godfather of Yann Nibor's first poetic child. Here is the judgment pronounced upon his work by this expert in all things relating to the sea:

To those who have loved my sailors and my fishermen, I have only this to say: Read or sing these poems; they are still more faithful than all that I have ventured to write. They are this to such a degree that, in perusing them, I seem to hear, as on board, some bold voices, frank and rude, with accent Breton, spinning yarns, chatting, and exchanging repartee in the appropriate vernacular of the sea, with those elisions that add liveliness and strength.

Yann Nibor deserves a larger audience. None of us will probably ever hear him sing his songs, and so the value of his tone and gesture and physiognomy will form no element in our appraisal of his merits. Nevertheless, as dialect verse, saturated with truth and sentiment, his strong, rugged poetry, despite its obvious faults of rhyme and diction, is worthy of close acquaintance because of its high content in human qualities.

Perhaps François Coppée was not dreaming, but had a real vision when he penned this prophecy:

Do not doubt that the most of our poems of high pretension will be plunged into a deep oblivion, when a cabin-boy of Roscoff or Concarneau, great-grandson of a foretopman, to whom Yann Nibor, on board the *Suffren*, had taught one of his songs, will still sing it a hundred years from now, as, squatting beside a stranded bark, he mends an old net.

The future alone can tell.

THE ADVANCE OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

PART II

Modern realism in the age of Anne—modern English prose style—the parents of the English novel—Daniel Defoe and his realistic romances—the style of Gulliver's Travels—the three ways of telling a story—Richardson and the psychological novel.

THE men of Queen Anne brought prose fiction from heaven or hell to earth, and gave us the novel. Of all centuries, the eighteenth holds the primacy as the Century of Beginnings; and perhaps for this reason we of the twentieth have a higher regard for it than the Victorians expressed. During the fifteen years of the present epoch, there has been a noticeable rehabilitation of the eighteenth century; so that it already seems strange to remember that sixty years ago "the age of prose and reason" stood low in public esteem. We know now that the English Augustans, with all their limitations, had a sense of fact that is worth having. Their world was a real world, and they made the best of it. Its pleasures were real, its pains were real; and when they spoke of the comforts and social delights of urban life, they knew exactly what they were talking about. They were like the Parisians; in all spheres of art, they rated cerebration higher than passion. They hated mystery and enthusiasm as being somehow symptomatic of a sloven and unkempt mind; they loved clarity, regularity, and the restraint that accompanies good breeding. The reaction against the Puritan religious excesses of the imagination was still powerful; and the wearisome sectarian controversies of the seventeenth century had developed a kind of polite scepticism, which took the shape of a general conformity to the Church of England. This earth was good enough, without supersensual speculation; and the best thing in this earth was London. They took the cash, and let the credit go.

One reason why Queen Anne literature is so clear is because it isn't deep. Writers avoided difficult themes, and confined themselves to subjects entirely within the range of limited minds. Those men were all realists, whether they wrote verse or prose—Addison, Swift, Pope, Steele, Defoe, Prior, Gay, Parnell, Arbuthnot—they looked down and not up. It was an age of criticism; and while it is not true that poetry is a criticism of life, the novel most certainly is. It was by no accident that the novel was born at that time. Those intensely modern, sophisticated, clear-headed folk, with a dominant sense of fact, had precisely the right equipment to produce realistic fiction. This is shown by the astounding result—the first three English novelists will rank for all time in the highest class. In the English novel there is no early development from crudity to perfection, from simple to complex; the thing began with an immortal masterpiece.

The history of literature is full of paradoxes. English literature is instinctively and primarily romantic, as French literature is not. Yet every attempt of the English—from *Morte Darthur* in 1485 to *Waverley* in 1814—to produce a prose romance, was an ignominious failure. It is an extraordinary fact, that with the single and glorious exception of Malory's *Morte Darthur*, there is not one work of prose fiction in English up to the time of Defoe that is worth the time and attention of the general reader. For I certainly would not read, nor advise any one to read *Euphues*, *Arcadia*,

Rosalind, Jack Wilton, or Oroonoko, for their intrinsic value. The fact that most of those works were once "best sellers" has not saved them; they live now only in their historical significance.

The novel, next to the realistic play, is the most concrete and "natural" form of literature; and it did not appear until there was an adequate medium of expression. A simple, flexible, smooth-running English prose style did not exist until the latter half of the seventeenth century. The first person who had the knack of writing conversationally—that is, writing in a manner that reminds one of the speech of human beings—was the professional poet, Abraham Cowley. He wrote prose with his left hand; but he was left-handed. Cowley was a born prosateur, as his poetry proves. His pretentious odes are like sign-posts pointing in the direction of poetry, which do not move themselves. His cumbersome, nickel-plated epic, *Davideis* , seems like Saul's huge armour, with David rattling around inside of it. But the prose parts of his essays, which he wrote just to please himself, have all the charm of the conversation of a cultivated gentleman. The great Dryden went to school to Cowley; and although he acknowledged again and again his debt to his teacher's verse, he really owed more to the prose. No writer who ever lived was more a man of his own age than John Dryden; and he seems to have perceived that Cowley had a real command of a truly natural and essentially modern prose style. What is meant by this will be immediately apparent by comparing a passage from Milton with a passage from Cowley.

From the *Areopagitica*:

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks: methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance, while the whole noise of timorous and flock-

ing birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

From *A Discourse Concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwell*:

It was the funeral day of the late man who made himself to be called protector. And though I bore but little affection, either to the memory of him, or to the trouble and folly of all public pageantry, yet I was forced by the importunity of my company to go along with them, and be a spectator of that solemnity, the expectation of which had been so great that it was said to have brought some very curious persons (and no doubt singular virtuosos) as far as from the Mount in Cornwall, and from the Orcades. I found there had been much more cost bestowed than either the dead man, or indeed death itself, could deserve. . . . The vast multitude of spectators made up, as it uses to do, no small part of the spectacle itself. But yet, I know not how, the whole was so managed that, methought, it somewhat represented the life of him for whom it was made; much noise, much tumult, much expense, much magnificence, much vainglory; briefly, a great show, and yet, after all this, but an ill sight.

Dryden, with his love of what was rational and unaffected, seems to have adopted Cowley's method of prose composition, and carried it to perfection. Dryden is called the Father of English prose: he left to his successors a prose style that combined simplicity, ease, and distinction; a model followed immediately by Defoe, Swift, Addison and Steele.

The English novel of manners had for its parents the Character Books and the Periodical Essay. With the decay of the Elizabethan Drama, the Character Books became popular. They were collections of sketches of familiar types of people; the object of the writer being to give in as small as possible space a complete pen-picture of A Scholar, A Courtier, A Milkmaid, A Soldier, or whatever representative of humanity he happened to select. Although this spe-

cies of literature was ostensibly objective, it was really self-conscious to the last degree. The author put his own personality into each sketch, filling in the outline with pungent comment. These character books helped to satisfy the natural curiosity of readers about human nature, especially after the opportunity to see human nature reveal itself on the stage was gone. A particular group of persons was isolated, and their main characteristics sharply emphasised; an under-current of satire salting the sketch. Thus it was natural that Samuel Butler, the famous author of *Hudibras*, should have been a prominent contributor to this school; although the most successful member of it was Bishop John Earle, who, in his *Microcosmographie* (1628) produced a portfolio of university portraits many of which would even to-day be recognised instantly as faithful likenesses. The Character Books flourished in the seventeenth century, and furnished all the material for a realistic novel except the fable.

This was supplied by the periodical essay, which reached fruition in the *Spectator* (1711), where the manners and customs of the day were accurately reflected. Here the Character Sketch ceased to be static, as in the Character Books, and became dynamic. It was just the difference between the photograph and the moving picture. A person or group of persons was picked up, and carried along through certain familiar experiences. This method reached its climax in the popular Sir Roger de Coverley papers, where in portraying the varied activities of this charming gentleman in town and country, the author was forced into actual narrative, which just misses being a connected story with a formal plot.

Thus, with the sharp isolation of character, singled out, plainly labelled, a pin stuck through it to fix it in place, and then microscopically analysed—together with narrative sketches of contemporary scenes in town and country life, we have the two parents from whom our modern realistic fiction came.

Although Defoe certainly wrote the first English novel, there was a story published in 1680, that differs from a genuine realistic novel only in intention. This was *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman*, by John Bunyan. It is a faithful picture of a contemporary man in a contemporary environment; a history of the times and manners related in a down-right, straightforward style; and the restraint in the account of the death-scene shows exquisite art. The author wrote the book as a religious tract; otherwise it might rank as the earliest novel in the English language.

The first English novel is still one of the most popular—*Robinson Crusoe*, by Daniel Defoe, published in 1719. Defoe was fifty-eight years old when he wrote this story; and he had been scribbling steadily for over thirty years. He was a consummate realist, with a keen sense of fact; he had a telescopic imagination, and a microscopic eye. In subject-matter, *Robinson Crusoe* is wildly romantic; in method and in style, it is studiously realistic. For even in his romances, Defoe had the realistic manner, just as Victor Hugo in his realistic novels had the romantic style. Defoe describes life on a remote island as George Gissing would describe a London street; Victor Hugo writes of the sewers of Paris with superbly picturesque eloquence. Defoe's genius for detail is what has made his masterpiece such a hot favourite with boys; the matter-of-fact boy never thinks to ask, Is it true? because he knows it is true, every page of it. Boys are immediately tied to the wheels of his narrative, and follow like slaves.

The enormous popularity of *Robinson Crusoe* has buried its author's name and overshadowed all his other works of fiction; I suspect that not merely boys, but many men and women of some culture, would find it easier to give the name of Robinson's servant than that of his creator; and how many general readers know *Moll Flanders* and *Captain Singleton*? I remember a good talk on books I enjoyed once with a distinguished Bos-

ton physician, who, though he had been brought up on *Robinson Crusoe*, did not know the name Defoe, and did not suspect that the author of *Crusoe* had written other novels. He was much interested, and carefully wrote down the titles for subsequent perusal. Yet it is true that if Defoe had never written his island story, he would still rank as the first English novelist, and as a realistic author of genius. For *Moll Flanders* (1722) and *Roxana* (1724) are shining examples of absolute realism; they are, in the strictest use of the word, as truly realistic novels as is *Jonathan Wild* (1743) or *Mrs. Martin's Man* (1914). They give accurate pictures of the slums, with plans and specifications.

Even in his story of sheer imagination, dealing with a region as remote from Defoe's experience as Paradise, the author sticks faithfully to the realistic method. In *Captain Singleton* (1720) Defoe took his readers across the Dark Continent. The book is filled with amazingly good guesses, many of which have been verified by explorers; and although, to those who really know the interior of Africa, the Captain's experiences might often arouse laughter, the whole thing sounds convincing enough to the tenderfoot. To me indeed it seems far more truthful, and perhaps is, than the majority of "books of travel" I have read. For Defoe was a skilful and an artistic liar, who had considerable respect for his audience; whereas many travellers and explorers seem to underestimate the intelligence and overrate the receptivity of those who stay at home. I suspect that this book had a greater influence on Stevenson than any other of Defoe's: we know from the former's statement that he studied the literary style of the first novelist with assiduity. To test the result, I read through *Captain Singleton* and immediately after read *The Master of Ballantrae*; and it was astonishing to see such extraordinary resemblance free from all taint of plagiarism.

Every historian of literature will say that Defoe came closest to actual fact in

his *Journal of the Plague Year* (1722), which has constantly been cited as showing the marvellous power of his imagination. Librarians and cataloguers who have classified it as "history" have been treated by the critics with a tolerant smile, for is not such acceptance a tribute to the author's genius? It has remained for Dr. Watson Nicholson to discover and to prove that Defoe's work is not imagination, but rather the coherent assembling of facts and figures. Even in Defoe's wildest romances, he always seems to have his "sources": which, instead of being old ballads and poetic chronicles, were more like city directories, vital statistics, and cash accounts. I always used to wonder how it had been possible to describe that Plague Year with such convincing detail, when Defoe was simply sitting at his desk, spinning it all out of his imagination, and "making it up as he went along." But Dr. Nicholson has studied the originals, and the comparison shows that Defoe stuck adhesively to his facts. Thus the famous *Journal* is history, after all, and not fiction; only it is history narrated by a great artist.

For of all the works of Defoe, the *Journal of the Plague Year* shows the most complete mastery of prose style. The following passage is a proof that this author could occasionally bring off the rarest of all accomplishments in any form of art—he could make the finished result an absolute realisation of his intention.

A certain citizen, who had lived safe and untouched till the month of September, when the weight of the distemper lay more in the city than it had done before, was mighty cheerful, and something too bold, as I think it was, in his talk of how secure he was, how cautious he had been, and how he had never come near any sick body. Says another citizen, a neighbour of his, to him one day, "Do not be too confident, Mr. —, it is hard to say who is sick and who is well; for we see men alive and well, to outward appearance, one hour, and dead the next." "That is true," says the first man, for he was

not a man presumptuously secure, but had escaped a long while; and men, as I said above, especially in the City, began to be over easy upon that score. "That is true," says he, "I do not think myself secure, but I hope I have not been in company with any person that there has been any danger in." "No!" says his neighbour, "was not you at the Bull-head tavern, in Gracechurch Street, with Mr. ———, the night before last?" "Yes," says the first, "I was, but there was nobody there that we had any reason to think dangerous." Upon which his neighbour said no more, being unwilling to surprise him; but this made him more inquisitive, and as his neighbour appeared backward, he was the more impatient, and in a kind of warmth, says he aloud, "Why, he is not dead, is he?" Upon which his neighbour still was silent, but cast up his eyes, and said something to himself; at which the first citizen turned pale, and said no more but this, "Then I am a dead man too," and went home immediately, and sent for a neighbouring apothecary to give him something preventive, for he had not yet found himself ill; but the apothecary opening his breast, fetched a sigh, and said no more but this, "Look up to God;" and the man died in a few hours.

Never was there a better illustration of the superiority of concrete instance over abstract statement and general description. The above paragraph gives a clearer impression of the ravages of the plague than long chapters of rhetorical emphasis could have done. If only preachers and philosophers would sit at the feet of Defoe! Compare *The Varieties of Religious Experience* in interest (and in importance) with the majority of works on metaphysics.

Our first English novelist set a notable example to his followers, in objectivity. Neither Flaubert nor his disciple Guy de Maupassant succeeded in holding themselves more aloof from their characters than did Defoe. It is amusing to remember that he called *Robinson Crusoe* an allegory and pretended that his slum stories had an ethical basis; if we had only his novels, we should

know no more about his character and opinions than we know of William Shakespeare.

A work that surely owed something to *Robinson Crusoe*, though emanating from a far greater mind, was *Gulliver's Travels* (1726). This is probably the best-written work of fiction in the English language, for there has never lived a writer who had a more absolute command of prose than Jonathan Swift. He wrote with such astonishing ease and perfection, that it seems as if even his most secret thoughts and meditations must have taken a correct literary form. It was a fine compliment to the new art of the novel that the greatest genius of the age should have selected that form for his satire against the animal called man. This work of candid pessimism and bitter cynicism stands next to *Robinson Crusoe* as a juvenile favourite; because its marvellous imagination is made vivid by the same realism in details, and the drawings in the first two books are exactly according to scale. It is impossible to doubt either the veracity or the accuracy of the traveller. Both Bunyan and Swift would be included in the highest rank of English novelists, if their purpose in writing had not been so far afield.

Defoe was fifty-eight when he wrote *Robinson Crusoe*, Swift was fifty-nine when he wrote *Gulliver*, and Richardson was fifty-one when he wrote *Pamela*. Possibly one reason why the earliest forms of the English novel were so superbly developed—for the paradox is a truth—is because their makers were themselves so mature. The novel, which is a critical analysis of life, has usually been successful only when it has been the fruit of experience, and when the author has learned the technique of style in other forms of composition. Of our greatest English novelists, only one—Dickens—published a good novel before the age of thirty.

Professor Raleigh, in his admirable little book *The English Novel*—which combines the terse condensation of a manual with the easy and luminous style

of good armchair talk—calls attention to the three modes of novel composition. The author may tell his story as an invisible and omnipresent mind reader, he may put the whole thing into the speech of the leading character, or he may depend exclusively on epistolary correspondence. One might add that many authors employ all three in one; the story is told by the novelist, with the introduction of much conversation, varied by occasional letters. The first method is not the best for youthful readers; for they must ask, as I used to ask on reading a sentence like "Geoffrey was thinking deeply of a new plan of escape,"—how does the author know what Geoffrey is thinking about? Telling the story in the first person, as in *Lorna Doone* and *David Copperfield*, restricts the range while heightening vividness; the great difficulty being that we know the narrator bears a charmed life. John Ridd is sure to emerge successfully from the most unpromising situations; and the reader has more curiosity than suspense. Professor Moulton says that many people read novels with only a sporting interest, to see how the books end; this method should dull their attention. Dickens evidently felt the danger of this system, for the first sentence in *David Copperfield* reads, "Whether I shall turn out to be the hero of my own life, or whether that station will be held by anybody else, these pages must show." In *Treasure Island* Stevenson really solved the problem; he obtained all the advantages of this method with none of its drawbacks; for the story is told in the first person, but by one of the least important characters. Thus we have constant vividness, with no sense of security. The third way, having the whole novel consist of letters, is valuable only for mature readers; but perhaps it is the best for revelation of character in its most elemental passions and most trivial caprices. Perhaps it is also best for creating and maintaining the illusion. In a way, too, this plan combines the excellences of the second and third methods. When a story is told in the first person,

it is like reading a long letter from one character, as the first paragraph of any such novel will prove; in a series of letters by different hands, one gains all the vitality of direct discourse, with the advantages of a varied company, any one of whom may meet a tragic end.

It is rather interesting to remember that our first three professional novelists adopted in their respective masterpieces the three different styles of fiction. Defoe had Robinson Crusoe tell his own story; Richardson developed the character of Clarissa in a series of letters; and Fielding wrote the "history" of Tom Jones. We have here an interesting comparison of three great artists at work. I suppose that if most critics were asked to state a preference, they would say, "The greatest of these is Fielding." If they were asked to name the least didactic, once more they would say Fielding. Yet I believe that the art of Defoe and Richardson has more aloofness, more objectivity, more severity and more sincerity than the art of Fielding; and that however anxious Defoe and Richardson may have been to strengthen the forces of conventional morality, however "preachy" they may have been by nature, their two masterpieces are distinctly less didactic than *Tom Jones*. For the method according to which *Robinson* and *Clarissa* were written forbade the intrusion of the author; whereas Fielding, by adopting the scheme most popular among his successors, gave himself full liberty to interpose in the story, to comment on its progress, on the characters, on life in general; in doing this, he established a bad precedent in English fiction; for English novelists have been notable for didactic and sentimental interruptions in their narratives, and for a condescending attitude toward their readers; both of which habits aid in destroying the illusion and lead to downright insincerity.

Enormous is the difference between Richardson's prefaces and Richardson's novels. His prefaces are like the rhetorical and tedious preliminary remarks

delivered by the lecturer while the lights are on; and we begin the first chapter with the same relief and expectancy that the audience greet the extinction of the lamps and the language, and see the snow-capped mountain leap into view. For however the orator may rave and moralise about the mountain, the mountain itself is objective. The moment Richardson leaves his damnable faces and begins, he is an absolute artist. No novel that I can think of has a more direct opening than *Pamela*; the attention of the reader is instantly captured; and in the first paragraph both the heroine and villain are presented. At the end of the preface, Richardson withdraws from the story—even as the alloy left Browning's famous ring with one spirt of the acid. If we did not know the greatness of Richardson the novelist, Richardson the preacher would block the way. Let us compare the opening sentences of the preface to *Pamela* with the first words of the novel.

If to Divert and Entertain, and at the same time to Instruct and Improve the Minds of the YOUTH of both Sexes:

If to inculcate Religion and Morality in so easy and agreeable a manner, as shall render them equally delightful and profitable:

If to set forth in the most exemplary Lights, the Parental, the Filial, and the Social Duties:

(All this is followed by seven other ifs.)

We turn to the first page of the story.

Dear Father and Mother,—I have great trouble, and some comfort, to acquaint you with. The trouble is, that my good lady died of the illness I mentioned to you, and left us all much grieved for the loss of her; for she was a dear good lady, and kind to all us her servants. Much I feared, that as I was taken by her ladyship to wait upon her person, I should be quite destitute again, and forced to return to you and my poor mother, who have enough to do to maintain yourselves; and, as my lady's goodness had put me to write and cast accounts, and made me a little expert at my needle, and other-

wise qualified above my degree, it was not every family that could have found a place that your poor Pamela was fit for: but God, whose graciousness to us we have so often experienced at a pinch, put it into my good lady's heart on her death-bed, just an hour before she expired, to recommend to my young master all her servants, one by one; and when it came to my turn to be recommended (for I was sobbing and crying at her pillow), she could only say, My dear son!—and so broke off a little; and then recovering—Remember my poor Pamela—And these were some of her last words! Oh, how my eyes run—don't wonder to see the paper so blotted.

After another paragraph, she signs the letter, and then adds a postscript:

I have been scared out of my senses; for just now, as I was folding up this letter in my late lady's dressing-room, in comes my young master! Good sirs! how was I frightened! I went to hide the letter in my bosom; and he, seeing me tremble, said, smiling, "To whom have you been writing, Pamela?" etc.

Richardson felt the necessity of writing apologies for his great works of fiction. But his apologies are written in a cramped and intolerably formal style, full of canting generalities. The instant he begins his story, it is as though he threw off a mask, resumed his natural voice, and narrated without any didactic ardour. For the letters in the story never begin with generalities, but are intensely concrete and intensely dramatic. The difference between the tone of the prefaces and the tone of the story is like the change in many a parson's voice when he has finished the grace before meat, and begins to talk about the weather.

The immense length of Richardson's novels is part of his scheme, and yet he does remind us of the after-dinner speaker who was pleasantly introduced by the toastmaster as an orator of excellent initiative, but totally lacking in terminal facilities. I sometimes think that his novels were not meant to be read by individuals but by dynasties and generations; the grandfather puts in a

bookmark and dies, and his mature son takes up the burden at that point. Yet the proof that Richardson was correct in his proportions is seen in the fact that every attempt to abridge his novels has been a failure. Much better never to read *Clarissa* than to read it clipped. Its length is an essential feature of the plot.

Richardson had the genius for expansion shown by Robert Browning in the *Ring and the Book*; there is more than one close analogy between *Clarissa* and that epic. The whole story can be told in a dozen lines; but in each case the

author has expanded it into volumes. There is not now any interest of suspense; the poet gave the whole plot away at the start, and every modern reader knows what happened to *Clarissa*. The object of the artist in each case was complete psychological analysis; which could not have been achieved except by accumulation of detail. Richardson is the originator of the psychological novel; and in two respects he has never been surpassed—in the tireless patience of his analysis, and in his unflinching march toward the inevitable tragic close.

(*To be continued*)

THE ADVANCE OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL—IN THE DECEMBER BOOKMAN

The third article in Professor Phelps's series will deal with Eighteenth Century progress. The outline of Part III will be: Contemporary fame—Fielding the humourist—his insincerity and its bad effects—comic men and tragic women—naturalism in Smollett—Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith—Sterne and sentimentalism—the sentimental novel in the twentieth century.

THE MAGAZINE IN AMERICA

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

PART IX—THE "CENTURY," BORN "SCRIBNER'S"

NEW YORK had no sooner knocked into a cocked hat the Philadelphia brag of the greatest circulation than another heady project for silencing her ancient rival occurred to her. The war, which threatened the security even of *Harper's*, kept it in cold storage for a decade, but age did not wither it. Philadelphia had been able to keep going at once several magazines of the same rank; the metropolis could never demonstrate her literary supremacy until she did the same. The jeers of her sisters were at last beginning to penetrate. New York—they said loftily, hugging their Hobson's choice—may publish literature but she does not read it; better a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox which is eaten only by your neighbours. The only appropriate retort was not for the moment forthcoming and must be relegated to the

misty future. But in the meantime why not demolish Philadelphia's sole remaining brag?

New York's one great magazine still left some conspicuous fields of activity untouched. Family circles had been known to take in more than one magazine even in the old days when magazines were all about the same. Perhaps there might be room, even at some of the firesides pre-empted by *Harper's*, for a periodical with different aims—more national certainly, and perhaps less pre-occupied with finding a common denominator. So thought Charles Scribner, head of a New York publishing house, and so thought the man who became his editor. In two items, they agreed, lay their best chance—finer illustrations and native writers. For the rest they would feel their way.

THE NEW WOOD CUTS

The feature of illustrations, ran the editorial announcement in the first number, has been adopted to meet a thoroughly pronounced popular demand. In the last number before it became the *Century* there was another editorial announcement. "Its superb engravings and the era it introduced of improved illustrative art, have been the chief factor in its success. This feature is attributable to Mr. R. W. Gilder and Mr. A. W. Drake. The effects achieved excited great curiosity both in this country and in England. Mr. Smith may legitimately claim to have revolutionised the cut-printing of the world. It took a lawyer turned business man to discover that damp paper is not the best for printing cuts on." In those eleven years they had heard the intellectual protest against "picture-books" grow small by degrees and beautifully less, until save for a few stalwart souls it had ceased altogether to spell that fatty degeneration of culture once so profoundly feared by those who grudged that others should be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease. One might almost forget that such ideas were ever entertained by sensible people did we not in our own day behold austere persons raise the same objection to their children's acquiring knowledge easily (and more lastingly) by means of the "movies." The revolution which *Scribner's* effected, like every other successful one, owed much to its coming at the right moment.

It was the good fortune of the magazine to be born with the rise of a new school of American art, and it has probably never happened to any periodical to hold a relation so intimate with the arts of design or to be a means of diffusing correct judgments and principles. By means of the revolution wrought in wood-cut illustration by this magazine, it has been possible to give significance to art-judgment by fac simile reproduction. When it was founded eleven years ago, the art of wood-engraving was almost stationary. The illustrated periodicals were hardly better than they had been

for twenty years. The wood-engraver who aspired to do good work himself found himself embarrassed by the lagging of his partner, the designer on wood. A dozen years ago, one of the leading engravers declared there was not an illustrator on wood in New York who could draw the human figure correctly. It was manifestly impossible to make a really great illustrated magazine under such conditions. *Scribner's*, therefore, had recourse to a method already in use for certain purposes—that of photographing on wood. This was not then considered the correct way to obtain an artistic picture. By degrees, the change was wrought, and the individuality of painter and designer retained. Protests were many—the pictures were positively ugly, it was alleged; but by degrees people came to prefer their real beauty to the old conventional properness. Never before by means of any art or device had the excellence of a great picture been carried by multiplied copies. In a country like ours, where galleries are few and worthy paintings rarely to be seen out of the great cities, the educational service of such art-work as *Scribner's* is incalculable. The *London Standard* said of the Portfolio of Proof Impressions from *Scribner's*: "It is impossible for an Englishman to look through this collection of engravings without a deep feeling of humiliation. The wood-engraving stands now at the head of all methods of reproduction. A dozen years ago steel prints were thought to be the chief means. To have attained this is to work an ultimate revolution in the world's art-culture."

DR. HOLLAND AND HIS POLICIES

In June, 1881, Dr. Holland wrote a retrospect for his magazine just undergoing its second baptism. Mr. Charles Scribner had applied to him thirteen years before to take the editorship of *Hours at Home*, a periodical the publisher had started some years earlier. Holland, however, believed it to be moribund. Happening sometime later to meet Mr. Roswell Smith in Europe, he spoke of the offer and said he would be glad of the opportunity to undertake a new one of his own. Mr. Smith, who appears never to have considered the sub-

ject before, replied that he would like to manage the business end of such an enterprise. Together the two went to Scribner and unfolded the project, and they found him favourably inclined.

Naturally it was his wish to have the new magazine emanate from his book-house. I refused, however, to have anything to do with a magazine that should be floated as the flag of a book-house, or as a tributary or subordinate to a book-house. It was agreed that a new concern should be formed. Mr. Smith had no knowledge whatever of the publishing business, and I had none save that which I had acquired in the publication of a country newspaper, with the details of which, however, I had little to do. It was deemed desirable by Mr. Scribner that the magazine should bear the name of the book-house. I was glad to have the prestige of the name, he was glad to have the advertising which the new magazine would thus give. But in another respect it was not a selfish matter at all. Through long years of the most brotherly intercourse I had come into very affectionate relations with Mr. Scribner. But we—the two parties—regarded the enterprise and operations of the magazine house from radically different standpoints. We, the majority interest, had no interest whatever in the book-house; we were organised to do our own business and neither to do nor to mind any other man's. We felt that if we should desire to publish a book, we ought not to be called upon to consider whether we were affecting the business of any other concern whatsoever. This difference was the inspiring cause of all the recent changes that have taken place in the proprietorship of the concern.

If Charles Scribner relinquished his pet project, to have a magazine of his own in the same way that the Harper firm had one of its own, it was because he was confident that Dr. Holland was worth the price he unaccountably exacted. Scribner knew more than anybody else but Bowles of the *Springfield Republican* how much Holland was worth to him as an editor. Holland had gone on Bowles's paper as assistant in 1847 for a salary of \$480, which was

increased the next year to \$700. The "Letters" he wrote for the paper were so popular that the subscription responded at once. But in spite of their history and of a didactic home-spun quality as dear to the heart as to the head of the American publisher of the period, Holland was unable to find a publisher until Scribner consented to hear them. Their success at once showed Scribner that their author had gauged rightly the widest audience in the country—the practical intelligent people who wanted to better themselves. The *New York Evening Post* said at his death that no literary man in America was so accurately fitted for the precise work of developing a great popular magazine. He had the immense advantage of keeping on a plane of thought just above that of a vast multitude of readers, each one of whom he could touch with his hand and raise a little upward. "No other man in this country," said Robert Collyer, "could have built up *Scribner's* as he did, making it fill a place uniquely adapted to the great mass of the American people." This was his ideal—to speak to the heart and mind of the average man. His proudest title was "The Great Apostle to the Multitude of Intelligent Americans who have Missed a College Education." To them he preached constantly, and in the most neighbourly of fashions. One of his great texts was temperance, but he had no intention of remaining the stock moralist which so long contented his more prudent rival, *Harper's*. Not only did he criticise severely the political and social abuses of his time—still a preposterous rashness for a popular magazine; but, bolder still, he did not care how many sects squinted at his theology. That we fail to extract any heretical doctrines from the wholesome but somewhat stodgy "Bitter Sweet" to-day, does not subtract from the audacity of an editor who dared to risk subscriptions by publishing the poem in a day when he knew it would flutter all the doves. He knew how to feed the virtuous and yet give them cakes and ale also—a born editor. This Charles

Scribner seems to have divined from the start, when he allowed a man to step from a subordinate position on a small city newspaper into his office and dictate the terms on which he would assume control of an old publisher's new magazine. "I risked in the business," wrote Holland afterward, "all the money and all the reputation I had made, and it is a great satisfaction that I did not miscalculate the resources of my business associate or my own. Although the *Monthly* started without a subscriber it never printed or sold less than forty thousand copies a month. The highest task we set ourselves was to reach one hundred thousand, now we are looking forward to one hundred and fifty. That two men utterly unused to the business should succeed from the first in so difficult a field is, in retrospect, a surprise to themselves."

These two men, though of a progressive cast, were on account of their inexperience the more desirous to make haste slowly. A magazine, too, which had absorbed *Hours at Home* and *Putnam's* at the very outset naturally owed something to its digestion. *Putnam's*, as we have seen, prided itself on possessing opinions; and the *Riverside Magazine*, which was the next candidate for assimilation, was a juvenile which prided itself on forming them. In five years another set of readers inured to catholic discussion of ideas came in a body to swell the subscription list. This flock had been shepherded by Edward Everett Hale in *Old and New*, a magazine begun under the auspices of the Unitarian Association, with an idea then quite radical even for so unorthodox a creed. "We took the ground," says he, "that literature and politics and theology and religion might be discussed within the same covers and read by the same readers. If you please to take the language of the trade, we believed that the stories and the poems in our journal could float the theology and the religion. In eleven volumes I edited the journal. At the end of that time we had more than one competitor in the same path; especially *Scrib-*

ner's. The Unitarian Association had long since tired of us; for it was impossible to make the directors of a denominational society understand that we were doing their work—as we were—better than they could do it themselves. For myself I was tired of the strain of editorial life; and *Old and New* was merged into *Scribner's*. This is the reason why 'Philip Nolan's Friends' was printed in that magazine." The author of such narrative poems as "Bitter Sweet" and "Kathrina" would of course have been congenial to Unitarian readers anyway, and they would have remained unstirred by the heresies therein ventilated. It is ironic to find that Dr. Holland did not escape the common fate of reformers any more than Scribner himself kept his well-known professional morality above reproach by publishing him—for when Stedman came to publish in the magazine his series on the American Poets, Dr. Holland very strongly objected on moral grounds to including his paper on Whitman, which proved, indeed, to arouse a great deal of controversy. It has been ever thus in the history of human thought; always reformers have dreamed themselves the only sane pioneers, and to adventure beyond their last stake is to pass the frontier of safety.

Intending to occupy a field which *Harper's* had not entered—the discussion, as well as the exposition, of ideas—still it was many years, said the *Century* as it made its debut, before *Scribner's* thoroughly grasped and adopted the scheme for presenting, as the best of all magazine material, the elaborate discussion of living, practical questions. "Also we made only one attempt in the old series at popular studies, and now we know better how to manage it. There is nothing that opens before us now more attractive than this field of illustrated historical research and representation." Many years was it, also, before the magazine ventured to depart from the old custom of recapitulating each month the progress of civilisation. Literature, Home and Society, the World's Work

were sanctioned summaries of which only the first possessed much claim to be included in a magazine that no longer sought to occupy the place of a newspaper as well. Another slow evolution from the old to the new was the gradual cessation of self-consciousness about the names of contributors. More than a decade later than the first *Putnam's* and the *Atlantic*, it had begun with printing names in the Contents; then an important name or two appeared in the body of the magazine at the top of the article; then less important ones were tucked at the end; and finally every author, small and great alike, was allowed his place in the sun at the very head and front of his offending. In the first number the only names permitted to appear with the text was that of George MacDonald, who was running a serial. Gradual also, although it featured and paid for American material from the outset, was its relinquishment of the English reprint. "The system of reprinting English serials, which had proven itself the deadly blight of native literature," reminisced the *Century*, "was tried for a year or two and then wholly given up. One of the things which tended to give *Scribner's* a distinctive character of its own was its discarding of English serials and its cordial encouragement of every sign of originality and force in the younger American writers."

THE "CENTURY" AND THE NEW SOUTH

It was the good fortune of the *Century* to come into existence at the moment when a renaissance was preparing in American literature," said that magazine modestly in its fourth volume. But indeed, this renaissance seems more due to *Scribner's* than to any other one force. It is true that it had come in with a new era; that the war had pushed the old and narrow American life into a premature antiquity, and that many new periodicals and journals sprang out of this mental reaction. But most of them perished; and the new writers, thanks to the unfair competition with English authors, could find for their fermentation

no outlet in books. It was because the pages of *Scribner's* were open to these youngsters that they lived to grow up. Especially was this true of the Southern writers, and the service of *Scribner's* in this respect and its wider service in helping the wounds of the war to heal—in accordance with the newly discovered medical treatment by drainage—cannot be overestimated. Their War articles were not only superb journalism, but splendid patriotism also. In the chronicle of the war by the leading generals, each side will discover the true mettle of the other, the magazine ventured to hope. It was in 1873 that it sent a special train through the South with the purpose of securing a series of articles. "The discussion now going on in the *Century* about the re-organisation of society in the Southern States," they said, "is of the utmost value in putting the North in possession of the facts and the South of a temper, to which inherited views and party spirit have blinded both sides."

One of the articles in *Scribner's* stated the general situation. "A Northern business man who had published an Army and Navy Journal or something of the sort during the war, when he found his occupation gone, tried to exploit the local patriotism of the South by getting up a series of Southern textbooks, with results that will not be forgotten by the investors. Magazine after magazine was started. But the new generation began to recognise it was necessary to seek a wider public. It was not until Southern men began to write for Northern magazines that the South became a factor in the literary life of the country."

The first Northern magazine open to them was *Scribner's*, both in stories which represented their life and articles which stated their point of view. Immediately after the war there was in the South as in the North the usual ebullition of literary energy. But in the South it was much increased by the desire to present their cause aright to the world. The activity in starting new

magazines as vehicles for the passionate desire for expression was proportionately even greater in the South than in the North, where, as we have seen, it was abundantly fruitful. But these magazines naturally had even greater mortality. The South had never been able to support periodicals, and now that it was impoverished it was far less able to do so. The writers, too, of such a literature as the South felt the need of to represent it aright were far less able than formerly to work for nothing, even had the magazines been able to continue, on their short rations, to afford them a medium for their patriotism. To exploit this patriotism had been their publishers' frank and commendable object. *De Bow's Review* began the last of its many series, "devoted to the restoration of the Southern States." The *Southern Review* dedicated itself "to the despised, the disfranchised, and the down-trodden people of the South." In Charlotte, Atlanta, Raleigh, Charleston, and New Orleans other magazines took up the cry—the children of the new generation must be educated in the old ideals and the North must not be allowed to misrepresent their fathers to them. The most successful of these short-lived magazines was the *Southern* of Baltimore, which lasted five years. In addition to its English reprints, it introduced several young Southerners in original work. The chief of these were Margaret Preston, Malcolm Johnston, Sidney Lanier, Paul Hamilton Hayne, Maurice Thompson, Professor Gildersleeve, and Professor Price. But the *Southern* in spite of the best intentions could pay nothing—Malcolm Johnston, for instance, gave them his *Dukesborough Tales*, which afterward reached a wider audience and brought some return to the author. All of these people were shortly publishing in *Scribner's* at the regular rates. On the trip which the magazine planned in 1873 for the purpose of its articles on the New South, was discovered in New Orleans one of the storytellers of the New South, George W. Cable; and within six months he ap-

peared in its pages. Within half a dozen years John Esten Cooke, Thomas Nelson Page, and Joel Chandler Harris were coming to the front. Mrs. Burnett was one of *Scribner's* greatest finds. In 1881 the editor in calling attention to the fact that seven articles by Southerners had appeared in one number, said, "We are glad to recognise that there is a permanent productive force in literature in the Southern States. We welcome the new writers to the great republic of letters." So much was the *Century* a patron of the new authors that its "dialect" stories seemed to many readers decidedly overworked; and they longed for pages less hen-tracked.

The *Atlantic* and *Harper's* quickly followed *Scribner's* lead, the former exploiting Maurice Thompson and Charles Egbert Craddock and printing in series George Cary Eggleston's "A Rebel's Recollections." *Lippincott* and the *Independent* made the fame of Sidney Lanier. Of this last periodical Maurice Thompson became literary editor in 1888, though Southerners had long singled it out for special condemnation on account of its bias. In 1890 Mr. Walter Hines Page of North Carolina even entered the sanctum of the New England holy of holies, the *Atlantic*.

All this change of attitude, North and South, had been brought about by *Scribner's*. It had not only opened its doors to Southern writers, but it had gone to them and invited them to come in. To the opportunity thus afforded, the disappearance of the truculent, professional, and provincial spirit of Southern literature owes its first impetus and its gathering strength. Mr. Edward Mims in his *Life of Lanier* gives us some interesting details of this, as well as an excellent resumé of the situation.

In the period 75-85 the old order of Southern writers passed away. Paul Hamilton Hayne best represents the transition to the new group. This began to write, not in the attempt to create a distinctively Southern literature, but because the new literature, unlike the old, was related directly to the life

of the people. Sentimentalism was superseded by a healthy realism. They were (for the first time) willing to be known as men who made their living by literature. They did not want to be sectional but national in spirit. Joel Chandler Harris said, "What does it matter whether I am Northerner or Southerner. Literature that can be labelled Northern, Southern, Western, or Eastern is not worth labelling at all. Whenever we have a genuinely Southern literature, it will be American and cosmopolitan as well." All of the new writers had little patience with the former literary methods and criticism of the South. As early as 1871 the *Southern Magazine* in a review of Southland writers had written: "We should be courageous enough to condemn bad art and bad workmanship no matter whose it be; to say, for instance, to more than half of the writers in these volumes 'Ladies, you may be all that is good, noble, and fair; you may be the pride of society and the lights of your homes; so far as you are Southern women our hearts are at your feet—but you have neither the genius, the learning, nor the judgment to qualify you for literature.'" In 1874 Hayne condemned in the same magazine the provincial literary criticism which had prevailed. "No foreign ridicule, however richly deserved, can stop this growing evil until our own scholars and thinkers have the manliness and the honesty to discourage instead of applauding such manifestations of artistic weakness and artistic platitudes as have hitherto been foisted on us by persons uncalled and unchosen by any of the Muses."

Scribner's in providing Southern writers with an approved and profitable Northern vehicle created a new national attitude in both North and South; and shaped a literature it had gone far toward creating, by banishing its provinciality.

But the War articles performed a great service to more than the nation at large. They lifted the circulation of the *Century* to a high figure and they made much money for the book publishing end of the two firms. Told by the actors themselves on both sides and illustrated with an excellence never attained before,

they naturally attracted enormous attention. Those contributed by General Grant were, on account of his prominence and some special circumstances, particularly profitable. Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine gives an account of them in his *Life of Mark Twain*. Mr. Gilder told Twain, he says, that the *Century* editors had endeavoured to get Grant to contribute to their War series, but that not until his financial disaster, as a member of the firm of Grant and Ward, had he been willing to consider the matter; that Grant now welcomed the idea of contributing three papers to the series and that the promised payment of \$500 for each had gladdened his heart and relieved him of immediate anxiety. (Somewhat later, adds Paine, the *Century* Company of their own accord added liberally to this sum.) Twain went to see Grant about book publication and was told that they had made him a proposition for his completed memoirs. Grant had not thought the proposition good enough, but when Twain told the General what offer, in his person, the American Book Company of Hartford would make, he took the General's breath away. Yet Grant demurred, saying that the book ought to go, other things being equal, to the man who had first suggested it to him. Then said Twain, "I am the man, and you should place your book with my firm," and recalled to him a conversation to that effect. After much discussion the General agreed, though he felt that Twain was bankrupting himself by the royalty he offered. All this got into the papers, and Mark Twain publishing General Grant became the most talked of event in the book world. To increase the advertising the project received, certain newspapers persistently circulated rumours of estrangements between Grant and the *Century* and between Mark Twain and the *Century* as a result of the book decision. Nothing but the most cordial relations and understanding prevailed, says Mr. Paine, but all this greatly fomented public interest in the General's *Century* papers, which in that

respect were already record-breakers. And as if this were not fortunate enough, it was increased by another happening. The public knew that General Grant was dying as he wrote or dictated his story with Mark Twain hovering around to encourage him. It appeared that at one of their sittings they discovered that Mark had cleared out of camp once in Missouri just in time to escape capture by the man whose book he was now going to publish. The *Century* got wind of this extremely picturesque anecdote, and at their request Mark wrote for their War series the story of his share in the Rebellion and particularly of his war relations with General Grant.

The good fortune and fine editorial sense in all this attended the succeeding leaders of the magazine. Kennan's Siberian papers proved another enormous sensation, and won the magazine the proud distinction of being forbidden to enter Russia. The next sensation was greater still, although the public had time to moderate their transports in the four years that the articles ran. This was the *History of Lincoln* by his two secretaries, which had been in cold storage for twenty years awaiting Mr. Smith's sagacity. As early as 1867 Hay and Nicolay had tried to get *Harper's* interested, but neither it nor any of the book publishers would listen. "We shall have to write it and publish it on our own hook some day," said Hay. When after a score of years, the *Century* asked them to set about the work in earnest, they received the largest price any magazine had paid up to that date—fifty thousand dollars. *Harper's*, interested at last, again had to yield to her rival. During negotiations Hay wrote to Nicolay: "I do not believe Gilder will want the stuff for his magazine. It is not adapted for that; there is too much truth in it. We will not fall in with the present tone of blubbery sentiment of course. But we ought to write the history of those times like two everlasting angels who know everything, judge everything, tell the truth about everything, and don't care a twang of their

harps about one side or the other—Gilder was evidently horrified at your saying that Lee ought to be shot; a simple truth of law and equity." John Hay wrote another record-maker for the *Century*. The success of *The Bread-Winners* exceeded that of any previous American novel. Its anonymous author set everybody guessing. A Western Doctor of Divinity declared that he wrote it and that the publishers never paid him. But this, the customary fate of anonymous hits, is not so amusing as that the once anonymous *Atlantic* refused it because the author would not sign it.

A MARRIAGE AND A DEATH

Before taking the most important step that can happen to a maiden magazine—changing its name for better or for worse—*Scribner's* in 1881 published a pamphlet modestly relating her birth, breeding, and expectations. "In the height of prosperity she was about to assume a name of broader significance. The magazine whose ways are not the ways of the present time cannot live on its old reputation, but must stiffen and die with the infirmities of age. (Like a theatrical star, only constant contact with the public can keep her young!) There were those who predicted that she would die by the severe law of natural selection as had died *Knickerbocker* and *Putnam's*. The starting of a magazine in face of able and established competitors is always a most venturesome and difficult task. So it had been with her. It was fortunate perhaps that her conductors and editors were inexperienced in the conduct of periodicals. Lack of skill was more than made up by their freedom from bondage to old ways of doing. It did not take them long to discover that the methods and men then in vogue were not sufficient. A new magazine must find new men. It was thought necessary to make it cheap in the beginning, but before the close of the year it was found that a three dollar magazine could not afford the highest excellence, and the second year began with a most perilous change for a new periodical. It was

enlarged and the price raised to four dollars, at a moment of great popular excitement and no little financial stringency. But after a temporary check it was soon again on the high road to prosperity. New methods of engraving were ventured upon in the face of a shower of adverse criticism. The steady increase in circulation of from ten to twenty per cent. a year made it possible to augment its facilities in every direction."

In short, the young woman was putting herself on record before taking a decisive step. In spite of her efforts to have it all understood, people had got the idea that she was married to a book-publishing house, and she didn't propose to stand it any longer. She was a maiden bright and free, no guile seduced, no force could violate, and she didn't propose to take unto herself a mate unless it were Father Time itself, the everlasting. And so, to the confusion of library-boys until time itself shall have an end, *Scribner's* was going to become the *Century*. For her scorned and reputed spouse, some while afterward, having caught the habit from his long quasi-relation, married a maiden of the name he had grown used to; and generations yet unborn will complain therefore of mistaken identity.

Here is Dr. Holland's last announcement in the old *Scribner's*:

The present Mr. Charles Scribner and I have ceased to be proprietors, and Mr. Roswell Smith has acquired about nine-tenths of the stock. The remainder has been divided among the young men who have done so much and worked so faithfully to make the magazine what it has been and what it is. I am glad they own it, and that it is Mr. Smith's design that they shall have more as they win the ability to purchase it. I owe so much to these men that I shall greatly rejoice in any substantial rewards that they may reap for their long and faithful service in building up the interests of the concern.

And here is the first announcement of the new *Century*:

Names do not make magazines but maga-

zines give significance to names. We wholly sympathise with readers in their sentimental regard for our old names and wish it were never to be dropped, for it means more to us than it ever could mean to a subscriber and reader; but the reasons for the change are imperative. *Scribner's Monthly* started eleven years ago without a subscriber; the *Century* starts with virtually one hundred and twenty-five thousand subscribers. The former was begun without experience and with everything to learn; the latter lifts its fresh ensign upon a field of conquest. The former was obliged to go out among the men and women of letters and ask for contributions, which, in many instances, were doubtfully or questioningly rendered; the latter is overwhelmed with voluntary offerings of the best material from the best pens. The former sought in vain among artists and engravers for such illustrations as would satisfy its wants and realise its ideals; the latter begins with all the talent at its command which *Scribner's Monthly* helped to discover and develop. The same business manager is at the front, and the same editorial force controls and directs the pages, the same man directs the art department who made *Scribner's Monthly* famous as a reformer in the arts of designing and wood-engraving.

But it is destiny which disposes. Almost the last word Dr. Holland had written for the magazine he founded was, "With the burden of business responsibility lifted from my shoulders, I hope to find my hand more easily at work with my pen." Before the *Far West* saw the new fawn-coloured dress of the *Century*, replacing the too prosaic blue of the old *Scribner's*, the pen had dropped from his hand forever; and the issue which announced that its life was likely to continue, with unchanged name, perhaps for centuries, announced that the life of the editor was concluded.

THE "CENTURY" AND ADVERTISING

The service the magazine rendered for Southern writers and for the reunion of the whole country sinks, however, almost to insignificance (if one may say so without being accused of cynicism!) beside the beneficence of an-

other achievement, the end of which is not yet. It began the modern system of magazine advertising.

The history of periodical advertising in America presents three stages, that of the newspaper, of the weekly, and of the monthly. The stupendous development of American journalism, in which it has outstripped the world, would have been impossible without advertising patronage. The growth of newspapers, we are told, has been about a thousand per cent. in each half of the century. Newspaper advertising began as a habit with the last decade of the eighteenth century, but it cannot be said to have increased even proportionately until the third decade of the nineteenth, when it suddenly leaped forward with giant strides. This was by reason of the establishment of the *New York Sun* in 1833, the *Herald* in 1835, the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* in 1836, and the *New York Tribune* in 1841. Even for a long time after advertising space was regularly set aside in newspapers, however, the majority of them did not have any regular rates for advertising. Newspapers depended mainly upon subscriptions or graft (the latter the more dependable part of their income) and they got what they could for advertisements as extra revenue. "In the seventies," says Mr. George P. Rowell of *Printer's Ink*, "advertising had in the ordinary run of papers little standard of value. Conditions now are in every way almost inconceivably different. John Wanamaker spends more money for advertising every week in the dailies than A. T. Stewart did in a year."

It was Robert Bonner who first made the newspapers and the public appreciate what could be done with advertising. He would take a whole page of a paper, and say in it over and over again, "Fanny Fern Writes Only For The *Ledger*." My success, he cried aloud frankly and reverberatingly from every housetop, is owing to my liberality in advertising. "I get all the money I can lay my hands on and throw it out to the newspapers," he said, "and before I can get back to my office, there it all is again

and a lot more with it." But his returns for this sort of advertising were due merely to the novelty of advertising in bulk and with display—when the novelty wore away, as it happened in book advertising fifty years later, the method was no longer effective. Other advertising of his, however, was far more subtle and ingenious; and each new device for attracting attention to his weekly hit the bull's eye. They were legion. Godkin mentions one in a letter to a friend in 1858.

The great topic of the quidnuncs for the past few days has been Edward Everett's extraordinary undertaking to write for the *New York Ledger*, a two-penny weekly magazine circulating nearly three hundred thousand copies. It is filled with tales of the Demon Cabman, the Maiden's Revenge, the Tyrant's Vault, and a great variety of "mysteries" and "revelations," and, in short, barring its general decency of language, belongs to as low and coarse an order of literature as any publication in the world. By the lavish use of puffery à la Barnum, the proprietor, a journeyman printer four or five years ago, has amassed a large fortune. He offered to pay over to the Ladies Mount Vernon Association—a project in which Mr. Everett is greatly interested—the sum of \$10,000 in case the latter would undertake to write one article every week for one year. To the astonishment of the whole Union the ex-ambassador, ex-secretary, ex-president of Harvard University, ex-editor of the "Greek Reader," the scholar, the exquisite, the one aristocrat of "the universal Yankee nation" has accepted the proposal. Bonner will no doubt shortly fill whole sides of the newspapers with announcements of the fact.

But whether it was because Bonner heroically maintained at home an idealism he could not exercise abroad (amazing figure!) or whether advertising in weeklies had not yet in his estimation become profitable, or whether his ingenious advertising mind had determined that the money lost in not accepting advertising in his own paper was money well spent for the most unique advertising he could get under the circumstances

—the surprising fact is that he never even in the day of the *Ledger's* colossal success inserted a single advertisement. The paradox—as Gonoril might say—makes speech poor and breath unable! Certainly some weeklies had already begun to make fortunes out of advertising, under that pleasantest of systems which allowed them to get all of their text for nothing. Nor was the English reprint their only gratuitous fodder. Mr. Rowell remembers the *Waverley* of Boston, which lived entirely upon the effusions of romantic misses and young men at college, and never paid one cent for its contributions. It was a weekly, sold for ten cents and it charged one dollar a line for its abundant advertisements. This admirable plan is by no means archaic, even if the international copyright law cuts off one source of free material and the vanity of young persons is now less easily appeased. A great many weeklies and monthlies exist solely for advertising purposes, especially in States where public opinion is not exacting in the matter of patent medicine and other questionable advertisements. Mr. Rowell raises a humorous eyebrow over the dozens of papers published in Augusta, Maine, the capital of the State, for prices ranging around twenty-five cents a year, and queries why the Post Office law should be so flouted. It is interesting to recall, as an example of how difficult it is to draw the line, that the *Delineator* was established, says he, for the purpose of advertising the Butterick Paper Patterns and with no other purpose. Yet bare as it was of other features, it early found more than a hundred thousand women glad to pay the subscription price in advance for it. The question of admitting it to the mails puzzled the clerks in the Post Office Department, but if they ever excluded it, the time of its exclusion was brief. Of so little account was considered the advertising it printed that the man who supplied the printing-ink took his pay in advertising space: at last accounting, the magazine was charging six dollars a line for advertising.

All this is quoted not to show the guile of the advertising man from the very start (where, oh where is the need?) or the continuous performance of his growing importance (humiliating task for the scribe!), but to emphasise the fact that magazines did not once conceive advertising worth their attention nor did advertisers consider magazines worth their consideration. Mr. Rowell, who founded one of the earliest advertising agencies and made in 1869 the first permanent lists of newspapers and periodicals for agency purposes, says that circumstances led him to buy a space on the outside cover page of *Our Young Folks* for the period of a year, hoping to sell it at a profit. But no one wanted to buy it and he had to use it himself. His advertisement after lying dormant for some time brought him in the end an advertiser, and he doubtless made the experience of assistance in furthering the as yet undeveloped work of the agency. This, then, was the condition of magazine advertising. To account for it, in face of the successful demonstration which advertising had already made in newspapers and some semi-literary periodicals, is not easy. It may have been because of the scorn of or indifference to the business end of the enterprise which had so often characterised even those magazines which tried to keep their feet on the ground and their heads out of the high air of idealism. From the very beginning most of them had genuinely disclaimed motives of commercial success—they had striven to mould minds and create a literature. To many such, advertising seemed sordid; and, indeed, they held themselves above all the details of the commercial side. One might have expected, perhaps, the most extreme cases of idealism in the pioneer publishers, as they appeared in State after State; and it is noticeable that everywhere the pioneer sentiment on advertising was contemptuous. The cruder the country the loftier the aspirations of its volunteer editors. But to Chicago in 1850 (though certainly crude and new enough) one would not have

looked for juvenile idealisms—she already knew herself the capital of the northwestern Empire and had no illusions as to the foundation of her greatness. Consequently it is a striking illustration of the current literary attitude which was afforded by a miscellany called *Garden City*. This was founded by Sloan, the patent-medicine man, who had so profitably advertised his patent medicines in the *Gem of the Prairie* that he desired a magazine of his own. Mr. Fleming tells us that for the first few numbers he even printed in his literary pages a "Sloan's Column." But although the magazine had its origin as an advertising medium, it gradually curtailed these notices of the proprietor's wares and throughout its last years admitted very little advertising of any kind. One is perhaps not surprised to hear that in 1854 it was merged into a Boston periodical, seeing how long it had been heading for the heights of sublimity. And even in Chicago there appeared something peculiarly base about advertising which made other schemes for self-support the less of two evils. The *Chicago Magazine* frankly announced that it expected to get revenue "daguerreotyping leading citizens and near-by towns," yet it said magnificently at the same time, "We respond to the wish of a contemporary that we might be able to dispense with advertising as an avenue of public patronage; but at present the law of necessity must overrule the law of taste."

What then demolished this elegant delusion? Both Mr. F. W. Ayer and Mr. Rowell, heads of our oldest and best advertising agencies, unite in saying it was *Scribner's*. The new order of things began in 1870 with the success and policy of this magazine. Yet like most new orders, it made its way slowly and in the face of opposition. The early *Harper's* was as conservative and as tentative in its attitude toward the innovation as it had been about introducing opinions into its pages. Mr. Rowell narrates an experience in *Forty Years An Advertising Agent*:

Harper's in 1868 not only did not seek advertisements but actually refused to take them. The writer remembers listening with staring eyes while Fletcher Harper the younger related that he had in the early seventies refused an offer of \$18,000 for the use of the last page for a year for an advertisement of the Howe Sewing Machine. I have stated that *Harper's* was established for the deliberate purpose of advertising the books published by the firm. In the early days the reading matter was largely made up of what might be called advance notices of forthcoming publications. Advertisements from outsiders were declined. The tempting proposition of the Howe people would have removed from the last page the prospectus that told on what terms the *Magazine*, the *Weekly*, the *Bazar*, and the *Round Table* could be had either together or separately.

It is not clear why advertisers were so long content to let the magazine field go un essayed. If magazines had a way of failing, so had the weeklies and the dailies; and readers who paid a quarter and more for their periodical were perhaps more likely to patronise the local firms and the railroads that were the first advertisements to venture into the monthlies. The reason is probably to be found in that unprogressiveness of American business which seems to us to-day so antediluvian. That advertisers conquered their inertia at all appears to have been due to the industry of *Scribner's* in approaching them and the new Advertising Agent in corraling them. It was the latter who made possible the enormous growth of advertising. How enormous, Mr. Ayer figured out in 1894. That year the December issue of the *Century* had one hundred and thirty-four pages of advertising. *Harper's* in 1882, after thirty-two successful years without them, yielded to the inevitable and began to insert them: in December of 1894 it carried one hundred and forty-four pages. At the page rate of \$250, the advertising income of such an issue would be \$36,000. Putting the average amount at ninety-two pages a month, the advertising receipts of this one magazine

would reach \$276,000. It is estimated that the December, 1894, issue of the six leading monthlies represented \$180,000.

Yet indispensable as the work of the agency had been in building this volume of business, the slowness of some magazines to appreciate the value of the service more than matched their early reluctance to advertise at all. Mr. Rowell gives an instance of this.

We were paying *Harper's Weekly* as much as five thousand a month, but as circulation statements from the office fell short of being definite, there came a time when the rating accorded by our directory failed to be satisfactory, and I went to Franklin Square to talk the matter over. I explained that we had to have the same sort of statement from one paper as another, what we asked from the *Bungtown Banner* we were obliged to require from *Harper's Weekly*. There was a pause. The gentlemen looked at each other, and one quietly said to the others: "It seems to me if Mr. Rowell talks that way, we don't want to continue to do business with him;" and the others in a rather indifferent way appeared to coincide with that view. There was nothing more to be said and I came away. And the next advertising order sent from the Rowell Agency was refused. By and by the rule was rescinded but in the meantime we had gotten out of the habit of recommending the papers, and a time came when instead of sending advertising to it to the amount of five thousand a month, I doubt if so much as that went to it, upon orders from our agency, in some periods of five years. When, a long time after, the old house of Harper and Brothers failed, I could but wonder whether the firm had been as successful in shutting off streams of revenue from numerous other sources.

By the end of the century the advertiser had become enthroned. There were agents who humourously suggested that the magazine of the twentieth century would contain just enough literary stuff to float the advertisements, and who recalled that friends of theirs resembled Gladstone in finding the latter more interesting than the former. Perhaps a prophetic eye or two had even discerned

a distant day when an established magazine might change its make-up entirely for the sake of exploiting its advertising. *Century* and *Lippincott's* had long since lured the readers to adventure hopefully in the vast hinterland of their advertising section by spreading artfully the disjected members of an illustrated comic throughout its length. Possibly this was the germ of an idea that was to scandalise the high brow and pucker the low in the early years of the twentieth century. Wiser than most, *Harper's* may, in resisting the advertisement for so long a time, have recognised the little rift that by and by would make all the music mute. Who knows? "The securing of contracts for advertising," blandly remarks a recent book on the subject, "is the main objective in a modern magazine. The receipts from purchasers at news stands and from subscribers cover only a small percentage of the total expenses of the production. The kind of goods most advertised are staples of home consumption. Hence the people who must be reached by a magazine whose publishers wish to make it a medium for a large volume of advertising, are the home-maintainers. To get this advertising, you must have in the literary pages the stuff that will appeal to the people interested in those 'ads'!"

This leads us to one of the most interesting back-actions in the history of our periodicals. Godkin suggests it is an article in the *Atlantic* January, 1898.

The idea that the newspapers utter the opinions of which their readers approve is being made less tenable every year by the fact that more and more newspapers rely on advertising rather than on subscriptions for their support and profits; and agreement with their readers is thus less and less important to them. The old threat of "stopping my paper" if a subscriber came across unpalatable views in the editorial columns is therefore not so formidable as it used to be. The advertiser rather than the subscriber is now the newspaper bogie. He is the person before whom the publisher cowers and whom he tries to please; and the

advertiser is very indifferent about the opinions of a newspaper. He wants to know how many persons see it rather than how many agree with it.

All this seems at first very encouraging. We have, then, the advertiser to thank that we may hear, as often as we do, what is being thought by people whose minds are more enlightened or unfettered than ours. Blessed be the *Century* that in helping itself so helped us all, when it founded modern magazine advertising. But Godkin's next sentence plunges us into despair again. "The consequence is that newspapers of largest circulation are less and less organs of opinion. In fact, in some cases, advertisers use their influence to prevent the

expression of opinions. There are not many papers which can afford to defy a large advertiser."

If for "newspapers" you may read "magazines" (and possibly etiquette might even have caused the *Atlantic* to substitute the former for the latter word, had it been written), how drunk is now the hope wherein a moment ago we dressed ourselves! There is something quite dizzying about this transfer of moral sensitiveness from the family-circle to the factory. What *are* we coming to? Oh *Century, Century* (as Sir Isaac said to his dog Diamond), if only you had known what you were doing! What avails the most beautiful temple to the Muses when you have unlocked the gates to the Barbarians?

THE NEW YORK OF THE NOVELISTS

A NEW PILGRIMAGE

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

PART III—THE REMNANTS OF BOHEMIA. (IN TWO DIVISIONS—DIVISION I)

Illustrations from photographs by the author and drawings by Tom Wilkinson

I. THE HUNT FOR BOHEMIA

IN ONE of his two hundred and seventy-odd stories O. Henry introduced a certain restaurant which will be visited more intimately in the course of the present article. "Formerly," he said, "it was a resort for interesting Bohemians; but now only writers, painters, actors, and musicians go there." That was half irony and half serious. For whatever else Bohemia may be it is almost always yesterday. With the exception of Henry Murger, who has so often been charged with idealising a life that was in reality very commonplace, the men who have been most conspicuous in bringing Bohemia into fiction, such men as du Maurier and Thackeray, for example, have drawn upon their memories, and tinged their pages with the colour born of reminiscence. "At twenty," James Huneker recently chronicled, "I discovered with

sorrow, that there was no such enchanted spot as the Latin Quarter. An old Frenchman informed me that Paris had seen the last of the famous Quarter after the Commune, but a still older person swore that the Latin Quarter had not been in existence since 1848." That is just it. Probably the sceptic of 1848 would have contended that the real Bohemia went out with the Hundred Days; the men of 1812 have explained that it had been obsolete since 1789; and so on back to François Villon, who himself might have jeered at it as a memory of yesterday.

For Bohemia is not a country or a neighbourhood. Rather it is a state of mind, or a susceptible period of life, or a glow of reminiscence. There is one figure of a hero that is always turning up in the novels that are being written about New York. It is easy to sketch

him. In age he is two or three and twenty; he has just come from a university on the banks of a river in Massachusetts, or near a far in-reaching bay on the Long Island Sound, or on the shores of a New Jersey lake, and he has found employment (on a specific salary of fifteen dollars a week) as a promising cub reporter on a paper which is designated as the *Evening Sphere*, or something of the kind. That employment is, of course, merely temporary, only a stepping stone, a bit of preparation for the great, dominant novel of American life he is to write; an aspiration born in the days when he was working for the "Lit," or the "Lampoon," or the "News." In the meantime he is living in a high-stooped, red brick boarding-house on Washington Square South, or is sharing, with another young genius, of similar hopes, tastes, and occupation, something that is called a studio somewhere in Greenwich Village, where the streets cross one another at all kinds of absurd angles. Mentally he likens the boarding-house to the Maison Vauquer of Balzac's *Père Goriot*, seeking to find in some one of his fellow-lodgers a resemblance to Trompe-la-Mort, or Eugène de Rastignac; or the studio to the den in Pump Court, the Inner Temple, where George Warrington and Arthur Pendennis waited for the little printer's boy, and listened patiently to the literary floundering of Colonel Thomas Newcome. With the appetite of his age he dines at some restaurant at a cost of "*deux francs, cinquante*" with "*dix sous de pourboire pour le garçon*," or a chop house for "two and sixpence." Matter not the queer flavour of the *gigot* or the toughness of the grilled kidneys. Just a little play of the imagination, and he is in the Café Momus, with Schaunard, Marcel, Colline, and Rodolphe of Murger's *Vie de Bohême*, or in Flicoteaux, of Balzac's *Illusions Perdues*, or in the particular café of the Latin Quarter that was most favoured by du Maurier's Musketeers of the Brush, or joining in the chorus in the Cider Cellar after some particularly unconventional ditty of Captain Costigan.

For him it is Bohemia, for Bohemia is singing in his heart.

Well the writer remembers the ardour with which he hunted for Bohemia in the streets about Washington Square in that earlier pilgrimage of fifteen years ago. "You are too late," said an older man discouragingly, "Bohemia passed with the passing of the Restaurant of the Grand Vatel in Bleecker Street and the Taverne Alsacienne, and other similar hostelries. Of course there used to be a Bohemia. The men of the eighties knew it and bits of it survived into the early nineties. Men like Frank R. Stockton and Henry Cuyler Bunner and Laurence Hutton and Edgar Fawcett and Edgar Saltus tasted its joys and its *ennuis*. But now it is gone, all gone," he shrugged his shoulders with disillusionment of the man who has passed his thirtieth year. "And we shall never see it again." Very likely the past to which this pessimist referred was equally sceptical. Very likely the men who foregathered at the Grand Vatel, or the more modest Taverne Alsacienne, where the dinner of four courses *vin compris*, cost thirty-five cents, or at Oscar's, opposite the old Academy of Design, a kind of New York "Back Kitchen" of nearly forty years ago, shook their heads sadly as they deplored the Bohemia that was no more—the Bohemia that had gone out with Pfaff's down on Broadway.

II. THE OLD-TIME HAUNTS

In view of the allusions to the Grand Vatel and the Taverne Alsacienne perhaps a few lines of description will not be out of place. Thirty-six years ago this month a gentleman who has been a frequent contributor to the pages of THE BOOKMAN, Mr. William H. Rideing, had an article in *Scribner's Magazine* on "The French Quarter of New York" as it then was. Naturally there was much said of the two hostelries in question. In the Grand Vatel the floor was sanded, and the little tables were covered with oil cloth, each having a pewter cruet in the centre. Behind a little desk in a corner sat the landlady, a woman of

enormous girth, with short petticoats that revealed her thick, white woollen socks. Over her head were perched two noisy parrots of revolutionary tendencies. The sign of the Grand Vatel indicated an exceedingly moderate tariff, thus: *Tous les plats*, eight cents; *café supérieur*, three cents, and *café au lait*, five cents; but the *menu* was such a marvel that it is worth reproducing. A dish of soup and a plate of beef and bread were ten cents; *soup aux croutons*, that is, with toasted crusts, cost five cents; *bœuf, légumes*, ten cents; *veau à la Marengo*, twelve cents; *mouton à la Ravigotte*, ten cents; *ragout de moutons aux pommes*, eight cents; *bœuf braisé aux oignons*, ten cents; *macaroni au gratin*, six cents; *celeri salade*, six cents; *compote de pommes*, four cents; *fromage Neufchâtel*, three cents; *Limbourg*, four cents, and *Gruyère* three cents. Bread was one cent extra.

The Taverne Alsacienne in Greene Street was somewhat lower in the social scale. The entrance was a gloomy basement with an impoverished bar at one side and a much worn billiard table at the end. It mattered not what the hour was, whether in the forenoon, afternoon, or past midnight, a circle of men were gathered around the tables absorbed in *piquet*, *écarté*, or *vingt-et-un*. Most of them were without coats. Keen glances were shot at intruders; for the tavern had a certain clientèle, outside of which it had few customers, and suspicion was rife at an invasion. A stranger in the Taverne Alsacienne in those days was very likely to be a spy or a detective, and the habitués were sensitive under inspection.

When the Grand Vatel and the Taverne Alsacienne that were flourished, the earlier Bohemia that was summed up in Pfaff's was a memory. Yet it is linked to the city of to-day in the person of Mr. Howells, who has recorded how, on his first visit to New York, he supped at the table under the pavement, and was presented to Walt Whitman. The old beer cellar, in the years immediately preceding the Civil War, was in the base-

ment of a store in Broadway two or three doors above Bleecker Street. Occasional visitors were Bayard Taylor and Edmund Clarence Stedman, but Artemas Ward, Fitzhugh Ludlow, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Willam Winter, Charles G. Halpine, George Arnold, the "poet of beer," who sang "We were very merry at Pfaff's," and Fitzjames O'Brien, the "gipsy of letters"—those were the quaf-



THE OLD RESTAURANT OF THE GRAND VATEL ON WEST HOUSTON STREET

ing, smoking, chanting Bohemians of letters of the year 1860 or thereabouts. They were all young then, or most of them were; living by the pen was a precarious mode of existence; so perhaps about Pfaff's there was the flavour of a real Bohemia.

III. PURLIEUS OF GREENWICH VILLAGE

In the changing city to-day there are few more curious corners than that which the reader will find by going down into Greenwich Village half a dozen blocks southwest of the Jefferson Market Police Court. Just where Barrow Street and Commerce Street join there is a little cluster of sinister looking houses of

very unusual construction. Years ago Arthur Train found them in one of his city rambles. The buildings and the sordid neighbourhood were laid away in his memory and brought into use when he wrote *The Man Hunt*. In that tale he introduced a kind of Thieves' Court, a resort of yeggmen, into which the hero ventured at night in his city wide search for the missing man. In the tale the cab turned into the little street, "A few gnarled and distorted trees, whose trunks burst out of the concrete pavement,

raised their dust-laden branches, prehensile and unnatural, into the starlight. A hundred feet from where the street began it turned sharply to the left, forming a right angle, and debouched again into another thoroughfare. Had one of the ends been closed it would have formed a natural *cul-de-sac*—an appendix to one of the great canals of the city. A rickety gas lamp leaned dangerously toward a flight of high wooden steps in the angle of the street. Strangely enough, when the street turned the house turned, too,



THE "PIE HOUSES" OF GREENWICH VILLAGE. JUST WHERE BARROW AND COMMERCE STREETS JOIN THERE IS A LITTLE CLUSTER OF HOUSES OF VERY UNUSUAL CONSTRUCTION. ARTHUR TRAIN MADE USE OF THIS CURIOUS BIT OF LOCAL COLOUR IN "THE MAN HUNT." OF THESE HOUSES HE WROTE: "STRANGELY ENOUGH, WHEN THE STREET TURNED THE HOUSE TURNED, TOO, SO THAT HALF ITS FRONT FACED EAST AND HALF NORTH. THE NATURAL INFERENCE WAS THAT THE INSIDE OF THE HOUSE WAS SHAPED LIKE A PIECE OF PIE, WITH ITS PARTIALLY BITTEN END ABUTTING ON THE CORNER"



SHERIDAN SQUARE. THIS LITTLE SQUARE IN GREENWICH VILLAGE WAS THE SCENE OF AN EPISODE IN GEORGE BARR MC CUTCHEON'S "THE ROSE IN THE RING." IT WAS THERE THAT "TOM" BRADDOCK AND HIS WIFE STOPPED ON THEIR WAY FROM HER HOME ON LOWER FIFTH AVENUE TO DISCUSS HIS PROPOSED SUICIDE BY JUMPING IN THE NORTH RIVER. NEAR THE SQUARE WAS THE HOME OF "JOEY" NOAKES, PROFESSIONALLY KNOWN AS "JOEY" GRIMALDI, THE CIRCUS CLOWN WHO PLAYS A PART IN THE SAME STORY.

so that half its front faced north and half east. The natural inference was that the inside of the house was shaped like a piece of pie, with its partially bitten point abutting on the corner." *The Man Hunt*, written a number of years ago, purported to deal with events of the year 1915, a time of great war. With certain exceptions that strange corner in Greenwich Village remains as Mr. Train described it. The gnarled trees have gone, and from an old inhabitant the writer learned that they were cut down six or seven years ago.

A house of red brick, three stories high, with a stoop of some ten steps, and long French windows on the first floor, in "that red gash of crosstown brick—West Tenth Street—that was the set for the greater part of James Oppenheim's *The Nine-Tenths*, the story of a newspaper for the uplifting of the masses. West Tenth Street has always been a favourite avenue of invasion for the novelist entering Greenwich Village, and at that curious corner where West Tenth and West Fourth Streets cross each other at right angles he is almost certain to stop and point out a paradox. Also in Green-

wich Village he invariably contrasts the chaste respectability, the general air of detachment and hushed life of the other days with the slovenliness and dust, the squalid poverty of the present. To the Village Oppenheim's "Joe" Blaine went with the purpose of making a neighbourhood out of a chaos, or organising the jumble of scattered, polyglot lives. It was a new world to him. "So the whole city was but a conglomeration of nests of worlds, woven together by a few needs and the day's work, worlds as yet undiscovered in every direction, huge tracts of peoples of all races leading strange and unassimilated lives."

IV. FROM POE TO PORTER

It is a far cry from *The Fall of the House of Usher* to the twisted streets of Greenwich Village as they are reflected in the pages of the novelists of the last decade and a half. Yet, in passing, it may be recorded that at the very gateway by which the village is entered, in Sixth Avenue close by Waverly Place, Edgar Allan Poe once lived, and there wrote that extraordinary tale. At another time, when he was in his twenty-

eighth year, he inhabited, with Virginia, his child wife, a modest wooden house that was numbered 113 Carmine Street. It was within a few steps of the graveyard of St. John's, and in the year 1837 Poe had a habit of wandering through the quiet, restful place. A quiet, restful place no more. But even more quiet and restful than it was in the fourth decade of the last century it was when Thomas Payne inhabited it. Then the Village of Greenwich lay far beyond the city, separated from it in the summer by a mile of marshy and untilled land, in winter by a dreary waste with a single road leading across a snowbound way.

But the century and more that separates us from the Greenwich Village of Tom Payne seems not a whit longer than the twenty years of O. Henry's "The

Thing's the Play," a tale which revolves about a house near Abingdon Square. "On the ground floor there has been for twenty-five years a little store where toys and notions and stationery are sold." One night twenty years ago there was a wedding in the rooms above the store. The Widow Mayo owned the house and store. Her daughter Helen was married to Frank Barrie. John Delaney was best man. The ceremony was followed by a misunderstood situation, which sent both men out somewhere into the unknown and left the bride of a moment alone with her twenty solitary years. There are plenty of houses near Abingdon Square where on the ground floor toys and notions and stationery are sold, but the writer confesses that he has been able to find none which seems



ALTHOUGH THE PARKS DIVIDED BY SECOND AVENUE BETWEEN FIFTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH STREETS ARE KNOWN AS STUYVESANT SQUARE, STRICTLY SPEAKING, THAT NAME BELONGS ONLY TO THE EASTERN HALF, THE PARK UPON WHICH ST. GEORGE'S FACES BEING RUTHERFORD SQUARE. NO. 333 EAST SEVENTEENTH STREET, AT THE NORTHEAST CORNER OF STUYVESANT SQUARE, WAS USED BY BRANDER MATTHEWS AS THE HOME OF THE DIRCKS IN "A CONFIDENT TO-MORROW." DIRECTLY OPPOSITE, IS THE APARTMENT HOUSE, NO. 330, WHERE BRANDER MATTHEWS, H. C. BUNNER, AND GRANT WHITE ONCE LIVED, WHICH WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS USED IN "A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES," AND WHERE BUNNER WROTE "THE MIDGE"

exactly suited to the setting of the tale. Nearby is Varick Street, which plays a part in the same author's "The Unknown Quantity." "Ragged, poverty-haunted Varick Street," O. Henry calls it. There was the bakery of Thomas Boyne, and there, in a squalid brick tenement, Dan Kinsolving, in company with Kenwitz, found the daughter of the man his father had ruined. There, too,—in the red brick district,—was "The Furnished Room," probably the most pathetic of all the stories that O. Henry penned,—the young man invading the great city in a search for his lost love, sensing her presence in the room that the landlady has shown, detecting the faint odour of mignonette.

V. THE WALL OF "THE LAST LEAF"

To the end shy and almost suspicious of the stranger who was not the casual



THE HOUSE BELONGING TO MRS. OSBORN FACING RUTHERFORD SQUARE A FEW DOORS BELOW SEVENTEENTH STREET, IS AN EDIFICE FAMILIAR TO ALL WHO KNOW THE NEIGHBOURHOOD. THE LATE DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS KNEW IT WELL AND USED IT IN "OLD WIVES FOR NEW." IT WAS THERE THAT MURDOCH AND HIS DAUGHTER VISITED



FAR DOWN IN GREENWICH VILLAGE, NEAR THE END OF GROVE STREET, IS AN OPENING LEADING TO THREE REAR HOUSES, THE WINDOWS OF WHICH LOOK OUT UPON AN IVY-COVERED WALL. THERE SIDNEY PORTER FOUND THE INSPIRATION FOR "THE LAST LEAF"

stranger, the acquaintance scraped in a mood on a bench in Madison Square, or Sheridan Park, or at some corner of "that thoroughfare which parallels and parodies Broadway," Sidney Porter was, of all men, one of the most difficult of approach. There was a little circle of his intimates, consisting of such men as Richard Duffy, Gilman Hall, Robert H. Davis, H. Peyton Steger, Robert Rudd Whiting and a few more, to whom he was accessible at any time of the night or day. But even these men knew that it was out of the question to arrange formally a meeting between O. Henry and some one who wanted to know him; knew that at the first hint the quarry would take fright and disappear. So the encounter had to have every appearance of mere chance. Into Porter's rooms on Irving Place the friend would drop, apparently for a word or two of business. With him there would be a stranger, whom the friend had chanced to pick up on the way. Nine times out of ten the friend would not introduce the other two. But after a few minutes' talk, and in response to a prearranged signal,

the stranger would remark that he had stumbled on a joint near the Bowery, or on upper Broadway where there was a cocktail mixer who had tended bar in forty-seven cities of the United States. Before he had finished Porter had reached for his hat. The friend was forgotten, and arm in arm stranger and story-spinner sallied forth into the night.

The bait thrown out was not always a cocktail mixer and like experiences. "The most picturesque bit of rear tene-

which look out diagonally at a wall on which leaves are growing. "There is a story there," said Porter, "a story that suggests an episode in Murger's *Vie de Bohême*, where the *grisette*, at night, waters the flowers to keep them alive. The lifetime of the flowers, you remember, was to be the lifetime of that transient love." He wrote that story, I am sure, in "The Last Leaf," and when I see that bare, dreary yard, and the blank wall of the house twenty feet away, and the old ivy vine, I recall the pathetic tale of Sue and Joanna and the masterpiece that old Behrman painted at the cost of his life."



THE JEFFERSON MARKET POLICE COURT.
OWEN JOHNSON'S "MAX FARGUS"

ment that remains in New York." "That was the hint that I used when the nod came" one man who had found O. Henry in the way suggested told the writer. "And in three minutes we were in the street. I led him down Irving Place to Fourteenth, to Sixth Avenue, past the Jefferson Market Police Court, into Greenwich Village, past Sheridan Park, and down Grove Street to the very end. There, between the front houses, Nos. 10 and 12, there is an opening. Beyond the opening is a triangle, in the middle of which is a tall telegraph pole, and at the back there are three three-story brick houses, the front windows of

VI. THE TRAIL OF MAX FARGUS

Nine or ten years ago, when the mood of Honoré de Balzac was strong upon him, Owen Johnson wrote *Max Fargus*, a novel which made no marked stir, which was not the most cheerful reading, but which, by virtue of its grim power and straightforwardness of narrative, has won a place on that shelf made up of the books which are never very widely read, but are never quite forgotten. Above all it is of importance in this series because it was New York as not one novel of a thousand is New York. It was the expression of a period in the author's development when his writing hand was moving in the sweeping shadow of *César Birotteau*, and the second part of *Lost Illusions*, and the brief but unforgettable *Gobseck*. Balzac had searched Paris frantically until he had found the name "Z. Marcas." Owen Johnson prowled doggedly about New York until he had found a definite setting of the scene for every episode of *Max Fargus*. A mere street or neighbourhood was not enough. In that street or neighbourhood there had to be the right house. That house had to have the proper age and architecture. The tale opened in the "House of the Tin Sailor" in one of the side streets east of Second Avenue near Stuyvesant Square. "A third of the way down the block, on the north side, there projected above a doorway the figure of a tin sailor, balancing

two paddles which the breeze caused to revolve." The house is still there, but the sailor and his paddle are gone—were gone when the author of the novel and the chronicler of these notes together sought the home of Sheila Fargus one day last June.

Even more vivid in the matter of detail were the law offices of Bofinger and Groll, the latter character, by the way, drawn directly from a lawyer known by name to every reader of a New York newspaper. Almost unchanged to-day these offices may be found at the gateway entering Greenwich Village. Go down to the Jefferson Market Police Court, the tall tower of which, in the bygone days, used so to perturb the soul of the old darkey Chad of F. Hopkinson Smith's *Colonel Carter of Cartersville*. Confronting the barred windows of the prison annex, from Sixth to Seventh Avenues, runs a short row of dingy, undersized houses, given over to the lawyers who practise in and about the Court. Ten years ago the lawyers were forced to dispute their foothold with half a dozen small shops. The shops have dwindled, but the lawyers still hold their own and batten upon the unfortunate. In the row the offices of Hyman Groll and Alonzo Bofinger were the most pretentious and immaculate. The glass front sparkled. The gilt announcement arrested the eye. There Groll spun his webs, and Bofinger builded cunningly but to his own ultimate undoing.

From West Tenth Street the trail of *Max Fargus* led down to Washington Square, for it was on a bench at the northeast corner of that Square that Max Fargus was to meet Sheila Vaughn. Bofinger, hot upon the scent, dodged southward from his office amid the filth of Sixth Avenue. "The Square suddenly discovered itself, that smiling barrier which interposes itself between the horrors of Third Street and the thoughtless royal avenue which digs its roots here and stretches upward to flower like a royal palm in the luxuriance of Central Park." At the period of the story the Square had not yet fallen before the vandal march

of business, though already the invaders showed their menacing front above the roofs. From the Square the lawyer trailed Sheila to her home; first northward along the avenue, then eastward on Twelfth Street. At this point Mr. Johnson was guilty of a most astonishing blunder. He speaks of the pursuit leading from Twelfth Street north along Irving Place



OPPOSITE THE BARRED WINDOWS OF THE PRISON ANNEX OF THE JEFFERSON MARKET POLICE COURT IS A SHORT ROW OF DINGY HOUSES GIVEN OVER TO THE LAWYERS WHO PRACTISE IN AND ABOUT THE COURT. IN THIS ROW WERE THE OFFICES OF GROLL AND BOFINGER, OF OWEN JOHNSON'S NOVEL OF THE SEAMY SIDE OF NEW YORK LIFE, "MAX FARGUS." AN EXIT IN THE REAR ENABLED BOFINGER TO SLIP AWAY BY MEANS OF THE ADJACENT PATCHEN PLACE

to Fourteenth Street. Of course Irving Place does not run below the northern side of Fourteenth Street. The trail beyond that point led westward to Sixth Avenue, northward a dozen blocks, then westward again, until the woman, thinking she had shaken off any possible inquisitive follower, entered the boarding-house for improvident actors near Seventh Avenue. Bofinger had found out what he wanted to know.

VII. PHILLIPS AND WASHINGTON
SQUARE, SOUTH

So rich is Washington Square South with its frontage of decay, degeneration, and poverty, grinning derisively across the Square at Washington Square North, in its associations with the fiction dealing with New York life, that it is difficult



ON WASHINGTON SQUARE, SOUTH, BETWEEN SULLIVAN AND MACDOUGAL STREETS, IS THE HOUSE THAT DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS USED AS A BACKGROUND FOR "THE GREAT GOD SUCCESS." THE HOUSE HAS AN ADDITIONAL INTEREST FROM THE FACT THAT PHILLIPS WAS LIVING THERE AT THE TURNING POINT OF HIS CAREER; THE DAY WHEN, WITH NOTHING IN SIGHT BUT TWO ACCEPTED ARTICLES, AND AGAINST THE ADVICE OF HIS FRIENDS, HE GAVE UP NEWSPAPER WORK TO EMBARK ON THE TURBULENT SEA OF NOVEL WRITING

to make a beginning. But let us stop, first of all, before a three-story, red brick structure between Sullivan and Macdougall Streets, a structure that has to do not only with an individual tale, but with the turning point of a career that was as rich in achievement as it was unhappily brief. David Graham Phillips was living in that house when he

wrote *The Great God Success*, and there he laid the scenes of a story that was in many ways autobiographical. From the inside he knew the boarding-house with the high stoop on the steps of which the boarders gathered of summer evenings to watch the children sprung from many nations playing in the Square. In the story Howard, the hero, two months out of Yale, finds employment with inadequate returns on the reportorial staff of the *News Record* (The New York *World*) and goes to live in this house, where he meets the girl Alice and experiences one of life's poignant tragedies. David Graham Phillips, in writing *The Great God Success*, was trying his prentice hand, which means that he was in a measure in the imitative stage, and there is a curious echo of Balzac's *Père Goriot* in one paragraph of the tale. Like Madame Vauquer (*née de Conflans*) Mrs. Sands was keeping what might be called *une pension bourgeoise*. And in the Pension Sands, as in the Pension Vauquer, a new lodger, we were told, generally took the best rooms, then slowly or swiftly came the social and financial disintegration, marked by ascending step from story to story until the cubby hole under the eaves was reached. Only occasionally in the tale the characters moved far from the neighbourhood. Just round the corner, in South Fifth Avenue as it was then called, was formerly the Restaurant of the *Chat Noir*, where Howard and Alice usually dined. True, there were occasionally times when they went farther afield, to the Manhattan over on Second Avenue, or to the Terrace Garden far up on the East Side. As has been indicated, it was *The Great God Success* that led Phillips to take the decisive step. It was against the wishes and advice of many of his closest friends. They pointed out that it was giving up a comfortable position in journalism for the uncertainties of fiction. They called it "spoiling a good newspaper man to make a poor novelist." It was indeed a step that called for courage. Phillips's only perceptible resources for the moment were two articles that had been accepted

by George Horace Lorimer for the *Saturday Evening Post* at a price of seventy-five dollars each.

VIII. THE TRAIL OF "PREDESTINED"

Few books of the last decade and a half conjure up more vividly Washington Square than Stephen French Whitman's *Predestined*, a very unusual and unfortunately neglected novel of five years ago, and from the Square, to north, east, south and west, lead the trails of Felix Piers in the swift, pitiless years of his degeneration. There was, on the south side of the Square, a hotel which marked a definite step on the way. It was described as a "small hotel, square, flat-roofed, built of green brick, six stories high, the narrow entrance trimmed with exceedingly thin slabs of greenish marble." As a matter of fact, while Mr. Whitman had a definite edifice in mind, a hotel that for years has been housing writing and painting men and women, the description was written in such a way that it served as a thin disguise. On the north side of Eighth Street, close to the Square, an old, white dwelling house had been converted into an Italian restaurant called "Benedetto's," where a table d'hôte dinner was served for sixty cents. It was there, through the tobacco smoke, Felix watched the patrons, their feet twisted behind chair legs, their elbows on the table, all arguing with gesticulations. Sometimes, there floated to him such phrases as: "Bad colour scheme! Bad colour scheme!" "Sophomoric treatment!" "Miserable drawing!" "No atmosphere!" Benedetto's, Mr. Whitman explained, was a Bohemian resort. It may readily be identified as the Hotel Gonfarone at the southwest corner of Eighth and Macdougall Streets. Just one block to the south, on the south side of the street between the Square and Sixth Avenue, was the boarding-house in which Emma lived before Felix took her to wife. It was a house with old window shutters and the brownstone portico crumbling at the pediment. There have been plenty of bits of descriptive writing

about Washington Square in the novels of the past fifteen years. Here is a fragment from *Predestined*:

It had been drizzling: the pavements, beaded with rain, showed, under mistily irradiating street lamps, humid footprints. From the juncture of Macdougall Street and Waverly Place, the trees of Washington Square spread out a mass of grey-black



EVERY OTHER NOVELIST WHO INVADES GREENWICH VILLAGE HAS SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT THAT CURIOUS CORNER WHERE WEST TENTH AND WEST FOURTH STREETS CROSS. THE NUMBERED STREETS OF MANHATTAN RUN DIRECTLY EAST AND WEST. STRAIGHT LINES, RUNNING PARALLEL, ARE SUPPOSED NEVER TO MEET. YET HERE THE VILLAGE ACHIEVES A PARADOX

shadows underlaid with the horizontal pearly lustre of wet asphalt paths. Here and there, a yellow shaft of light, enlarged in the damp air, streamed past the tree-trunks, and beyond upper branches, illuminated window-panes shone peacefully, their mellow squares etched over, as it were, by delicate traceries of twigs.

On lower Fifth Avenue, two blocks north of the Square, in one of those old brick houses of massive, plain exterior, with Ionic pillars of marble and a fanlight at the arched entrance, that preserve unobtrusively, in the midst of a city that is being constantly rebuilt, the pure

The New York of the Novelists

of Colonial dwellings, lived the
There Felix had a welcome
the bright early days before the
the that marked his first step on
vnward path. The wretched



OME OF THE FERROLS, OF STEPHEN
NCH WHITMAN'S "PREDESTINED,"
ON FIFTH AVENUE, A LITTLE
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LLINGS. SHUT OUT FROM THE
PITALITY OF THE HOME, FELIX
S BEGAN HIS MORAL AND PHYSI-
DESCENT.

Felix's life with Emma were
a flat-house on Second Avenue
Fourteenth Street. The exact
that the author had in mind may
d on the east side of the avenue
Eleventh and Twelfth Streets.
oon on Fourteenth Street near
Avenue which Felix patronised
associated with the name of a
heavy-weight prize fighter. Mrs.
boarding-house, where Felix went
after the death of Emma, was on

the north side of Thirteenth Street, be-
tween Second and Third Avenues.
Three or four years ago the particular
house, with a number of others, was torn
down to make way for the back of a
large theatre which fronts on Fourteenth
Street. The trail of *Predestined*, as will
be indicated in the later papers in this
series, led to other parts of the city, no-
tably the old French Quarter which used
to be in the neighbourhood of Twenty-
seventh Street, just west of Sixth Ave-
nue, and to a certain apartment in West
Thirty-second Street, which was drawn
from a studio once occupied by the ar-
tist Harrison Fisher.

IX. THE MAISON DE SHINE

More than eight years ago there ap-
peared from the pen of Helen van Cam-
pen a volume of short stories entitled *At
the Actors' Boarding House*. These
tales were of a very unusual quality.
"Mrs. De Shine's boarding-house was a
microcosm which becomes just as real to
us as the Maison Tellier, or the Pension
Vauquer," said one critic of the time.
"We come to know the blondine ladies
washing out their stockings in the wash
bowl, or fighting for first place at table,
where they are served with ham and eggs
and 'cawfy.' We seem to have met the
gentlemen who are 'standing off' Mrs.
De Shine for an overdue board bill and
currying favour with her by petting her
weazy poodle, Fido. There is pathos
here, and there is humour, and Helen
Van Campen has done for one section
of New York what was done years ago
for another section by Messrs. Harrigan
and Hart, of whom Mr. Howells wrote
with sympathetic appreciation. No one
before has given us so realistic a picture
of the existence which centres around
Irving Place—the loves, the jealousies,
the makeshifts, and the miseries of the
vaudeville performers who make up a
little world in themselves."

In *At the Actors' Boarding-House* and
The Maison de Shine, the subsequent
book dealing with materially the same
people, the boarding-house was repre-
sented as being on Irving Place. As

a matter of fact the original Pension de Shine was situated on the north side of Fourteenth Street, between Second and Third Avenues. When Mrs. Van Campen began newspaper work in New York she noticed that vaudeville invariably proceeded downtown, on arriving "on Broadway." The vaudeville people spoke much of that noted thoroughfare, but apparently dwelt in a humbler neighbourhood. So the writer followed vaudeville to its lair, and found, at — East Fourteenth Street, the sketch team who "worked" for "thirty a week and cakes" and, in just as great numbers, the "single act" or other turn, "who worked steadily at \$150 to \$200 a week." "They all lived alike," says Mrs. Van Campen. "Seven a week it cost—and seven seemed plenty, upon investigation. I stayed two weeks. During the second week, the landlady, in tears, requested me to depart. I asked the reason of her inhospitable words. 'Last night at dinner,' said she, with visible agitation, 'Berther come in, and ast you four distinct times, "Will you have steak?" An' I stood there makin' signs, an' makin' 'em again. But it didn't have no effect. Mebbe it'll please you to know that I went an' paid sixty cents for sirloin steak—because I ain't a fool, an' I see you didn't like the grub; but kin I on seven a week give them people better? Well, it's just makin' me sick to watch you, an' I got to ast you to leave. It's better so.' I met the landlady a few months ago. She wore at least a million dollars worth of diamonds, and a golden 'front' of great beauty. 'I see you ain't doin' a thing to old Fourteenth Street,' she said affably; 'well, we all got our games, I s'pose—but it does seem as if people's ruther read about Fifth Avenoo. I would.'"

X. THE STORY OF "THE BREAD LINE"

New York's nightly bread line at the corner of Tenth Street and Broadway has been made familiar to readers all over the land in a dozen stories by O. Henry. But the bread line has its individual novel some years before William

Sidney Porter found his way out of the south and west to the hospitable noises and odours of Jayville, near Tarrytown. That was the book by Albert Bigelow Paine, who later became the biographer of Mark Twain. It was the story of the attempt of four Bohemians, two



ALTHOUGH IN HELEN VAN CAMPEN'S "AT THE ACTOR'S BOARDING-HOUSE" THE "MAISON DE SHINE" WAS PICTURED AS BEING IN IRVING PLACE, IN REALITY THE HOUSE WHICH INSPIRED THE STORIES WAS ON THE NORTH SIDE OF FOURTEENTH STREET, BETWEEN THIRD AND SECOND AVENUES. IT WAS THERE, UNCHANGED, THREE OR FOUR YEARS AGO, BUT HAS NOW DISAPPEARED

writers and two artists, to establish a weekly paper, which in the tale is known as the *Whole Family*. The four men had knocked about a good deal in the literary and journalistic life of New York, their daily work had brought them into contact with publishers and editors, and they have evolved a scheme for a weekly which they believe is certain of popularity and financial success. This scheme is broached for the first time as the four are sitting round a table in a restaurant not far from Washington Square. It is New Year's Eve. Barri-



A REMNANT OF THE GREENWICH VILLAGE THAT WAS. THE OLD STUDIO HOUSES FACING SHERIDAN PARK. THESE HOUSES WERE NOS. 90 AND 92. NO. 90 WAS FORMERLY THE HOME OF JULES GUERIN, CHIEF OF COLOUR OF THE PACIFIC-PANAMA EXPOSITION

field, one of the two writers, in his soft, drawly, delightful voice unfolds the idea, pointing out its novelty and arguing its certainty of success. Just before midnight they leave the dinner table, and in high spirits cross to Broadway and move northward toward Grace Church. At Tenth Street they stop to watch the familiar, pathetic spectacle—the Bread Line—that line of waiting, hungry men, each of whom receives every night at twelve o'clock a cup of coffee and a loaf of bread. This is the logical beginning of the story. Its logical end comes a year later, when, having lost everything in the venture on which they had builded such extravagant hopes, they come upon one another on the same corner, driven there by hunger, and waiting their turns.

Quite as interesting as the tale itself is the story of how *The Bread Line* came to be written. The experiences upon which it was based were actual experiences of the year 1897. It is all true, or nearly true. The four most prominent men of the book are Barrifield and Perny, the writers; and Van Born and Livingstone, the artists. The initial letter of the names gives the clue to the real originals. Barrifield is Irving Bacheller; Perny is Albert Bigelow Paine; Van Born and Livingstone are respectively Frank Berbeck and Orson Lowell. The stout, middle-aged man named Capers, who describes to Perny the art of transforming an autumn poem into a Christmas poem, and of changing "the golden rod like a plumed warder closing

the gates of summer" of September, to the "chrysanthemum, a royal goddess at the gates of fall" of November, was the late R. K. Munkittrick, an inheritance of the New York *Ledger* school of letters, and one of the brightest and most amiable of the lighter verse makers of yesterday. The original of Bates, the dissolute advertising man, had a real existence. Frisbie, was Louis Klopsch, the founder of the *Christian Herald*, in the book called *The Voice of Light*. The Rev. Monte Banks was the Rev. T. De Witt Talmadge. McWilliams of *Dawn* was P. McArthur of *Truth*. The *Woman's Monthly* was the *Ladies' Home Journal*. The *Youth's Friend* was the *Youth's Companion*. The *Road to Fortune* was *Success*. The *Whole Family*, the paper about which the plot revolves, was in reality *Youth and Home*, of which the first issue bore the date November 6, 1897. The publication offices of the journal were at 127 Fifth Avenue, where Verbeck, Hamilton King, and Paine had a suite of rooms on the top floor. As Paine was to be the editor, it was decided to have the publication office there, and thereby save rent. 127 Fifth Avenue then had a flight of steps from the pavement to the first floor above the basement. That has been changed now, but otherwise the appearance of the building is the same as it was nineteen



A TEMPORARY NEW YORK HOME OF HURSTWOOD, A CHARACTER IN THEODORE DREISER'S GRIM NOVEL OF A FEW YEARS AGO, "SISTER CARRIE"

years ago. In connection with the correspondence between Mr. Truman Livingstone and Miss Dorothy Castle and their subsequent marriage, it may be said that there was a real "Dorothy" and that since October 20, 1898, there has been a Mrs. Orson Lowell.

Realising that these papers have been running to an unreasonable length, and at a period of the year when the demands on our space are greatest, we have divided the third section of this series, which deals with "The Remnants of Bohemia," into two instalments, one of which appears here, the other to be presented in the December issue. While the second part will return to Washington Square, to take up scenes associated with the novels of Robert W. Chambers, Richard Harding Davis, Thomas Dixon, Rex Beach, Owen Johnson, and others, and perhaps venture again into Greenwich Village, it will deal more particularly with what might be called the "Heart of New Arabia," which is somewhere in Madison Square or Union Square; with that O. Henry land which centres about Irving Place, the Sixth Avenue shopping centre, and certain foreign quarters beyond, and with the ancient aristocracy and the new club land which line the four sides of Gramercy Park.

WHAT THE DAY'S WORK MEANS TO ME

BY ZONA GALE

I SHOULD like to say that the day's work means to me only the "joy of the job." I wish that this were true for all of us. It will be true, some centuries away, or else the race will have failed. But I do not see how the joy of the job can be the whole story, yet, for any one of us.

I have a friend who says:

"Once I asked somebody that I thought ought to know, what they meant when they said 'work.' Never, not if I live till after my dying day, will I forget how mixed up they got me. 'Work,' says they, 'is duty.' 'But,' I says, after a while, 'I don't believe in duty. I believe in joy.' They looked shocked to death. I could see it. But I stuck to it—and I stick to it.

"Only I know something else: That away on ahead of both duty and joy, there sits something or other that is what work really is inside. But that's beyond the A. class. And beyond the High School. And right on up into the universities. I 'most said, into the universalities."

In all of which I agree with my friend.

Evidently, she and I can make the joyful admission that we are free of the old Hebraic idea of work. But this only means that we have perhaps managed so to be born, physically or mentally, that the curse of toil is not individually upon us, as it is upon most of our fellows—a sad admission, after all, when we meant to be so joyful.

Given this supreme special privilege, and what does the day's work mean to her and to me? Not the handling of a tool to get comforts. Not work taken so seriously that every one else is miserable. Not work degraded by failure to recognise it. Not even the brandishing of a weapon to fight for some belief. Not, surely, the unconscious joy of the

job, when most of the people of the world never know what it is to have work which is joy, and never, then, know work in the real sense. And not, of course, by any means just a game. What then?

To me the first requisite of the day's work is that it be co-operative. And the co-operators are (1) The rest of the workers and drudges of the world; and (2) all those who are not workers or drudges. And the object of the day's work, whether or not one is conscious of that object, must be one which will affect, however remotely, that whole silent company of the people.

This sense, not of *me, working*, but of *the people, working*, I believe to be the lamp to light all work.

I am always wanting so much to tell it to women, the hundreds of thousands of women, who have the skill to perform a craft or a profession, but whom our system has tied to domestic work which they do not like, or to shop or factory work under conditions which they endure. They have the attitude of heroic, individual resignation. Things, they say, are as they are, and cannot be changed. It is necessary to accept, to renounce all thought of anything else, to go through the routine, as one's duty. This becomes life. And so long as one has the individualistic outlook, this is probably the best that one can do. One's relief then comes in looking forward to an individualistic heaven in which these things shall stop being so, and where there shall be rest and beauty and joy. First, observe, there shall be rest—eternal rest. The cessation of work, which under right conditions should be their greatest joy, becomes the greatest joy conceivable.

But the spirit of the day's work which I mean would say something else, namely: "Things are as they are, but they are

changing. It is necessary for the time being to accept, but it is essential not to renounce all thought of anything else. It is essential to work for something else. *We are the people, working.*" The day's work then will never consist in resignation to this task or that routine. It will be work with one hand while the other hand is stretched out to make way for those changes which shall transform work for us all. This is the validity of trade unionism, of the woman movement, of community awakening, of all constructive solidarity. These say good-bye to all the individual resignations. These say hail to every form of social growth. And this spirit makes all the difference between the day's drudgery and the day's work.

I confess that I do not see how people go on who have the individual outlook. The amount of the brute courage of endurance which has gone into resignation is enough, discreetly applied, to make the world over. It is the apotheosis of the destructive courage of the suicide or of the soldier. When work shall be done with socially constructive courage alone, and stoop neither to endurance nor to any destructive method, then the ancient Hebrew idea will begin to lift from the day's work of the world.

If I made a *credo* for the day's work, it would be something like this—and it would not be a *credo*, either, beginning *I believe*, but rather a *cognosco*, beginning as Charlotte Perkins Gilman's "*credos*" begin, with *I understand*:

I understand that my day's work is not much; but that the day's work of the race is everything.

I understand that individual relationship to spirit and to the rest of the race depends largely on the day's work of the race.

I understand that the growth of the race into its next form is largely conditioned by the day's work of the race.

I understand that as long as one man, woman, or child is missing what the day's work might be, I, too, am missing what the day's work might be.

Since a subject such as this is bound

to be personal anyway, I am going to risk including a letter which came to me lately. It said:

"Could Calliope Marsh [a character in some stories of mine] tell me whether or not it is necessary to be happy?

"Or is doing one's duty enough?

"I have reached a place where happiness and duty seem to be as far apart as the poles, and Calliope doesn't seem to say anything to help me.

"Can you?"

I quote the letter because it is the quandary of so many, and because I believe the answer to be:

"Neither is enough."

According to this definition of the day's work: Duty is not enough. And happiness is not enough. But the sense of *the people, working, the people, growing*, can be as intoxicating to the worker as any mob spirit. It is *the* mob spirit, which can make every day's work the real adventure. It lets one live not only to-day, but To-morrow.

I never pass foundry or factory or mill without wishing that they all knew. And every movement toward solidarity among workers, however crookedly expressed, is a precious thing, to be fostered, because it brings on the sense of *the people, working*. For a while groups of these workers will be at one another's throats, just as individuals have been at one another's throats. But how can that trouble anybody? We are by that much nearer to the great common day's work, the sense of which some of us are sharing now.

For the special privilege of creative work is that this work is essentially social from the beginning. All creative work, if it is well done, bears some special part in the genetic growth—and not merely organically, but magically, making short cuts for the race. From this truth the creative worker cannot get away by any babble about "art for art's sake." He can't help himself. If he does his work truly, he has done a social act. He has entered into the Common Day's Work. In him, therefore, this sense of co-operation, of *the people*,

working, may have its best developed expression. To him it is given most directly to play the game with zest, and to savour its joy.

Looking from the edges and the wings

of all this, this is what the day's work means to me. I should not want to feel that, no matter how widely I miss playing the game, I had missed knowing the rules.

THE DIVERS

BY AGNES LEE

*Divers of bodies,
What did you see,
Amid the waters,
The sluggish waters,
The swaying company,—
You, the divers,
The Eastland divers?*

Our weighted forms
Pierced the maze of a myriad swarming creatures,
A twining, grappling, headlong humanity.
We saw young girls
Pinned to the mire of the murky, the charnel river,
Like fair fresh flowers on the filthy breast of a hag.

Beautiful babes
Nestled within the dregs of the sluggish river.
Shadows, shadows, shadows, fading and looming,
Rose and re-rose,—
Manhood, womanhood, childhood turning together,
Wan human fish upwaving shoal on shoal.

Down again, and down again,
And up with living or dead again!
For we are divers,
The Eastland divers.

*Divers of souls,
What did you see,
Amid the waters,
The murky waters,
Confusion, fallacy,—
You, the divers,
The Eastland divers?*

Our searching eyes
Pierced the cold intrigue of the powers of error,
Of shadows, shadows, shadows, gliding and fading.
We pierced greed's rule.
We saw greed's hand, immune of abomination,
Push faith below to its death in the circling doom.

Sorrow we saw.
 It shall go pleading forever down the years,
 Telling the pitiless price of the frantic lesson.
 And still we saw
 The dream of a higher law for a higher people,
 The dream no charnel river shall wash away.

Down again, and down again,
 And up with a slimy truth again!
 For we are divers,
 The Eastland divers.

SOME NOVELS OF THE MONTH*

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

"THE RESEARCH MAGNIFICENT"

MR. H. G. WELLS is a writer of many manners and frequent surprises; yet there is no rashness in the statement that his latest volume, *The Research Magnificent*, is one of the most curious and thought-compelling of his works. He attempts in it, to say so many things and suggests so many more,—things dealing with the largest and most vital interests of life,—that one feels somewhat at a loss to know just how to sum the book up briefly and at the same time maintain a due sense of proportion regarding its salient points. In one sense, it is the life history of an exceptional man, a man who conceives of life as a boundless opportunity and believes that his first and greatest duty to himself is to surmount

*The Research Magnificent. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Story behind the Verdict. By Frank Danby. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Making Money. By Owen Johnson. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Story of Julia Page. By Kathleen Norris. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

The "Genius." By Theodore Dreiser. New York: The John Lane Company.

The Song of the Lark. By Willa Sibert Cather. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Jerusalem. By Selma Lagerlöf. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

or break down those hampering limitations through which all human beings are balked in their pursuit of their higher aims. His own briefest term for his ideal is the Aristocratic Life,—and "aristocratic" as he uses the word has nothing in common with rank and title, but means simply doing consistently and under all conditions what he regards as the noblest and finest thing to do, regardless of the difficulty or the danger. As a psychological study of an exceptional man, self-willed, erratic, even slightly unbalanced, this volume is admirable for its ruthless vivisection and penetrating insight. But, on the other hand, while studying the exceptional individual it is equally luminous in its implied criticism of humanity in general, and of the reasons for the great dead level of mediocre and uninspired lives. To be more specific, the story of William Porphyry Benham falls conveniently into three subdivisions, each of which deals in succession with one of the three great human limitations which he meets and overcomes. The first is the Limitation of Fear. Looking back at his childhood, Benham cannot remember a time when he was not terribly afraid, afraid of the dark, afraid of dogs, of cows, of a hundred and one dangers real or imaginary; and his first vague glimmer of the ideal of the Aristocratic Life is when he determines that he will not yield to fear, that the more afraid he is

the more determinedly will he force himself to walk into the jaws of danger. To his great joy he makes the discovery that fear precedes the dangerous act, that during the actual crisis the horrible agony of suspense gives way to a strange exaltation, a sense of infinite triumph. Yet all his life fear remains, and the battle has to be fought over again hourly. The second great limitation is the Limitation of Sex, which he discovers in early adolescence. To attain the Aristocratic Life, a man must be free; and Benham discovers that the love of women is a bondage, something that hampers him and disturbs his ideals. Fleeting attachments, loves of a day or an hour, he easily puts behind him; but just as he thinks that he has escaped from the snare of sex, he meets Amanda, a girl "as clean as the wind," who made him feel at first sight as though "there was a sword in her spirit." He had meant to spend years roaming the world; and the sudden thought comes, why should they not marry and roam together? There is a memorable three weeks' honeymoon and then, suddenly, Benham discovers that his glorious Amanda is sadly conventional after all, that her idea of married life is not roaming the world untrammelled, but settling down in London, knowing just the right people and going to endless teas and receptions. And because, in his eyes, she is still desirable, she bends him for a while to her will. But the day comes when he rises triumphantly above this new and strongest bondage, is deaf to her entreaties, and leaves her, lonely and unprotected, while he seeks wonderful and perilous adventures in distant lands. Then, one day, letters reach him which bring him face to face with the third limitation, the Limitation of Jealousy. This, also, he sets himself to conquer, and he knows he can do it in but one way. Jealousy is a suspicion: knowledge will be the cure. He speeds back to England with his mind in a chaos. He finds his wife in another man's arms, and straightway he knows that he has ceased to love her and that jealousy is

dead. This brief epitome does not begin to convey an adequate impression of what the book really means. At best, it can serve only to stimulate curiosity. And that is precisely what the reviewer's first duty should be, in the case of a book so unusual, so stimulating and so deeply in earnest.

"THE STORY BEHIND THE VERDICT"

The series of mysterious crimes hidden behind bungling verdicts by coroner's juries makes up the contents of Frank Danby's new volume which, while interesting as a clever example of the Sherlock Holmes type of story, is a curious and radical departure from the customary methods of the author of *Pigs in Clover*. The character which gives the volume its chief interest is Keightley Wilbur, a young novelist and playwright, master of the epigram and paradox and possessed of an unwholesome love for ferreting out ugly deeds. Keightley Wilbur is first brought to our notice as star witness in the case of Pierre Lamotte, a distinguished writer, who met his death by drowning while a guest on board Mr. Wilbur's houseboat. The two men, together with two ladies, also guests, had, according to the evidence given at the inquest, spent a very pleasant and quiet evening; the Japanese butler had withdrawn after serving dinner. The other witnesses denied any altercation during the evening or any suspicious noise after they had retired. Yet the Frenchman's body was found the next day floating in the river. The coroner's blunder lay in neglecting to call one other witness, a physician who visited the house-boat for a brief half-hour on the evening in question and who could have testified to the fact that he had gone there for the purpose of showing his four friends how to smoke opium. Cross examination might then have led the way to the real story: how the Frenchman, under the influence of the unaccustomed drug, suddenly developed a violent attachment for the younger woman and how Keightley, under the same influence, avenged the insult by

pushing his friend into the water, never thinking, in his dazed condition, that the other perhaps did not know how to swim. The circumstances under which Keightley subsequently tells real facts to a friend, forms another sub-current of narrative which recurs intermittently through the succeeding stories and is quite outside of the stories themselves. Of course Keightley's morbid interest in coroner's inquests springs from the burden of his own secret crime and from a haunting belief that it will sooner or later be expiated. And, in point of fact, fate does finally exact a heavy toll, although in a somewhat different way from that which Keightley had expected.

"THE STORY OF JULIA PAGE"

The Story of Julia Page, by Kathleen Norris, seems naturally to call for mention while Frank Danby is still in mind, because it succeeds in doing convincingly and with clear-cut, unwavering artistry what the English writer almost achieved in *The Heart of a Child*,—namely, to answer the question whether a female child born in the slums and bred in the gutter, growing up in ignorance and left to shift for herself, can through her own unaided efforts guard herself from temptation and danger and eventually achieve culture and refinement and an enviable social position. Sally Snape, Frank Danby's quite incredible heroine, managed to keep herself technically unspotted through the miraculous intervention of fate, just in the nick of time whenever designing profligates threatened her virtue; and eventually she won her reward by marrying a fortune and a title while the dialect of the street and the music hall were still upon her lips. All of which savoured of a Grimm's fairy tale translated into twentieth century terms. Julia Page, on the contrary, rings true as steel from start to finish. She is a real personality and one that refuses to be forgotten. Like her mother before her she is the child of the working class, fairly successful wage-earners, but shiftless, improvident, hopelessly slovenly. The condition of the home of her child-

hood, with its grimy floors and walls, its tattered Nottingham lace curtains that fail to hide the fly-specked windows, its litter of soiled and ragged garments, its haunting odour of stale food, leaves upon the reader's mind an insistent nightmare impression of human sordidness. Just how Julia Page received her first incentive to try to raise herself; how the sting of some scornful comment overheard by chance made her realise her own crass ignorance and bad manners; how, in her slow, upward climb, fate just once failed to intervene in an hour of danger; and how, in spite of the fact that she was not technically unsullied, she nevertheless, thanks to her clean soul and brave honesty, won the love and respect of a sterling man,—all this is told infinitely better by the author herself. But what the reviewer wishes to emphasise is the fine artistic balance, the unobtrusive and yet pervading contrast between the beginning and the end; the merciless insistence upon the disorder, the uncleanness, the lack of thrift in the opening scenes and the exquisite harmony and refinement and perfect order of the English home in which we leave the heroine. Kathleen Norris is to be congratulated upon an achievement of considerable magnitude.

"MAKING MONEY"

In his latest volume, *Making Money*, Mr. Owen Johnson does not seem to have felt the necessity of troubling himself overmuch to achieve a remarkably new and strong and original plot. A reviewer, overlooking the real intentions of the book, and looking only for a sheer thread of narrative, would probably epitomise it somewhat as follows: a young man, full of ambition and the joy of living, is lucky enough to fall in love with one of the daughters of a Wall Street magnate who, approving the girl's choice, determines to give the young fellow his chance to make his fortune. Unfortunately, a sensitive conscience is a bad handicap in Wall Street. The young man develops a precocious genius for the big game, but on one or two vital oc-

casions he guesses wrong; and while his future father-in-law so manipulates things that the youth himself wins instead of losing, his mistaken advice to his friends has left a sad trail of ruin, disgrace and suicide. Consequently, he refuses to accept the profits of dishonest transaction, leaves Wall Street and starts in at the bottom to learn mechanical engineering, which, if physically dirty, is morally clean. Incidentally, his betrothed, who loves wealth and glitter and adulation, breaks her engagement. But since she happens to have a younger sister who is sane and sensible and not afraid of poverty with the man she loves, everything works out quite as it should. Told in this strain, the story sounds, it must be confessed, rather uninspired. But what Mr. Johnson seems to have wanted to do is not so much to tell a story as to portray a certain mood of youth, a certain phase of human development. He shows us, first, the wonderful pageant of New York, the ceaseless flow down Fifth Avenue of beauty and wealth and ambition,—and all this is seen and magnified through the eyes of a young man, a recent graduate from college, who has returned after a long absence, fired with the golden hopes of youth, ready to take the world by storm and looking upon New York as a great and glorious opportunity. He is rather pathetic, he is so brave, so sanguine, so extremely young; he has such an infinite number of things to learn, such an endless amount of mental and moral readjusting to undergo. Seen from this point of view, the volume is really a history of that readjusting, the story of how a boy grows up into a man. The book does not have the evenness that we expect from Mr. Johnson, and there is a falling off in the sheer writing of it, toward the end, that makes one wonder whether the keen enthusiasm with which he started had not begun to wane. Yet the fact remains that he has handled certain vital issues of life with firm purpose. And one must be a rather hard-hearted and cynical critic not to find a soft place in one's heart for his uncon-

ventional and altogether refreshing little heroine, Patsie.

"THE 'GENIUS'"

Mr. Theodore Dreiser is a figure which refuses to be ignored in contemporary fiction. He has an undeniable strength of a certain sort, and he carries on some of the distinctive features of the French naturalistic school in a decade when they are in danger of becoming a lost art. And yet his volumes, especially the later ones, leave behind them a sense of disappointment, a feeling that somehow or other they have just fallen short of being really big. There are, to be sure, big pages, even big chapters here and there. He has the gift of taking the human animal and turning him inside out pitilessly, and then seeming to say sardonically, "There, whether you like it or not, that is what men and women are really like!" He can do this sort of thing with such unblushing thoroughness that there are times when the reader has a sense of physical discomfort in the presence of humanity stripped so bare. The tendency to depict this side of life seems to have grown upon him, reaching, let us hope, its culmination in *The "Genius."* The central character, Eugene Witla, is defined by the author as "an artist who, pagan to the core, enjoyed reading the Bible for its artistry of expression, and Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Spinoza and James for the mystery of things which they suggested." But a pagan may still sense the joys of living; he may have deep-rooted passions for the beautiful and the true; he may worship faithfully at some single shrine,—but not so Eugene Witla. He thinks that he loves, not one but many women, successively, simultaneously, as it may happen: but of fidelity he does not know even the definition. He has the promiscuity of a Turk, and the callousness of a slave-driver. Women are pretty toys, to be taken up, played with and tossed aside, when his mood has cooled. To one girl only, Angela Blue, he gives the semblance of loyalty; yet after keeping her waiting year after year for him to fulfil

his promise of marriage, he does not scruple to seduce her under her own father's roof. And the only reason why he later redeems his promise and makes her his wife is not from any sense of pity or remorse, but from cowardice,—she has threatened to drown herself, and his artistic soul shrinks from the thought of how her dead body would look in the water. It is quite possible that Mr. Dreiser meant to depict a somewhat different character from what he has actually done. It is equally possible that the reviewer has failed to interpret him correctly. The trouble may be partly that he has shown us his hero a little too intimately, and thus has bred the proverbial contempt. It is not unlikely that he has meant him for a sort of American substitute for Maupassant's *Bel-Ami*,—but there is a gulf between them. The Frenchman understood the great value of reticence and implication. We do not know how many other women than those mentioned in his pages figured in the butterfly life of his amorous hero; but we sense the abiding memory of their vanished faces, the echo of their bygone tears and laughter. Mr. Dreiser gives us no chance for flights of fancy. All the women, and there are throngs of them, who figured in Eugene Witla's life are recorded with the fidelity of a dictograph; one affair endures for seventeen days, another for a specified number of weeks,—passion reduced to the prose of daily entry bookkeeping. As has already been admitted, there are some quite wonderful pages on certain subjects, as for instance the mixed emotions of a young art student the first time that he draws from a female model in the life class, and again, later in the volume, a child-birth scene unequalled in frankness since Zola wrote *La Joie de Vivre*. But episodes of this sort do not in themselves constitute great fiction; they are merely pardonable if the fiction is of big enough magnitude to be its own justification.

"THE SONG OF THE LARK"

The Song of the Lark, by Willa Sibert Cather, is one of those volumes

about which opinions may quite honestly differ. To the reader who appreciates a pleasant style, a keen observance of the little things of life, and an indulgent understanding of plain, simple souls, her portraiture of the daily, plodding routine of a Methodist minister's family in a remote Colorado town will bring a few hours of quiet but very genuine enjoyment. On the other hand, any one who demands action, a strong, well-knit plot carefully worked out with an ever-watchful eye for the greatest economy of means, will feel a growing irritation at the placid, casual manner in which things happen, the patient acceptance of life that characterises her people, the phlegmatic temperament of the Swedes, who play a dominant part in the story. Reduced to its simplest elements, this is the history of Thea Kronborg, from her early childhood in the town of Moonstone, until in ripe young womanhood she returns from her musical studies abroad, achieves fame in Wagnerian rôles, and marries a Chicago millionaire, who has the wisdom not to interfere with her professional career. Stated in this form, this story has a rather familiar ring: the poor but worthy young woman with a latent artistic talent, which some man, more or less disinterested, helps to develop, recurs at fairly regular intervals. In the present case a slight novelty is introduced by making the benefactor a wealthy benefactor, a wealthy engineer, who secretly loved her, abiding his time until she should be old enough for marriage, and died leaving a life insurance policy in her name. But, as already intimated, the interest of Miss Cather's story is only secondarily in the plot. She has created a group of real persons; she takes us into their home and makes us share in their joys and sorrows, with a quickening sympathy such as we give to our friends in the real world. And that is a gift that is perhaps quite as rare as a genius for plot-building.

"JERUSALEM"

The central episode which gives the title to Selma Lagerlöf's *Jerusalem*, just

issued in the English version by Velma Swanston Howard, is based upon the historic event of a religious pilgrimage which set forth in the last century from the author's own district, Dalecarlia. As is pointed out by Henry Goddard Leach, who provides an appreciative and discriminating introduction, the volume is not merely an exposition of the effect upon a prosaic community of a religious revival sweeping them out of their routine, arousing them to forsake home, and land and country, and fare forth into unguessed privations and dangers. It is more than that; it is the tragedy, the futility that the author has suggested between the lines,—the heart-ache of those who went and of those who were left behind. The full intensity of the drama which forms the central thread of the personal narrative is perhaps apt to be missed by American readers, to whom the old homestead is far from being the

sacred possession that it is to the peasantry of Selma Lagerlöf's land. Among them "attachment to the land is life itself. Hearts are broken in the struggle which permits Karen to sacrifice the Ingmar Farm to obey the inward voice that summons her on her religious pilgrimage, and which leads her brother, on the other hand, to abandon the girl of his heart and his life's personal happiness in order to win back the farm." To those readers who appreciate the rare blending of qualities that make Selma Lagerlöf the true artist that she is, the concluding chapter is to be especially commended. It is seldom that such pathos, such tragedy, such exaltation has been achieved with such simplicity of diction, such almost stoic self-restraint. It sets the nerves to tingling and wrings the heart, after the fashion of just a few of the world's great funeral marches.

LIGHT-HEARTED NOVELS*

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

THE most outstanding quality of this fall's fiction, take it by and large, is its light-heartedness. There are, of course,

*The Old Order Changeth. By Archibald Marshall. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Co-Citizens. By Corra Harris. Illustrated by Hanson Booth. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Peter Paragon: A Tale of Youth. By John Palmer. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Mr. Bingle. By George Barr McCutcheon. Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Prairie Wife. By Arthur Stringer. Illustrated in colour by H. T. Dunn. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Shadows of Flames. By Amélie Rives (Princess Troubetzkoy). Frontispiece in colour by Alfred James Dewey. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Wooing of Rosamond Fayre. By Berta Ruck (Mrs. Oliver Onions). New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Inner Law. By Will N. Harben. New York: Harper and Brothers.

many serious novels among its hundreds of books. But they serve only, like an occasional clump of evergreen shrubs in a field of flowers, to make more marked by contrast the general brightness and gayety. I do not remember a publishing season, not even a spring season, in which the purpose of fiction to entertain rather than to stir thought or feeling is always more marked than it is in the autumn, when so large a proportion of the novels looked out upon life with a smiling face. Even from England, England with her decimated homes, her training camps, her millions waiting tensely for the dread casualty lists, comes a goodly number of these gay and laughing stories. With the whole world filled as never before with horror and heartache and its attention absorbed by appalling things, the novelists, like birds breaking into song in the shattered tree-tops of a battlefield, are telling us blithely of love and

youth and joyous days and lives that are happy and glad. Let us be grateful to them, for it is good to forget, if only for a little while. Not all of the novels reviewed below forget the serious side of life, or even regard it in light-hearted mood. But most of them aim to bring smiles to the reader's face rather than serious thoughts to his mind.

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH"

Mr. Marshall's story is a markedly serious novel and it dramatises in a life-like way those omens of an uprooting change in English life which the war makes still more menacing. At the end, one of the characters, the son of a self-made multi-millionaire who had bought an old estate, says to another whose ancestors had owned it for centuries:

You have seemed to belong to it, and we never have. But even that is altering now. . . . But nothing will be quite like it was when the war is over. The changes have begun already and they will grow bigger. But one can leave all that for the present. There are things to be done. When I do come back, if I do, there'll be other things to be done, but they won't be the same as before.

Those sentences give the keynote of expectancy with which all England seems to wait for some birth from the womb of war whose form and significance are as yet unknown. The author emphasises it still more in his closing sentences, when he speaks of the great house of the estate, with all its long history, having been changed into a hospital: "Never had Kemsale looked like that before, never had its innumerable rooms been so full of meaning. The graciousness of the old life and the empty show of the new had alike been swept away. It was shortly to become a house of pain, but a house of healing, too. What it should become hereafter could not yet be foreseen, but it would never again be quite what it had been before." It is evident that in Mr. Marshall's mind Kemsale is symbolical of the nation.

Archibald Marshall has for some years

been slowly forging forward toward the front ranks of English novelists, but neither in his own country nor in this has he received the consideration which his work deserves for its artistic excellence, its truthful reflection of whatever phases of English life it essays to picture and its intellectual values. In the first two of these features he is beginning to do for his own generation work which in quality and service is comparable with that of Trollope's for the middle Victorian years, while in its significance, its understanding of tendencies, its intellectual value, it is better than Trollope's, for it shows, in addition to its material picture of life, the moving spirit below the surface.

This new novel, which continues several characters of some of his previous books, makes a minute and careful study of the people concerned in and the events issuing from the sale of a great estate by the spendthrift son of a long line of titled ancestors to an immensely rich man who has risen by his own shrewdness and capacity out of the middle class. There is much detail, exquisitely handled, which in its sum gives full-length pictures of a great number of characters, notable among them being the rich financier and an old squire who embodies the past and clings to the old order.

"THE CO-CITIZENS"

Mrs. Harris is essentially a caricaturist. So thoroughly is her talent controlled by the spirit of caricature that she uses its methods when she does not need them, when, even, they are a detriment. In this new story, as in most of her fiction, she portrays her characters with bold, outlining strokes that are chiefly concerned with and emphasise absurd or more or less offensive peculiarities of appearance, custom or character. Her method makes an excellent weapon, as caricature always does, for the flaying of human faults and frailties, but it is never, as caricature is never, quite true to the reality. Her scene is a sleepy Southern town and her theme its waking up and shaking up by an unusual sort of

woman suffrage propaganda which enlists almost the whole of the feminine population. The rich woman of the town dies and leaves all her wealth to a "Co-Citizens' Foundation Fund" to be used by all the women of the place in getting woman suffrage for the county. The result is a striking example of the importance to the novelist of his point of view. An author much in earnest might have taken the same theme and made out of it a solemn and intense story without a smile in it from first page to last. But Mrs. Harris views the scene she creates with an amused and satiric eye which never ceases to twinkle even when she is now and then deftly pushing forward something of highly serious significance and her story bubbles with humour from beginning to end.

"PETER PARAGON: A TALE OF YOUTH"

A "tale of youth" it truly is—youthful years, enthusiasms, ideals, fickleness, fineness and general loveliness. Peter is a dear boy from the time he steps into the story at the end of his teens until the story leaves him, a radiant young husband, in his early twenties. He is essentially of fine fibre and of those born to abominate and do battle with dragons and so he comes through the temptations and past the pitfalls of youth clean and fine and with his eyes still on the stars. The author deserves thanks for having put into fiction one young Englishman whose youth is not a continuous beastly mess of fleshly infatuations and experiments. In the gallery of portraits which English novelists have been giving us of late years of their young countrymen, Mr. Palmer's Peter is indeed a Paragon. Nevertheless, he is a very real creation, complex of nature, a manly young fellow, and stands out from the pages, high-strung, vital, very much alive. Almost as interesting as Peter, and quite as well portrayed, is Peter's mother, a calm-eyed, placid-minded, understanding woman as restful as a still country landscape in the sunset light. It is a happy book, shining with the brave, bright, exalted spirit of youth.

"MR. BINGLE"

Although Mr. Tom Bingle titles Mr. McCutcheon's new story and fills the centre of the stage through most of the action, it is "The Christmas Carol," Dickens's ever-beloved "Christmas Carol," that is the real hero. Mr. Bingle is, indeed, a sort of incarnation of the "Carol" and, what with its spirit informing him throughout the year and its bodily presence in his hand and its words sounding from his lips on every Christmas Eve, the story about him is wholly and thoroughly a Christmas story. And, as if to make it even more Christmassy, the author indulges himself not a little in methods and mannerisms beloved of Dickens, prince of all Christmas storytellers. Mr. Bingle is a hundred-dollar-a-month bank clerk with a heart as big and as warm as his purse is small and thin. He and his wife give all the pleasure their poverty will allow to all the children they can gather together at Christmas time. His kind heart and Christian compassion bring them unexpected wealth, whereupon they begin to adopt children. The story tells how their fortunes rise and fall, with never a change in Mr. Bingle's genial nature and warm heart and kind deeds. Mr. McCutcheon has provided a plot of some ingenuity and complication as the framework of his story, but Mr. Bingle as an incarnated "Christmas Carol" is its chief feature and dominating interest.

"THE PRAIRIE WIFE"

Reading the story of *The Prairie Wife*, which Mr. Stringer allows her to tell in her own words through the medium of intimate letters to an old friend, one is reminded of how seldom it is that a man novelist attempts to write, one might say, with a petticoated pen, and how frequently women novelists endeavour to clothe their pens in trousers. And it must be admitted that the petticoating is usually more successful than the trousering. Mr. Stringer's *Prairie Wife* nowhere betrays the sex of her creator with a masculine note or accent in her voice. She is a temperamental

creature, too, and feminine in high degree. At the opening of the story she has, after brief acquaintance and on sudden impulse, just married the Other Man and journeyed with him to his shack in the wide wheatlands of Canada, the man to whom she had been engaged until within a day or two of her wedding having received her engagement ring flung "straight against his stately chest." The reader is likely to be puzzled a good deal by the capable and efficient way in which she, hitherto accustomed only to wealth and luxury, rolls up her sleeves and plunges into the housework, the cooking and the washing and ironing as soon as she arrives at the shabby dot on the prairie that is their home. Her spirits are high, she is brimming with vitality and her mood is usually gay and happy. She is something of a minx, too, and leads her big, Scotch-Canadian husband a lively race. She tells with plenty of humour and rattling gayety the story of their first year or so, weaving into the tale the few other human beings that wander across their path during that time, relating frankly the difficulties through which they stumble in the course of adjusting themselves to one another and describing vividly the scenes and portents and events to which nature treats the northwest country.

"SHADOWS OF FLAMES"

A novel of nearly six hundred closely printed pages is a new departure for Amélie Rives. And between it and *The Quick or the Dead* the distance is long, whether measured in terms of time, of knowledge, or of art. In that first story, whose crudities startled a little even while its emotional force and its storytelling instinct stirred admiration, spoke a young, untrained voice thrilling with the inner compulsion that bade it express its own instinctive understanding of life. In this last book one hears measured, art-trained tones putting into story form a philosophy of life, telling how it is necessary first to lose one's life if one would possess it truly, to cast aside all happiness in order to be truly happy. So

does her heroine pass through the fires with which life disciplines before she can be taught wherein lies the greatest good. And she does indeed have a ghastly time, in the full, grisly sense of that overworked and distorted word. The author's readers are likely to grumble that she might have spared them some of the tortures through which she conducts poor Sophy. And surely the gods of realistic fiction might have been placated with less than two hundred pages of detailed and probably accurate description of the doings of the heroine's morphinomaniac husband and the drug's effects upon him. Three times does Sophy feel the exalting power of love, and each time does it result in the chastening of her soul. The story of it all is told with intimate detail and artistic restraint, with discrimination in the choice and handling of material, with much keen insight into the human soul, with sustained emotional strength and dramatic power. But, as a personal matter, I would much rather read *The Quick or the Dead*.

"THE WOOING OF ROSAMOND FAYRE"

As bright and pretty as its own heroine, with her golden hair and rose pink gown, Berta Ruck's gay little romance reminds one of an eighteenth century comedy, although it is so entirely up to date as to have its last chapters plunged into the war. A lovely girl, irresistibly feminine, is the secretary of another girl, young and wealthy, whose heart and mind and life are given over to good works. She hasn't even time to write her own love letters to her fiancé, doing man's-size work far away in South America. So the secretary writes them for her and unintentionally puts into them some of her own personality. And of course when the young man returns there are complications, which the author has tangled up with real ingenuity. She has a pleasing knack also of circling all around and about a situation, seeing all its possibilities and talking them over with vivacity and humour. She writes with a light and dainty touch and some of her characterisations are both true

and amusing. If she would refrain from dipping her pen quite so often into romantic syrup instead of real ink she would promise exceedingly well as a writer of vivacious and entertaining fiction comedy.

"THE INNER LAW"

Always seeing life rather tensely and even sometimes austere, Mr. Harben here mitigates not in the least his insistence upon high ideals and the surety of punishment for those who deny the claims of the spirit. His hero is a young Georgian, of birth, breeding, education and fortune. His aim is to become a poet and his ambitions and the hopes of his friends are high. An uncle, suffering still the pangs of remorse for the sins of his youth, warns him of the taint in the blood of his ancestral line which makes them lustful and weak of will where women are concerned and begs him to keep

his spirit master over his flesh. But the young man wrongs a girl of poor family, falls in with bad company and presently goes to Europe, where he lives until middle-age, amusing himself in dilettante ways, seeking pleasure where he can find it and sinking ever lower into the mire of selfishness and self-indulgence. But at last his eyes are opened to true sight of himself and his spiritual re-birth brings him home to endeavour to right, as far as possible, the wrong he had done so many years before. Somewhat stiff and formal in its conversations and perhaps more concerned with preaching its sermon than with faithfully mirroring life and character, Mr. Harben's story must yet be credited with being a serious, idealistic effort to disentangle the spiritual truths of life from their material overgrowths and show how they distil their own punishments for those who ignore them.

SIX BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I. II. III.

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE'S "WHAT IS BACK OF THE WAR"—G. H. PERRIS'S "THE CAMPAIGN OF 1914 IN FRANCE AND BELGIUM"—HILAIRE BELLOC'S "THE ELEMENTS OF THE GREAT WAR"*

IN matters of dispute we inevitably decide along the line of our emotional prejudices. When diplomatists are hurling variegated coloured volumes at each other the layman, anxious impartially to get at the roots, has no defence except to assume an attitude and hold to it tenaciously. Yet the more one reads of the new books on the war the more one feels that morality is not a national asset, and

*What Is Back of the War. By Albert J. Beveridge. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Campaign of 1914 in France and Belgium. By G. H. Perris. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The Elements of the Great War. By Hilaire Belloc. New York: Hearst International Library.

that "the wrong is mixed"; that while, emotionally, we may condemn, we must recognise that essential facts are debatable. Certainly such is the impression after reading these three books, which, incidentally, offer an interesting comment on the personal equation. For it seems well nigh impossible to remain impartial, and, as Robert Dunn pointed out in *On Five Fronts*, the observer loses his neutrality the more he sees "the other side." Two of these books are frankly pro-Ally, and Mr. Beveridge's book, in spite of an honest effort, contains a sneaking sympathy for the Teutons. It is more concerned with the human element, too, placing strong emphasis upon the causes, as seen by the leaders on both sides. It is a record of opinion. Hilaire Belloc's brilliant volume is essentially a military history, with special emphasis upon strategy, though he, like Mr. Perris, also analyses the historical causes which has motivated the cataclysm. The latter, in

fact, steers a middle course in his *Campaign of 1914 in France and Belgium*. He discusses the technic of the battle-fields as well as the human elements of which they are composed.

Ex-Senator Beveridge's position apparently gave him unusual facilities for seeing the whole German scheme. Though many of the chapters, which originally appeared as articles, deal with conditions on the firing line, the most important sections of his volume are those collating the various views held by the leaders themselves. Among those interviewed were Professor von Harnack, Albert Ballin, head of the Hamburg-American line; Walter Rathenau, head of the General Electric Company; Dr. Albert Südekin, the leader of the Social Democratic party; Admiral von Tirpitz, General von Hindenburg and the Emperor. Nothing is quoted of the interview with the latter, while the other leaders personally approved of the conversations as Mr. Beveridge records them. Three deductions are made: the German people are a unit in support of this war; they believe they will triumph; they feel that England is the arch-enemy who really brought about this catastrophe. One interesting fact may be mentioned in relation to von Bernhardt's famous book: Professor von Harnack, for example, states that he did not even know of its existence till after the war had started. In answer to the accusation that Germany was dominated by this arch-militarist, Dr. Schmidt adds that only six thousand copies were published, not all of which were sold.

In turning from these interviews to those which Mr. Beveridge had with the French and English leaders, one sees how hopelessly divided the world of thought is, and how strong and irrevocable is the spirit of nationalism. In the very picturesque scenes along the French front one notes the same whole-heartedness which comes through feeling one is right. It is this which makes the war such a hopeless tragedy, leaving its settlement to force rather than to ethics, which, indeed, seem sadly confused and

trampled on throughout. Yet Mr. Beveridge, in a very suggestive final chapter, is not pessimistic over the ultimate outcome. Without venturing on prophecy as to which side will win, he is certain that there will result, "except in Russia, an immeasurable advance of democracy, expressed in terms of collectivism." The reservation is made about Russia because of her peculiar culture and mission:

One who has stood within the circle of fire has seen many cherished ideas vanish and favourite phrases lose their applicability. One of these is that this war is a contest between absolutism and democracy . . . democratic collectivism is being forged in the warring countries, more quickly and more firmly than decades of peace have done. . . . Indeed, if only the laws already passed remain in operation after peace, Western Europe will have undergone a revolution in that regard. For stern necessity has forced the practical application of so many hitherto unaccepted theories that almost it may be said that the principle of collectivism is conducting the war. It is natural for Germany to take the lead in this. . . . In France the same tendency is observable. . . . Many persons assert that the government at present is a military dictatorship under the forms of a parliamentary government and responsible ministry. . . . Under the Commandeering Bill, the whole industry of the British Islands may be turned from private profit to public service, with compensation by the State.

As the title implies, Mr. Perris's volume is more a statement of the military history than a compilation of opinions. Though he severely castigates Germany for the violation of Belgium neutrality and her alleged pillage, he cannot help admiring her military efficiency. Beginning with the attack on Liège, he traces minutely the military manoeuvres to the battle of the Marne. Several interesting deductions are made concerning strategy: one, that in modern warfare there are no more independent, free-moving armies, and that every part of the battle line is dependent upon every other part; second, that fortifications are not so im-

portant as an army in the field. This particular question is also elaborately discussed in Mr. Belloc's analysis. Though both authors are compelled to discuss the campaign with the material furnished by Sir John French in his admirable reports, Mr. Perris is less technical. Mr. Belloc has a larger historical background, is more academic and algebraic. Yet a reading of these two books will give a complimentary and clear idea of the large scope of the campaign and the theory of modern strategy. It would be unfair not to mention the very admirable sidelights and anecdotes which continually shift through Mr. Perris's pages, particularly those descriptive of Paris in the early days of the war, and in the various villages after they had been violated. The author makes no attempt to conceal his indignation over the whole German theory of war, though his book is not a sensational seasoning of atrocities. As a former secretary of the Anglo-German Friendship Committee, he writes with a pen saddened over the whole tragedy.

Mr. Belloc is always an Englishman, but his *Elements of a Great War* is an unemotional statement of its mechanics. Intended as an introductory volume to a series which will run throughout the war, this study presents the contending theories and shows the inevitability of conflict. War, as he points out, is a conflict of national wills. The general causes lie in history as these wills have been developed. The particular causes were:

The curious challenge thrown down to Great Britain by the German fleet *before* the German Empire had made secure its position on the Continent; the French advance upon Morocco; the coalition of the Balkan States against the remainder of the Turkish Empire in Europe.

He then proceeds to discuss the particular occasion of the war. The main part of the book, however, is a detailed examination of the military forces themselves, and a presentation of the way each nation had predicated its manner

of fighting. The various theories are contrasted with what actually happened. Then follows a strategical analysis of each battle up to the Marne. To many students this book will be welcome, because it will enable them to gain a sense of the fundamental ideas which compel each combatant upon the field. It is a cold, impersonal presentation of war and how it is fought, yet in many respects the most valuable which has come from England. It shows that mathematics is the controlling fact, and that the true heroes of the war will be angles and trajectory.

George Middleton.

IV V

J. A. HAMMERTON'S "THE REAL ARGENTINE"—W. H. KOEBEL'S "THE SOUTH AMERICANS"*

Of making books on the southern half of our hemisphere there seems to be no end just at present. If the northern half of the Americas does not know how the other half lives it will not be the fault of writers and publishers! When two books on a similar subject are published simultaneously, or nearly so, by the same firm, it is a temptation to deal with them at the same time in the scope of the same review. These two books lend themselves well to such treatment, both in the lines of their approach as well as of their dissimilarity. Mr. Hammerton's book is by far the most readable, and—whether from this reason or some other—sounds the most dependable from the point of view of accuracy of observation and statement. At least, this would be the opinion of the general public, which knows little about South America and reads books on the subject for information.

In his preface Mr. Hammerton utters a word of warning on the subject of the many books written on South America lately. He tells us that many of the volumes by American writers are based on

*The Real Argentine. By J. A. Hammerton. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The South Americans. By W. H. Koebel. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

government statistics or are the results of a fleeting visit, and are so apt to be informed by a "spirit of indiscriminate admiration that they present misleading and untrue notions of the countries described." Others, he warns us, are subsidised advertisements in the form of books paid for by the governments of the respective republics of which they treat. Many works written in English by Englishmen or Americans are of this nature. The best books on the subject have been written in French or German, he tells us, and he himself makes frequent use of a book by M. Jules Huret.

Mr. Hammerton lived in Buenos Ayres and other Argentine towns for over a year, in intimate business relations with the natives of various classes. A man of trained powers of observation and a practised writer, he has put what he saw and experienced in so well ordered and attractive a form that the picture stands complete and vivid in the reader's mind after putting down the book. It is a picture of a new young nation in a country of only half-developed possibilities, a nation with all the crudeness and raw lack of proportion characteristic of youth, but with all the splendid hopefulness and energy of youth. It is a nation many of whose traits we recognise as having been ours but a short while ago—some of which may still be ours as Mr. Hammerton, who knows and likes us well, hints with kindly humour—but with this difference, that in the main our civilisation is that of the northern race, whereas the Argentine, as indeed all South America, is pre-eminently Latin in character. Mr. Hammerton does not spare his own people, and he acknowledges with engaging frankness that his dislike for certain phases of life in the Argentine Republic may be due to a British pigheadedness. Still there is a ring of truth about his portrayal which renders his chatty pages far more valuable, in really getting at the heart of people and country, than many a weary chapter of statistics would be. The polished simplicity and easy intimacy of his style are

of themselves sufficient to recommend his book, even were the subject not so interesting or so well treated.

The book is particularly valuable to North Americans in that the writer's comparisons are largely made on values of New York and our other great cities. He does not deal with the new nations of our southern hemisphere in units of the Old World, knowing how widely far apart such comparisons would lead him. Also, he has an understanding of economics that makes it possible for him to comprehend many things in the development, or lack of it, of the Argentine, which have otherwise remained a mystery to many writers of the type he mentions in his introduction.

It is hard to know where to begin, in the space of a short review, to treat in detail of Mr. Hammerton's book. His intimate glimpses of differing types of South Americans, his vivid and amusing pictures of street life in Buenos Ayres, with its surprises and its disappointments; his really valuable insight into the business life of a busy young nation, and his pages on the economic basis of Argentine life, particularly that vital part of it, the system of land tenure, are all alike interesting and enlightening. Fascinating odd contrasts are shown—the splendid bookshops of Buenos Ayres with their rich stocks (alas for us, England and America are represented largely by light fiction, whereas Germany, France and Spain, send richly of their more solid literature) . . . these splendid bookshops are in the same town which seems about the worst paved of any of the world's best cities, and where a lack of humanity to man and animal shocks the Anglo-Saxon visitor on every hand.

Possibly the most interesting chapters to American readers who are students of our own public problems are those which deal with emigration. The Italian furnishes the great bulk of the emigrants to the Argentine, and his progress there contains in its history many a rare human document. The manner in which the climate and conditions of life react on emigrants of various nationalities, and

the manner in which various races from the Old World influence the development of the New, is told with keen lucidity.

An important subject which other writers of South America have touched on is well handled by Mr. Hammerton. This is the deep-rooted distrust of all the southern republics for their mighty sister in the north—the North American menace, it is called below the Equator.

The Republic of the United States, comparatively little known and exercising very small influence throughout South America, is looked upon with increasing suspicion. The making of the Panama Canal, instead of appealing to South Americans as a great new factor in their economic lives, is viewed in many quarters as the first step toward attacking their existence as independent nations. The United States are suspected of an aggressive policy toward the South, and with such diplomats as Mr. Theodore Roosevelt publicly stating at Rio that the United States, in alliance with Brazil, could dominate the whole Western Hemisphere, the road to a better understanding is not made unnecessarily smooth. . . .

Mr. Hammerton then tells us of the work of the great protagonist of the "Anti-Yankee" movement, Dr. Ugarte of Buenos Ayres. Dr. Ugarte has no difficulty in making out an excellent case for his warnings, as he . . .

need do no more than quote from some of the ravings of those American Senators who publicly talk of "one flag from Pole to Pole and from Ocean to Ocean." . . . The excuse for such agitators as Dr. Ugarte is the greater so long as Mr. Roosevelt is allowed at large to make speeches wherein he can undo in five minutes the work of years of diplomacy.

This same subject, the distrust of the United States, which is the one common bond between the republics of the south, is one of the best contributions of the second book on our list, Mr. Koebel's *The South Americans*. He tells us of the immense importance, little realised at home, of President Wilson's wisdom in approaching the southern republics in

the Mexican question. It has done much to allay this distrust and to prove to South America that there is sanity and calmness even in official position in the United States. Otherwise Mr. Koebel's book would not in any way compare with Mr. Hammerton's. Its greater scope is confusing in that it gives too much material to be really digested properly. The author is hampered by an irritatingly awkward style, which at times absolutely blurs his meaning. In spite of his German-sounding name his pro-British tendencies are so strong that he wails aloud for two pages about the fact that a British railway in South America has engaged an American manager and makes the matter worse by openly announcing that he was by far the best man they could find. Also, having evidently read his proofs since the war broke out, he apologises whenever truth compels him to tell of something the Germans have done in South America, and he has ignored—to the disadvantage of veracity—as much as he could, the very wide influence the traders of that nation have had throughout the Southern Continent. All his comparisons are made with England, and his book is therefore nothing like as valuable to American students of the subject as is Mr. Hammerton's—even were it as good in other ways. It does, however, contain much information that is of use, notably an excellent description of the famous coffee valorisation scheme of the Brazilian Government. And in spite of the sometimes execrable style, a sentence or two that is worth quoting will creep in. The following, about rubber, one of the great themes of South America, will serve to close our review.

The most dramatic vegetable product of the Continent is, of course, rubber. In its emotional ethics this mere vegetable approaches the standing of far more durable objects. It seems almost to place itself in the same category as diamonds, precious stones and gold in respect to the human passions it is capable of arousing and the crimes of violence for which its search has been responsible. *Grace Isabel Colbron.*

VI

MR. H. NOEL WILLIAMS'S "THE RIVAL SULTANAS"*

This is really a scandalous book, but it is as valuable as it is delightful. In the narration of salacious sections of history, Mr. Williams fills in a more complete canvas than does Mr. Gribble, whose serious intentions are confined to similar areas. He could not of course make more animated the immediate foreground but he gives more attention to dressing the stage and grouping the supernumeraries. But Mr. Williams shares with Mr. Gribble a dexterous habit of making both ends meet rather than the gusto of either would seem to admit. He has the same trick of shaking gravely his sinful head ere his mouth has ceased from titillating and his leering is at rest. With one word of censure he rounds off an event which he has developed in his neatest phrases. Indeed, those were the times which try men's minds, for, as Mr. Williams somewhere observes, deference to modern sensitiveness often compels one to go about industriously for an adroit circumlocution. If the author lacks anything, it is not this particular kind of adroitness; and he deserves commendation for making the vehicle of it a substantial account of a historical period.

"It was generally resolved by others whom he should have in his arms," wrote a contemporary historian of Charles II, "as well as whom he should have in his Councils. I am apt to think that his passions stayed as much as any man's ever did in the lower region." But in this the keen Marquis of Halifax was mistaken. Physical enough in all conscience, he found in two of his mistresses a spiritual bond that held when all else snapped. They like the rest had beauty and did no other credit to the good taste on which he prided himself, but he remained faithful to them after his fashion.

The first lady in the long procession flitted unknown across his stage at the

**Rival Sultanas*. By H. Noel Williams. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

ripe age of sixteen, leaving but the usual memorial of her passage—whom Charles, always good to his children, afterwards set up in life. The second, Lucy Walter, he took from Algernon Sidney's brother, but the lady had already formed reckless habits which his as yet undisciplined nature could not tolerate (though he later learned to wink at such indiscretions). Her son he made the Duke of Monmouth, who lived to bite his father. His second known sultana proved worse than his first. Barbara Villier's husband, already somewhat hardened in this respect, was rewarded for his complaisance by the King, who was the soul of honour in the recognition of certain of his obligations. Pepys admired the character of this outrageous creature as well as her beauty, but he thought her rival, who soon appeared, even more entrancing. "La belle Stuart" possessed the feminine adroitness which always seems possible to the stupidest of young ladies—she knew how to keep her lover constantly employed in overcoming her resistance. He really came nearer loving her, therefore, than any of the rest of them. Now, she is Britannia on the copper coin of the realm (and it may be remembered that Britannia needs no bulwarks). Nell Gwyn was the next. Mr. Cecil Chesterton thinks Nell was more sinned against than sinning, but as she publicly called Charles II her Charles the third, this is somewhat doubtful unless her words were more vaguely used than was customary with her. But Nell by no means absorbed all the King's histrionic ambitions, and, as Dryden tells us in one of his frank epilogues, the theatres were often inconveniently closed on account of the temporary absence of the leading ladies. Nell was really more attached to Charles than he deserved, and the hold she retained over him was perhaps due the fact that she never bored him by endeavouring to act the lady. "She was the indiscreetest, wildest creature that ever appeared in Court," wrote old Burnet.

The King, sensitive as ever to his obligations, decided to take the mother of his

child away from the stage, but she was hardly established in state when her successor appeared. This lady the King of France had sent over for his own purposes; and Nell and her predecessor prepared to resist the French invader, but without success. For Louise de K roualle had great shrewdness and a baby face—which as all the world knows is an invincible combination. Her predecessor soon dropped out of the running (although she long continued to reap very substantial sums on her past), but Louise, now Duchess of Portsmouth, was never able to oust Nell. Suddenly a second French invader appeared—the Duchess de Mazarin, niece of the Cardinal. Saucy Nelly at once went into mourning in derisive anticipation of her rival's fall. But the new infatuation proved a mere matter of the flesh, and the lady returned to France to continue her most successful career. There were now so many ladies, active and retired, on the King's list that his financial position was growing desperate; and Parliament grew insolent as well as stingy. The Popish plot increased the affection of the people for "Protestant Nell" and their detestation for the Papist mistresses. Yet, as the fight between Charles and his Parliament ended in a complete victory for the Crown, so the Duchess of Portsmouth became supreme again and during his last years performed all the other functions of the neglected Queen. The final ironic touch to the whole sit-

uation was added at Charles's sudden death-bed. It was the Duchess who, excluding herself from the room for decency's sake while the despised Queen sobbed over her husband, arranged that his soul should be saved. He had politely refused to take the Sacrament from the hands of the Established Church, and she sent for a Benedictine monk—to whom the King, says Thomas Bruce, made a most hearty and sincere confession. Then he died in his most ingratiating style. His four last words were equally charming. To the courtiers he said, "My lords, I have been an unconscionable time in dying;" to his wife he said, "She begs my pardon! Poor woman, I beg hers with all my heart;" to the Duke of York he solemnly recommended the Duchess of Portsmouth, whom, he said, he had loved to the last; and then concluded, "Let not poor Nelly starve."

James—a true Stuart in his sensitiveness to certain obligations—was so kind to Nelly, indeed, that it gave rise to serious fear on the people's part that she might join the Church of Rome. As for the Duchess, James was far too astute to dispense with a lady who had for many years procured the King of England a subsidy from the King of France; but she soon afterward decided to return to her own country, and with her departure free and glorious England emerged from the French servitude.

Graham Berry.

THE MAGAZINE IN AMERICA—LAST INSTALMENT

The next article in Mr. Tassin's series will summarise a period of expansion and revolution which makes, by contrast, the mild innovation of the journals of Opinion seem but the first faint stirrings of life. These had only caused some old fogie publishers to open their eyes; the new journals of Exposure made a continent gasp. In this period two hundred and fifty thousand regular monthly buyers of magazines became two million; and the reader of one magazine became the devourer of half-a-dozen and more. A second improvement in the art of engraving made possible the cheap magazine of wide circulation, but this by no means remained the sole reason for its phenomenal success. The Munsey popular movement, the Chap Book-Philistine cult movement, the McClure social investigation movement, with the gradual evolution of the militant article which marshalled the results of months of patient research into a ringing appeal for reform; the emergence of editors from their tradition of cloistered obscurity and their adoption of a heart-to-heart, dynamo-to-dynamo editorial tone—all these are features of the years which ended the old and began the new century.

THE SERBIAN EPIC

BY ABRAHAM YARMOLINSKY

IN speaking of the Serbian nation, the great Polish poet Mitskevitch remarked that it was destined to become the musician and the poet of the entire Slav race. Had the noble poet lived to see the magnificent efflorescence of the Russian novel and lyric poetry, he would presumably have modified his statement. It is nevertheless true that at least in one respect the Serbo-Croats, ethnically the main branch of the Southern Slavs, lead the race. Among the Slav nations they possess the richest hoard of popular poetry, popular both in its being national and in its having sprung from obscure sources hidden in the masses of common people.

Especially noteworthy are their Hero Songs (*pesmas*). They can favourably compare not only with the vast body of the Russian Epic, but also with the court-lays of feudal Europe. These ballads are the most articulate expression of the Southern Slav, they are the word that lays bare his innermost soul. Fraught with rough power, rude pathos and vigorous imagination, they reveal an unmistakable directness of vision, a sense of manly reserve together with a delight in decorative idealisation which is so characteristic of primitive epics. Goethe and Jacob Grimm, Bopp and Humboldt hailed the Serbian songs enthusiastically when the first collection saw the print, early in the nineteenth century. German translations were speedily produced and Prosper Mérimée, following in the steps of Macpherson, gave his anthology *Gusla*.

In addition to their high poetic value, the Serbian Hero Songs are distinguished by extraordinary vitality. While in Europe, the epic, as a living literary type, was in complete decay, supplanted by other types of literature, the Serbs clung to their old lays and preserved them from oblivion. They owe much to them. As

is known, the Serbo-Croats are divided politically, religiously and culturally; until recently they lived under at least half a dozen different governments; they belong to three religious denominations and use three different alphabets. Yet their national unity is still strong, and it is safe to say that they owe it partly to their old "*pesmas*." The boisterous civilisation with its orgre's boots of progress has long shunned Serbia, and Time passed over its mountains and valleys without disturbing its patriarchal course of living. And the old songs were destined to become the vehicle and the shrine of the all-pervading tradition.

Above all, the songs naturally are the annals of the nation. History furnishes the material and forms the background of all epic poetry. The latter crystallises out of the steady stream of historical reminiscences and in turn reinforces the historical consciousness of a nation. But usually the historic truth is blurred and distorted by the epic mirror, contrary to the opinion of Sancha Panza, that "the ballads are too old to tell a lie." In the case of Serbia, the distortion is comparatively small. Here history and epic story are as one; the Serbian songs are, as it has been said, "history learned by heart," and, of course, beautified and purified in the flame of poetry and in the still of artistic contemplation. The Persian poem of Shah-Nameh reflects the age-old struggle between Iran and Turan; the Russian epic resounds with the echoes of the wars waged against the Asiatic nomads, whose triumphant march across the Steppes lasted six centuries. The historic base of the Serbian Hero Songs is the long struggle with the Turks, which late in the fourteenth century ended in an overwhelming national disaster. The "*pesmas*" are the chief literary monument of the clash

between Christianity and Mohammedanism, the clash that fills also the Spanish "romances," some of the Carolingian "chansons de geste" and the Klephtic ballads. These sing the prowess of Klephts and Haiducs, the gallant outlaws and desperadoes who harassed the Turks in a merciless guerilla warfare in Greece and elsewhere.

Besides being the poetic annals of the nation, the Serbian epic is also the depository of the wisdom willed by ages, it is a moral code in vivid images and concrete examples, a code, with which, it is said, every Serb is familiar. As late as the beginning of the nineteenth century, the Montenegrin chieftains in a solemn declaration cited the name of Vuk Brancovitch, the epic traitor, alongside with that of Judas Iscariot. Loyalty to the cause of the nation is the keystone of the whole structure. And it is the contention of Mr. Vesnitch, the Serbian ambassador in Paris, that the Serbian soldier owes his patriotism and valour mainly to his old songs.

The bulk of the Serbian epic consists of separate ballads of comparatively small size. No Homer has welded them together in the fire of his genius. Like the Border Ballads and like the Russian Hero Songs, they are more or less scattered, contradictory and but loosely connected. They fall, however, into two distinct ballad-cycles: that of Marko Kralievitch (Prince Marko) and that of the Kossovo Battle, sometimes styled "Lazaritze."

Marko belongs to the heroic family, whose members are Roland, the deathless hero of Ronceval, the Spanish Cid, Rustem, the Russian Ilya Murometz and so many others. Goethe saw the Slav Hercules in him. He reveals also some family resemblance with the type of national hero which is represented by the Barbarossa of the German Kyffhauser legends, and by his drinking capacity he is worthy of being Gargantua's own brother. Marko is the ideal champion of the nation, the faithful defender of his country against the Moslem. He is too rough, however, for a knight-errant.

He lives three hundred years, dividing his waking hours between drinking and fighting, always in company of his goodly steed Sharatz. His sister by election is a nymph ("vila"), one of the spirits inhabiting the woody mountains, the fields and the streams. Mystery surrounds the hero's death. According to one version, he lies asleep in a cave. Nearby his faithful horse eats wheat from a large bag; his sword is hidden under a rock, but little by little it slides out. When the steed will have consumed all his white wheat and the sword come clear out, then Marko will awake and rise to the defence of his country.

Curiously enough, the Marko of history, just as the historic Cid Campeador, falls short of the legendary hero. The real Marko, the son of King Vukashin, who succeeded his father in 1371, was an unscrupulous free-booter. He battled against Christians and Moslems with equal zeal, and did not hesitate to consort with the enemies of Serbia and to bring ruin to his country. Apparently, contrasts coincide not only on the stage. All through the ballads of the Marko-cycle, a gloomy note resounds. It is the mournful echo of the battle of Kossovo, a painful reminiscence of the "disastrous year." In the songs of the Kossovo-cycle the national defeat stands forth either as the main subject or as the general background.

As is known, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, Serbia had seen days of freedom and prosperity. But soon after the death of King Stephan Dushan (1356) Turkey began to threaten the independence of the kingdom and finally dealt it a death-blow at the battle of Kossovo. This fatal event took place in June 15-28, 1389, on the plains of Kossovo, a long valley watered by Sibnitza in Northern Albania.

It was an epic battle indeed, a battle of nations. The entire Southern Slavdom took part in the supreme clash. Besides Serbia itself, which gave all its able-bodied men, Montenegro, Rascia, Bosnia, Herzegovine, Valachia sent

troops, as well as Italy, Germany and France. Volunteers and mercenaries came from Moldavia, Croatia and the Christian clans of Albania. Yet the Christians were far outnumbered by the Turks. The sultan Murad (Amurath) brought 300,000 Turks and Arabs from Adrianople, whereas the Serbian tzar Lazar Grebljanovitch had under his command only about 92,000 men. Treason on the part of a Serbian chief who led away his men decided the outcome of the great battle. The Serbs were utterly crushed, the nobility wiped out, the king captured alive and beheaded. The Sultan also fell by the hand of the king's son-in-law, Milosh Obilitch, who in full daylight rode into the Ottoman camp and fatally wounded the Sultan in his very tent.

The defeat proved to be a national disaster. For a time Bosnia and the portion of Serbia ruled by Stephan Lazar's son, enjoyed a precarious independence; then came a time when all the nation sank to the feet of the conqueror and remained in that state for nearly four centuries, the iron of woe and hate in its heart. The fatal event left a deep and dolorous trace in the imagination of the Southern Slavs and scented their tales and lays with melancholy, discreet and manly. Probably as early as the end of the fourteenth century, artless bards began to sing the battle and weave around it legends of crude beauty and vigorous pathos. By and by, the epic types were evolved, that of brave Milosh and his brothers by election, of the wise and pious King Lazar, of the Serbian Mother, the marvel of strength and endurance in sorrow, of the tender and lovely maiden of Kossovo, and of Vuk Brankovitch, the Serbian Ganelon. With the rise of interest in popular poetry, early in the past century, the "pesmas," previously transmitted from lip to lip, began to be collected, written down and studied. Until recently, it is said, they were still chanted in villages under the accompaniment of the traditional "gusla," a one-stringed instrument, which is played like a violoncello; chanted usu-

ally by men deprived of eyesight, as Homer was.

The "pesmas," such as they have reached us, show all the signs of old age; they abound in epic "cliché's," to use Remy de Gourmont's catchword, and in countless repetitions and amplifications. No doubt, even in Serbia ashes have covered the glow of the Heroic Age. Yet some of its mountain districts seem to be the only place of the Western world where the traditions of that age still linger on and where the sources of "spontaneous" popular poetry have not entirely dried out. The Serbian language is rich in ample sonorities, it disposes of a variety of intonations and is not weighed down by the consonantic burden, as is the case with some Slav languages. For its musical effect it has been compared to the Italian language. Yet the verse of the "pesmas" is rather monotonous in its trochaic swing; it does not resort to the rhyme, but delights in an occasional alliteration and assonance. The following selection from the ballads of the Kossovo-cycle, translated from the original, claims to be true to the spirit of the Serbian epic, if not to its letter.

THE SERBIAN MOTHER

God Almighty, what a wondrous marvel!
 When the army gathered at Kossovo,
 All the nine Yugovitches were present
 And the tenth, old Yug Bogdán, their father.
 Now their mother prays to God in Heaven
 For the wings the snowwhite of a she-swan
 And the eyes the keenest of a falcon,
 That she may above Kossovo hover
 And behold her sons among the warriors
 And himself, old Yug-Bogdán, their father.
 God in Heaven heard the mother's prayer:
 Eyes he gave her of a royal falcon,
 And the wings the snowwhite of a she-swan.
 Lo! the mother soared above Kossovo
 And beheld her nine sons' lifeless bodies
 Resting near old Yug-Bogdán, their father.
 On the brothers lay nine battle lances,
 On the lances perched were nine grey falcons,
 Nine good steeds stood close by their dead masters,
 And as many sad and silent greyhounds.

Not a single tear she shed, the mother;
Strong it was, the mother's heart the ardent.
With the steeds, the greyhounds and the
falcon

To her whitewashed cottage she returned.

There the nine fair widows took to moaning,
And the nine young orphans took to weeping;
Infant wept and widow fair lamented,
Neighed the steed and barked the sullen
greyhound,
And the falcon claued its beak the curved;
But no single tear she shed, the mother,
Strong the mother's heart still was, the ar-
dent.

Lo! at midnight at his wooden manger
Damian's goodly charger took to neighing.
Thus the mother questions Damian's widow:
"Daughter dear, what ails the steed the
goodly?"

Is there no white wheat within his man-
ger?

Does he lack clear water from the
Zvetchan?"

"Gracious mother," came the widow's an-
swer,

"Mother to my husband dear, to Damian,
Plenty of white wheat's the charger given
And he lacks not water from the Zvet-
chan.

But it was his wont to see his master,
Master Damian, just about the midnight,
When for nightly fields he left the stable.
Now he vainly calls his gallant rider
And complains that home he did not
bring him."

—Not a single tear she shed, the mother;

Strong the mother's heart still was, the ar-
dent.

When the day had scarcely dawned next
morning,

Lo! there came two gloomy ravens flying,
Foam escaping from their beaks the massive,
And their wings with blood of heroes stained.
Flying high a human hand they carry
That a ring has on a bloody finger,
And, O wonder! in the lap they drop it,
In the mother's lap the ravens drop it.
Hither turns she it and turns it thither,
And she thus addresses Damian's widow:

"Dost thou know this human hand, my
daughter?"

—"Woe to me, 'tis Damian's hand, dear
mother,

For I recognize the golden ringlet
That I wore the day of our betrothal."

Then again took Damian's hand the mother,
Hither turned she it and turned it thither:

"Hand, my hand," she moaned, "my poor
green apple!

Tell me, woe! where is it that thou grew-
est?

And where is it thou wert culled untime-
ly?

In my womb thou grewest, grewest shel-
tered,

At Kossovo thou wert culled untimely."
Haughtily the moaning mother stiffens,
And she slowly sinks, a lifeless body,
Smitten by the battle spear of sorrow,
Sorrow for her sons, the nine young war-
riors,

And the tenth, old Yug-Bogdán, their father.

THE RISING WOLF

BY HELEN FITZGERALD SANDERS

A TIPÍ by a lonely lake,
A Pine against the sky,
A solitary Mountain Peak,
Aloof, sublimely high;—

The Rising Wolf we called him,
His muzzle sniffed the blue,
And out of the rock primeval
Were carved his flank and thigh.

Ah! my Love, do you remember,—
It was not long ago,—
We climbed those heights together,
And left the World below;

Up past the floe of the glaciers,
Through scented shade of pine,
Above the thund'ring waterfall
The crest was yours and mine!

Above the Realm of the Cloudland,
Upon the Utmost Peak,
We saw Earth's mighty pageant spread;—
The Vision Dreamers seek.

And we watched the dawn flush kindle
Out of the Void of Night,
Till the grisly Wolf Peak shimmered
All glorified with light.

Ah! vanished is that tipi now,
A wild loon calls his mate,
The lake is cold with loneliness,
The Mountain grim as Fate.

The Heights that used to signal us
Are icy, stern and pale,
For you have gone forever, Love,
Alone I face the Trail!

THE TATLER

BOOKS . . . AND BURGLARS

The following notice appeared in a recent issue of one of our big dailies:

TO FOIL THE BURGLAR

I find that ladies living in flats have very few safe places in which to put their jewelry and they live in constant terror of sneak-thieves entering their apartments and stealing their money and their jewels. My husband is a literary man and his library is full of books. I have taken a book he does not want, cut a square out of the center of the pages large enough to insert a box and in this I insert all my rings, money and trinkets. The book is put in its place on the shelf, and I think a burglar would have to hunt a long while before he happened to strike the book containing the valuables.

The simple suggestion offers much food for thought. It is comforting to know of one literary man whose library is full of books. Many of them have a larger collection of rejection slips than of anything else. But otherwise, the lady is very careless in giving her scheme away. Her idea seems to be that no burglar would take time to go through the entire library, even if the above notice did strike his eye before a planned expedition to the home of some literary man. (Incidentally a burglar who expected to find much in such a place had better confine himself to the homes of the writers of "best sellers" and to those only during the first year of their success.) But the little sentence "I take a book he does not want" is what would

serve as an excellent guide for an up-to-date burglar, if he be a man of literary leanings himself, or even a great reader—it would not be unusual, burglars have to do something when they are not burgling. And besides, there are many literary men who might not be blamed for trying burglary as a means of padding out a scanty income. It must pay much better than mere literary piracy. Now if our burglar be a man of literary leanings, just think what a snap he would have! He need only acquaint himself with the preferences and usually openly declared likings of the "literary men" in whose homes burglarising would yield anything, and he can put his hands on not more than half a dozen books any one of which is likely to be the home-made safe-deposit vault.

If the home-owner be a novelist, the works of a school which is unlike that he represents would pay investigating, his pet rival's books first of all. If he be a critic or reviewer (by which we do not mean to imply that one cannot be both at the same time, although we admit it is not usual) his likings and aversions are well known. Some reviewers, for instance, would love to have their wives

mutilate the latest volume by Harold Bell Wright or Marie Corelli. Others, like one dramatic critic of former renown, would sacrifice all his Ibsens with a shout of glee. Others (here nationality may give the clue) would joyfully hand wifey some of the myriad mutterings about the Great War written by authorities of the side with which they do not sympathise.

And so on, ad lib. A little knowledge on the part of the burglar would be a dangerous thing for the future of the lady's valuables. And there is another heart-warming reflection suggested by all this. Up-to-date burglars who specialise in apartments would simply be obliged to read, and read regularly, all the literary magazines. It would be necessary, to keep themselves efficient. Also statistics tell us that burglary is constantly on the increase. Which is mighty comforting for the literary magazines, although we admit it's tough on the burglar. Truly the way of the transgressor is hard! Who knows! A prolonged course of literary magazines may prove the means of reforming many a hardened crook!

Cornelia Van Pelt.

PRECOCITY AND GENIUS

BY BAILEY MILLARD

How the old phantoms fade away! As to life and the conditions of survival the annals of science are full of dead and buried theories the wraiths of which flitted about for a while, but were all laid at last. Up to a quarter-century ago the curious fiction prevailed among physiologists that the dull child was a normal being and that the exceptionally bright one was abnormal and marked for early death. Any physician would tell you that precocity was an invariable indication of cerebral disease, often associated with scrofula, rickets, deafness and delicate constitution and stunted frame. Then, too, there was a popular

idea that a precocious child, even if he survived, was not likely to make a high mark in the world, despite his exceptional faculties, as instance after instance had been observed of the reduction of what had promised to be transcendent genius to commonplace mediocrity or worse. It was useless to try to make anything of such a child, for he was doomed from his birth.

The wherefore of these beliefs is now well known. In nine cases out of ten the infant prodigy became the victim of parental pride. His powers were exhibited on all occasions. He was encouraged to cram his brain with all sorts

of erudition and little care was taken of his bodily needs. To-day the exceptionally bright child is hailed as an object upon which educators and hygienists love to expend their powers of natural educational development. He is no longer placed on the list of the abnormal—the stupid, the epileptic and the idiotic are entered there. His mental faculties are not subjected to high pressure and his physical condition is studied to the end that the mind shall not expand at the expense of the body.

But even under the old faulty conditions of the care and culture of the infant prodigy, the notion that he was unlikely ever to become a person of high learning may now be set down as another popular fallacy, for many such beings have survived that treatment and have become recognised for high intellectual power in later life. Very little has been written upon this fascinating subject, though Francis Galton has touched upon it in his papers on eugenics, and the declaration was made in a lecture a few years ago by Henry H. Donaldson, Professor of Neurology in the University of Chicago, that "the best studies of the subject show that genius and precocity go together."

Strange it is that the fact has not been recognised through the centuries that a child of great precocity, under any conditions, had a far better chance of becoming a genius than one of merely common mentality, for it is a fact, as is shown by numerous examples to be cited in this brief paper. There is not room for extended reference in any case, though here and there an idea will be given that will tend to refute the notion of the dangers of precocity to health and sanity.

Beginning with the philosophic school, we see that Socrates, Seneca, Horace, Antoninus, Confucius and many other ancient sages exhibited extraordinary abilities at very early ages. To be sure, the childhood of some of these is wrapped in the haze of tradition, but even allowing for the credulity of their biographers, the deduction is

that precocity is an almost invariable forerunner of philosophic genius. Confucius played the lute at three, discoursed gravely on prudence and rectitude at five and at seventeen was made inspector of the marts, distinguishing himself by repressing frauds and by introducing order and integrity into the business. He became a moral reformer at twenty. Pascal was an exceedingly forward child. He learned geometry at eight and at fifteen produced a treatise on conic sections which drew forth rapturous admiration from Descartes, himself a prodigy in his early years. At nineteen Pascal invented a calculating machine. None of the men thus far mentioned died young and most of them enjoyed at least fair health, so far as is recorded.

As a child in petticoats, Samuel Johnson could read, and seemed to understand, learned works. He had a most remarkable memory, being able to repeat whole pages from the Book of Common Prayer after one or two readings. His mother said that when he was only three years old he dictated to her this epistle on a duckling, the eleventh of a brood, which he had chanced to tread upon and kill:

Here lies good master Duck,
Whom Master Johnson trod on;
If he had lived it had been good luck,
For then we'd had an odd one.

Boswell says that when he expressed grave doubt that a child of three could possibly have evolved this composition without aid, Mrs. Lucy Porter, who was living in the family at the time, "positively maintained the truth of the anecdote." The wise doctors who used to attribute scrofula to precocity could have found proof of their theory in Johnson's case, for he suffered from it for years, though he lived to seventy-three.

"His intelligence was so precocious and his sedateness so remarkable," writes Francis Bacon's biographer of the great essayist, "that the queen took pleasure in calling him her 'young lord

keeper.' " Bacon's conversation as a youth was "impressive to a remarkable degree." At thirteen he entered Cambridge, which he left with a low opinion of the courses there and of the philosophy of Aristotle as well. His bodily health was not injured by his precocity, so far as is known. He died in his sixty-sixth year.

"I cannot remember the time," wrote John Stuart Mill in a letter during his later years, "when I did not know Greek." His parents said that he learned the Hellenic alphabet at three, knew Euclid and algebra at eight, read all of Herodotus and many other classic authors at nine and at fifteen knew as much as a college don. He was largely self-educated and was publishing articles in the *Westminster Review* at an age when other boys were in Eton. Mill had fair health during the greater part of his life and lived sixty-seven years.

Immanuel Kant, "the little fellow with the big head," was a wonderfully forward child. He was as well-read at seven as most men of twenty-five, and at eight he began to teach. Benjamin Franklin at eight could read and fairly sense sage philosophic works and before he was fourteen he was writing grave essays on the conduct of life. Herbert Spencer was very precocious and virtually educated himself. Karl Witte made such progress in his studies as a mere child that at nine he matriculated at Leipsic University; at fourteen he was made a doctor of philosophy and at sixteen he became a doctor of laws and instructor in the university of Berlin. All of these men lived to good ages, Witte to his eighty-fourth year.

Now as to the poets. What is known of Dante's early life points to the fact that he was forward as a reader and rhymester when a boy. Probably a still greater prodigy as an infant was Milton, who is said to have written creditable Latin verse at the tender age of four! His blindness has been attributed to his early studies, but any overstraining student, not a genius nor yet precocious, is likely to be afflicted with

optical disorders. Pope chinned the bar with Milton by composing Greek stanzas at four. He says that he "lisp'd in numbers" and that he could not remember when he began to make verses. It has been fictively said of Pope, as of Pindar, that "the bees swarmed about his mouth while he lay in his cradle." Pope was weak all his life and wore stays.

Goethe developed great mentality as a mere boy. He composed dialogues at six and poems at twelve. Carlyle wrote of Burns as "a prodigy that burst upon the world." While sauntering about as a mere boy near the mud-walled cottage on the banks of the Doon where he was born, Burns rhymed fairy tales and Cunningham says he was "a poet at sixteen." He wrote songs to Annie Ronald, a neighbouring maiden, and to many other fair charmers at a tender age, but it was his convivial habits and not his early mental strainings that probably caused his early death. He did not survive his thirty-sixth year. Byron's precocity, both in love and lyrics, is well known, but there was nothing abnormal about him save his club foot. Keats, Coleridge, Browning, Tennyson, and Swinburne were all examples of forwardness as children, and so were Mrs. Browning and George Eliot, both of whom struck the lyre with childish fingers. Save Keats these poets were all of fair physical organism and lived beyond the average age.

When only six Edgar Allan Poe was "noted for his precocity as well as his beauty." He could repeat at that age the finest passages of English poetry with good effect. Poe says, "My voice was a household law at an age when few children are out of leading-strings." He began to rhyme before he was ten, and of some of his youthful sonnets he wrote in his later life, "The date of them is too remote to be judiciously acknowledged."

As further evidencing the relation of precocity to literary genius it may be observed that both Voltaire and Molière are credited with wonderful per-

formances at very early ages. Voltaire, who lived eighty-four years, wrote verse before he was six and at twelve he composed "Amulitos." In the same year he made a profound impression upon Louis XIV. and his court by his literary power. He talked with incredible wisdom about large political affairs. Father Porée, one of his instructors, says that "the boy loved to weigh in his little scales the great interests of Europe." It is not known how their early mentality affected the health of these two critics, but it may have had some bearing upon their religious views, for both ran full tilt against the clergy and at their deaths their bodies were not permitted to be buried in holy ground.

Chatterton was another case in point. He made all of his wonderfully clever imitations of antique writings before he was fifteen and at seventeen he began literary work, "as though with a hundred hands," pouring forth satiric poems, burlettas and political essays. And yet his biographers do not aver that it was this high pressure writing that killed him in his eighteenth year, but rather his lack of recognition and his poverty. Chatterton never seems to have been young. His intellect was born fully matured and he was equally precocious in other respects. In his letters he speaks of the relations of the sexes in the tone of a sated roué.

Victor Hugo, *l'enfant sublime*, began at eight to write poems, translations and originals, and at sixteen produced works of lasting value. Dickens wrote fiction at nine and published at twenty-two. Scott entered Edinburgh University at twelve and at the same age began to write novels. Kipling may be classed as another example of youthful precocity.

As for Stevenson his mother's diary records that when he was just three he recited "On Linden" "in great style, making a splendid bow at the end." When he was at the same age she records: "6th November, 1853.—I read the story of Samson out of the Bible to Smout and was much surprised by his

repeating it almost word for word." In his seventh year R. L. S. composed what he called "songstries," somewhat in the style of Milton's blank verse. Innumerable instances of well-known authors who wrote stories, essays and poems while in pinafores might be cited.

When we enter the realm of science we find, after a little study, that precocity seems almost a necessary beginning to greatness, though there are, to be sure, occasional exceptions. What is known of the lives of Galileo, Newton, Faraday, Darwin, and Ferguson would indicate this, and when we come to Sir Humphrey Davy and the wonderful Thomsons we find still stronger evidences of it. Galileo studied the stars before he was ten and at eighteen he made one of his most important discoveries—the pendulum's measurement of time. Davy's early grasp of chemistry led to his recognition as the greatest authority on gases before he was twenty, and he was appointed lecturer to the Royal Institution of London while in his twenty-second year.

John Dalton, the founder of modern chemistry and the originator of the atomic or corpuscular theory, manifested miracles of learning as a child. By the time he had reached eleven, according to his own and his father's letters, he had gone through a course of mensuration, surveying and navigation. At the age of twelve he taught the village school and continued to do so for two years. After that he was an instructor in a technical school, beginning at the age of nineteen. The only abnormality in Dalton was his colour-blindness. He lived to the age of seventy-eight.

Thomas A. Edison showed much precocity in a mechanical way as a child, and made numerous electrical and other experiments while yet a mere youth. Edison, in sturdy health at sixty-seven, tends to refute the old idea of disease and early death in relation to mental forwardness in childhood.

But perhaps in no other field is the relation of genius to precocity so clearly

exemplified as in music. Nor, on the whole, is it to be observed that the minds or bodies of the great number of musical geniuses were affected injuriously by their having played or composed during their tender years. Some of the performances of the great composers as mere infants were truly wonderful. At the age of four Mozart played the clavichord with great feeling and finish and composed a number of minuets and other pieces still extant. At six his performances were so remarkable that his father took him to Munich and Vienna, where they were encouraged by the Elector of Bavaria and by the Emperor Francis I. At the age of seven the boy surprised a party of musicians, including his father, by taking part at sight in a trio of stringed instruments. When only nine, symphonies of his own composition were produced in a public concert in London, and while in that city at the time he wrote and published six sonatas. In the presence of the Imperial Court at Vienna two years later he conducted the performance of music of his own composition for a religious service and a trumpet concert. He created unheeded enthusiasm by his compositions and performances in the following year, and when only fourteen he composed the opera of *Mithridates* at Milan, where it was produced in the same year. By the time he had reached sixteen he was the first clavicinist in the world and had produced four operas, thirteen symphonies, two cantatas, twenty-four sonatas and a vast number of concertos. Mozart's was probably a case of the overworking of the prodigy. He lived only thirty-five years.

Wilhelm Bach was a natural musician, nearly rivalling Mozart in precocity and remarkable for extemporaneous production. He lived seventy-four years and showed no indication of loss of power because of precocity. Although his high genius was acknowledged, he was coarse, rude and insolent, strangely absent-minded at times and he often embraced the flagon. Chopin felt the urge

of music at an early age and composed some very pretty pieces before he was fifteen. Beethoven, master of the sonata, showed marked genius at five, and when only seven created great astonishment by his performances on the violin. At twelve he published a whole volume of marches, songs and sonatas. If, as the old pathologists averred, precocity affects the hearing, Beethoven suffered from it, as he became very deaf as he advanced in years. But this defect seemed rather to enhance his musical sensibilities, for it was while in this state that he brought forth those treasures of harmony now ranked among the undying works of art. Edison, who is quite deaf, once told the present writer that the damper effect of deafness heightened musical sensibility and that he could distinguish vibrations and shades of tone unknown to those of perfect hearing. It is evident, therefore, that the world lost nothing by the impairment of Beethoven's hearing, whether it be set down to precocity or any other cause.

Schubert, Mendelssohn, Handel, and other great composers were precocious as children and astonished their contemporaries by their early performances. Saint-Saëns is said to have produced creditable waltzes and gallops at five.

As to the artists, it is known that Titian painted pictures with berry juice at six, that Turner did good colour work before he was ten, that Reynolds drew life-like pictures of dogs and other animals at a very early age and that Millais won his first prize at nine. Millais, perhaps, is the best known example of precocity in a painter. He entered the Royal Academy at the age of eleven and a few years later carried off the gold medal for his "Tribes of Benjamin." So far as could be ascertained, no great artist ever has suffered because of his precocity, which in this field seems certainly to be an almost invariable forerunner of genius, though, as in all other walks of life, the precocious do not necessarily become great. And yet may we not hope that Winifred Stoner and

William Sidis, the most remarkable of the group of precocious children of this generation, will both make high names for themselves? The Stoner child, though only ten, is the possessor of a college education and is the author of ten books. The Sidis boy, who is known as "the Harvard mathematical genius," astounded the world by lecturing on the fourth dimension to university professors at the age of eleven!

But neither of these children nor the Greek-learned infant Mill equalled as a prodigy that greatest of all *wunderkinder*, Otto Pohlen, of Berlin. This boy, born in the seventies, read, at a very early age, Greek and Latin, written or printed, with great rapidity, pronounced correctly jaw-breaking chemical and other terms in rapid succession and gave many other proofs of extraordinary mental activity, yet he has since been of normal physique and not uncommon mentality.

Fortunately the world now knows how to treat such children. The child wonder is no longer exploited by its parents, taken on display tours and kept under excitement or high pressure. It is kept in wholesome, child-like conditions and its dangerous exploitation is

forbidden by the wise family physician, who, unlike the ancient leech, sees no reason to predicate upon precocity the evils of disease and early death.

Modern eugenists account for precocity on the advanced age of one or both of the child's parents at the time of its birth. This is true of nearly all the cases I have cited as well as of those whose names are in the Hall of Fame, and we have very marked examples in the following whose father's ages at the time of the distinguished son's birth are given in each case. Voltaire sixty-five, Franklin fifty-seven, Audubon fifty-seven, Goethe fifty-three, Irving fifty-two, Bacon fifty-one, Shakespeare about forty-five, Milton forty-five, Confucius forty-five, Johnson forty-seven, Edison forty-three.

For over a year the American Genetic Association of Washington has offered a reward of two hundred dollars to any genealogist who would prove that any person of the first rank of intellectuality was descended from a male line that has counted more than two generations to the century. No one has as yet received the reward, and the time limit has been extended to the end of the present year.

FROM THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL BAG

I

From Point Pleasant, New Jersey, comes the following letter:

Some time ago, I cannot remember the year, you published an account of the death of the Englishman who wrote *An Englishman in Paris*. We have had a discussion down here about its author, some maintaining that it was written by a Dr. Evans, an American dentist who lived in Paris many years and who assisted the Empress Eugenie to escape from Paris. I am quite sure this gentleman did not write this book, and saw, as I state, the name of the man who did. How many years ago I saw this or whether it was lately I cannot say. But I am quite

sure you will be able to assist us in the discussion. The Englishman's name began either with a V or an S.

This letter gives us welcome opportunity to talk at length about a very interesting and almost forgotten book. *An Englishman in Paris* first appeared about the year 1894. It purported to relate the experiences of an Englishman of good family and influential connections, who had visited Paris first when a mere boy sometime when Louis Philippe was the King of the French, and who had spent most of his life in *la ville lumière*, who had witnessed the Revolution of 1848, the brief Second Republic, the *coup*

d'état, the Second Empire, the War of 1870, and the Siege and the Commune. In the course of these years the narrator had been apparently on terms of the greatest intimacy with statesmen, soldiers, writers, painters, musicians,—in fact, with everyone worth while in the Parisian life from 1840 until 1871. Of these illustrious personages he penned countless anecdotes, with the result that *An Englishman in Paris* was one of the most vivid, picturesque, and comprehensive works of its kind that had been printed in any language.

At first the book was accepted as being the work of Sir Richard Wallace, the noted English philanthropist. There was always a certain mystery about Wallace's birth. Most persons believed him to be an illegitimate son of that Marquis of Hertford from whom Thackeray drew the Lord Steyne of *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis*. Either from Hertford or from some other source he inherited great wealth which he distributed generously in Paris, where he lived almost all of his life. What is known as the Wallace Collection was founded by the third Marquis of Hertford, but some of the most valuable pictures were acquired by Sir Richard, by whom it was bequeathed to the British Government at the time of his death in 1900. For a time Sir Richard Wallace was regarded as the author of *An Englishman in Paris*. But after his denial of authorship people began to be a little bit suspicious of the book. It was a little too much "at first hand." The writer always happened to be turning the right corner at the moment of some historical event. The elder Dumas, or Balzac, or Alfred de Musset uttered entirely too many witticisms for his individual benefit. Grad-

ually the truth came out. The book was nothing but a gigantic fake, compiled by a Dutch journalist by the name of Albert Dresden Vandam. Most of the events which he had chronicled as an eye witness had taken place before he was born. In the compilation he had drawn upon every possible source, notably upon the *Memoirs* of the de Goncourts and of Villemessant, the first editor of *Figaro*, and also upon his own imagination. But fake though it was *An Englishman in Paris* was a very brilliant book, a very informing book, a book which should be in every American library to-day. We know of no other single volume which pictures more graphically the life and the men of a period. Vandam followed that book with two others that were authentic, reliable, and comparatively uninteresting. These were *My Paris Note-Book* and *Men and Manners of the Third Republic*. He also essayed a detective story or a mystery story of which we have forgotten the name. Vandam died in the autumn of 1903.

II

From Greenfield, Ohio:

Will you kindly inform me through THE BOOKMAN'S Mail Bag whether or not the following story as run in *Hearst's Magazine* is published in book form, namely: *The Story of Susan Lennox; Her Rise and Fall*. Also about what would this book cost?

David Graham Phillips's posthumous novel, which began to run serially in *Hearst's Magazine* last May, is one of great length, and was designed to run in serial form for about a year and a half. So far as we can learn there have as yet been made no definite arrangements about the book publication of the work.

READERS' GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Psychology

Marie Tarnowska. By A. Vivanti Chartres. With an Introductory Letter by Professor L. M. Bossi of the University of Genoa. New York: The Century Company. \$1.50 net.

The life story of the "fatal Russian countess" who has just been released from the Italian prison to which she was sentenced for instigating the murder of her lover. The secret history of this startling and mysterious crime is told in detail. The sincerity of the narrative is vouched for by an Italian alienist who claims that the subject was the victim of a morbid psychological condition.

Philosophy

Affirmations. By Havelock Ellis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.75 net.

A discussion of some of the fundamental questions of life and morality as expressed in the literature of Nietzsche, Zola, Huysmans, Casanova and St. Francis of Assisi.

The New Peace. By William Louis Poteat. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.00 net.

Peace as a result of the harmony of science and religion is the author's theme.

The Stoic Philosophy. Conway Memorial Lecture. Delivered at South Place Institute on March 16, 1915. By Gilbert Murray. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75 cents.

A discussion of Stoicism and its application to universal human nature.

Religion and Theology

Biblical Nature Studies. By Andrew W. Archibald. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. \$1.00 net.

Nature in all its phases is discussed in relation to human interests. Filled with extracts from Biblical sources as well as from profane literature.

The Man Jesus. Being a Brief Account of the Life and Teaching of the Prophet of Nazareth. By Mary Austin. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.20 net.

An effort to interpret the time of Christ as Christ Himself understood it. The author gives her opinion of what Jesus did and believed rather than what He is reported to have said.

Mithraism. By W. J. Phythian-Adams. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company. 40 cents.

A discussion of Christianity's strongest rival in the days of the early church.

Our Palace Wonderful or, Man's Place in Visible Creation. By Frederick A.

Houck. Chicago: D. B. Hansen & Sons. A study of man's environment, written with a religious purpose.

The Story of Our Bible: How It Grew To Be What It Is. By Harold B. Hunting. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

A story of the men and women who wrote and made the Bible as taken from the Bible itself.

A Voice from the Crowd. By George Wharton Pepper. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$1.50 net.

A criticism of the preaching from the pulpit, and incidentally of the practice of to-day. Lectures delivered at the Yale School of Religion.

What I Believe and Why. By William Hayes Ward. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

The mature convictions of one whose vision includes pre-Darwinian ideas as well as modern scientific research.

Sociology and Economics

The American Country Girl. By Martha Foote Crow. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

An attempt to solve some of the problems of the young woman on the farm.

Economic Aspects of the War. Neutral Rights, Belligerent Claims and American Commerce in the Years 1914-1915. By Edwin J. Clapp and others. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$1.50 net.

Discussions of the effect upon this country of the European struggle.

Marriage and Divorce. By Felix Adler. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 75 cents net.

The President of the Ethical Culture Society reviews the problem, and gives his ideas on marriage ideals. The theme is that marriage is pre-eminently a moral relationship, with both individual and social obligations, and that modern marriage is not a failure.

Socialised Germany. By Frederic C. Howe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

The peril to western civilisation of a Germany that is more intelligently and thoroughly organised than the rest of the world.

The World Crisis and Its Meaning. By Felix Adler. New York: D. Appleton & Company. \$1.50 net.

The causes of the war and its effects for the future upon civilisation. The book

contains a definite programme of social ethics and reform.

Political Economy

American Diplomacy. By Carl Russell Fish. New York: Henry Holt & Company. \$2.75 net.

A history of American diplomacy from the birth of the nation down to the present time.

The People's Government. By David Jayne Hill. New York: D. Appleton & Company. \$1.25 net.

The evolution of the state and the citizen's relation to it.

Domestic Economy

Canning, Preserving and Jelly Making. By Janet McKenzie Hill. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

A practical handbook with numerous recipes.

European War

Belgium's Agony. By Emile Verhaeren. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25 net.

Belgium's famous poet, an exponent of Belgian life, describes the effect of the war upon his country.

A Journal of Impressions in Belgium. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

A woman who has been through Belgium gives her impressions of its catastrophe.

"Made in Germany." By Franklin M. Sprague. With an Introduction by Theodore Roosevelt. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. \$1.00 net.

Germany to blame for the war, with especial emphasis on what the author alleges to be the failure of the United States to perform its duty.

The Soul of Europe. A Character-Study of the Militant Nations. By Joseph McCabe. \$3.00 net.

A study in the spirit of the modern science of the psychology of peoples of each of the fighting nations. Particular attention is paid to the elucidation of the character of the Kaiser, the Tsar, and King Albert.

With the Russian Army. Being the Experiences of a National Guardsman. By Robert McCormick. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$2.00.

The author had an exceptional opportunity for visiting and examining the Russian front.

Education

Familiar Letters: English and American. Chosen and Edited with Introduction and

Notes by Edwin Greenlaw. Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Company. 40 cents.

Letters selected and arranged chronologically to show the development of the art of letter writing.

The Means and Methods of Agricultural Education. By Albert H. Leake. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.00 net.

A discussion of the present methods of agricultural education, with plans for improvement. One of the Hart, Schaffner and Marx Prize Essays in Economics.

Philology

A Dictionary of Simplified Spelling. Compiled from the Funk and Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary of the English Language by Frank H. Vizetelly. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 75 cents net.

Based on the publications of the United States Bureau of Education, and the rules of the American Philological Association, and the Simplified Spelling Board.

The Eclogues and Georgics of Virgil. Translated from the Latin by J. W. Mackail. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. 75 cents net.

A new edition of an old translation modified to bring it into accordance with Hirtzel's text of Virgil.

Popular Stories of Ancient Egypt. By G. Maspero. Translated by Mrs. C. H. W. Johns. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50 net.

Stories told in the days of the Pharaohs.

Medicine, Hygiene

How to Add Ten Years to Your Life and To Double Its Satisfaction. By S. S. Curry. Boston: School of Expression. \$1.00.

Discussions of dieting and exercise with especial emphasis on the latter. The psychology of well-being is also emphasised.

The Smile: If You Can Do Nothing Else You Can Smile. By S. S. Curry. Boston: School of Expression. \$1.00.

The physiology, the psychology and the ethics of the smile.

Business

The Canadian Iron and Steel Industry: A Study in the Economic History of a Protected Industry. By W. J. A. Donald. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.00 net.

The working of the tariff and bounty methods in their effect upon Canadian politics and commercial combinations. One of the Hart, Schaffner and Marx Prize Essays in Economics.

The Tin-Plate Industry. A Comparative Study of Its Growth in the United States

and in Wales. By D. E. Dunbar. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.00 net.

A study and comparison of the industry in free-trade Wales and protectionist America, analysing the results of protecting industries, with a discussion of great modern combinations. One of the Hart, Schaffner and Marx Prize Essays in Economics.

Fine Arts

An Art Philosopher's Cabinet. Being Salient Passages from the Works on Comparative Aesthetics of George Lansing Raymond. Selected and Arranged According to Subject by Marion Mills Miller. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated.

Not written especially for the student of art, but intended to be of interest to the general reader.

A Book of Bridges. By Frank Brangwyn. New York: John Lane Company. Illustrated. \$6.00 net.

Artistic views and descriptions of historic bridges in all parts of the world.

Joseph Pennell's Pictures in the Land of Temples. Reproductions of a Series of Lithographs made by Him in the Land of Temples, March-June, 1913, Together with Impressions and Notes by the Artist. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.25 net.

Pictures of ancient and classic Greece. Projective Ornament. By Claude Bragdon. Rochester: The Manas Press. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A discussion of ornamental effects of the projections of geometrical figures upon a plane surface.

Music

Piano Mastery: Talks with Master Pianists and Teachers. By Harriette Brower. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

Interviews with a number of the world's most famous pianists, in which each describes his methods of playing and teaching.

Sports, Games and Amusements

The Winning Shot. By Jerome D. Travers and Grantland Rice. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.

The humour and psychology of golf as well as the technical methods of the game.

Nature Books

Beekeeping: A Discussion of the Life of the Honeybee and of the Production of Honey. By Everett Franklin Phillips. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$2.00.

In *The Rural Science Series*, edited by

L. H. Bailey. A practical handbook as well as a comprehensive discussion of the subject.

Essays, General Literature

Browning: How to Know Him. By William Lyon Phelps. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$1.50 net.

An introduction and guide-book to the study of Browning by one of the most able college lecturers and writers on this subject.

Browning Studies. By Vernon C. Harrington. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.50 net.

Lectures delivered at Oberlin College, containing interpretations and appreciations.

Escape and Other Essays. By Arthur Christopher Benson. New York: The Century Company. \$1.50 net.

Impressions and meditations on the works and ways of peace, written before the war, and issued as emblems of the real life to which the author believes we should return.

The Holy Earth. By L. H. Bailey. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00 net.

Studies of man's relation to the soil, both physical and spiritual.

Incense and Iconoclasm: Studies in Literature. By Charles Leonard Moore. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50 net.

Literary criticism touching on some of the work of the great masters.

Ivory Apes and Peacocks. By James Huneker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

A collection of critical and appreciative articles on writers of the day, on some musicians and on some of the "modern" movements.

Just Human. By Frank Crane. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.00 net.

Essays on every-day interests and problems, written in popular style.

Knickerbocker's History of New York. By Washington Irving. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

A new edition of this classic, with full-page illustrations by Maxfield Parrish.

The Making of An American's Library. By Arthur E. Bostwick. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. \$1.00 net.

Essays which originally appeared in *THE BOOKMAN* on the delight of making a real library.

Peg Along. By George L. Walton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.00 net.

Lessons in every-day living.

The Photodrama: Its Place Among the Fine Arts. By William Morgan Hannon. New Orleans: The Ruskin Press.

Three essays, the first being a plea for the artistic interpretation of the photo-drama and for its place in art.
The Wagnerian Drama. An Attempt to Inspire a Better Appreciation of Wagner as a Dramatic Poet. By Houston Stewart Chamberlain. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.35 net.
 A non-technical discussion of Wagner's work.

Poetry and Drama

Afternoons of April: A Book of Verse. By Grace Hazard Conkling. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 75 cents net.

In *The New Poetry Series*. Verses almost entirely on nature subjects.

The Arrow Maker. By Mary Austin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 75 cents net.

A play delineating Indian habits and psychology. A new edition of a book originally published in 1911.

The Beau of Bath and Other One Act Plays. By Constance D'Arcy Mackay. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Illustrated. \$1.20 net.

Six one-act plays centring about famous figures of the past in English court life.
Brontë Poems. Selections from the Poetry of Charlotte, Emily, Anne and Branwell Brontë. Edited, with an Introduction, by Arthur C. Benson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

A selection of the best work of the Brontës, with some verses never before printed.

The Case of American Drama. By Thomas H. Dickinson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.50 net.

A discussion of the present tendencies and of the future outlook of the legitimate drama.

Contemporary French Dramatists. By Barrett H. Clark. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company. \$1.50 net.

Studies of the modern French theatre and its leading playwrights.

Garside's Career. By Harold Brighthouse. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. \$1.00 net.

Socialism in England and politics form the background of this four-act comedy.

"Horse Sense" in Verses Tense. By Walt Mason. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. \$1.25 net.

New poems by the popular "High Priest of Horse Sense."

Red Wine of Roussillon: A Play in Four Acts. By William Lindsey. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25 net.
 A drama of mediæval France.

Songs of the Workaday World. By Berton Braley. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.00 net.

Verses of all the ordinary people who do the world's work.

The Thief: A Play in Three Acts. By Henry Bernstein. Translated by John Alan Houghton. With an Introduction by Professor Richard Burton. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. 75 cents net.

In *The Drama League Series of Plays*. A drama of modern French life.

The Treasure: A Drama in Four Acts. By David Pinski. Translated by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$1.00 net.

The first play of the modern Jewish theatre to be offered to an English reading audience. The characters and action are distinctly Jewish.

Fiction

Aunt Jane. By Jennette Lee. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.

The heroine is in charge of an endowed hospital in an inland city. Her capabilities and personality and her delayed love story form the theme.

Ayesha of the Bosphorus: A Romance of Constantinople. By Stanwood Cobb. Boston: Murray & Emery Company. \$1.00 net.

A story of life in Turkey.

A Baby of the Frontier. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.

A story of pioneer days and Indian adventures on the Western prairies.

Blackmail. By William Timothy Call. Brooklyn: W. T. Call. 50 cents.

A short mystery story of finesse at the expense of the detectives.

Breaking-Point. By Michael Artzibashef. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$1.40 net.

A novel of modern life in Russia, giving a picture of the social, political and economic conditions of the day.

Buck Parvin and the Movies. By Charles E. Van Loan. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.

The romances and the trials in the lives of those who make the "movies."

Closed Doors: Studies of Deaf and Blind Children. By Margaret Prescott Montague. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.00 net.

Stories of deaf and blind children from a sympathetic and definite knowledge.

The Co-Citizens. By Corra Harris. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

A rich old lady leaves most of the assets of her community to a committee to advance the cause of universal suffrage. Not campaign literature, but a story of the people of the town and of the incidents consequent upon this remarkable bequest.

- The Death of Ivan Ilyitch and Other Stories.** By Count Leo Tolstoy. A New Translation from the Russian by Constance Garnett. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.35 net.
Short stories of realistic Russian life.
- Duke Jones.** By Ethel Sidgwick. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. \$1.35 net.
Portraying the commonplace, casual man in the street type in contrast with the characteristics of English society life.
- Emma McChesney & Co.** By Edna Ferber. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.
Incidents in the life of a modern business woman, with many of the same characters that have appeared in Miss Ferber's earlier stories.
- Fanchon the Cricket (or Fadette).** By George Sand. Translated from the French by Jane Minot Sedgwick. New York: Duffield & Company. Illustrated. \$1.00.
George Sand's story translated, and illustrated with pictures from the play.
- Felix O'Day.** By F. Hopkinson Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.35 net.
A novel of New York, the scenes of which are real places. The characters are drawn with that sympathetic friendliness and understanding familiar to readers of this author's work.
- The Foolish Virgin.** By Thomas Dixon. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.
The heroine, a village beauty, leaves home and follows the modern crowd in its rush to the great cities. After earning her own living for a time she marries the man of her dreams, and awakes from the romance to find herself the wife of a criminal.
- The German Lieutenant and Other Stories.** By August Strindberg. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. \$1.25 net.
Short stories of German and Swiss life.
- God's Man.** By George Bronson-Howard. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$1.40 net.
A realistic novel of New York life and associations.
- The Golden Scarecrow.** By Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.25 net.
The reader enters into the spirit of the child's world. There are a dozen children living about an old-fashioned square filled with the atmosphere of leisure and quiet. One is the son of a duke, and another the son of a slatternly housekeeper. Their lives are bound together by fellow-citizenship in the world of fancy.
- The Great Unrest.** By F. E. Mills Young. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.30 net.
A story of South Africa and of the result of the African environment upon a susceptible youth of typical English home training and education.
- Hal o' the Ironsides: A Story of the Days of Cromwell.** By S. R. Crockett. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. \$1.25 net.
A tale of romance and adventure in the days of Oliver Cromwell.
- Happy Days.** By A. A. Milne. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.25 net.
A collection of the author's contributions to *Punch*. Humorous sketches and satires on the little tragedies and comedies of everyday life.
- Happy Hollow Farm.** By William R. Lighton. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
A back-to-the-land story of a family who found freedom, health, and even wealth on a mountain farm.
- The Heart of a Man.** By Richard Aumerle Maher. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.35 net.
Modern social and economic problems form the background of this story of Christian values written from the point of view of the wage-earning classes.
- The Heart of Philura.** By Florence Morse Kingsley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.30 net.
Further adventures of the "Miss Philura" of *The Transfiguration of Miss Philura*, etc., fame. "Miss Philura" solves the mystery of the village.
- The House of Gladness.** By Emma S. Allen. Philadelphia: Griffith & Rowland Press. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
Superficially a love story. In reality a plea for the education of girls along useful lines. The heroine is suddenly thrown penniless on her own resources, but finally wins out.
- Jean of the Lazy A.** By B. M. Bower. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. \$1.30 net.
A mystery story of life on a Western ranch, and of how the heroine becomes a member of a moving picture company.
- Jerusalem.** By Selma Lagerlöf. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. \$1.35 net.
A novel of Dalecarlia, the author's home in Sweden. A simple picture of the life and aspirations of the Swedish peasants.
- Lawrence Clavering.** By A. E. W. Mason. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.35 net.
The adventures of a young English gentleman during the exciting year when James III made his ill-fated attempt to regain the throne of England. A new edition of a story originally published in 1897.

- Little Miss Grouch.** By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.
To escape an unwelcome suitor the heroine dresses herself in her maid's clothing and runs away to Europe. The expected romance and paternal interference follow.
- The Little Red Doe.** By Chauncey J. Hawkins. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.
An incident illustrating a moral in the life of a creature of the wilds.
- Making Money.** By Owen Johnson. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.
A realistic novel of American life, and of the winning and losing of great wealth in Wall Street.
- The Man Trail.** By Henry Oyen. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.25 net.
The story of a city man who attempts the life of the lumberjacks among the snows of the northern woods.
- Maria Again.** By Mrs. John Lane. New York: The John Lane Company. \$1.00 net.
A new "Maria" book, recording the experiences of the heroine in society and her opinions of the different types she meets there.
- The Measure of a Man.** By Amelia E. Barr. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.
The theme is the problem confronting a young married woman who does not want children. The scene is laid among the wealthy classes of England, and the conclusion is that motherhood is life's crowning glory.
- Minnie's Bishop and Other Stories.** By G. A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.20 net.
The humour and pathos of the Irish peasants.
- The Obsession of Victoria Gracen.** By Grace Livingston Hill Lutz. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
An uplift story of modern life.
- The Official Chaperon.** By Natalie S. Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.30 net.
A romance of modern society and fashionable life in Washington to-day.
- Off Sandy Hook and Other Stories.** By Richard Dehan. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.25 net.
Short stories of remarkable situations and humorous incidents of modern life.
- The Old Order Changeth.** By Archibald Marshall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.35 net.
A continuation of the adventures of the Clinton family, bringing them right up to the present war. The background of English country life sets off the contrast between the aristocracy of birth and the new aristocracy of wealth.
- The One I Knew the Best of All: A Memory of the Mind of a Child.** By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
A new edition with a foreword by the author.
- On Trial.** By Elmer L. Reizenstein. Made Into a Book from the Play of the Same Name by D. Torbett. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
The novelisation of a successful New York play.
- Pegeen.** By Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd. New York: The Century Company. \$1.25 net.
A love story with trimmings of Irish humour, and a background of small town and country life.
- Peggy-Mary.** By Kay Cleaver Strahan. New York: Duffield & Company. \$1.25 net.
The story of Peggy-Mary's romance and early married life.
- Peter Paragon: A Tale of Youth.** By John Palmer. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.35 net.
A story giving an intensive and analytical study of the adventures and psychology of a young man's life under modern conditions.
- The Prairie Wife.** By Arthur Stringer. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
A love story of modern Western plains.
- The Riddle of the Night.** By Thomas W. Hanshaw. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
A mystery and detective story of London and Scotland Yard.
- Sallie Blue Bonnet.** By W. Rockwood Conover. Boston: The C. M. Clarke Publishing Company. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.
A love story with a heroine of many moods.
- The Single-Code Girl.** By Bell Elliott Palmer. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. \$1.25 net.
The hero tells in a series of letters his experiences with the different feminine types that have influenced his life.
- Something New.** By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.
A mystery in a great English castle involving an American millionaire and many complicated situations in the servants' hall. A profusion of plots and counterplots.

- The Song of the Lark.** By Willa Sibert Cather. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.40 net.
The life story of a great American singer—her childhood in a Colorado desert and her early struggles in Chicago.
- A Soul on Fire.** By Frances Fenwick Williams. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.30 net.
A mystery story of superstition and abnormal psychology.
- The Story Behind the Verdict.** By Frank Danby. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.35 net.
A detective story centring about a wealthy young litterateur and patron of the fine arts in London.
- The Story of Julia Page.** By Kathleen Norris. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.
The story of a daughter of the poor, growing up in unpromising surroundings, and finally breaking through her early scepticism and lifting herself to a high plane of living.
- Straight Down the Crooked Lane.** By Bertha Runkle. New York: The Century Company. \$1.35 net.
A story of Newport high society life and army life in the far east.
- The Temple of Dawn.** By I. A. R. Wylie. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.35 net.
With the English in mysterious and romantic India of a century ago.
- Treasure.** By W. Dane Bank. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.25 net.
A picture of a family, with its progress through trials and tragedy to happiness.
- The Tug of the Millstone.** By Clarence E. Hatfield. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.25 net.
The background is the Ozark Mountains of Missouri and Arkansas, and the story deals with religion, politics and love.
- Violette of Père Lachaise.** By Anna Strunsky Walling. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.00 net.
An introspective biography of a young girl who, with her grandfather, lives near the Père Lachaise Cemetery in Paris. She is a complete democrat and becomes a great actress.
- Up the Road with Sallie.** By Frances R. Sterrett. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
A motor trip under amusing and complicating circumstances.
- What a Man Wills.** By Mrs. George de Horne Vaizey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35 net.
The guests at a week-end house party tell, one by one, their ambitions and desires, and the story reveals how these were fulfilled.
- When Hannah Was Eight Years Old.** By Katherine Peabody Girling. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 50 cents net.
A short story of a little Swedish orphan girl and of her coming to America.
- A Wild Goose Chase.** By Edwin Balmer. New York: Duffield & Company. \$1.25 net.
A story of love and fighting with the Arctic for a background.
- The Wooing of Rosamond Fayre.** By Berta Ruck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.35 net.
A love story of London life involving a wealthy young society woman, her social secretary and a dashing English officer.
- ### Juvenile
- The Adventures of Sammy Jay.** The Adventures of Chatterer the Red Squirrel. By Thornton W. Burgess. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. Each 50 cents net.
Two new books in the *Bedtime Story-Books Series*. Short stories of the life and characteristics of animals, told for very little children.
- The Adventures of Mollie, Waddy and Tony.** By Paul Waitt. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. 50 cents net.
The life stories of three wonderful elephants.
- Against Odds.** By William Heyliger. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
Life in a boys' preparatory school, with incidents of hazing and baseball games.
- The Amateur Carpenter.** By A. Hyatt Verrill. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated with diagrams. \$1.25 net.
A practical book for boys, describing how to make a variety of decorative and useful things about the house.
- An Army Boy in Alaska.** By C. E. Kilbourne. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.
Two young officers of the United States Army build a telegraph line to a new mining field in Alaska.
- The Belgians to the Front.** By James Fiske. Akron: The Saalfeld Publishing Company. Illustrated. 50 cents.
Two boys have adventures in Belgium during the German occupation.
- The Boarded-up House.** By Augusta Huiell Seaman. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
A mystery story for girls. The heroines make interesting discoveries in a deserted old mansion which lead to the adjustment of long tangled affairs.
- The Bunnikins-Bunnies' Christmas Tree.** By

- Edith Davidson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. 50 cents net. Animal stories of the Christmas holidays for very little children.
- The Child's Book of American Biography. By Mary S. Stimpson. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net. Brief sketches of distinguished figures in American history and accomplishment.
- A Child's Stamp Book of Old Verses. Picture Stamps by Jessie Willcox Smith. New York: Duffield & Company. 50 cents net. Familiar verses with blank pages in which to insert poster stamps that accompany the book.
- Christmas in Legend and Story. By Elva S. Smith and Alice I. Hazeltine. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net. The sentiment of Christmas gathered from world-wide sources.
- Dorothy Dainty at Crestville. By Amy Brooks. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. \$1.00. The latest volume in the *Dorothy Dainty Series*, telling of Dorothy's summer spent at the seaside.
- The Dot Circus. By Clifford Leon Sherman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.00 net. A story in verse of a circus, with accompanying blank pictures, arranged in numbered dots, to be drawn in by the child.
- The Everyday Fairy Book. By Anna Alice Chapin. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$2.00 net. The adventures of a little boy in a delightful home. In his dreams he meets with fairy adventures.
- Fair Play. By Hawley Williams. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net. The regeneration of a boy under the discipline of a boarding-school athletic competition.
- Faith Palmer in Washington. By Lazelle T. Woolley. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net. A story of boarding-school life and sight-seeing.
- The Fun of Cooking: A Story for Boys and Girls. By Caroline French Benton. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$1.20 net. Practical lessons in cooking in the form of a story. The book is especially adapted for girls in their teens.
- Gold Seekers of '49. By Edwin L. Sabin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net. A tale of adventure on the frontier.
- A Handy Book of Plays for Girls. By Dorothy Cleather. Akron: Saalfeld Publishing Company. 50 cents. Plays suitable for young girls to act.
- Hans Brinker or, The Silver Skates. By Mary Mapes Dodge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$2.00 net. An old classic in a new and attractive edition.
- Heidi. By Johanna Spyri. Translated by Elisabeth P. Stork. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net. A new illustrated edition. In the *Stories All Children Love Series*.
- Heroic Deeds of American Sailors. By Albert F. Blaisdell and Francis K. Ball. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. 70 cents net. Dramatic incidents in the history of our navy told for children.
- Home-Made Toys for Girls and Boys: Wooden and Cardboard Toys, Mechanical and Electrical Toys. By A. Neely Hall. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net. A book of practical instructions for the making of a variety of toys.
- In Camp on Bass Island. By Paul G. Tomlinson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.25 net. Adventures in fishing, boating and swimming, and camp life.
- Indian Why Stories: Sparks from War Eagle's Lodge-Fire. By Frank B. Linderman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$2.00 net. An old Indian chief tells to children across his lodge-fire strange stories of his world.
- In Victorian Times. By Edith L. Elias. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net. Short character studies of the great personalities of the Victorian era.
- Kisington Town. By Abbie Farwell Brown. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net. Stories of kings and dragons in the olden times.
- Left Tackle Thayer. By Ralph Henry Barbour. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net. A story of football in a boys' "prep" school.
- A Little Maid of Narragansett Bay. By Alice Turner Curtis. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. 80 cents net. The adventures of a little girl in Revolutionary days.
- Little Women or, Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy. By Louisa M. Alcott. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. \$2.50 net. A new and attractive edition, with illustrations in colour by Jessie Willcox Smith.

- Lotta Embury's Career. By Elia W. Peattie. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.
The story of a country girl who seeks a musical career, but returns home to find her true sphere.
- Mother West Wind "Why" Stories. By Thornton W. Burgess. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.
The latest volume in the *Old Mother West Wind Series*.
- Nannette Goes to Visit Her Grandmother. By Joseph Scribner Gates. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. 50 cents net.
A true story of a little girl and her pets.
- The Nowadays Girls in the Adirondacks. By Gertrude Calvert Hall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.
The adventures of some college girls on a tramp through the Adirondacks.
- Patty's Romance. By Carolyn Wells. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.
A continuation of Patty's adventures, this time on a motor trip through New England.
- Peg o' the Ring. A Maid of Denewood. By Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
The third and last story of the *Denewood Series*. The background pictures life among our forefathers of Washington's time.
- Places Young Americans Want to Know. By Everett T. Tomlinson. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.
Descriptions of the most notable places in the history, geography and scenic beauty of this country.
- Puck in Petticoats and Other Fairy Plays. By Grace E. Richardson. Akron: The Saalfield Publishing Company. \$1.00.
Short plays for children to act.
- The Puppet Princess or, The Heart that Squeaked: A Christmas Play for Children. By Augusta Stevenson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. 50 cents net.
Arranged for production by children.
- A Real Cinderella. By Nina Rhoades. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. \$1.00.
A little orphan girl with a genius for music has a Cinderella-like experience.
- Saalfield's Annual. Akron: The Saalfield Publishing Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
Pictures, stories and verses for little children.
- The Secret Play. By Ralph Henry Barbour. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.30 net.
A story of high school life and football.
- Six Little Ducklings. By Katharine Pyle. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.
The experiences of the Duck family, its friends and enemies.
- The Story of Leather. By Sara Ware Bassett. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. 75 cents net.
The hero of the story learns the leather business in his father's factory.
- The Strange Story of Mr. Dog and Mr. Bear. By Mabel Fuller Blodgett. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.
Animal adventure stories written with some humour and with lessons of patience, amiability, etc.
- The Testing of Janice Day. By Helen Beecher Long. New York: Sully & Kleinteich. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
An up-to-date girl in a typical New England village disturbs its quiet life, but finally wins the approval of all.
- Tommy and the Wishing-Stone. By Thornton W. Burgess. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.
A country boy learns the lives and habits of his various animal friends by being transformed by the aid of the "Wishing-stone" into their kind.
- The Trail Boys of the Plains. By Jay Winthrop Allen. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.
Adventures of two boys on the plains in the days of the buffalo and the outlaw.
- Two Little Women. By Carolyn Wells. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.
The life and adventures of two happy young girls in a characteristic suburban town.
- When Christmas Comes Around. By Priscilla Underwood. New York: Duffield & Company. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.
Short Christmas stories for little children.
- Who's Who in the Land of Nod. By Sarah Sanderson Vanderbilt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.
The little hero is conducted by the Sandman to the realms where live many of the heroes of nursery fiction.
- Winona of the Camp Fire. By Margaret Widdemer. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
A story of the Camp Fire Girls. Boating, fishing, swimming and adventuring in a summer camp on a lake.
- The Wishing Fairies. By Madge A. Biggam. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. 75 cents net.

One fairy for each month of the year grants to some child his dearest wish. Verse.

History

Germany Since 1740. By George Madison Priest. Boston: Ginn & Company. \$1.25 net.

A background of German history for students of modern German literature.

The Life of Bernal Diaz Del Castillo. Being Some Account of Him, Taken From His True History of the Conquest of New Spain. By R. B. Cunningham Graham. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$2.00 net.

The companion of Cortez describes the conquest of Mexico in one of the best original sources on this period, from which this book is largely drawn.

New York's Part in History. By Sherman Williams. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.

Showing accomplishments within the State as well as the part played in history by the State.

The Partitions of Poland. By Lord Eversley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$2.50 net.

An analysis of Polish history from its first partition in 1772 down to the present time, with a discussion of Poland's outlook.

The Road to Glory. By E. Alexander Powell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

Some dramatic incidents in the history of this country are described.

Treitschke's History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. New York: McBride, Nast & Company. \$3.25 net.

Volume I of the translation of Treitschke's works completed twenty-one years ago.

Geography, Travel and Description

Adrift in the Arctic Ice Pack. From the History of the First U. S. Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin. By Elisha Kent Kane. Edited by Horace Kephart. New York: Outing Publishing Company. \$1.00 net.

The record of a winter spent adrift in the Arctic by an early explorer.

Alaskan Days with John Muir. By S. Hall Young. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

The author accompanied the naturalist on some of his exploring trips, and tells the story of the journeys.

Constantinople Old and New. By H. G. Dwight. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$5.00 net.

A description of the different aspects of the Turkish capital and its life.

Finland and the Finns. By Arthur Reade. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$3.00 net.

A discussion of the national life of Finland.

First Through the Grand Canyon. By Major John Wesley Powell. Edited by Horace Kephart. New York: Outing Publishing Company. \$1.00 net.

A record of the pioneer exploration of the Colorado River in 1869-70.

The Lure of San Francisco. By Elizabeth Gray Potter and Mabel Thayer Grey. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.

The city, romantic and beautiful, from the traveller's point of view.

The Real Argentine: Notes and Impressions of a Year in the Argentine and Uruguay. By J. A. Hammerton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.

A chatty and informal account of the author's year of residence in the Argentine and Uruguay.

The South Americans. By W. H. Koebel. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$3.00 net.

A book for the student on the social and anthropological characteristics of the South American peoples.

Walks About Washington. By Francis E. Leupp and Lester G. Hornby. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. \$3.00 net.

Glimpses of the city of Washington, its growth, its famous personages, its historical memories and its present day impressions.

Biography

Goethe's Life-Poem. By Denton J. Snider. St. Louis: Sigma Publishing Company. A biography drawn from the poet's own works.

The Heart of Lincoln. By Wayne Whipple. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs Company. 50 cents net.

A sympathetic study of Lincoln's nature portrayed in a series of anecdotes and reminiscences.

Hitting the Dark Trail: Starshine through Thirty Years of Night. By Clarence Hawkes. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

The autobiography of one who lost his sight in his early youth, and who has successfully made the best of his affliction.

Isabel of Castile and The Making of the Spanish Nation. 1451-1504. By Irene L. Plunket. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.

The story of how Isabel of Castile raised her nation to the height of its power.

A King's Favourite: Madame Du Barry and Her Times. By Claude Saint-André.

- New York: McBride, Nast & Company. Illustrated. \$3.50 net.
From hitherto unpublished documents the author attempts to show that Madame Du Barry has been greatly maligned.
- The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson.* By Graham Balfour. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.
An abridged, one-volume edition, with some additions and unfamiliar portraits.
- Maurice Maeterlinck: A Critical Study.* By Una Taylor. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$2.00 net.
A critical study with emphasis upon the subject's personality.
- My Life.* By Richard Wagner. Authorized Translation from the German. In Two Volumes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$3.50 net.
A new and popular edition of Wagner's famous autobiography.
- Recollections of an Irish Judge: Press, Bar and Parliament.* By M. M'Donnell Bodkin. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$3.00 net.
A well-known English barrister recalls the personages whom he has met and the events that have occurred during a long and varied career.
- Reminiscences and Letters of Sir Robert Ball.* Edited by His Son, W. Valentine Ball. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. \$5.00.
A picture of the Irish astronomer who made his subject a popular science.
- The Rival Sultanas.* Nell Gwyn, Louise de Kéroualle, and Hortense Mancini. By H. Noel Williams. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$3.50 net.
A picture of the court of Charles II, with a description of the personalities and characters of the women who played their parts in the social and political life of the time.
- Bernard Shaw: A Critical Study.* By P. P. Howe. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$2.00 net.
A critical study with emphasis upon the subject's personality.
- The Story of Yone Noguchi.* Told by Himself. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Company. \$1.50 net.
The Japanese author tells of his experiences and impressions of Occidental life, as well as something of his own country.
- The Story of a Pioneer.* By Anna Howard Shaw. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.
The life story of one of the modern leaders in the woman's world. An inspiring account of trials overcome and of successful accomplishment.
- The Voyages of Captain Scott.* Retold from *The Voyage of the "Discovery"* and *Scott's Last Expedition.* By Charles Turley. With an Introduction by J. M. Barrie. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.
Largely an autobiography giving Scott's own life and accomplishments.
- W. B. Yeats: A Critical Study.* By Forrest Reid. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$2.00 net.
A critical study with emphasis upon the subject's personality.
- General Works, Miscellaneous**
- The Bankside Costume Book for Children.* By Melicent Stone. Akron: The Saalfeld Publishing Company. Illustrated. \$1.00.
Characteristic costumes of all ages described with a view to aiding teachers in preparing children's plays.
- The Book of Progress.* Compiled and Edited by Albert A. Hopkins. Three volumes. New York: Cricks Publishing Corporation. Illustrated. \$9.00.
An attempt to give a comprehensive idea of man's present advancement along scientific, technical and institutional lines.
- The Complete Club Book for Women.* By Caroline French Benton. Boston: The Page Company. \$1.25 net.
Suggestions and programmes for work in women's clubs.
- Forty Thousand Quotations, Prose and Poetical.* Compiled by Charles Noel Douglas. New York: Sully & Kleinteich. \$2.50 net.
A collection of extracts from literature on all branches of human interests, arranged alphabetically according to subject.
- Letters on an Elk Hunt.* By Elinore Pruitt Stewart. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.00 net.
An American woman's adventures on a journey of three hundred miles hunting elks.
- National Humour: Scottish, English, Irish, Welsh, Cockney, American.* By David Macrae. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Illustrated. \$1.75 net.
A discussion of the subject with many illustrative anecdotes.
- Recent Jewish Progress in Palestine.* By Henrietta Szold. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America.
Being the American Jewish Year Book for 5676—September 9, 1915, to September 27, 1916. Edited by Joseph Jacobs for the American Jewish Committee.
- The Scout Law in Practice.* By Arthur A. Carey. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 60 cents net.
Makes available to Scout leaders the author's exposition of the Scout Oath and Law.

THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1 of September and the first of October.

FICTION		
CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York (Uptown).	Felix O'Day	The Way of These Women
New York(Downtown)	The Rainbow Trail	Thirty
Albany, N. Y.....	Felix O'Day	The Money Master
Atlanta, Ga.....	"K"	Michael O'Halloran
Baltimore, Md.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Birmingham, Ala.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Boston, Mass.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Boston, Mass.....	Michael O'Halloran	A Far Country
Buffalo, N. Y.....	Michael O'Halloran	The Nurse's Story
Chicago, Ill.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Dallas, Tex.....	Michael O'Halloran	The Money Master
Denver, Colo.....	Michael O'Halloran	A Far Country
Des Moines, Ia.....	"K"	Michael O'Halloran
Detroit, Mich.....	"K"	Michael O'Halloran
Houston, Tex.....	Michael O'Halloran	Pollyanna Grows Up
Indianapolis, Ind.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Kansas City, Mo.....	Michael O'Halloran	Jaffery
Los Angeles, Cal.....	The Research Magnificent	"K"
Memphis, Tenn.....	Michael O'Halloran	A Far Country
Milwaukee, Wis.....	Michael O'Halloran	A Far Country
Minneapolis, Minn.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
New Orleans, La.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Norfolk, Va.....	The Money Master	The Heart of the Sunset
Omaha, Neb.....	Michael O'Halloran	A Far Country
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The Money Master	The Research Magnificent
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Portland, Me.....	Michael O'Halloran	The Heart of the Sunset
Portland, Ore.....	Michael O'Halloran	The Turmoil
Providence, R. I.....	Felix O'Day	"K"
Richmond, Va.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Rochester, N. Y.....	A Far Country	Michael O'Halloran
St. Louis, Mo.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
St. Paul, Minn.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
San Antonio, Tex.....	Michael O'Halloran	The Rainbow Trail
San Francisco, Cal....	Michael O'Halloran	The Money Master
San Francisco, Cal....	The Story of Julia Page	The Freeland
Seattle, Wash.....	The Rim of the Desert	Michael O'Halloran
Spokane, Wash.....	"K"	Michael O'Halloran
Tacoma, Wash.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Toledo, Ohio.....	Michael O'Halloran	Felix O'Day
Toronto, Ont.....	A Far Country	Michael O'Halloran
Utica, N. Y.....	"K"	Felix O'Day
Waco, Tex.....	Michael O'Halloran	A Far Country
Washington, D. C.....	"K"	Michael O'Halloran
Washington, D. C.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Worcester, Mass.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"

(Continued)

FICTION			
3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
"K"	The Coming Back of Lawrence Averil	Sally on the Rocks	The Money Master
The Harbour	The Turmoil	A Young Man's Year	Me
The Rainbow Trail	Way of these Women	Michael O'Halloran	Eltham House
The Lovable Meddler	The Turmoil	The Money Master	Thirty
Pollyanna Grows Up	The Freeland	The Lovable Meddler	The Harbour
The Rainbow Trail	Thirty	Rose Garden Husband	Shadows of Flames
The Story of Julia Page	The Money Master	The High Priestess	The Rainbow Trail
Felix O'Day	The Money Master	The Story of Julia Page	Heart of the Sunset
"K"	The Rainbow Trail	The Money Master	The Freeland
Pollyanna Grows Up	Pollyanna	A Far Country	The Rainbow Trail
The Money Master	The Freeland	A Far Country	Jaffery
Pollyanna Grows Up	A Far Country	The Harbour	"K"
Pollyanna Grows Up	"K"	Me	The Turmoil
Pollyanna	A Far Country	The Turmoil	The Rainbow Trail
A Far Country	Thirty	Thankful's Inheritance	The Freeland
Jaffery	Contrary Mary	Shadows of Flames	Athalie
The Freeland	Research Magnificent	The Story of Julia Page	The Winner
"K"	A Far Country	Bealby	The Harbour
The Money Master	Thirty	Felix O'Day	Shadows of Flames
A Lovable Meddler	"K"	Thirty	The Valley of Fear
Mr. Bingle	Thankful's Inheritance	The Money Master	Way of these Women
A Far Country	Pollyanna Grows Up	Anne of the Island	Rose Garden Husband
A Far Country	The Turmoil	Ruggles of Red Gap	The Freeland
"K"	Felix O'Day	The "Genius"	Pollyanna Grows Up
The Harbour	Pollyanna Grows Up	"K"	The Lovable Meddler
Way of These Women	The Heart of the Sunset	The Freeland	The Story of Julia Page
A Far Country	The Rainbow Trail	The Freeland	The Lovable Meddler
The Turmoil	The Harbour	The Double Traitor	The Rainbow Trail
Felix O'Day	"K"	The Landloper	Thirty
The Heart of the Sunset	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Rainbow Trail	Athalie
The Rainbow Trail	The Heart of the Sunset	The Freeland	The Lovable Meddler
A Far Country	The Turmoil	Shadows of Flames	The Money Master
The Harbour	Pollyanna Grows Up	Angela's Business	The Rainbow Trail
Anne of the Island	The Lovable Meddler	Athalie	Open Market
Thirty	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Rainbow Trail	Thankful's Inheritance
The Lovable Meddler	The Turmoil	A Far Country	Pollyanna Grows Up
The Freeland	The Rainbow Trail	"K"	The Lovable Meddler
"K"	Michael O'Halloran	A Far Country	The Harbour
"K"	A Far Country	The Money Master	Hepsy Burke
The Rainbow Trail	The Heart of the Sunset	The Rim of the Desert	Thirty
The Rim of the Desert	A Far Country	The Rainbow Trail	The Turmoil
The Money Master	The Rainbow Trail	The Freeland	A Far Country
"K"	Anne of the Island	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Money Master
Thankful's Inheritance	The Money Master	A Far Country	His Official Fiancé
The Heart of the Sunset	The Story of Julia Page	The Money Master	The Foolish Virgin
Shadows of Flames	Jaffery	The Harbour	The Money Master
The Harbour	Anne of the Island	The Rainbow Trail	The Turmoil
A Far Country	The Rainbow Trail	Felix O'Day	The Story of Julia Page

SALE OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library, Circulation Department, reports books most in demand, excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending September 1st:

1. With the German Armies in the West. Hedin.
2. When a Man Comes to Himself. Wilson.
3. Hugh. Benson.
4. Memories of the Kaiser's Court. Topham.
5. Russia and the Great War. Alexinsky.

For the week ending September 8th:

1. Russia and the Great War. Alexinsky.
2. Bramble-bees and Others. Fabre.
3. Behind the Scenes in Warring Germany. Fox.
4. The Note-Book of an Attaché. Wood.
5. The World in the Crucible. Parker.

For the week ending September 15th:

1. When a Man Comes to Himself. Wilson.
2. Russia and the Great War. Alexinsky.
3. New Map of Europe. Gibbon.
4. America and the World War. Roosevelt.
5. Bramble-bees and Others. Fabre.
6. Decoration and Furnishing of Apartments. Herts.

For the week ending September 22d:

1. With the German Armies in the West. Hedin.
2. Defenseless America. Maxim.
3. Hugh. Benson.
4. Selling Latin America. Aughinbaugh.
5. Spoon River Anthology. Masters.
6. Interpretation of the Russian People. Wiener.

For the week ending September 29th:

1. What Is Back of the War. Beveridge.
2. Socialised Germany. Howe.
3. The World in the Crucible. Parker.
4. The Breath of Life. Burroughs.
5. The Note-Book of an Attaché. Wood.

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

I Accuse! (J'Accuse!). Anon.
When A Man Comes to Himself. Wilson.
Eat and Grow Thin. Thompson.
Spoon River Anthology. Masters.
The Pentecost of Calamity. Wister.
The Note-Book of an Attaché. Wood.

The Secrets of the Hohenzollerns. Graves.
What Men Live By. Cabot.
Contemporary Portraits. Harris.
What Is Back of the War. Beveridge.
Chief Contemporary Dramatists. Dickinson.
Ivory Apes and Peacocks. Huneker.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 358 and 359) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives	10
" " " 2d " " " "	8
" " " 3d " " " "	7
" " " 4th " " " "	6
" " " 5th " " " "	5
" " " 6th " " " "	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

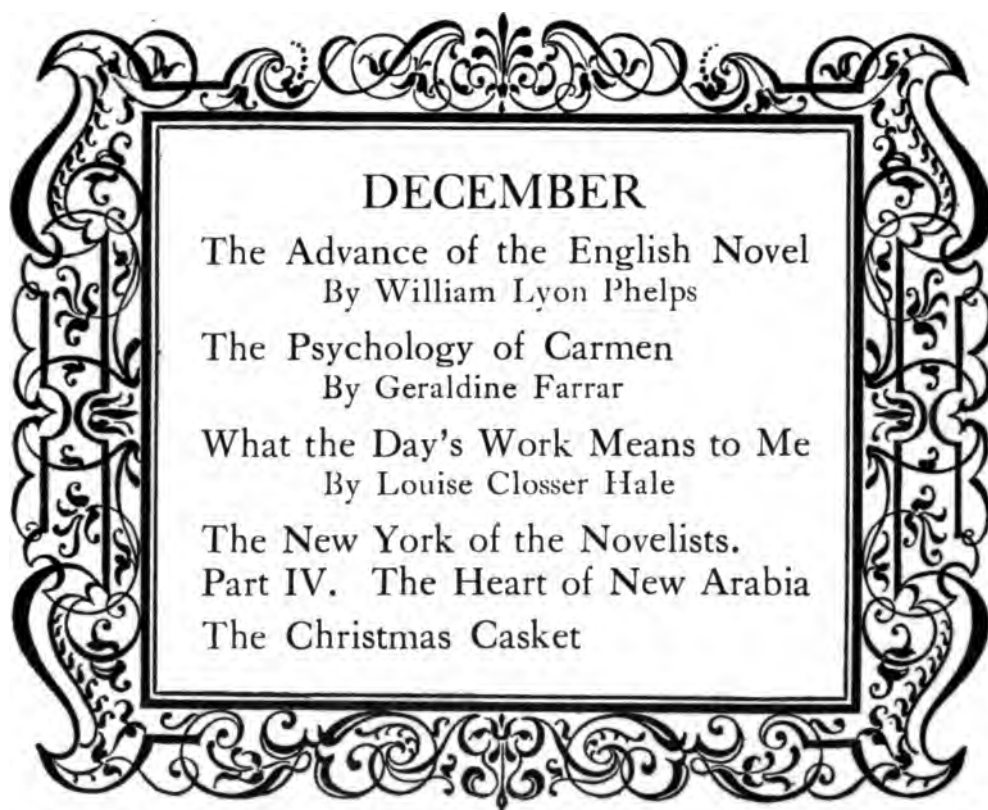
POINTS

1. Michael O'Halloran. Stratton Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35..... 385
2. "K." Rinehart. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35 285
3. A Far Country. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50 169
4. The Money Master. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35 124
5. The Rainbow Trail. Grey. (Harper.) \$1.35 116
6. Pollyanna Grows Up. Porter. (Page) \$1.25 79

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THE BOOKMAN

An Illustrated Magazine
of Literature and Life



DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

25 cents a copy NEW YORK \$2.50 a year



ANNA STRUNSKY WALLING (MRS. WILLIAM ENGLISH WALLING), AUTHOR OF "VIOLETTA OF PÈRE LACHAISE." PORTRAIT BY CHARLES FIGARO, VELASQUEZ STUDIO, NEW YORK

to him, who happened to be Mr. Owen Johnson, "are they singing the Marseillaise?" Mr. Johnson explained that the song had no international significance, but that the Harvard undergraduates had adapted the tune to words of their own. "Does any college," M. de Monvel innocently asked, "make use of 'The Watch on the Rhine' in the same way?" Mr. Johnson, who is ardently Yale and passionately pro-Ally, was forced reluctantly to confess that it was his own Alma Mater that sang the words of "Bright College Years" to music which the uninitiated listener could take only as an expression of glorification of the German cause. Perhaps it would be better if Harvard and Yale, who possess many inspiring songs, dropped both the "Marseillaise" and "The Watch on the Rhine" from their repertoires until happier days. Last spring the dual track meet between Princeton and Yale took place less than seventy-two hours after

the sinking of the *Lusitania*. A hired band, secured by the Yale undergraduates for the occasion, was on the Princeton University field. Just before the first event was run off the band struck up what, as no words were sung, was nothing more nor less than "The Watch on the Rhine." It was in intent innocent enough, but to many present, with hearts hot and sad at the thought of our American dead, the notes came like blows in the face.

• • •

To Mr. Owen Johnson, by the way, we also wrote to ask for an expression of opinion as to the Boys' Books books which are most Again likely to influence early youth and those books in particular which had made the greatest impression on his own young life. We felt that a good many readers would be



JEAN WEBSTER, AUTHOR OF "DEAR ENEMY"



SCENES IN INDIANAPOLIS DURING THE RECENT JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY FESTIVITIES



DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER, THE AUTHOR OF "THE BENT TWIG," AND HER FAMILY

as much interested in what the creator of "Dink" Stover, Hickey, and "the Tennessee Shad" had liked as they were in the likings of the creators of Rebecca and of Penrod Schofield. We fear that Mr. Johnson's confession will be frowned upon in austere places. The list is so perfectly candid. He has put



JOHN BURROUGHS AND WILLIAM WINTER ON THE SHORE OF EASTERN LONG ISLAND

down not what a boy should like best, but what one particular boy did like best. First of all he has placed Dumas's *The Three Musketeers*. We have been familiar with that book for a great many years and have reread it many times. It impressed us merely as a glorious narrative. But recently we have been informed not only that it was a glorifica-



BUCK PARVIN, THE COWPUNCHER HERO OF "BUCK PARVIN OF THE MOVIES," AND CHARLES E. VAN LOAN, THE AUTHOR OF THE TALE

tion of bloodthirsty savagery, but that it was a work of immoral tendencies as well.

• • •

"When I placed *The Three Musketeers* first," says Mr. Johnson, "I meant not only that book by itself, but also its sequels *Twenty Years After* and *Vi-comte de Bragellone*. For they are all one. Perhaps from modern standards the lives of Dumas's four heroes were not all that they should have been. But for the healthy growing boy they are a

splendid example of courage and above all loyalty. Is there anything more inspiring in all fiction than their cry of 'One for all, and all for one'? And is not the death of Porthos on the Bréton Coast in verity the death of a Titan? And after *The Three Musketeers* I am not through with old Alexandre. For second on my list I place *The Count of Monte Cristo*, and recall the delirious



DANA BURNET, AUTHOR OF "POEMS," REVIEWED ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE BY MR. JOYCE KILMER

joy of a lazy, idle boy as he read of the escape of Dantes from the Château D'If and of the rain of blood at the inn of Caderousse on the Corniche Road. Third place in my young affections was held by Stevenson's *Treasure Island*, and certainly no one who has once met Long John Silver can ever forget him. Fourth is Marryat's *Midshipman Easy*. But when I say *Midshipman Easy* I mean any one of half a dozen books. It might be *Snarleyow*, or *Japhet in Search of a Father* or *Peter Simple*. The



DON MARQUIS, OF THE "SUN DIAL," AUTHOR OF "DREAMS AND DUST," REVIEWED ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE BY MR. JOYCE KILMER



SARA TEASDALE, AUTHOR OF "RIVERS TO THE SEA," REVIEWED ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE BY MR. JOYCE KILMER



WILLA SIBERT CATHER, AUTHOR OF "THE SONG OF THE LARK," IN THE MESA VERDE WILDS

thought of any one of them brings back with a thrill the memory of rollicking adventure, and the salt brine of the sea.

• • •

"Fifth comes the first book of American authorship. That is Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn*. But again it might have been *Tom Sawyer*, for one cannot recall one book without thinking of the other. In sixth place Jules Verne is represented by *The Mysterious Island*. What a debt of gratitude the boys of all countries owe to that remarkable story teller! *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*, *A Trip to the Moon*, *Five Weeks in a Balloon*, and *Robur the Conqueror* are all good; but *The Mysterious Island*, I think, is a little bit the

best of them all. It is the most dramatic, and the pirates are fine. Seventh in order I have placed Thomas Hughes's *Tom Brown at Rugby*. I never could get the swing of *Tom Brown at Oxford*, but the earlier book has always seemed to me to be one of the great classics of boyhood. When I place the *Pilgrim's Progress* eighth I am not thinking of the allegory which John Bunyan intended the book to be. When I read it first it was to me a narrative of romantic adventure, and the Valley of the Shadow of Death a place of very material terrors, and Great Heart in every sense a first class fighting man. Ninth comes Cooper's *The Spy*. For some reason I always liked that infinitely better than I



EMILY VIELÉ STROTHER, AUTHOR OF "EVE DORRE." INCIDENTALLY, MRS. STROTHER IS A SISTER OF THE LATE HERMAN KNICKERBOCKER VIELÉ, THE AUTHOR OF "THE INN OF THE SILVER MOON," "MYRA OF THE PINES," AND "THE LAST OF THE KNICKERBOCKERS"

did any of the 'Leatherstocking Tales.' As there is room for only one more title in the list I put down *Ivanhoe*. Of all Scott's work that seems so much the best that there is no second. That is of course speaking from the boy's point of view. If I were asked to name the six greatest moments of fiction one would be where the disinherited Knight, riding into the lists of Ashby-de-a-Zouche, strikes the Templar's shield with the sharp end of his lance. Of course if I were thirteen years of age to-day this list would probably be considerably revised. For example, I know how much I enjoy Booth Tarkington's 'Penrod' stories now. Ah, to have made their acquaintance for the first time at twelve or thirteen!" . . .

A sign of the times is the flood of books on healthful living and per-

sonal hygiene. Never before have doctors so freely taken their public into their confidence, never before have there been so many specialists occupied in the effort to educate

the people toward a sane, healthful living. The latest volume published on this subject is *How to Live: Rules for Healthful Living Based on Modern Science*, by Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale University, and Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk, of the Life Extension Institute. The book is a good resumé of the last word of science on the various phases of healthful living and serves to give an excellent bird's eye view of the entire subject, but it does not give any demonstration or proofs of the points involved and so is not adapted for the beginner in the study of the healthful life.



PROFESSOR IRVING FISHER

Surely the widespread demand and large sale for such books must be taken in conjunction with our "humanitarianism and social sentimentality" in any estimate of our democracy. For if, as Disraeli has said, "Public health is the foundation on which reposes the happiness of the people and the power of a country," this increasing effort and study on the part of the people is an encouraging sign toward a stable foundation of society, whatever may be the superficial upheavals.

...

Norman Angell, the author of *The Great Illusion* and *The World's Highway*, is only forty-one years of age. Into this brief life, however, has been crammed enough "eventfulness" and "variousness" to account for even the most unusual results. He was born on December 26, 1874, in Holbeach, England. His education he received in the Lycée de St. Omer in France, and in the University of Geneva, Switzerland. Then came some years spent in the United States, first

ranching and prospecting, and then at newspaper work. In 1898 he returned to Europe as correspondent for a group of American newspapers. From 1899 to 1903 he was the editor of the *Paris Daily Messenger*; 1903-05 on the staff of the *Eclair*; and from 1905 on, the general manager of Lord Northcliffe's *Paris Daily Mail*. The last was a very responsible position and brilliantly filled. Lord Northcliffe's ambition was to bring out the same newspaper, the same in news and editorial matter, simultaneously in Manchester, London, Paris, and Nice. The most extraordinary thing about this project is that he accomplished it. Norman Angell managed the *Paris Daily Mail* with marked success.

...

Meantime Mr. Angell had been slowly and steadily thinking his way through the problems of international polity, problems created by the jealousy of large commercial nations and the



NORMAN ANGELL

helplessness (militarily speaking) of small nations. He began to write, and soon—a matter of three or four years—a journal was founded bearing his name, clubs to discuss and disseminate his ideas sprang up all over England, and journalists, politicians, diplomats, and crowned heads bore witness to the force of his teaching. In brief, what he pointed out was that the whole theory of the commercial basis of war was wrong. He succeeded in demonstrating that no modern war could make a profit for the victors, and that—most astonishing thing of all—a successful war might leave the conquerors worse off than they were before. “Mr. Angell’s way is to face the facts of contemporary opinion, to discover the misapprehensions cherished by the common mind, and to dispel these misapprehensions by clear statement and logical argument. Underlying the struggles and jealousies of the diplomats he finds widely prevalent errors and loosenesses of mind that must be corrected. . . . The Average Man’s moral condition is quite good enough already; what wants doctoring is his intellectual condition. Only thus,” *The New Statesman* concludes, “can any stable international polity be made possible.”

. . .

In August, 1914, Europe burst into flames. Since then one after another of Mr. Angell’s prophecies have been fulfilled. For he foresaw the war, and the manner of it, and the horror of it. Above the din he raised his voice in protest against the effect which war was having on England, against the Prussianising of England. But in the heat of passions inflamed by war he was accused of pro-German sympathies,—an accusation as ridiculous and groundless as could be imagined. His offence consisted in the fact that he could see the folly of war whether waged by Germany or by England. He pointed out that Prussian Militarism is not geographical nor racial. If England conquers in this war it will be only by becoming a more efficiently militaristic

Prussia than Prussia is. And more generally speaking,—whatever country conquers, will be the future seat and centre of Prussian Militarism. Which is a highly unpleasant truth. Considering that England went into the war with the avowed purpose of wiping Prussian Militarism off the face of the earth, it was a rather tactless truth to whisper in the ear of John Bull. The result is that the only man who is hated by England more cordially than Norman Angell, is that same Bernard Shaw who spake the truth as he saw it in *Commonsense About the War*. Shaw is so superbly hated that his name is never mentioned; his existence is ignored. Norman Angell is still the subject of conversation, angry conversation. The great tragedy of it all is that if the ideas which have come to be known as “Angellism” had had a decade longer to ripen and bear fruit—the present Great War might have been averted.

. . .

As something of a reminder of the sportsmanlike manner in which the women of the East have accepted defeat at the Olive Schreiner polls and have started to rebuild their propagandist structure, comes a new edition of Olive Schreiner’s little classic *Dreams* from the press of Messrs. Little, Brown and Company. An introduction by Miss Amy Wellington says of the author:

The personality and life-work of Olive Schreiner seem to sum up an entire epoch in the social growth of woman. She was born in the heat of South Africa, the daughter of a German missionary and an English mother of Puritan ancestry, and her childhood was spent on a mission station. Her early spiritual autobiography is contained in *The Story of an African Farm*, begun while she was still a child (a wonder-child!) and finished before she was twenty. . . . About the age of twenty, in 1882, Olive Schreiner left the sandy plains and hillocks of South Africa and went to England, carrying with her the manuscript of *The Story of an African Farm*. . . .

Olive Schreiner's social consciousness was painfully quickened by the complex and pathological life of big cities. She lived alone in the East End of London, making her own observations and forming her own conclusions. Her great allegory, *The Sunlight Lay Across My Bed*, with its tremendous sweep of the historical imagination and its modern socialist vision of Hell and Heaven, was written partly in a London attic. . . . In 1894, Olive Schreiner married a well-known South African politician, Mr. S. C. Cronwright, and thenceforth she made her home on an African farm. One of her brothers, the Hon. W. P. Schreiner, was Prime Minister of Cape Colony during the difficult years which preceded the Boer War, and Olive Schreiner used all her powerful influence, literary and political, to avert the slaughter and arouse both Englishmen and Boers to a saving realisation of human brotherhood.

. . .

During the Boer War Olive Schreiner lost the manuscript of her greatest work, upon which she had spent years of her thought and labour.

When, months later, she was held a prisoner of war, in a little house on the outskirts of an African village, guarded by armed natives, her home looted and all her papers destroyed, Olive Schreiner began resolutely in the semi-darkness of her shuttered room to reconstruct from memory one chapter of the lost volume. . . . *Woman and Labour*, the book which resulted from this imprisonment, has one advantage, perhaps, over the original volume. The manuscript in ashes was written for the student and the thinker. This brief remembrance is an emotional appeal to the whole reading world of men and women.

. . .

In the course of its series of papers on "Literary Club Land," published nine or ten years ago, **Gridiron** **Nights** found its way to the Gridiron Club, of Washington, District of Columbia, and a paper on that interesting organisation was published in the issue of the magazine for April, 1896.



GRIDIRON NIGHTS

The paper was written by Richard V. Oulahan, who has been a member of the club since October, 1905, and who served as its president for the year 1911. Now the whole story of the Gridiron is told in a volume written by Arthur Wallace Dunn, and published by the Frederic A. Stokes Company, of New York. Instituted thirty years ago, the Gridiron has become the most famous dining club in the world. Every President of the United States has been a guest at its dinners since the club was organised, with the exception of President Cleveland, who declined all invitations on pleas of public business. Long before they were thought of as presidential possibilities Theodore Roosevelt and



GRIDIRON NIGHTS



William H. Taft were guests, the former making his first appearance at a Gridiron dinner in January, 1890, when he was Civil Service Commissioner, and the latter in February, 1891, when he was Solicitor General in the Department of Justice.

...

The identity of Ian Hay, author of *Scally*, *A Knight on Wheels*, and *A Safety Match*, is announced by his American publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company, to be Captain Ian Hay Beith, of the Tenth Battalion of Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. From Headquarters, 27th Infantry Brigade, British Expeditionary Force, France, Captain Beith writes:

Well, we have been busy with the Boche during the last three weeks. Our division led the way to action on September 25th, and was in it for three days and nights, after which they took us out for a rest and sent another division in. You can imagine

we were pretty well reduced in numbers by the time we came out, but the men behaved splendidly, and were thanked by their corps commander for what they had done. I succeeded in coming through without a scratch, and have written a full account of the proceedings for *Blackwood's*. I was lucky enough to get a week's leave just before the fight, so you can imagine my wife and I had a great time in London. I heard from her last night. She had just seen Zeppelins, and was pleasurably excited along with the rest of London.



GRIDIRON NIGHTS

Everything is going well here, which accounts for the enemy's desperate attempt to create a diversion in the Balkans. For some mysterious reason, I have been recommended for the Military Cross. This is not the same thing as getting it, but time and the *Gazette* will show.

...

A curious incident of interest to the literary world occurred at the consecration of the Emperor of Japan this November.

Posthumous Honours

With an elaborate and impressive ceremony Yoshihito announced to the spirits of his imperial ancestors that he has formally succeeded to the Emperorship and that he has actually ascended the "Takamikura" or imperial throne. Then many coronation honours were awarded and among them was a posthumous one to Lafcadio Hearn, designating him a fourth-class junior in Court rank. This honour is almost coincident with the publication of a work of Hearn's that has had an incalculable influence on Japan—*Interpretations of Literature*, which, in two volumes, is a collection of the lectures delivered by Hearn to his Japanese pupils on the classics of English lit-

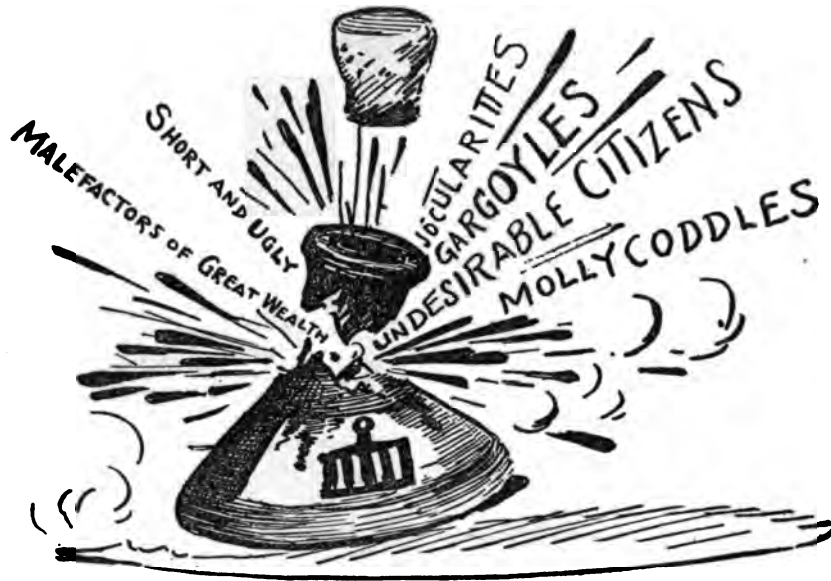
erature and the personality of their authors. It is well known that Lafcadio Hearn became, as far as is possible for an Occidental, a Japanese in his later life. This work is for that reason of curious interest as presenting an Oriental estimate, from a strictly Oriental point of view, of the flower of our literary life. In a measure at least it gives us the opportunity to see ourselves as one considerable portion of the human family would see us.

...

"T. and B." stands, in the academic minds of many Yale graduates, for "Tennyson and Browning."

"T. and B." which in turn is the name of a course in literature for seniors at Yale

Yale given by Professor William Lyon Phelps. And there are very few Yale men who succeed in getting through college without the year of "T. and B.," so popular has the course become. Indeed, Professor Phelps has come to be recognised as the Browning authority in this country. He has been not only a deep student of Browning's work, but has personally travelled over the Browning "trail," visiting all the places associated



GRIDIRON NIGHTS

with Browning's life, and himself taking many photographs of scenes and places familiar to the Browning student. His contribution on Browning, therefore, to the Bobbs-Merrill series of monographs on great authors is a distinct and valuable literary work and is of the highest interest to Browning lovers. *Browning: How to Know Him* is the title of Professor Phelps's book. The effort of the work is, in addition to a brief "life," to arouse an appreciation of Browning poetry in the reader, and to this end Professor Phelps has quoted at considerable length, giving something over fifty poems in complete form, each preceded by his interpretation of its meaning and significance. Browning's theory of poetry, a discussion of his different types of writing, an estimate of his character and especially of his optimism, complete a rounded presentation of the Browning idea that in our estimation is both the most practical and valuable as well as interesting and readable that has as yet appeared.

...

In his *Memories of a Publisher*, George Haven Putnam recalls a book

which, published many years ago, has taken on a new interest in the last fifteen months. That is *The Battle of Dorking*, Sir George Chesney's *The Battle of Dorking*, which, written in 1869,

was intended to be a sermon rather than a romance. The story was first published anonymously in *Blackwood's*, but its authorship was later acknowledged by Chesney, who was at the time chief of staff in the British Army. *The Battle of Dorking* was the precursor of a long series of monographs no one of which came anywhere near to Chesney's sketch in literary power or in military importance. The narrative was told in the first person, and its purpose was to alarm the people of England to what Chesney believed to be the practically defenseless condition of the kingdom. It was Chesney's belief that a single German army corps once brought safely across the North Sea, would have little difficulty in making its way through the country and in taking possession of London. What the author wanted particularly to emphasise was not naval preparation, which was, he assumed, in good hands, but the

necessity of some better organisation of the home territorial forces. The institution of the system of volunteers was undoubtedly chiefly due to the awakening of public opinion brought about by Chesney's sketch.

• • •

The first book from Rudyard Kipling in three years comes in the form of a little volume bearing the title *France at War*. It is made up of

Kipling's contributions to the London *Daily Telegraph* from the western front. To be candid it is a little bit disappointing. It reminds us more of the Kipling of "They" and "Mrs. Bathurst" than of the Kipling of "The Drums of the Fore and Aft." As a matter of fact most of what the English novelists of exalted position have written about the war has been disappointing. Arnold Bennett's articles were at best dreary reading. Perhaps it is because the Englishmen are cramped by their country's participation in the great struggle. In all events the American correspondents have far surpassed their English brothers in the vividness and the colour of their descriptions. An interesting feature of the Kipling book is the insertion of the poem "France" which is here first published for general distribution. It was written two years ago on the occasion of the visit of President Poincaré to England, but was considered so fitting to the present volume that Mr. Kipling's permission was secured to republish it in its original form.

• • •

Mr. Kipling, by the way, may not in his war correspondence be writing up to the ideas of his most ardent admirers, but he is certainly one of those in England who foresaw the present conflict and England's participation in it. In his *History of England*, written more than four years ago, he was cordially enthusiastic over the French alliance, he deplored Britain's lack of martial preparation, and he pointed a suspicious finger directly at the German Kaiser. In describing the Saxon Englishman, he told

that this person was not quarrelsome by nature, and indeed, when he had once settled down in Britain, he was much too apt to neglect soldiering altogether. He forgot his noble trade of sailor so completely that within two centuries his coasts were at the mercy of every sea-thief in Europe; and down the northeast wind the sea thieves were always coming. "*England should always beware of a northeast wind. It blows her no good.*"

• • •

Very few of the illustrated books of the season present a more attractive appearance than Dr. Arley Munson's *Kipling's India*, which, in serial form, ran in THE BOOKMAN in the spring of 1914. The world has changed amazingly since the days when Rudyard Kipling, an obscure youth in his early twenties, endeavouring to sell such gorgeous tales as "The Man Who Would Be King," and "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," to American newspapers and magazines, was rebuffed with the comment that nobody knew anything about India or cared anything about it. No matter how limited the average American may be in his knowledge of the political, social, geographical, and historical aspects of the Indian Empire, there are many tens of thousands of readers who recall that Simla was associated with Mrs. Hauksbee and the Gadsbys, that it was at Quetta that Jack Barrett was buried, and that temple bells tinkled in Mandalay. As we have recorded before in these pages, Dr. Munson was for years an American woman physician in India in the very heart of the Kipling country. Before turning her attention to the articles which make up this book she had written *Jungle Days*, a book which described very graphically her experiences in the east.

• • •

There is a brief glimpse of "R. L. S." in his Samoan environment in A. Saffroni-Middleton's *Sailor and Beachcomber*. The Islanders had some great

festive ball and Mr. Safroni-Middleton and a man named Hornecastle, who seems to have been a With Stevenson disreputable character, in Samoa went inland and had a fine spree. Hornecastle got fearfully drunk, and Safroni-Middleton played the violin as the Samoan men, boys, and girls went through their ancient dances, in the shade of the banyans and mangroves. It was a great meeting; the old fighting chiefs were all there, dethroned kings and discarded queens, claimants to fallen dynasties of the Island around them. Robert Louis Stevenson was there. "Hornecastle," writes Mr. Safroni-Middleton, "smacked him on the back to let me see that he was in with the best society. Stevenson took it all in good part and laughed heartily as the women danced while Hornecastle kept shouting 'Hencore! Hencore!' He was a low old scoundrel, but I couldn't help liking him; he was most sincere in all his likes and dislikes and never put on any side. Stevenson liked him, too. The presence of Stevenson made me feel a bit uncomfortable in my association with Hornecastle, especially as the old reprobate would appeal to me at every instant, as though he thought I was as bad as himself."

• • •

An observant friend, who happens also to be a professional reader on the staff of a popular magazine, The Telegram commented recently in Fiction the course of a discussion, on the inability of the average writer of fiction to have his characters produce a telegram that would bear even a remote similitude to the real article. Always, he insisted, they are hopelessly wordy, and often they seem to strive to attain a literary style, the last thing on earth of which a genuine telegram should be guilty, since the conventions of the business world have already endowed it with a style of its own. Furthermore, he claimed that the telegram in fiction often served as a test of an author's ability to

interpret life and admitted that in cases of doubt he had sometimes rejected short stories in accordance with this test and that he had never afterwards regretted his decision. Incidentally, he added that such telegraphic absurdities were not confined to rejected manuscripts, but that an abundance of them could be found in the pages of popular novelists.

• • •

Now, of course such a statement could easily be established or refuted by a little patient delving; but that would have required time. So as a sort of snap-shot answer it seemed worth while to take down from the shelves two or three of the current novels quite at random, and see what results sheer luck would produce. Here is the result:

I. In *The Stirrup Cup*, by Sidney McCall, page 266, we have one author's idea of the ultimate possible compression,

And then Nemesis came. In her lean, trembling hand was a telegram:

"Sick of this hole girls want to come home start to-morrow, arriving Thursday one P.M. Jim."

• • •

II. In *Secret History*, by C. N. and A. M. Williamson, page 150, we have a still more reckless case of verbal prodigality, especially as the message is sent, presumably by cable, from the United States to Mexico,

The next morning a telegram was brought to the door. It was from Di, and said:

"Am engaged to Major Vandyke. He will probably call and tell you the news himself, but I thought I should like you to know first from me. Please be nice to him for my sake. I am very happy. What a hero he is! Write me all about what happened."

This was a long and expensive message to lavish on me; but Diana's days of economy were over.

• • •

III. But the choicest specimen of all to prove the point raised by our critical friend is the following, taken from *The Bachelors*, by William Dana Orcutt,—

a monumental piece of extravagance, since it is supposed to have been sent by wireless,

Opening the yellow envelope, he read the following message, sent by wireless from the *Arcadia*:

"That Cosden person has slipped it over on me this time, but I depend on you to watch out for my interests with Merry. She is the one best deck. Don't let that antique vintage of 1875 annoy her with his attentions. I know I can trust you. Please cable money to me in New York, care of Hotel Biltmore, to pay for this message and other expenses to Cambridge.

"Billy."

. . .

And the substance of any one of these could have so easily been compressed within the limits of a ten-word blank, as follows:

I. "Homesick, so are girls, expect us Thursday one P.M."

II. "Engaged Major Vandyke. He will call. Be conciliatory. Happy. Answer."

III. "Cosden scored. Protect Merry from him. Cable expense money, Biltmore, Manhattan."

. . .

In certain paragraphs in the October BOOKMAN about a man who pretended that he was the author of the stories signed O. David Grayson Henry there was an allusion to the fact that recently many persons, in various parts of the country, have claimed to be David Grayson. We have since received a number of letters, some suggesting the identity of David Grayson, and others asking if we know who the author writing under that pseudonym really is. All we are able to reply at present is that we have known David Grayson personally for a number of years, but that we are not at liberty to make this knowledge public. There is no doubt that the interest in the author of *Adventures in Contentment* is very widespread indeed. David Grayson's publishers are constantly receiving letters similar to those to which we have referred. As, in a note which they sent

out for general distribution, they have referred to themselves as "his publishers," there is no reason for making any mystery as to whether the author is a man or a woman. In this way we can dispose of the theory, which has been frequently advanced, that David Grayson is a pseudonym of Miss Ida M. Tarbell.

. . .

An interesting development in the increasing David Grayson following is the organisation of a Graysonian Club in a little town in Florida. So popular has the idea become that plans are now on foot for the organisation of chapters in a number of different States. The first club, which was founded by Mrs. Neal Wyatt Chapline in Sarasota, Florida, met with such success that Mrs. Chapline has received letters from people in seven States asking her advice as to how to go about organising a Graysonian Club. David Grayson himself has received many letters inviting him to attend the organisation of these institutions which are designed to spread broadcast the Graysonian ideals.

. . .

To Amélie Rives, who for many years has been the Princess Troubetzkoy, success and celebrity Amélie Rives came literally over night. She was a young girl, hardly out of her teens, when she showed the manuscript of her first story to one of her relatives, a professor in the University of Virginia, who strongly advised her not to publish it. Another relative, her cousin, Thomas Nelson Page, to whom she showed another story, was far more sympathetic. "Why, this is genius," he said, and his opinion was later confirmed when she submitted *A Brother of the Dragoons* to Thomas Bailey Aldrich, then editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, who accepted it with the remark: "The man who wrote this will never do anything stronger." But it was not *A Brother to the Dragoons* that won her fame. In 1888 *The Quick or the Dead*—incidentally the tale upon which the professor



AMÉLIE RIVES, THE PRINCESS TROUBETZKOY

frowned—was published in the pages of *Lippincott's Magazine*. At once a new note was recognised. The tale was talked of from one end of the country to the other. Every third reader roundly abused it, and countless writers turned to the task of parodying it. But the stir it caused has not been equalled by the stir caused by half a dozen novels in the last twenty-seven years.

. . .

The Princess Pierre Troubetzkoy is the granddaughter of William Cabell

Rives, Congressman and Senator of Virginia, and, before the outbreak of the Civil War, Minister Plenipotentiary to France. Her father was Colonel Alfred Landon Rives, and her mother Sarah MacMurdo, a noted Southern beauty, and a granddaughter of Bishop Richard Chandler Moore of Virginia. Amélie was born in Richmond, but her childhood was spent chiefly with her statesman grandfather at his estate, Castle Hill, in Albemarle County, Virginia. Incidentally Castle Hill is still her

home, and to her the most beloved spot in the world. *En seconde nocces* she married at Castle Hill in 1896 the Russian nobleman and artist, Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy. The painting here reproduced is an example of his work. His portrait of Gladstone has been favour-



MARY ROBERTS RINEHART, AUTHOR OF "K" AND "KINGS, QUEENS, AND PAWNS"

ably compared by critics with the celebrated portraits of that statesman by Sir John Lillais. In her latest novel, *Shadows of Flames*, Amélie Rives writes of Lake Maggiore, doubtless drawing the picture from her own residence upon that lake in the summer of 1901, when she and her husband occupied a villa at Ghiffa.

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Professor Henry Seidel Canby has gathered together ten essays under the title, *College Sons and College Fathers*, of which the first five treat of "profit and loss in college life and teaching," and the second five handle

"the broader problems that the American college must meet." In point of fact, however, the key-note of the volume, or at least the thought likely to linger longest in the reader's mind is the *Menace of Mediocrity*, both in the undergraduate world, and in the wider realm of American literature and life. The college, says Professor Canby, faces a dilemma: paradoxically, it strives to keep the standard down to the level of the average intelligence, and at the same time to afford opportunity for the rare genius to soar to the heights.

We educate a class, not individuals. We boast of the type, of the average our colleges produce. In my own university one hears far less of Jonathan Edwards, or Evarts, of Calhoun, or of Stedman than of the "Yale man." This indirect evidence, I think, is even more significant than the results of matching Harvard with Oxford, or Columbia with Berlin.

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But it is in the chapter on "Current Literature and Colleges" that readers whose interests are literary rather than pedagogical will find the most food for thought. Professor Canby has abiding faith in the literary genius of this country: "The American has shown himself more fertile in literary talent than in any other of the arts." And yet he admits that there is something radically wrong with contemporary American writers.

The soil from which good books grow is intelligence. Our current writing is clever; it is shrewd, and it is not wanting in imagination: but with due and grateful exception, it comes short in the meditated experience and thoughtful observation that spring from intelligence. Its part is less bracing, less vital than the best in our lives. Galsworthy, Wells, and Bennett are better novelists than any group of Americans; Shaw, Synge, and Barrie are better dramatists; Masefield and William Watson are better poets—not, I think, because they have more brains, more imagination, but because they use more. They strike deeper, perhaps because it is easier to do so in old soil, but

also because deeper striking is required of them.

• • •

Good soil, according to this author's definition, is made by good readers, since "no actor can act his best to a cold audience or an empty house; nor can a writer write his best when there are none or few who will hear him." He concedes that we are the greatest readers among the nations, but "if we have intelligence, we fail to use it when we read":

If as great an exercise of sheer brain power were demanded from our novelists and our playwrights as from our engineers, superintendents, architects, and lawyers, a real literature would follow. But we cannot stop reading long enough to make such a demand. We have no time for a great creative literature. "People want to be made happy by their novels. They don't care about the truth." "Any old stuff in a play will please the public, if there are laughs enough." So long as this can be said of the intelligent, educated men and women who determine true popularity, good writing in America will come only by ac-



WALTER LIPPMANN, AUTHOR OF "STAKES OF DIPLOMACY"

cident. We are bad readers; and that is what is the matter with American literature.

STRATEGY AND TACTICS IN THE DRAMA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

IN HIS very valuable lecture on *Robert Louis Stevenson: The Dramatist*, Sir Arthur Pinero has drawn a distinction between what he calls the "strategy" and the "tactics" of play-making. He defines *strategy* as "the general laying out of a play" and *tactics* as "the art of getting the characters on and off the stage, of conveying information to the audience, and so forth." Though this definition is by no means complete, it is sufficiently suggestive to afford a convenient addition to the terminology of dramatic criticism. The distinction between strategy and tactics is a distinction between large and little, between the general and the particular; and

while to strategy it seems appropriate to apply the adjective "dramatic," it appears more logical to link the adjective "theatrical" with tactics.

It is easily evident that a genius for strategy and a talent for tactics do not necessarily go hand in hand. Every great dramatist must be a great strategist,—a master, as Sir Arthur says, of "the general laying out of a play"; but the utmost cleverness in tactics is usually attained by dramatists who hover, at their best, a little lower than the greatest. A mind that is capable of imagining the large is often neglectful of the little. Thus, the general laying out of the later acts of *Romeo and*



"THE UNCHASTENED WOMAN"—ACT I

"We are told that the heroine has become involved in trouble at the dock because she has tried to smuggle through the customs many purchases without declaring them, and has attempted to bribe a government inspector. The whole incident is hashed over in a dialogue between Caroline, her husband, and a woman friend of hers."

Juliet is masterly and massive; but the particular turn in tactics because of which Romeo fails to receive the message from Friar Laurence is merely accidental, and must be regarded, therefore, as a fault in art. A secondary playwright, less obsessed with the grandeur of the general conception, would probably have been more careful of this dangerous detail; for minor men, who deal with minor themes, have more attention left to be devoted to theatrical perfections.

Ibsen also, though supreme in strategy, is often faulty in his tactics. Consider, for example, the last act of *Hedda Gabler*. The general laying out of this act is unexceptionable; for all that is exhibited would, sooner or later, inevitably happen. But the tactics are defective; for, yielding to the irretardable impul-

sion that seemed hurrying the play to its catastrophe, the author has permitted Mrs. Elvsted and Professor Tesman to begin their calm work of collaboration in piecing together Eilert Lövborg's posthumous book while the body of their ironically martyred friend is still lying unburied in a hospital. This is a mistake in tactics that a lesser playwright would have caught at once and remedied; for a lesser playwright would have known himself unable to afford the risk of lying about life at the culminating moment of a drama.

We admire Alexandre Dumas *filis* for his mastery of strategy,—particularly in the laying out of first acts and in the command of memorable curtain-falls; but, in the minor point of tactics, even so great an artist was excelled by so clever a craftsman as Victorien Sardou.



"ABE AND MAWRUSS"—ACT I

"Mrs. Potash, with Marks Pasinsky as her partner, is playing pinochle against Mr. and Mrs. Perlmutter, and Abe Potash is looking over her shoulder. . . . Before the game is finished, we are made intimately acquainted with all five of the people who are interested."

Sardou was seldom a great strategist, for he loved the theatre more than life and preferred invention to imagination; but, precisely because of this restriction of his talent, he attained an eminence as a theatrical technician which, thus far, has never been surpassed.

If we turn to a consideration of our own American drama in the light of this distinction, we shall see at once that the majority of our native playwrights are weak in strategy but strong in tactics. The life-work of the late Clyde Fitch is clearly illustrative of this assumption. Fitch was almost inordinately clever in his tactics. He could always expound a play with ease and interest by the aid of some original and dexterous invention. He seemed supremely clever in delineating minor characters, and in inventing means by which these minor

characters should seem to have a finger in determining the destiny he had to deal with. But, at the same time, he nearly always failed in the general laying out of his play. He could not draw a leading character consistently throughout a logical succession of four acts. Even in his highest efforts, like *The Truth*, he permitted his tactics to override his strategy and allowed a big dramatic scheme to shatter itself into a myriad of minor clevernesses.

The same merits in tactics and defects in strategy remain apparent in the most typical products of the American drama of to-day. It would, I think, be futile to deny that our most representative playwright at the present time is Mr. George M. Cohan. Mr. Cohan and the growing host of those who imitate him have mastered the tactics of the theatre;



"QUINNEYS"—ACT III

"Quinney is forced to pursue his wife and daughter to the house of his brother-in-law and to plead with them to come back home. This, of course, they ultimately do; but only after Quinney has consented to his daughter's marriage."



"FAIR AND WARMER"—ACT III

"Mrs. Bartlett has decided to leave her husband forever and to take her furniture with her. The bed happens to be hers; so she brings in a couple of burly furniture-movers and orders them to take it to pieces and cart it away. Mr. Bartlett, despite his protests, is ejected; and, when the bed is taken apart, the utterly innocent Mrs. Wheeler is discovered hiding under it."



"HOBSON'S CHOICE"—ACT I

"A thoroughly delightful *genre* study of life in suburban Salford. Hobson is a shoe-maker . . . and, since a common trait of stubbornness runs through all his family, the dramatic element of struggle is never absent from their daily lives."

they are cleverer than Hauptmann, more inventive than Brieux; but none of them has yet laid out a play with the serene supremacy of strategy apparent in the planning of *The Weavers* or *The Red Robe*.

So long as we continue to fix our eyes upon the theatre instead of allowing them to wander over the unlimited domain of life, so long as we continue to value invention more dearly than imagination, so long as we continue to worship immediate expediency in preference to untimely and eternal truth, we shall continue to advance in tactics and to retrograde in strategy; we shall continue to improve the technique of the theatre, but we shall contribute nothing to the technique of the drama.

"THE UNCHASTENED WOMAN"

The Unchastened Woman, by Mr.

Louis K. Anspacher, appears at the first glance more like a European drama than an American play; for it is strong in strategy and weak in tactics. The author has imagined the most vital character that has appeared in the American drama for a long, long time: his heroine steps living from the limits of his play and continues her existence in the vast domain of life at large: but the play itself in which she figures is far less clever in its tactics than the average composition of the average American craftsman.

Caroline Knollys—as this memorable heroine is called—reveals a family resemblance to Hedda Gabler; but she is projected, not in the mood of tragedy, but in the mood of sardonic comedy. Like Hedda, she is a woman of talent, who, finding no productive exercise for her abilities, uses them to thwart the



"OUR MRS. MCCHESNEY"—ACT I

"Mrs. McChesney is a travelling saleswoman. . . . She is first disclosed in the office of the Sloane House, in Sandusky, surrounded by a group of rival drummers."



"THE ETERNAL MAGDALENE"—ACT III

"When Elijah Bradshaw awakes from his vision, he renounces his campaign to drive the women away from the segregated district and destroys the statement which he had prepared for the press."

productivity of all the people with whom she comes in contact. Like Hedda, also, she is morally a coward, and impedes herself from the commission of any tangible crime because of a fear of the consequences. She is incapable of love; but she takes delight in alluring men to love her, for the sake of having a finger in their destinies and distressing their sweethearts or their wives. She has ceased all marital relations with her husband; but, valuing the protection of his name, she carefully avoids the commission of any act which might make it possible for him to divorce her. Meanwhile, her husband—a much more normal and honourable being—has established a relation with a mistress; but Caroline, knowing this, refuses to divorce her husband, but merely holds her knowledge as a sword to threaten him.

The character of this despicable and fascinating heroine is studied very thoroughly; and the impression of reality conveyed affords sufficient proof of the efficiency of the author's strategy. But neither of the two stories which he has invented as frame-works for this central figure is interesting in itself; and the tactics of the play are crude and blundering.

As an example of the author's crudity in tactics, the first entrance of the heroine may be cited. She is returning to her husband's house after a long trip abroad. We are told that she has become involved in trouble at the dock because she has tried to smuggle through the customs many purchases without declaring them and has attempted to bribe a Government inspector. The whole incident is hashed over in a dialogue between Caroline, her husband, and a woman friend of hers. The incident itself is sufficiently indicative of the heroine's character; but to begin the exposition of so prominent a person with a retrospective narrative of an incident that has already happened off the stage is clearly a mistake in tactics. It would have been far better to allow the heroine to *do* something, in the sight of the audience,

which was equally indicative of the iniquity of her nature.

This initial launching of the heroine is followed by a passage in which the author permits her to sit still while her husband, at considerable length, informs her—and incidentally informs the audience—of his intimate opinion of her character. Here, again, we note a fault in tactics; for surely it would have been more clever to avoid this expository passage by exhibiting the heroine in the self-explanatory terms of action.

In conducting both the second act and the third, Mr. Anspacher has removed from the stage his only really interesting character several minutes before the fall of the conclusive curtain and has allowed the dialogue to straggle on to an annoying anti-climax. This is a mistake in tactics which a mere apprentice to the craft of making plays might presumably be trusted to avoid; but the disconcerting fact remains that, though Mr. Anspacher is comparatively ineffective in his tactics, he is surprisingly efficient in the larger points of strategy.

Especially praiseworthy, for example, is his procedure in leaving his unchastened woman still unchastened at the end. She has been forced, in the last act, to submit to an unavoidable humiliation; but, at her final exit, she manages, by her sheer genius for creating mischief, to annihilate the victory of those who momentarily have triumphed over her. To conceive and to create an unpleasant person and to avoid the usual temptation to reform this person before the final curtain-fall is an achievement in sheer strategy which has seldom been accomplished in our native drama. The merits of this play are large, and its defects are little. Half a dozen of our playwrights might have worked the pattern out more cleverly; but the important and preponderant fact remains that none of these other tacticians of our theatre has imagined and created so true a character as Caroline Knollys.

"ABE AND MAWRUSS"

Abe and Mawruss, like Potash and

Perlmutter, has been distilled from the very popular short-stories of Mr. Montague Glass. Both in strategy and in tactics, the present play, which was constructed by Mr. Roi Cooper Magrue, is superior to its predecessor, which was constructed by the late Charles Klein. It is superior in strategy, because the plot is more consistent and coherent; and it is superior in tactics, because the many inventions of the associated authors appear less forced and more spontaneous.

The general plot of *Abe and Mawruss* may be briefly summarised. The cloak and suit business of the famous partners has become sufficiently successful to attract the notice of certain Wall Street speculators. These speculators offer to enlarge the business by increasing the capital and selling stock to raise the funds for this inflation, provided that they shall be repaid handsomely from the returns. *Perlmutter* is in favour of this scheme, but *Potash* is against it; and their difference of opinion leads ultimately to a severance of their partnership. The new company seems to prosper for a while; but, before long, the speculators run away with the capital that has been entrusted to them by innocent investors, and the postal inspectors invade the offices and arrest *Perlmutter* for complicity in a plot to defraud the public. At this point, *Potash* comes forward and pays out the accumulated savings of his lifetime to keep his friend from jail; and the last act shows the two old partners beginning life all over again in their humble but honest establishment in East Broadway.

At many minor moments the tactics of this play are particularly admirable. For instance, the first curtain rises on a situation which, though obviously imitated from the famous opening of *Barrie's What Every Woman Knows*, is very cleverly indicative of character. *Mrs. Potash*, with *Marks Pasinsky* as her partner, is playing pinochle against *Mr. and Mrs. Perlmutter*, and *Abe Potash* is looking over her shoulder. When she plays a certain card, her hus-

band exclaims "Oy!", slaps his hand against his forehead, and turns up stage, an image of dejection and despair. Before the game is finished, we are made intimately acquainted with all five of the people who are interested; and this acquaintance has been effected more through the medium of pantomime than through the medium of dialogue. In such clever points of tactics as this thoroughly delightful incident, our native drama is pre-eminent.

"OUR MRS. MC CHESNEY"

Our Mrs. McChesney was dramatised by Mr. George V. Hobart from a popular series of short-stories by Miss Edna Ferber. This play, though replete with clever tactics, is utterly deficient in underlying strategy. It is incoherent and inconsequential; and no one of its three acts seems necessarily related to any of the others. The lines are often humorous, and many of the incidents are amusing in themselves; but the fabric is defective in totality.

The heroine, *Mrs. McChesney*, is a travelling saleswoman. We are asked to believe that she is endowed with an extraordinary talent for business; but we are never actually allowed to see her in the act of selling goods. She is first disclosed in the office of the *Sloane House*, in *Sandusky*, surrounded by a group of rival drummers; but we are required to take the word of the authors as the only evidence that she is able to hold her own against them.

The heroine's life-history is sentimentalised,—first, by giving her a story in which she reclaims her only son from an apparent predisposition to a life of crime, and, second, by giving her a belated love-story on her own account; but the passages of theatrical emotion that result from these devices seem inconsistent with the general laying out of the play,—which, in the main, is humorous in mood. Considered as a work of art, *Our Mrs. McChesney* is undeniably a failure; and the only point of interest in the present context is that this failure must be charged more against the strat-

egy, than against the tactics, of the authors. They handled most of their details successfully, but they failed to conceive a drama that was satisfying as a whole.

"HOBSON'S CHOICE"

In one obvious point of tactics, however, the authors of *Our Mrs. McChesney* might have learned a trick from Mr. Harold Brighouse, the author of *Hobson's Choice*. In the American play, as has been said, we are told repeatedly that the heroine is a clever saleswoman, but we never see her in the act of selling anything. In the Lancashire comedy, on the other hand, we are never told that the heroine is a clever saleswoman; but when a young man drifts into her father's shoe-shop for the purpose of making love to one of her sisters, she plumps him into a chair, makes him try on a new pair of shoes, and forces him, against his will, to buy them before he leaves the shop. This incident is more indicative of character than an entire act of expository dialogue; for seeing is believing, in the theatre as in life, and the cleverest tacticians contrive to make their meaning evident to the eye.

Hobson's Choice is a thoroughly delightful *genre* study of life in suburban Salford. Hobson is a shoe-maker, and his three daughters help him in his shop; and, since a common trait of stubbornness runs through all the family, the dramatic element of struggle is never absent from their daily lives. The story deals particularly with the successful self-assertion of the heroine. In the first act, she marries, against his inclination, the shy and sheepish William Mossop, her father's ablest workman. Having married him, she proceeds to set him up in a shop of his own, and ultimately makes him so successful that he is able to buy her father out of business.

This play is rich in characterisation; and the dialogue, which is written in the Lancashire dialect, is both humorous and human. A touch of quaintness is happily added to the comedy by the expedient of dating the action in the

years 1879-1880; and the picturesque and funny costumes of that period make the characters appear still more amusing.

"QUINNEYS'"

Quinneys' is another *genre* study, of the type that the younger British playwrights have been handling so successfully in recent seasons. It was written by Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell, who heretofore has been known in America only as a novelist. It is not so masterly a comedy as *Hobson's Choice*, but it awakens quiet laughter, and it reveals a somewhat wider range of mood.

The interest is centred in the character of Joseph Quinney, a fussy old fellow from Yorkshire who has become a noted dealer in antiques with a shop in Soho Square. The main issue that is fought out in the play is the question whether his love for his wife and daughter is as strong as his love for the treasured objects which he has collected,—the bits of furniture and other fascinating things to which he has always devoted most of his attention. His daughter wants to marry his foreman; but Quinney opposes the match, because he fears the foreman's motive is to get his collection away from him. When the girl insists, her father turns her out of doors; and her mother, naturally taking the more tender side, goes with her. Quinney, thereupon, is forced to pursue them to the house of his brother-in-law and to plead with them to come back home. This, of course, they ultimately do; but only after Quinney has consented to his daughter's marriage.

This story is, of course, conventional; but the characters seem new and true, and Quinney himself is a person richly real. Much of the dialogue is written in the Yorkshire dialect; and it ripples along quite easily and naturally. It would be pleasant indeed if some of our American playwrights would study our own provincial life as honestly and faithfully as the provincial life of Lancashire and Yorkshire are studied in *Hobson's Choice* and *Quinneys'*.

"THE ETERNAL MAGDALENE"

The Eternal Magdalene, by Mr. Robert McLaughlin, is a plea for a charitable attitude toward those unfortunate women who are forced, by the constitution of society, to follow the oldest profession in the world.

In a middle-western city, there is a movement to abolish the segregated district and to drive the women elsewhere; and this movement is led by a self-righteous and Pharisaic citizen named Elijah Bradshaw. He has just completed a statement for the press when he falls asleep and drifts into a dream. A woman from the segregated district appears to him and begs for shelter in his house. She reminds him vaguely of a woman that he used to know, and, leaping to the conclusion that she may be his own illegitimate daughter, he receives her as a servant in his house. Later on, a mob gathers before Elijah Bradshaw's house, demands that he shall cast forth the woman he is harbouring, and, when he refuses, stones the windows. At that moment the mysterious visitor stands transfigured as the Eternal Magdalene, made immortal by the touch of Christ, and destined to carry onward through the centuries His message of compassion and forbearance. When Elijah Bradshaw awakens from his vision, he renounces his campaign to drive the women away from the segregated district and destroys the statement which he had prepared for the press.

The general laying out of this play produces an impression that much more might have been made of the material by a more imaginative author. The tactics of the piece are so conventional that the spectator foresees everything that is about to happen, and the interest of the action is discounted in advance. The author's sociology is tangled up with sentiment; and, despite his evident sincerity, his message, therefore, seems of little value. The needed note of literary distinction is also absent from the dialogue. Not every writer is a Charles Rann Kennedy; and this piece, which might have been impressive if Mr. Ken-

nedy had written it, is not impressive as it stands.

"FAIR AND WARMER"

Fair and Warmer, by Mr. Avery Hopwood, is the most amusing farce that has been presented in New York this season; and, since there is nothing novel in the subject-matter, the success of the piece must be regarded as a tribute to the author's technical dexterity. It is admirable, both in strategy and in tactics; and the writing of the dialogue is just as facile and as finished as the building of the play.

The ingredients of *Fair and Warmer* are the old materials that have been inherited from a long line of Palais Royal farces. There is the neglected husband and the neglected wife who seek to win back the love of their wandering mates by the counter-irritant of jealousy. There is the usual scene in which two people, who have never taken a drink before, become comically intoxicated by their first, experimental cocktail. There are the usual passages in which quite innocent and inoffensive people are suspected of immorality; and, of course, as in all farces of this type, there is a bed.

All these old ingredients are employed by Mr. Hopwood with a technical felicity that makes them seem both novel and delightful. As an evidence of his cleverness in tactics, we need only consider what he does with the bed in the last act. Mr. Bartlett is in bed, suffering from the headache of the morning after. His wife has decided to leave him forever and to take her furniture with her. The bed happens to be hers; so she brings in a couple of burly furniture-movers and orders them to take it to pieces and cart it away. Mr. Bartlett, despite his protests, is ejected; and, when the bed is taken apart, the utterly innocent Mrs. Wheeler is discovered hiding under it. The machinery of this scene is particularly clever; for the author has succeeded in surprising the audience by an unexpected handling of traditional material.

THE ADVANCE OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

PART III

Popularity and immortality—the reason why Richardson's Continental fame exceeded Fielding's—effect of the personal essay—the insincerity of Fielding—its bad influence on the English novel—Fielding's didacticism—his humour—comic men and tragic women—sensational titles to novels—Smollett the naturalist—Dr. Johnson and Rasselas—Goldsmith—the personality of Sterne—the sentimental novel in the eighteenth century—the sentimental novel in the twentieth century.

IT is a common and pathetic delusion of unpopular writers to believe that at their death their works will not follow them, but will remain to charm "millions yet unborn." Unfortunately for this faith, which has been the solace and the stimulus of many fictionists, the fact is that there has never been a great English novelist who was not popular in his own lifetime. The world often runs after false gods, but it seldom neglects true deities. What revealing element is there in works of genius that makes their transcendent merit so instantly manifest to thousands of uncultivated people? Sometimes it seems as if the greatness of a literary work were as unmistakable—as immediately clear—as the size of a tall man. An astronomer knows more about stars than the man in the street; but the superior brilliance of a star of the first magnitude is as evident to the untrained eye as to the expert. When the object judged is really important, future generations do little more than ratify contemporary opinion. No one has ever improved on Ben Jonson's criticism of Shakespeare, of Dryden's appraisal of Milton. Defoe, Swift, and Richardson were as much admired by their contemporaries, and for precisely the same reasons, as they are praised to-day.

The London success of *Pamela* and *Clarissa* is therefore not in the least surprising; but it is rather remarkable that they should have aroused such ecstatic wonder among the French, that they should have thrilled three men so different as Diderot, the Abbé Prévost and

Rousseau, and should have proved to be an actual contributory force to the French Revolution. One reason why Richardson was so much more popular on the Continent than Fielding, was because Richardson lost nothing in translation; Fielding lost irreparably. You can translate a story; you cannot translate a style. For the same reason, Cooper has been a hundred times more widely read in Europe than Hawthorne; the wonderful grace, distinction, and shy austerity of Hawthorne's language vanish in a translation; whereas every time you translate Cooper, you improve him. He was a marvellous romancer, with a good story, fascinating characters, and very bad style; so that I have always believed that the French, the Germans, the Poles, the Russians really have a finer collection of Leather-Stocking Tales than the Americans.

Fielding, like his disciple Thackeray, was a natural-born humourist, with a sure instinct for burlesque. To him Richardson was as intolerable as were the Puritans to the Cavaliers. For over ten years Fielding had been having a merry time with stage burlesque when *Pamela* appeared; its prodigious success aroused every fibre of opposition in his soul, for to him it represented smug, canting hypocrisy—the religion of the scribes and Pharisees. We may rejoice that it stung him into creative composition; although he was of course constitutionally incapable of appreciating either Richardson's artistic merits or his immense significance. Never were two

rivals more totally or more wilfully blind to each other's genius than these; Richardson's opinion of Fielding we know from his own letters; Fielding's opinion of Richardson, apart from his first novel, is not preserved, which is just as well, for it was probably unfit for publication.

Although the Character Book and the Periodical Essay were the parents of the English novel, a third species of literature seems to have had a powerful influence on Fielding, and still more on Fielding's successor, Sterne. This was the Personal Essay, a peculiarly individual kind of writing, totally different from critical essays like Matthew Arnold's and from reflective essays on abstract themes, like Bacon's or Emerson's. It is an intimate, confessional style of composition, where the writer takes the reader completely into his confidence, and talks as if to only one listener; talks, too, about things often essentially trivial, and yet making them for the moment interesting by the charm of the speaker's manner. The first great master of this school remains supreme and unapproachable—Montaigne, a universal favourite with lovers of books. Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* is a kind of monstrous personal essay; the species was immortally illustrated in the seventeenth century by Cowley, by Browne in the whimsical and fantastic *Garden of Cyrus*, by Tom Fuller in *Good Thoughts in Bad Times*; and some of the papers in the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian* could be classed in this group. No literature we have is more self-conscious than this; and of all eighteenth-century novelists, none was more self-conscious than Henry Fielding.

In his first novel, *Joseph Andrews* (1742), he was not content with writing a general and (to me) rather tedious introduction to the whole work; three of the four books into which the story is divided are respectively introduced with a short personal essay. This custom was continued in *Tom Jones*; and however charming, witty, and satirical they may be, they break the con-

tinuity of the narrative, destroy the illusion, and insult the reader; it is as if, before each act of a great comedy, the author should appear before the footlights, and condescendingly address the audience.

It may seem odd to accuse Fielding of anything like insincerity; and yet these side talks with his readers, these constant intrusions of the master of the show, are not only fundamentally insincere from the point of view of art, they established a bad tradition in English fiction. Far too many of our British novelists have regarded themselves as caterers, whose business is to tickle the palate of the reading public; and they have followed in the wake of Fielding. In the first chapter of the second book of *Joseph Andrews*, we read, "it becomes an author generally to divide a book, as it does a butcher to joint his meat, for such assistance is of great help to both the reader and the carver. And now, having indulged myself a little, I will endeavour to indulge the curiosity of my reader, who is no doubt impatient to know what he will find in the subsequent chapters of this book."

This attitude toward the reader was faithfully followed by many Anglo-Saxon novelists; many instances could be given; but one of the best echoes of Fielding's personal remarks may be found in the second chapter of Anthony Trollope's *Doctor Thorne*: "A few words must still be said about Miss Mary before we rush into our story; the crust will then have been broken, and the pie will be open to the guests." The difference between sincerity in Russian fiction and in English fiction may be expressed by saying that in *Tom Jones* we admire the carefully planned and well executed realism; in *Anna Karenina* we are in a world of absolute reality.

It is often said by critics who should know better that Richardson was not only offensively didactic, but that his view of morality was low; because he emphasised the *rewards* of a moral life,

either in substantial worldly advantages or in sorrowless immortality; whereas Fielding was never consciously didactic, and represented the dividends of virtue simply in increased greatness of character. To settle the truth of these statements, let us read what Richardson wrote to Lady Bradshaigh, who was not satisfied to have *Clarissa* get her reward in heaven, but preferred a little earthly felicity. The author wrote, "*Clarissa* has the greatest of triumphs even in this world. The greatest, I will venture to say, even in and after the outrage, and because of the outrage, that ever woman had."

And in reply to the statement that Fielding is not consciously didactic, but is willing to let the moral of his books speak for itself, we have simply to read the first paragraph of the dedication of *Amelia*: "The following book is sincerely designed to promote the cause of virtue, and to expose some of the most glaring evils, as well public as private, which at present infest the country."

Fielding, like his disciple, Thackeray, was a great humourist; one of the greatest in English literature. His view of the world had the immense tolerance and profound sympathy of the born humourist, along with keenness of observation whetted by satire. The ground quality of his mind was humour. In *Joseph Andrews* it took the form of burlesque; intended originally as a parody on Richardson and Colley Cibber, it widened into a great creative work, retaining the burlesque element in the scenes of broad farce. In *Jonathan Wild* it took the form of irony, irony on a vast, universal scale. In *Tom Jones*, his masterpiece, it supplied exactly the right medium in which all the characters lived, and moved, and had their being, besides enabling him to give that wonderful type-portrait of Squire Western. In *Amelia*, it furnished that deep tenderness inevitably characteristic of the great humourists.

The never-drying springs of humour in Fielding's nature gave a richness, fruitiness, variety, and complexity to his

novels that one misses in Richardson; and yet, had the author of *Clarissa* possessed a sense of humour, he could not possibly have written a work of such detailed, profound, and prolonged analysis. His mind would have reacted on itself, and he would have looked upon his own creations ironically, as Fielding did. Furthermore, Fielding was essentially a comic writer, and Richardson at his best in tragedy. Once more, Richardson was infinitely more successful in depicting women than men; Fielding just the contrary. Mr. B— and Sir Charles do not compare for a moment with Parson Adams, Tom Jones, and Squire Western; but neither will Sophia or Amelia live for a moment when placed beside Pamela and *Clarissa*. Now it is impossible to draw the character of a man convincingly without a sense of humour; whereas in the portrayal of a perfectly natural woman this quality is not necessary. Say what you will about the equality of the sexes, man is essentially a comic character; and woman, tragic.

Fielding's men are wonderful—being, like all real men, imperfectly tamed beasts. Thomas Gray, an inveterate reader of French novels, was advised by his friend, Richard West, to read the new story *Joseph Andrews*, and his criticism after doing so remains true even unto this day. "The incidents are ill laid and without invention; but the characters have a great deal of nature, which always pleases even in her lowest shapes. Parson Adams is perfectly well; so is Mrs. Slipslop, and the story of Wilson; and throughout he shows himself well read in Stage-Coaches, Country Squires, Inns, and Inns of Court. His reflections upon high people and low people, and misses and masters, are very good. However the exaltedness of some minds (or rather as I shrewdly suspect their insipidity and want of feeling or observation) may make them insensible to these light things (I mean such as characterise and paint nature), yet surely they are as weighty and much more useful

than your grave discourses upon the mind, the passions, and what not."

Thomas Gray combined profound scholarship with a hatred of pedantry; the fact that his fastidious mind recognised immediately the artistic dignity of a truthful portrayal of low life, is one more example of the hospitality of his soul. And this first criticism of *Joseph Andrews* convicts of shallowness persons who read works on philosophy and metaphysics, and scorn novels; for a great novel is simply a profound study in the concrete of what philosophy attempts in the abstract. The "exaltedness" of some minds, is, as Gray says, often a mask which conceals a "want of feeling or observation."

The real defect in *Joseph Andrews* was pointed out immediately by Gray, just as he saw its greatest virtue. The incidents would have been better managed had not the author started with the avowed intention of composing a burlesque; this blemish in Fielding's first novel is conspicuously absent in *Tom Jones*, which, according to Coleridge, has one of the three greatest plots in all literature. In *Joseph Andrews*, the basis of the novel is not a story; in *Tom Jones*, it is. Fielding became a master workman; and handled the intricacies of this orderly narrative with impressive ease.

Ambitious authors who hunt for sensational titles to attract the public would do well to remember that the majority of immortal novels have common-place names. In Fielding's masterpiece the name is intentionally common-place, for it might equally well have been called the History of a Man. Thackeray's remark about it is not really true, and if it were, it would not reflect much credit on Thackeray. *Tom Jones* is meant to be a memorandum rather than a model. He is not what we ought to become, but what too many of us are; and the real reason why men and women are so fond of him is because he is a perfectly healthy male; as Mrs. Atherton would say, he is one hundred per cent. masculine.

With environment altered, Tom Jones would be a faithful portrait in the twentieth century; Sophia Western would not do at all.

Coarseness and fineness are the characteristics respectively of the work of Smollett and Sterne. One used an axe, the other a needle. Richardson was an analyst, Fielding a realist, Smollett a naturalist. Smollett was not by nature a creative artist, as Fielding undoubtedly was; he was a man of fact rather than fancy; and his experiences gave him more material than inspiration. He was a physician and a sailor; he broke into the ranks of the novelists by brute force, and has retained his position by the same quality. He wrote stories, where the travelling hero wanders rather aimlessly through a series of adventures. An excellent illustration of this kind of novel is seen in 1915 in Sinclair Lewis's *The Trail of the Hawk*.

His first two novels are exactly contemporary with the masterpieces of Richardson and Fielding; for *Roderick Random* appeared in 1748, and *Peregrine Pickle* in 1751. The immense vitality of these two novels won a sure place both in contemporary favour, and in the history of literature; outweighing glaring faults in construction, and many crudities and excrescences. The indecencies of his books were patent to every one except the author, who said, in the third edition of *Peregrine Pickle*, "He flatters himself that he has expunged every adventure, phrase, and insinuation, that could be construed by the most delicate reader into a trespass upon the rules of decorum." Writers are the worst judges in the world of the morality of their works; he writeth, and wipeth his pen, and saith, "I have done no wickedness."

Richardson declared, in the preface to *Pamela*, that he had composed the work "without raising a single idea throughout the whole, that shall shock the exactest purity, even in the warmest of those instances where purity would be most apprehensive." When Vanbrugh was attacked by Jeremy Col-

lier he said he had never written anything that the most virtuous damsel might not keep in her chamber with her Bible. Perhaps no man is ever quite so absurd as when he is defending himself against a just accusation.

Smollett is a man's novelist; I have never heard a woman praise him. There is no doubt that men enjoy buffoonery, horse-play, and rough farce; women not only do not enjoy these things, they cannot understand how or why refined and educated men should enjoy them. Mrs. Oliphant could not comprehend Carlyle's praise of Burns's *Jolly Beggars*; and after fruitless speculation, she finally reached the wise conclusion that the difference in their appreciation was simply a difference of sex. "There must always be, we presume, however age and experience may modify nature, a certain inability on the part of a woman to appreciate the more riotous forms of mirth, and that robust freedom in morals which bolder minds admire. It is a disability which nothing can abolish."

Men often laugh at women for their interest in what seems to men trivialities, details of clothing, "social columns" and "woman's page" in the newspapers; but women find it incomprehensible that a great scholar like Burton should delight in the coarse repartee of the bargemen, and that cultivated gentlemen should read with close attention two columns of fine print, consisting of statements like this: "at the beginning of the fifth round, Jack ducked, and delivered a jolt in the slats."

I once met a United States Army lieutenant, a man of wide reading and good taste, who told me that without the slightest doubt the greatest novel in the English language was *Humphry Clinker*. Smollett wrote it while he was dying, and it is notable that this robust and healthy masterpiece should come from a mortally sick man, though a hundred years later another and greater Scot brought the same event to pass. Smollett followed the scheme of Richardson in this novel, putting it into the form of letters, its only resemblance

to his predecessor. This book is full of rich and coarse humour, and has at the same time the preserving quality of original genius.

To read Smollett's novels is like witnessing, from a safe coign of vantage, a free fight, hearing resounding whacks and resounding oaths. For Smollett's heroes do not talk as if they had been no further than Finsbury; much of his humour consists in his language. Why is it that everyone in the audience laughs when the man on the stage says "damn"?

Critics whose zeal for parallels exceeds their knowledge of the subject, have often repeated the saying that Thackeray is the child of Fielding, and Dickens of Smollett. The considerable amount of truth in the first half of the statement should not lead to any acceptance of the second. No two novelists in English literature are more unlike than Smollett and Dickens. Of all our writers of fiction, Smollett is the most heartless; he had a gust for life, and men and women amused him prodigiously; but his books show no tenderness and no real sympathy, for if he had possessed these qualities, his work would have been more complex. Balzac wrote the human comedy: Smollett wrote the human farce. Now the one absolutely dominating characteristic of Dickens is tenderness; he had the mind of a man, and the heart of a child.

Again, of all British novelists—with the possible exception of Sterne—Smollett is the least spiritual; there is no other-worldliness in *Roderick Random* or *Peregrine Pickle*. There is not only no Christian element in these stories, there is no religious atmosphere of any kind. Dickens, on the other hand, is one of the most powerful allies of Christianity that English literature has ever produced. The whole foundation of his works is the love of God and the love of man.

Dr. Johnson is numbered among the novelists as Saul was among the prophets. He was not exactly fitted to write so concrete a form of literature, and the

wonder is, as he said of the woman and the dog, that he could do it at all. It is commonly stated (incorrectly) that he wrote *Rasselas* (1759) to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral; to-day, could such a work get into print, it might conceivably hasten the funeral of its author. Remembering the spirited beginning of *Pamela*, it is instructive to read the opening sentence of *Rasselas*:

Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow;—attend to the history of *Rasselas*, prince of Abyssinia.

It is much easier to listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, than it is to listen at all to the history of *Rasselas*. This novel remains in English literature an embalmed corpse, preserved by Johnson's great and noble name.

The Doctor's volatile friend, Oliver Goldsmith, had much better success; fiction being really his natural element. *The Vicar of Wakefield* (1766) has an immortal charm, a fadeless beauty. Goldsmith had all the qualifications that his learned contemporary lacked; a truly creative imagination, great facility in composition, the irresistible humorous tenderness so characteristic of the sons and daughters of Ireland. In literature Johnson was a super-dreadnought, Goldsmith an excursion steamer. Hundreds of thousands of happy men, women, and children have loved to travel anywhere with Goldy. So far as I know, there has been only one discontented passenger—Mark Twain, who said that any list of books for reading was a good list, so long as it did not contain *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

Smollett was a physician and Sterne a minister of the gospel; one trained in science, the other in sentiment. Both men died in middle life, but literature lost little by their early disappearance. Smollett had apparently given the world the very best that was in him; and

Sterne would not have completed either *Tristram Shandy* or the *Sentimental Journey*, for the very essence of those works is their incompleteness; and we have enough of both. Smollett was a robustious, noisy fellow, looking for trouble; Sterne was really an invalid, and the finest thing in his whole life, character, and career, is the marvellous courage he showed in facing his own disease. He regarded his frequent and violent hemorrhages with ironical humour. It is impossible to understand Sterne; he defies both analysis and appraisal. Professor Cross, in his admirable biography, has told us more about this man than was ever known before, giving us at the same time an accurate picture of the times. But Sterne is elusive.

Sterne's nature was passive rather than active. He might have said with Keats, "Oh, for a life of sensations rather than of thoughts!" He was a veritable Æolian harp, for the winds of passion, fancy, sentiment, mirth, and pathos to play on. In sheer invention he was weak, or lazy: there must be an exciting cause from without, either in some street spectacle, or in some book that he was reading. This external stimulus would set him off into the strangest vagaries and paradoxes. He was both irreverent and immoral; the coarse explicitness of Fielding and Smollett changed into evil suggestion, refined wickedness. Morally, we rate him below almost all other great English novelists, for, as Rostand says, "the sound of a kiss is less dangerous than the silence of a smile."

In sentiment Sterne was an epicure. His extraordinary sensitiveness to impressions made him instantly responsive, intensely aware, and as changeable as the wind. With women he was a philanderer, too self-conscious to be deeply passionate, too responsive to be constant. His books are the echoes of his reading without being dishonourably plagiaristic; Rabelais, Cervantes, Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, and his immediate predecessors in England are

all threaded into that crazy-quilt in literature, *Tristram Shandy*.

For my part, I find Sterne's humour much better than his pathos. Whatever he may have borrowed from other books, his humour was his own, subtle, pervading, and constantly giving the reader a sharp surprise. The quizzical mask of this fantastic parson conceals his intention until we are suddenly and palpably hit; and much of his humour remains unfathomable. For what Sterne's thoughts were when he looked in the mirror no one can guess. The epitaph of John Gay perhaps comes nearest to a soliloquy by our Yorick.

Life is a jest, and all things show it:
I thought so once, but now I know it.

The difference between the light cynicism of the epitaph written by Gay and the terrible indictment of the epitaph written by Swift is just the difference between the man who regards life as a joke, and the man who regards himself as the joke of life.

Sterne's pathos—with the possible exception of the famous starling—has always left me cold. The ass in the *Sentimental Journey* and the ass in *Tristram* arouse my respect for the writer's ingenuity; but if one will compare these instances with the brief sketch of the ass in Guy de Maupassant's *Mont Oriol*, he will see the difference between a professional sentimentalist in fine virtuoso work, and the profound sympathy of a great tragic artist. I do not see how anyone can read that page in the French novel without tears.

The stream of Sentimentalism—enormously widened, deepened, and accelerated by Sterne—rose in the first half of the eighteenth century, when Samuel Richardson created the Sentimental Novel. Shortly after the appearance of the final volume of *Clarissa*, the word "sentimental" was high in favour; so much so, that on 9 January, 1750, Lady Bradshaigh wrote directly to Richardson for a decision. "What, in your opinion, is the meaning of the word sentimental, so much in vogue amongst

the polite, both in town and country?" Everyone wore his heart on his sleeve in those days, for daws to pick at; and Sterne, the real jackdaw of fiction, had no difficulty in putting his beak into the public heart. Richardson had got all Europe into tears, and those were golden days for the sentimentalists. A learned German professor said that he had wept away some of the most remarkable hours of his life, "in a sort of delicious misery"—a phrase that exactly expresses the strange happiness felt by thousands of readers at that time. Rousseau—the greatest sentimentalist in all history, and the most influential writer of the modern age—began *La Nouvelle Héloïse* under the inspiration of *Clarissa*; this in turn led to *Werther* and the whole *Sturm und Drang* period in Germany. No wonder the beginnings of the English novel are worth serious study, when we find their profound effect in such movements as the Wesleyan Revival in England, and the mighty revolution in France.

Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* was begotten by Richardson, though the grave printer would have disowned it; and a flood of sentimental fiction was let loose. Those who are able to wade in such lachrymose literature may read Mackenzie's *Man of Feeling* (1771). Its author was a young man, and he followed the fashion. English common-sense and English humour were both too strong to permit a long reign—or shall we say rain?—of such an element.

Although the Sentimental Novel could not long maintain its supremacy, there has never been a period of English literature when sentimental novels did not flourish. The most striking illustration of the success of the sentimental novel in England in the twentieth century is the prodigious vogue of *The Rosary*, a book written by the wife of an English clergyman. Unless I am mistaken, over a million copies of this novel have been sold in England and in America. It is an admirable illustration of the school. In America the im-

mense circulation of the books of Gene Stratton Porter bears positive testimony to the love of Anglo-Saxons for the Sentimental Novel. We can at any rate

say of this English and of this American author that their works please many thousands of respectable men and women.

(To be continued)

THE ADVANCE OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL—IN THE JANUARY BOOKMAN

The outline of the next installment of Professor Phelps's "Advance of the English Novel" is as follows: The silence of forty years—the English romantic movement—Longsword—Horace Walpole, the faddist—Mrs. Radcliffe and Monk Lewis—Northanger Abbey, the burlesque—difference between women in 1915 and in 1815—Jane Austen and Booth Tarkington—climax of the romantic movement in Walter Scott.

THE MAGAZINE IN AMERICA

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

PART X—THE END OF THE CENTURY

THE end of a century is undoubtedly society's most self-conscious period. (Just watch next time and see if there is not something about it that goes to the head!) It is to movements what New Year's Day preceded by Watch Night used to be to good Methodists—a time for retrospect, for self-searching, and for good resolutions. One looks before and after and pines for what is not. Whether a new broom sweeps clean or not depends upon the sweeper, but certainly it will always whisk up more dust. Then, too, the periodic discussion arising at this date as to just when the century ends only prolongs the crisis; it does not dissipate the excitement it produces. Just as some little boys take a month in getting ready for Christmas and a month in recovering from it, so society has a period of shake-up and shake-down in the closing decade of the old and the opening decade of the new century. It is perhaps fortunate that it comes no oftener than once in a hundred years.

So it proved in the history of American magazines. In this period two hundred and fifty thousand regular month-

ly buyers of periodicals became two millions, and the reader of one magazine became the devoted devourer of half a dozen and more. We are not, however, so much concerned with his New Year resolutions as with the various factors which caused him to make them. Chief of all (how horrid to find it was nothing more spiritual!) was their new cheapness. The honour for bringing this about was afterwards hotly contested, and Mr. Walker of the *Cosmopolitan* always maintained that his plans were betrayed by a printer (as Benjamin Franklin claimed his had been with the first magazine) to Mr. McClure and to Mr. Munsey. Thus the record reads at any rate: *McClure's Magazine* appeared May 28, 1893, at fifteen cents a copy; the *Cosmopolitan* in July at twelve and a half; *Munsey's* in September at ten cents. As of these three, Mr. Frank A. Munsey was first in the publishing field, let us take his story up first. Here is an abstract of it, as he delivered it in a speech at a dinner given to his staff in 1907, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his entrance into the magazine world.

The *Argosy*, a juvenile weekly, began life in December, 1882. I had four thousand dollars in prospect and forty dollars in cash; one room for an office, an eight-dollar table, two wooden chairs, and an ink-bottle. My plans had all gone wrong, and I was lucky to find, at last, a publisher who agreed to bring it out and retain me as editor and manager. It failed in five months. I borrowed three hundred dollars; and as editor, advertising manager, office-boy, and chief contributor, I began to try to pump life into it. It had made its regular appearance for some years before I could procure any credit with which to advertise. Then I spent in five months ninety-five thousand dollars in advertising it. All the while writing at midnight my six thousand words a week. Success came, or rather what I thought was success until I found out my mistake; but beyond a certain point I could not lift the circulation. I assumed that the trouble was with a juvenile publication; and decided to demonstrate it by getting into the adult class. Consequently I started, early in 1889, *Munsey's Weekly*, the predecessor of the magazine. It lasted two and a half years and lost over one hundred thousand dollars. I made up my mind that a weekly was "a dead cock in the pit." There are a few successes to-day, but I think they are accounted for by the activity and fertility of the business office rather than by a genuine and spontaneous circulation. The weekly paper, once so great a feature in American publishing business, began to decline with the incoming of the big Sunday newspaper; where there is no Sunday newspaper in Europe, the weekly still thrives. After many experiments with the make-up of the *Argosy*, I had concluded that nothing would save it and that it must be moulded on other lines. I have never thought it terrible to change a publication as often as conditions warranted, or to make the change as radical as I pleased. I did not know yet what to do with the *Argosy*, but in 1891 I changed *Munsey's Weekly* into *Munsey's Magazine*. The change of a worthless weekly into a monthly may not seem much, but it was this change which made the magazine the leading factor in modern pub-

lishing. I launched it at twenty-five cents and at this price ran it for two years, while I studied the problem why out of eighty millions of people there were not over two hundred and fifty thousand magazine buyers. Was the Sunday paper crushing the life out of the monthlies as well as the weeklies? I began to analyse the magazines. They seemed made for anemics and their editors editing for themselves and not for their subscribers. Living in an artificial literary world, they got out publications which wofully lacked human interest. On the other hand, the Sunday newspapers appealed to everybody; and their price was five cents against five and seven times that for the magazines. The several attempts to float cheaper ones had been only weak copies of the old kind. I became convinced that both the price and the magazines were wrong for a wide circulation. If a magazine should be published at ten cents, and made light, bright, and timely, it might be a different story. I worked out my idea and took it to the American News Company. They did not relish it, said the scheme did not leave them a sufficient margin of profit for handling it. The price they finally offered was so low it would have throttled me. No one had ever succeeded in circulating a magazine over their heads, but I decided to try it. I would deal directly with the newsdealers of the country. No human being except myself believed I could win out. I had no money and men with plenty of it had failed. But I thought that it wasn't money which would win the fight, but the idea of giving the people what they wanted and giving it to them at the right price. God only knows how I managed it; I don't. I sent out ten thousand circulars to newsdealers telling them of the change to ten cents and telling them that they could not get the magazine through the News Company. I asked them to send their orders direct to me. I hoped and expected there would be orders. None came. Then the American News Company called on me and held out the olive branch. When I had been negotiating with them, I had told them they could have the magazine at six and a half cents; but when they had kept silence for three weeks, I advanced

the price to seven. What had caused them to call upon me was this new price and something I never suspected. They had received orders from the whole ten thousand dealers! I had an edition of twenty thousand and no visible means of distributing it, but I refused the price they now offered. They must come to my terms. As the day of issue swept nearer, my tension increased to the breaking-point. But that issue was distributed in ten days, and I doubled it before the month was up! In the issue I had begun those "plain talks to the people," now so customary; and I had something to talk about. Six months afterwards, I changed the *Argosy* to an adult magazine—its fifth change in eleven years. But it had one more change to undergo. In 1896 it became an all-fiction magazine, a type which it created and which has since become one of the most successful in the field. It became the second largest magazine in the world in point of circulation and of earning power. *Munsey's* is the first (1907). My six magazines—or rather seven, as one is issued in two sections—are all the result of my analysis of the situation in 1893. If there has been any luck about it, I do not know where it comes in. It was a fight all along the line.

MC CLURE'S

Fortunate, too, is the historian in having, to fall back upon, Mr. S. S. McClure's own account of his activities. These summarise a period of expansion and revolution which makes, by contrast, the mild innovation of the journals of Opinion seem but the first faint stirrings of life and all previous circulations but premonitory ripples of a great flood.

For three summers, Mr. McClure says in his *Autobiography*, he peddled coffee-pots in the Middle West, and gained thereby a very close acquaintance with the people of the small towns and the farming communities—the people who afterwards bought *McClure's Magazine*. All these people, he found, were interested in exactly the same things or the same kind of things that interested him. Thus, in after years,

he had little sympathy with the distinction made by some editors—"This or that was very good, but it wouldn't interest the people of the Middle West or of the small towns." These, like the people of New York or Boston, were interested in whatever was interesting; and as he felt himself to be a fairly representative Middle-Westerner, they would be interested in whatever interested him. His associate-editor, Mr. John Phillips, and his business-manager had both been on a college paper with him in Illinois; and thus it may be admitted that the Ohio Valley would not regard the new magazine as an exotic.

The *Century* he thought was typographically far and away the best American periodical, and when he came to get out the *Wheelman* for the Pope Manufacturing Company, it much resembled a thinner edition of his ideal. After a while Colonel Pope decided to buy the *Outing* and merge his periodical into it, and Mr. McClure thought the combination wouldn't work very well for him. He left and went into the *Century* office, then the uttermost limit of his ambition. But here one day he had a higher vision. A newspaper syndicate service was in the air at the time—indeed, the New York *Sun* had already made a tentative experiment in that direction—and Mr. McClure worked out a plan for one. When he started to put it into operation, he found the editors as cool about the project as the authors had been warm. Finally, however, he persuaded several important newspapers to take the service, of stories and articles, at eight dollars a week. For a long time after he inaugurated it, his actual capital was the money he owed authors. The older editors regarded the project with some anxiety—they all believed that there would never be any new magazines in the world, that *Harper's* and *Century* and the *Atlantic* would consume all the stories that would ever be written in America, and consequently there would not be enough to go around if he went on using them up in his syndicate. It

was about eight years after he had founded the business that he began seriously to consider founding a magazine. The success of the *Ladies' Home Journal* at ten cents made him think a cheap popular magazine might thrive; and the new development of photo-engraving had just made such a scheme feasible. The impregnability of the older magazines was largely due to the costliness of wood-engraving. Only an established publication with a large working capital could afford illustrations made by that process. The *Century*, when he was working for it, used to spend something like five thousand dollars a month on its engraving alone. Not only was the new process vastly cheaper but it enabled a publisher to make pictures directly from photographs which were cheap, instead of drawings which were expensive.

Early in 1892, Mr. McClure continues, he and Mr. Phillips began active plans to launch a new fifteen cent monthly. After eight years of the hardest kind of work in the syndicate business, he was only \$2,800 ahead; important rivals had appeared, and the only practical expansion was in the direction of a magazine. Their entire capital was \$7,300. But in place of capital, they had a great fund of material to draw from. The magazine at first was to be made entirely of reprints of the most successful stories and articles that had been used in the Syndicate, and for a year or two it would have to live on what profits the Syndicate afforded.

The outlook was not promising, but it proved worse than he feared. For just before the first number came the great panic. They could collect no money from the newspapers for their service; and in the general cut-down of running expenses everywhere, a luxury like stories and articles was one of the first things the newspapers dispensed with. Of the twenty thousand copies printed for the first number, twelve thousand were returned to them. The eight thousand they sold netted them only \$600, and the paper and printing

had cost thousands. Then the next month another woe trod upon the heels of the first. The *Cosmopolitan* cut to twelve and a half cents, two and a half under *McClure's*. They had reckoned that it might be a year before another cheap magazine came into the field. Nevertheless, though always on the edge of failure, they got through the hard winter somehow. The next summer they were losing a thousand a month. By cutting the text from ninety-six to eighty-eight pages and reducing the size of the illustrations, they reduced the loss somewhat; but all the while they were slipping back.

In this crisis Conan Doyle, Miss Ida Tarbell, and Napoleon tided them over. The first volunteered to lend them some money, and the second wrote a life of the third. The year 1894 was a Napoleon year; the *Century* had announced Professor Sloan's *Life of Napoleon*; the *Cosmopolitan* soon joined the combat; and Mr. McClure commissioned Miss Tarbell overnight to run down to Washington and whip up a biography to go with a remarkable collection of portraits he had found there. Miss Tarbell had just written, in Paris, her careful studies of the life of Madame Roland, and knew the period. The Middle West proved more interested in the stop-gap than in the *Century's* *Life* which had been some years in making; and it doubled the circulation of *McClure's* within a few months. But Miss Tarbell as a circulation-maker was only just flexing her capable fingers. Quite as casually and quickly, Mr. McClure decided that some new portraits she had found of Lincoln needed a framework, and she winnowed the interested Middle West for anecdotal material. Napoleon had brought their subscribers from forty to eighty thousand; Lincoln increased them from one hundred and twenty in August, 1895, to two hundred and fifty in December. Thus in thirty months they reached a circulation in excess of the *Century*, *Harper's*, and *Scribner's*; and soon they were to be greater than

all three combined. The only fly in their ointment was the old advertising rate. With their increased circulation, they were losing four thousand dollars a month. Peace hath its defeats the same as war! But in 1896 they had changed all that, and were clearing five thousand a month.

Reviewing the earlier history of the magazine, Mr. McClure thinks that the intimate and human note which went straight to the Middle West heart was struck in the very first number. The *Real Conversations*—in which distinguished persons interviewed distinguished persons—and the *Human Documents*—in which the portraits of the same proceeded by consecutive stages from the cradle to the grave—converted, for the Middle West, mere names into near neighbours. Their popular science articles, he thinks, were of a more serious nature than those in any preceding magazine. The wide acquaintance with writers and their possibilities which the Syndicate had given him seemed to him his chief asset and his real capital; furthermore, he could, with syndicate and magazine combined, tempt them with a wider publicity than they had ever received before. His industry was untiring; for a series of portraits of Bismarck he ran over to Germany. As boundless was his fertility in devising new schemes to conduct personally to Middle Western farmyards remote aristocrats. (Holmes wrote to Mrs. Stuart Phelps Ward in 1893 that he would be delighted to discuss "Time and Eternity" with her and her husband as suggested, but as to saying anything on those subjects to be reported, he would as soon send a piece of his spinal marrow to those omnivorous editors. "So you see, I am quite obstinate—not to be lured or *Mac-lured*.") As for stories, he had, in addition to Conan Doyle, captured Kipling and Anthony Hope also. To discover the value of all three, one might not, perhaps, need to go so far as to sell coffee-pots in the Middle West, yet Mr. McClure says that *Harper's* had refused every tale in the four

early books of Kipling, that it took him a year in the Syndicate to gain recognition for Conan Doyle, and that no American editor had thought enough of Hope to bring him across the water.

THE MC CLURE ARTICLE

The special character of the American cheap magazine as we now know it—wrote that keen and reflective English observer, Mr. William Archer, in 1910—is mainly due to one man, Mr. S. S. McClure. He invented and developed the particular type. The style of article which has made its fame is a richly-documented soberly-worded study in contemporary history, concentrating into ten or twelve pages matter which could much more easily be expanded into a book ten or twelve times as long. Its method is to present, without sensationalism or exaggeration, facts skilfully marshalled and sternly compressed, and let them speak for themselves. Here is Mr. McClure's account of the inception and evolution of the type:

About 1897 the talk about trusts had become important and the common people took a threatening attitude toward them—and without much knowledge. We decided that the way to handle the trust question was not by taking the matter up abstractly, but to take one trust and to give its history, its effects, and its tendencies. The mother of trusts was the Standard Oil. Miss Tarbell had lived for years in the heart of the oil region, and she undertook to prepare some articles on its history. When they heard of our project, Mr. H. H. Rogers of the Standard Oil sent us word through his friend Mark Twain that they would gladly help us in securing material. Miss Tarbell spent nearly three years on the work before the first chapter of it was printed. The first important result of the articles was the nationwide realisation that the railroad rebate was the great weapon of the Standard Oil. Simultaneously began the articles of Mr. Steffens on municipal misgovernment. We gave him a roving commission, and he visited the cities. What he found made me begin an investigation which proved that life and property in the United States were

less secure than in other countries. I went on trying to arouse public opinion. Steffens's work dealing with the corruption of State and city politics was a feature of the magazine for three or four years. His articles were the first accurate studies of this nature that had then appeared in an American magazine. To secure the accuracy which alone makes such studies of value, I had to invent a new method in magazine journalism. The fundamental weakness of modern journalism was that the highly specialised activities of civilisation were very generally reported by uninformed men, and what experts had to say was seldom interesting. I decided to pay my writers for their study rather than for their copy—to put them on a salary and let them master their subjects before they wrote about them. The preparation of the fifteen articles of the Standard Oil series took five years; they were produced at the rate of three a year, and each one cost us two thousand dollars. Of course, the subjects that will repay an editor for so expensive a method are few and important.

Thus the origin of what was later called the muck-raking movement came from no formulated plan to attack existing institutions, but from wishing to take up with accuracy and thoroughness some of the problems that were beginning to interest people. The method of dealing with public questions which distinguished *McClure's* was developed gradually. My desire to handle such questions came largely, I think, from my frequent trips abroad. In my many rapid trips for material of all kinds, I had noticed certain differences in the attitude of people here and abroad regarding public service and the connection between business interests and government. I was desirous of finding out why, in American cities as distinguished from American States, the debasing and debased part of the population should have a predominating influence in nominating and electing officials. A study of the methods of organising governments in England and Germany made me understand the basic causes of the inefficiency and corruption of governments in American cities. It was the indifference of the average American citizen to public questions.

The spirit which actuated all this may be illustrated by a *McClure* editorial, January, 1903. "We did not plan it so; it is a coincidence that this number contains three arraignments of American character such as should make every one of us stop and think. 'The Shame of Minneapolis,' the current chapter of the Standard Oil, Mr. Ray Stannard Baker's 'The Right to Work,' it might all have been called *The American Contempt of Law*. Capitalists, workingmen, politicians, citizens—all breaking the law or letting it be broken. Who is there left to uphold it? The lawyers? Some of the best are hired for that very purpose. The judges? Too many of them so respect it that for some error or quibble they restore to office or liberty men convicted on evidence overwhelmingly convincing to common sense. The churches? We know of one, an ancient and wealthy establishment, which had to be compelled by a Tammany hold-over health-officer to put its tenements in sanitary condition. The colleges? They do not understand. There is no one left—none but all of us." Where could one find more meaning, more control, more passion packed in so few words! It was not to be expected that the novelty of a magazine campaign on corruption, both contemporary and specified, could intrude itself into a jolted community without opposition. As frequently happens in this amusing world, a proposed reform makes strange bed-fellows. The outcry against *McClure's* delightfully anticipated the pretty spectacle, a decade later, of the well-supported matron and the well-supported cadet uniting against Woman's Suffrage. Alike the matronly New York *Evening Post* and Tammany denounced the articles as altogether commercial. The latter called the campaign a mercenary defamation of the fair name of our glorious land; the former (equally, though more wittily, reminiscent of time-worn oratory) called it a fight for God, for country, and for circulation. Godkin and Curtis and Dr. Holland in

their long and admirable agitation in their magazines for Civil Service Reform, had really gone the limit of safe and well-bred magazine interference with public affairs—to attack *specific* institutions and mention *names* was to drag in the dust the white samite of literary journalism! And from the White House came ringing the customary picturesque epithet, with which its occupant, agog like Kipling for the galvanizing word, was in the habit of branding all mavericks. *McClure's* wore proudly its new and sanctioned title of Muck Raker, and doubtless joined in the chuckle which went up from many earnest-minded Americans and observing Englishmen after their first gasp of indignation. For the accusation, ungracious as it was from one professional reformer to another, was conspicuously ungrateful also. It was the public conscience which *McClure's* had striven so earnestly to arouse with an army of shocking facts that eagerly seized upon the President for leadership. "The historian of the future," wrote Mr. Archer, "may determine how much of the 'uplift' that distinguished the Roosevelt administration was due to the influence of the *McClure* type of magazine. It seems to me certain that Mr. McClure paved the way for President Roosevelt and potentially furthered the movements with which his name will always be identified."

Not the least of the services of the *McClure* type of article was its contribution to the final demise of the Young Person. More and more ailing as the old century drew to its close, this fragile and exquisite illusion apparently entered her last stage at the commencement of the new. For the family-circle was to be startled with ruder accents than the *McClure* Shame of the Cities or the *Cosmopolitan* Treason of the Senate. Young ladies had no sooner heard that politicians and policemen slipped into the saloon on the next block than they were acquainted with the hitherto unsuspected tidings that it had a Family Entrance into which other be-

ings slipped. And such revolutionary disclosures came not only from the militant magazines of which no fine sense of the sanctity of the Young Person could be expected, but even from the *Ladies' Home Journal* (Shades of Ruth Ashmore!). Made deaf at last by all this noise to the elegant reticence becoming a daughter of Mrs. Hale and *Godey's Ladies' Book*, this periodical actually began to give parents instruction upon certain aspects of the education of their children! What would dear old *Knickerbocker* have said? He would probably have said that he could have told you so; that *he* knew what was coming the moment a gentlemanly magazine so far forgot itself as to ventilate opinions. The next step in the inevitable degeneration would, of course, be the ventilation of vices! No opinions at table and no ugly facts before the Young Person were the cornerstones of Society-as-it-Should-be. An amusing anecdote or so with the wine and cigars, and later a farce from the French dexterously diluted of course for female companions but patent to the cognoscenti—you could banish her from the one and as for the other, why every Young Person, thank heaven, had an innate purity! Indeed, in a sense and with all humility, the Young Person, one might say, was the noblest work of God and man alike! Man had been His co-worker in this perfected being which had eyes but saw not and ears but heard not.—So might *Knick* have said, shaking his silvery locks over the departure of all civility from a degenerate world. Well, thanks to *McClure's*, there are no longer any Young Persons. Nor will it console any one who grieves to reflect that there never were any. It was all so charming. Nor will it console them to hear the opinion of that obsessed Mr. Archer, admiring American magazines for a frankness of speech which the English ones do not possess. "It is one of the striking features of the magazine of the *McClure* type that that though distinctly 'family' productions so far as fiction is concerned, they

deal freely with social topics of the utmost delicacy, without either frightening their subscribers off or achieving any 'success of scandal.' I have never seen an article in *McClure's* or in any magazine of its class that was not perfectly fit to be read by any one who could conceivably wish to read it."

There is a reason economic and a reason temperamental, Mr. Archer thinks, why there are no such articles in English magazines. They have neither the circulation nor the advertisements which would enable them to pay for such social investigation. But the main reason is the English law of libel. An American editor said to him quite simply, "We carry libels in every number"; but the mildest of the progressive American cheap magazines would beget in England a crop of libel-suits. For the *McClure* type eschewed the generalities which preceding moralists had exclusively engaged in, and mentioned names and cases. The difference between a moralist and a muck-raker is a simple but significant one—a muck-raker is a moralist who specifies. Mr. Archer remarks that the law of libel seems to be as inefficient in America as it is over-efficient in England; but the contrast is not so much legal as spiritual—an American shrugs his shoulders at an accusation which in England would blast a man's whole career. "We do not wish to spend our energy," said *Collier's Weekly*, "in exploiting facts which cannot personally offend a human being"; yet if you do offend and the person has money enough to go to court in England, a libel-suit follows. It is not because Americans are more afraid of libel-suits, for judges here as in England could exclude the damaging evidence if that were our attitude. Partly it is an un-British indifference to our reputation and partly it is an equally un-British sense of humour. Where everybody is illegally libelling everybody else, 'tis folly to be squeamish. For the same reason, Americans are not even exacting of their pound of flesh;

what's the sense of being a Shylock when the next time the other party may have you on the hip? Mr. John Adams Thayer says that once when *Everybody's* made a plate of J. P. Morgan from a steel-engraving, they found the copyright law allowed the original publisher to claim one dollar a copy for every impression they had made. The publisher pranced over to see them, and they had a most interesting afternoon. They were liable for seven hundred thousand dollars!

The new process of photo-engraving made possible the cheap illustrated magazine; but as in a short time many cheap magazines were in the market, it by no means accounted for the enormous circulation of a magazine like *McClure's*. Illustrations that cost one hundred dollars and required a month's time could now be had by all of them for ten dollars and in one day. "The revolution in the art of engraving, not to say its destruction," said the *Independent* editorially in 1895, "is threatening a change in the conduct of monthly magazines as well as of newspapers. It seems probable, however, that the higher-priced magazines will not find it wise to reduce their price to the figure of *Cosmopolitan* and *McClure's*. They will wish to maintain that higher, purer literary standard which succeeds in securing the best but not the most numerous readers. They cannot change their constituency beyond the comparatively cultivated class that appreciates them. They cannot therefore enormously increase their circulation and so their advertising income by reducing their price." To which *McClure's* replied: "Less than one-seventh of the illustrations in last month's *Harper's*, *Century*, *Scribner's* are engraved on wood. There must be some merit besides cheapness in a method that is employed for more than six-sevenths of the high-priced monthlies. On the other hand, we must seek elsewhere for a reason for the cheap magazine. Will the editor of the *Independent* tell us where any edi-

tor can secure a higher, purer literary standard than is maintained by our list of writers?" The list that followed included most of the names before the English-speaking public. Thus it was apparent that the difference in standards was not one of height but of kind. Anybody who wished might call it purer, anybody who wished might call it less conventional. It was not a difference of so-called appeal to pure culture, for *McClure's* and *Cosmopolitan* both had a notable art series. It was not even a difference in editorial enterprise or in careful and costly research. The *Century*, some while before the era of cheap magazines, had sent George Kennan and an artist on a two years' tour of Siberia to secure the articles on Russian prisons and the treatment of political exiles which caused the proscription of that magazine from the Czar's dominions. The travel articles of *Harper's*, for which it had long been famous, had despatched observers with pen and pencil to the outposts of the world. The difference between the two sets of magazines simply consisted in the fact that the majority of the American people thought the *McClure* type moved closer to contemporary life and was seeking not only to illumine but to raise and support. The cheap magazine in itself was no new idea. In 1872 and in conservative Boston a ten cent periodical, *American Homes*, was started and was making a national success when the Boston Fire destroyed it utterly. The new tone of intimacy and neighbourly helpfulness which became the special characteristic of the cheap magazines and to which even some of the older high-priced periodicals "lowered their dignity" as time went on, seems to have been introduced by that mighty mother of magazines, the *City of Brotherly Love*, as she got her third wind. Mrs. Hale of *Godey's* had whispered cosily in the female ear, *Graham's* had chucked a continent under the chin; but it remained for the *Ladies' Home Journal* to embrace warmly the universal world.

EXTINCTION OF EDITORIAL RETICENCE

Established in 1883 by Cyrus Curtis, it was edited for half a dozen years by his wife under the name of Mrs. Louisa Knapp. But its astounding success began about 1890 with the advent of Mr. E. W. Bok. Before this time the occupation of an editorial chair had been accomplished without shaking the earth. But the Himalayas heard at once that he was the youngest and highest-paid editor in America. He immediately began that series of novel series which effected the introduction of everybody to everybody else and placed the two hemispheres on a family basis. He did not go forth to the family-circle as the mid-century *Harper's* had done; he inscribed the circle around himself like Richelieu holding the maiden Julie. Nobody could step outside of it unless he stepped off the planet. Unknown Wives of Well-Known Men, Unknown Husbands, Famous Daughters of Famous Men, How I Wrote This and Did That—everybody who was somebody and everybody who was nobody was soon engaged in counting his or her pulse-beats to a breathless world and to the tune of the periodical's increasing circulation. One touch of Mr. E. W. Bok had made the whole world kin. It seemed as if the possibilities of the genre might never be exhausted, and the public might go on clamouring forever, or until the Nieces of Absconding Bank-Presidents and the Cousins of Royal Governesses had satisfied the last urgency for world-fellowship in the latest Bok-awakened Madagascar metropolis. The fever for fellowship spent itself in time, of course; but the twofold result upon the conduct of magazines seems likely to be permanent. Readers expect button-holing if not manhandling, and editors have come out of their cloistered retirement. Even editors of some of the older magazines which prided themselves on being far from the madding crowd no longer desire to remain violets by their mossy stones. As for the editors of the new cheap magazines, they looked upon Mr. Bok and at once did

likewise. Personal publicity became the proof of aggressiveness and enterprise. It was part of the advertising age. About the time when "Charles Frohman Presents" and "Henry Savage Proffers" became household phrases conned by lisping children from the billboards of America, Mr. Munsey was publishing in his own handwriting his own opinion of his magazine as a cover-design. A few years later even Mr. Alden of *Harper's* was protesting in the *North American* that the wise editor never sought to suppress originality and that if the Middle West wanted to call him a matron he didn't mind. As for the militant magazines, they vibrated with an electric current sped from editor to reader, wherein dynamo called to dynamo in no uncertain tones.

All this was much increased by the vogue of the cult magazine, which by its very nature was a personal utterance. The cult magazines were all slender things, merely embodied voices like that pocket prima-donna who was once heralded as "Little but Oh My!" The run of these was a measles with which the face of the whole country broke out. The germ-carrier was the project of two Harvard youths who published while at Cambridge a slim, artistically-printed semi-monthly called the *Chap Book*. It was a side-product of the Celtic Revival in England, and purposed extending to Victorianised America the new wine of the *Yellow Book*, of Aubrey Beardsley, George Moore, and Yeats. In a short while all the early numbers were exhausted, and its deserved success was so great that it moved to Chicago where it would have freer air and no time-stained institutions standing in the way of its sunlight. There it flourished for four years; and as it remained a substantial and literary rarity until the last, its fortuitous death was universally regretted. So was the death of its first joyous offspring, the *Lark*, which twittered gleefully at San Francisco from 1895 to 1897. This stopped, apparently, because its editors—Les Jeunes—

wanted to grow up. Some of them afterward did grave and valuable things in periodical literature, but many of the carols of their light-hearted infancy were such melodious madness that the world gladly stopped to listen. The *Chap Book* had numerous progeny, however, that would have scorned to be brother to the *Lark* as much as to own so conventional a parentage as the new Irish movement in an effete literature. All over the country they sprang up, by preference on rocky soil and where weeds might choke them. The intention of the cult magazine was to be a voice crying in the wilderness. There were at least one hundred and sixty-two of them, crying to the flinty echoes "Repent! Repent!" and living on locusts until their lungs gave out, though from want of proper food only. Chief of them was the *Philistine*, Printed Every Little While for the Society of the Philistines. This was an association of Book Lovers and Folks Who Write and Paint. Their object was to destroy the phantom of a false dawn, and their settling at East Aurora, New York, was thought by many to have been the result of exploring the map for a village of symbolic name. "In literature he is a Philistine who seeks to express his personality in his own way," ran an early announcement. "We ask for the widest, freest, and fullest liberty for Individuality—that's all." This proved both wide and full, and it made free with every established Thing. Begun among the earliest of the fadazines, it alone continued its voice well into the next century. Its voice was robust. Its sub-title was A Periodical of Protest, and it is admitted that one cannot protest in a whisper. Its editor, Elbert Hubbard, did more, though in a field less wide, than Mr. Bok or Mr. McClure or Mr. Munsey to deal the editorial tradition of reticence a body blow; to develop that arrestingly and grippingly personal tone which was becoming characteristic of the American sanctum, and to demolish the last vestige of the pose which Boston culture

had bequeathed American letters. The only one of the four who had any literary gift, who went on lecture tours, and was the fortunate possessor of a disputed personality, his voice naturally carried the furthest. A cult is like a protoplasm—it subdivides while you are looking at it; and the *Philistine*, like all the other little magazines, died because its offspring ate up the available audience. But their earnest iconoclasm made many people do some thinking of their own, and they were yeasty affairs which leavened a vast deal of our inherited stodginess; they had their day and went their way and left some thoughts behind them. In the history of American thought they are consequently of considerable importance, but to the history of the American magazine they contributed chiefly one more factor in the growth of the personal note at the end of the century.

THE COSMOPOLITAN

A case very much in point is the gradual emergence of Mr. John Brisben Walker of the *Cosmopolitan*, from a private citizen conducting a business enterprise into the fierce light that beats upon a throne. Born in Rochester, New York, in 1886, a clergyman's child, the *Cosmopolitan*, as befitted its parent, was conservative and domestic. Consisting largely of translations and with full page reproductions of paintings, it had a Children's and a Household Department which often gave recipes. (Can you picture the contemporary *Cosmopolitan* thus parentally engaged, even if fathers of families are not what they were?) In the beginning, it threw in as an extra inducement to those impervious to the seductions of a home missionary at two dollars and a half a year, a Letter and Bill File, the cost price of which was only twenty-five cents less. But its Cincinnati days departed in its second year when it moved to the metropolis, and its sea-change was complete when Mr. Walker coming from the West

later it made an attempt to recapture its rurality by moving out of town again, but dalliance with the great city had forever altered its ancient Rochestrian ideals. Having put its hand to the plough, it turned back to the sidewalk. But this was later still, and under the convoy of Mr. Hearst—whose energetic and sophisticated personality is, geographically considered, perhaps even more remote from the magazine's first parent than was that of its second. As a matter of statistics, however, it may not be generally known that Mr. Hearst is a clergyman twice removed; or that the *Cosmopolitan* once dispensed recipes on the best methods of keeping the household sweet and clean.

But to return to Mr. Walker and the far side of the century mile-stone, when the worldly career of the future magazine was as yet undreamed. The new editor made haste slowly. He replaced the Household Department with one on Social Problems conducted by Edward Everett Hale (ominous forecast of the Suffrage movement!) and the Children's Department with Book Reviews by Professor Brander Matthews (fitting symbol of the discarded parochial past!); and added the departments In the World of Arts and Letters, and The Progress of Science, conducted by many hands. These were all admirably administered, and the last-mentioned was particularly serviceable in bringing the readers closer to contemporary activities. Contenting itself for a while, too, with articles illustrated by portraits and other documentary records—like the Lady Riders of Washington or The Woman's Press Club of New York—it little by little branched out into other illustrative fields. Its early reproduction of famous masterpieces happily metamorphosed into richly illustrated articles on Recent Art. About the year 1897, the magazine reviewed its ten years of life. At its birth, the total number of magazines did not greatly exceed the figures of the present edition. The rapid increase in circulation had proceeded in equal steps with

the manifestation of a new attitude of a magazine toward its readers. It considered itself a co-operative affair in which the chief party was the public. Mr. Howells and A. S. Hardy were associate-editors and Professor Boyesen and Dr. Hale were regular contributors and advisers, but the best associate and adviser was the reader himself. As with the other magazines which in the last decade of the century reduced their price, this endowment of the public with a personality it had never before possessed was found to have its editorial exactions. Whether the flattered reader required reciprocity or felt that at least propriety demanded that he demand it, or whether the necessities of the new appeal to social and civic consciousness dictated greater directness (for how can one receive an actual punch from an invisible shoulder?), or whether it be that heartier fellowship is inherent in lowered prices and in the poorer class in general, or whether it was all a part of that new world-note of genial camaraderie inaugurated by the *Ladies' Home Journal* which caused the public to clamour for the countenances of the makers of its shoes and its talcum powders—let it be for psychologists to decide. At any rate Mr. Walker, like the rest, was no longer satisfied to be seen through a glass darkly; and, as with the rest, the new face-to-faceness was startling to conservatives. The vestibule of his magazine became his inner holy of holies—whence heart-to-heart confessions of the policies and material within doors issued in crisp sermonettes in large print. It had become the fashion. But those who had followed Mr. Walker's widening vision were not surprised to see him identify himself with an attempt to construct an international language. The founder of the magazine had not projected an all-world parish. Mr. Walker offered the President of the United States twelve thousand dollars to cover the expenses of a commission to report on the idea; and when President Harrison finally decided that it did not come within the limits of his juris-

diction, the *Cosmopolitan* undertook it single-handed.

The new attitude of social obligation, taken by *McClure's* and the *Cosmopolitan* toward the end of the century, may perhaps be best illustrated by the magnificent though abortive attempt of the latter to found a national university. In August, 1897, this announcement appeared:

For five years we have published the magazine at a reduced price, which the publishing world regarded as a step certain to result in failure. It was an educational movement of far-reaching importance. We have now arrived at another stage in the evolution of the magazine. We enlarge our sphere, and take in hand the organisation to provide for the intellectual necessities of those who seek enlightenment and growth, and yet have not had the means for entering the universities. The *Cosmopolitan University* will provide a course of studies worked out with reference to the real needs of men and women in the various walks of life; designed to produce broader minds, and give greater fitness for special lines of work, and also to make better citizens, better neighbors, and happier men and women. At the head of the organisation will be placed an educational mind of the first ability. All instruction blanks, examination papers, official circulars free. No charge of any kind will be made to the student, all expenses will be borne for the present by the *Cosmopolitan*. No conditions, except a pledge of a given number of hours of study. Work is to be formally begun in October.

It proved an electrifying announcement. A month and a half after this statement—necessarily indefinite, the editor admitted, since plans had not yet been formulated—almost four thousand students had enrolled. In two weeks more, the number was almost six thousand; in another eight it had doubled. What was to be done with this vast horde of day-workers who desired to burn the midnight lamp! In the meantime had arisen other troubles beside that of feeding the multitude with limited loaves and fishes. President

Andrews had just left Brown University on account of some differences of opinion between himself and the trustees, and Mr. Walker announced that the magazine had secured him to direct the Cosmopolitan University with a Board of Advisors. But now President Andrews had been requested by the trustees to withdraw his resignation, and he in turn felt himself compelled to ask Mr. Walker to release him. The change completely disarranged all their plans for organisation, and others must be worked out as speedily as possible. Meanwhile the students kept on mounting prodigiously; applications from all over the country swept toward Irvington-on-the-Hudson like a white tidal wave. The magazine had felt that the appropriation of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars which it was able to make, should be divided into annual instalments of thirty thousand each. They had regarded the sum as ample to support the institution for five years. But the number of applicants had made it entirely inadequate, and they were forced to ask that all students who were able to do so should pay a fee of five dollars per quarter. This did not daunt or even diminish the recruits, who cried aloud from every remote hamlet for a college education by correspondence. By May the ambitious band had become nineteen thousand. Swamped, the magazine still floundered with the flood. Another thousand in August compelled the discarding of all former plans and the formation of new ones. But such emergencies had become normal by this time, and the magazine hoped that the experience of the first year—so unsatisfactory to their educational staff—would be of service in the second which it now undismayed began. At the end of that period, however, it threw up its hands. It would do what it could but its means did not allow it to take care of the twentieth part of the applicants. The Government should establish a National Correspondence University, and it would present a bill to Congress to that effect.

It had been a magnificent and generous undertaking. Of course, the usual number of sedate periodicals whose cooler projects allowed no opportunity for failure, and that large body of persons who cannot believe in the sincerity of a philanthropist until he has bankrupted himself, saw in it only ingenious advertising. Elderly people found it but another manifestation of the deplorable stridency of cheap literature—one could not imagine the *Knickerbocker* doing such a thing. It was all a part of this end of the century chaos which had hurtled matrons and letters into the market-place! Perhaps more than anything else, even more than the articles of exposure inaugurated by *McClure's*, the Cosmopolitan University marked that the old ideal of a literary magazine was as dead as a dodo. It was an ideal derived from England and was embodied by the early *Knickerbocker* better than by any other successful American magazine not mainly of the review type, although possibly it might be found at its best in the short-lived *Arcturus*. Polite comment on polite affairs. Moncure Conway summed it up once in the early eighties, "An English magazine is a circular letter addressed by a scholarly man to a few hundred friends."

EVERYBODY'S AND ADVERTISING

As this modest history of the magazines but aims to round off the century conveniently, it may not mention some of later birth. Nor may it follow the fortunes of *Everybody's*—born in 1899 under other auspices—except incidentally and as indicative of the new advertising movement. Some account of this is found in Mr. John Adams Thayer's life-story, *Astir*.

With a few notable exceptions editors do not make magazines financially successful. It is far more difficult to secure a capable advertising manager, and he will demand and probably receive twice the editor's salary. The business of my department, which had totalled a quarter of a million at my coming, had now a yearly volume of twice

that amount. It was the hey-day of advertising. One day in the president's office I saw the architect's drawing of a massive stone edifice fourteen stories high, to be built for and devoted solely to the business of the Butterick Company. Facetiously the treasurer remarked, "Look at your new building!" As treasurer, he knew that my department had made it possible. When we bought the magazine property, the price of the advertising was \$150 a page—one dollar per page per thousand circulation being the recognised rate among general magazines, though an extra twenty or even fifty thousand is often given for good measure. With a showing of three hundred thousand now, we could ask \$300 a page, as we had doubled our circulation in a year. We stood upon this healthy footing when "Frenzied Finance" began to increase our circulation to the merry tune of fifty thousand copies a month.

To the innocent bystander, the adjective "healthy" may seem here to carry a peculiar implication. Does not health, he may query, increase as circulation increases? But the fact is *Everybody's* was mortally threatened with a rush of blood to the stomach. The reader who resents his present serfdom to the advertiser will grimly appreciate the predicament. The magazine had fed itself up so, with its vital nourishment, that apoplexy threatened. (If that is a mixed figure, make the best of it!) The curious situation was startling in its modernity—to be dying of good health. But it was not absolutely novel for all that. Even before the old *Scribner's* had inaugurated the reign of the advertiser, the phenomenon had been forecast. It was as early as 1865 and the place was Chicago, which at that period scorned advertising, in the most elegant and approved literary fashion. There, Mr. Fleming tells us, the *Little Corporal*, a juvenile, had made an unexpected hit. It proved the first Chicago periodical to attract national attention and the first juvenile in the country to be read by children everywhere. Its circulation grew to be enormous (its twelve num-

bers cost one dollar—almost the first genuine instance of low prices), but it came a cropper with its advertising. The advertisers, who at that early date were nearly always confined to local firms, refused to allow the rate to be increased; an out-of-town circulation, however large, is of no benefit to us, they said. With a small circulation there had been a profit at this low rate, but after a certain point every additional copy was printed at a loss. It was this same condition which threatened *Everybody's* when Lawson jumped the circulation; and it was met by increasing the selling price until the advertising contracts should expire and a higher rate could be arranged. The reader who resents the power of the advertiser will again grimly appreciate the symbolic nature of the solution. It is always the Ultimate Consumer that pays, he may mutter wearily—as at present he picks his vexed way from gobbet to gobbet of text through the welter of advertising matter; and as, from page nineteen to page thirty-two to page forty-seven to page sixty-three the moving finger turns and, having read, turns on.

"In less than a year," says Mr. Thayer, "we announced on one occasion an edition of one million. The demand for back numbers was incessant; and we printed a little pamphlet called *The Chapters That Went Before*. Mr. Lawson had worked a miracle in the circulation, and we beheld the wonderful vision of becoming a great magazine property without the long hard preparatory struggle of a Munsey or a McClure. But so enormous an increase in copies without a corresponding increase in advertising rates meant ruin. We finally decided, contrary to custom, to announce an immediate increase without notice to \$400 a page, and later we established a \$500 rate. Then we decided if we would meet the circulation we must raise the price to fifteen cents a copy. To raise the subscription price of a magazine is an important step, and when to make the change was the prob-

lem. The attorney for H. H. Rogers of Standard Oil fame suddenly wrote the American News Company, that if they distributed our magazines and put them on sale, he would begin an action at law. I saw this was the moment, and the free advertising given us by the Standard Oil was so immense that the edition though large was swept from the newsstands on the day of publication.

Unique in every way was Mr. Lawson's series of articles. Twice blessed is he who, getting all, gives nothing. When Mr. Lawson finally made up his mind to attack the evils of high finance (much assisted to his decision by the perseverance of the editor), he announced that it was his intention to do it for nothing and furthermore to advertise his articles in the newspapers at his own expense. What magazine could help but admire so thorough and so canny a reformer, who felt his motive must be as far above suspicion as gay-bird Cæsar thought his wife ought to be? He demanded only that *Everybody's* offer a prize of fifty thousand dollars for the best essay on Frenzied Finance at the end of its run; but, says Mr. Thayer naïvely, "we eventually persuaded him there were more effective ways of advertising." The end of the run found them normally issuing from five to six hundred thousand copies a month, and after it finished they retained the bulk of this circulation.

"While our first cover was not particularly artistic, it was different from all other magazine covers and caused comment by reason of its sentiment and novelty—it represented two hearts cut in a birch tree. The cover designs cost us much effort but they assisted the impression which promptly got abroad that *Everybody's* was different from the common run." Thus light-heartedly does Mr. Thayer mention the inception of the stupidest feature of the cheap magazine—the candy-box cover. It is a picture in little of the fate that awaits all display-advertising. Fired by the example of *Everybody's* all the cheap magazines hastened to be "different"

and ended in all becoming just alike—their old distinctive cover forgotten and their trademark destroyed. The cover-design Mr. Thayer refers to was attractive; and had they and the rest of the magazines contented themselves with the story-telling picture or one which had reference to some chief feature of the contents within, there would have been no objection—although not to be eternally confronted in the old magazines even with such covers is a welcome relief. The fancy cover had appeared timidly about 1896. The *Cosmopolitan* sported one of the earliest, but the novelty was apparently regarded with disfavour and soon disappeared. *McClure's* printed several of their Lincoln portraits during the run of the Lincoln articles, and also had printed portraits of several of their authors. This innovation was followed, conservatively, by symbolic female figures representing the months. Thus slowly the virus began until it had developed complete and rabid feminisation. In the meantime, within the covers of the cheap magazines a process of auto-intoxication was going on. The theatrical departments had become permanent fixtures, and the unending procession of actresses' portraits had got well under way. Then arrived the lamentable hour when no home was thought complete without a Christie or a Gibson girl. And then the deluge! The chorus-isation of the cheap magazine was complete, and the day of the artist model had dawned. With no other variety than that afforded by seasonable costume, characterless as wax dummies in store-windows, telling no other story than their own insipid prettiness, they simpered incessantly and incongruously from the covers of magazines all sense and entertainment and serious endeavour within. Even the railroad and news-stand trade, whose jaded eye this eternal exploitation of cherry cheeks and rosy lips is doubtless meant to ensnare, must have shortly familiarised itself with all possible combinations of the female features. Few things in the publishing

world are more depressing than those books for the Christmas trade wherein favourite artists gather together their magazine covers for the year in one awful record of smirking fatuity. We shall look back upon this exhibition of American taste with as much humiliation, diluted with humour, as upon our "lambrequin and drape" period. Here, if you please, is the magazine's one *fin de siècle* feature of the end of the century!

For the rest, what a record is that which American magazine literature presents to the twentieth century! Magazines have now become so numerous as to defy any account of them beyond mere classified enumeration. To this stage of easy support has America advanced through a century of short-lived attempts. There are nearly two thousand titles of incomplete and unfinished magazines which perished of starvation—and the list itself is incomplete, for the names of many gallant youngsters have been lost forever. The splendid endeavour is as significant of our intellectual and social vitality as is the splendid achievement. How they have broadened and enriched American life! What incalculable contribution have they made to the growth of human sympathy and companionship! Thanks to them, history will for the first time possess a complete record of human thought and activity. Thanks to them, men and women are enabled to live wiser and happier lives.

Nor does this tell the entire story. "I desire to confess frankly," writes Mr. H. M. Alden of *Harper's*, "that in literature the book and not the magazine is the supreme thing; but the first encouragement of the greatest writers has come from the magazine ever since the time of Poe, and the magazine has been participant of such glory as literature has shown." That the magazine has a hundred times multiplied the audience of authors is apparent to everybody. Not so well understood is it that they have been of as great social as

monetary value. They lifted the author to a recognised place in society which in spite of prominent exceptions he did not occupy in America until the day of their success. When I was young, wrote Edmund Clarence Stedman, New York looked with distrust if not with contempt upon working writers. Newspaper salaries were very low, and a man who got his living by writing was in the same class as a man who got his living by acting. He was almost forced into Bohemia. And speaking of the brilliant and erratic company at Pfaffs, he concludes: "If there had been a *Century*, a *Cosmopolitan*, and a score of other paying magazines, I suppose they would have been as conservative as our modern authors and would have dined above stairs and not under the pavement." And, finally, one cannot reiterate too often the material debt of American literature to the magazine. The lives and letters of authors cry it in and between all the lines—but for the magazine very few could have lived to tell the tale. "It is only with the modern development of the newspaper and the magazine," says the House of Harper, "that authorship may be said to have become a lucrative profession." We are apt to think of our literary hand-to-mouth period as long ago—so radical and immediate was the change wrought by the International Copyright Act. But that past is not so shadowy as shady. So late as 1881 the *Century* was saying, "Not many prominent American novels have of late years reached the reader in the first instance between book-covers." And if this might be said of novels, what of the rest of books? Before the Committee of Congress appointed to inquire whether any real need existed for the proposed copyright, Mr. Dana Estes said in 1886: "For two years past, though I belong to a publishing house (Estes and Lauriat) which emits nearly one million dollars worth of books per year, I have absolutely refused to entertain the idea of publishing an American manuscript. It is impossible to make the books of most

American authors pay unless they are first published and acquire recognition through the columns of the magazines. Were it not for that one saving opportunity of the great American magazines,

which are now the leading ones of the world and have an international reputation and circulation, American authorship would be at a still lower ebb than at present."

SO TAKE MY TEARS

BY GUSTAV DAVIDSON

IF I could sing—

And like Euterpe on the flute, express
The soul's enchantment or the heart's distress,—
Ah, then I'd sing to thee, by thee inspired;
And from the treasury of song I'd wring
The most harmonious strain that ever fired
The soul to music. And in melting praise,
Thy beauty and thy glory I would raise
To such a rare and unaccustomed height
That all the world should wonder and delight!

But sing I cannot, love, howe'er I long
To burst into an ecstasy of song,—
So take my tears.

IF I could play—

And like Erato, by a naiad stream,
Weave the world together in a dream,—
Ah, then I'd play for thee, by thee inspired;
And from sweet zones of thought and love, convey
Such melody as Orpheus acquired
In constant fealty unto the Muse.
And I would paint thy virtues in such hues
That when all other things have passed away
Thy memory would endure; thy glory, stay!

But play I cannot, love, howe'er my heart
Heaves with music's wild, tumultuous art,—
So take my tears.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CARMEN

BY GERALDINE FARRAR

(AS RECORDED BY FREDERIC DEAN) "*The psychology of Carmen is the psychology of the World.*"—*Prosper Mérimée.*

THE opera was over and Carmen was resting upon the divan in her dressing-room, after that trying last scene with José. She had flung over her a warm grey rug that completely enveloped her

up to her throat. Nothing but her face was visible—the one brilliant, colourful thing in the room, admirably thrown out from the grey background of the walls. Her make-up was still on cheek

and brow and lips, her eyes were blackened and emboldened, the red rose was in her hair, and her mouth was still the "splash of colour" so desperately fought for by José and the toreador.

"Personally," said Miss Farrar, "I do not believe Carmen to be the wanton that some would have her. Her beauty, her position, her race compelled her to be what she was. Admiration she demanded and obtained as freely as the flower demands and absorbs the sunshine that gives it life. The mere indifference of José aroused her—truly womanly—sense of injustice and pique. Homage was her birthright. And she proposed to have it—obtain it as she might. Fate threw her into José's path and her charm proved effective. The mere man fell to the fascination of the mere woman. José did Carmen a good turn and she repaid him in the only coin she possessed—herself. For a time she truly loved him. But, proud woman that she was and proud of her conquests, she could not help despising a man and especially a soldier who threw away honour, position—everything that life held for him—to become her slave—to follow weakly where she led.

"It was natural, also, that she should be attracted by the strength and courage as well as the brilliance of the toreador. Here was a dominating personality—a lover who would beat her—kill her, probably—if she were unfaithful to him, but who would never cringe and cry and beg her to return to him after she had ceased to love him. Carmen knew that her passion for José would not last and as it ebbed away she could not understand why José failed to realise the change and accept it. They had sucked their orange dry—why not throw it away and pick others? He had his devoted Michaela—she of the modest blue petticoats—why not go back to her and leave Carmen free to choose her toreador or any one else she desired?

"Carmen also knew that death was inseparably connected with her new love. Her cards had so warned her, and she, high priestess of the oracle,

knew that they never lied to her. And so resignedly, willingly, joyously, she went forth to her fate, for in it was bound a greater love, a more intense passion, a union with a man more worthy of her, more in sympathy with all that she represented, more in accord with what she demanded and desired.

"I call Carmen a 'high priestess,' and she was. This is the crux of the story. This is the key to the psychology of her character.

"There is an old story to the effect that two thousand years and more before the dawn of the Christian era the Egyptians had for their God of Speech and Divination a deity named Thoth. The walls of his temple were covered with pictures—pictures of life—representing every phase of man's existence. The initiates or high priestesses of the temple were taught the arts of divination and speech and were entrusted with them for the purpose of carrying and explaining their power and beauty to the barbarians of the West, and, for their use, copies of the pictures upon the walls were painted upon papyrus leaves loosely bound together in book form, which they could easily carry and with which they could explain their divinations as readily as from the originals upon the temple walls.

"Many archæologists are of the opinion that the gypsies of the present day are none other than the descendants of these high priestesses of the temple of Thoth and that their books of divination—these loose papyrus leaves—have degenerated into the 'Devil's Picture Cards,' or, in other words, our ordinary playing-cards with which the present-day gypsy tells the fortunes of any who cross her palm with the necessary silver.

"The original story of *Carmen* is from the pen of one of the most picturesque and most mystic of the nineteenth century writers. Prosper Mérimée was one of the leaders of that brilliant little coterie of Romanticists whose centre was the French capital. As novelist, archæologist, and essayist he was a master of French style. An unusual linguist, a

man of ripe scholarship, and a lover of accurate historic data, Merimée's two great loves were Egypt and the Pyrenees. He was of those who insisted upon connecting the two—linking old Egypt to the modern gypsy. In his mind the roving bands of fortune-telling folk, with whom he delighted to associate in Andalusia, were the descendants of these initiates in the temple of Thoth, who had been entrusted with the sacred mysteries of the temple, and this is interesting for it gives—as I said—the key to the story and to the psychology of *Carmen*, for Merimée believed that their greasy playing cards *were* the last decadent symbols of the papyrus leaves of the books of the oracle, delivered to their predecessors. And he believed that the Carmen of his story, the Carmen he met on the quay in the twilight, the Carmen who told his future with the 'dirty cards that had seen much service,' the Carmen who was so fascinated with his gold repeater that she stole it while he was dreaming by her side, even the Carmen whom José Maria persisted in calling 'the daughter of the devil,' was a high priestess of Fate and a descendant of those other high priestesses who—thousands of years before—had learned the meaning of the Pictures of Life from the walls of Thoth's temple—reproductions of which were Carmen's cards of Fate.

"In the stage story Carmen tells not José's fortune, but her own. And so the note of Fate is sounded with far greater clarity than in the original. It is also interesting to note that from the moment that Carmen sees her fate in the cards she recognises it, accepts it unconditionally, and carries the picture with her to the end of the chapter. In Merimée's story this Fate motif is continually sounded; and the same note is proclaimed just as persistently in Bizet's music.

"There is still another connecting link between the original story and its stage setting—another link of Fate. When Bizet decided to set *Carmen* to music he discarded the conventional *libretti* of

Scribe and gave the story into the hands of Meilhac and Halévy, those twin dramatists whose partnership lasted for two decades and whose joint pen had turned out many *opéra comiques* of the lighter sort—*La Belle Helene*, *Barbe Bleue* and dozens of their ilk—but never before a *Carmen*. And so enamoured of the psychology of this new, strange story did these librettists become that they dared to introduce a character that did not figure in Merimée's original—a character that embodied in a person the 'blue skirt and braided hair' to which José Maria so constantly referred as belonging to 'the modest girls of his Basque home.' In other words they were brave enough to create a character out of a constantly reiterated allusion and so doing heightened the colour of Merimée's psychological study and turned it—with this and other subtle theatric touches—into a dramatic character sketch, equalling in intensity and stage action the best of *libretti* ever offered to the operatic composer.

"The reason that so many modern stage singers have attempted the rôle of Carmen is simply because there is so much in the character to be expressed—or, rather, so many different things. Each one of us probably sees something that the others have not seen—or thinks she does—and that 'something' is *her individual Carmen*.

"When I was a school girl we used to read in our psychology primer the story of the ten men looking at the moon. The ten men *seemed* to see the same moon but, in reality, every one saw a different moon—a moon that he personally desired to see—a moon that he projected from his own personality. Let the moon represent the rôle of Carmen and let us who would interpret it represent the ten men. I have to push the simile one step further, for we are not only obliged to *see* our individualistic Carmens, but we must so 'visualise' them—as the New Thoughts express it—that we can reproduce these individual conceptions in our presentations. Since that memorably disastrous night

forty years ago when Mme. Galli-Marie presented that first *Carmen* in the Salle Favart, innumerable variations of the character have been offered to the public. Minnie Houck, Trebelli, Marie Roye, Selina Delaro, Camille Seygard, Calvé, de Lussan, Fremstad, Maria Gay, Bresler-Gianoli—all have expressed their own idiosyncratic Carmen in stage symbolism. Even my own teacher—Lilli Lehmann—made her American début in the part—trying to give—as all the rest have tried to give—something new by presenting her individual idea. And the end is not yet. For, structurally, *Carmen* has, seemingly, as many variants as there are stage folk ready to express their varying ideas of her. Prosper Mérimée is quoted as saying that 'the psychology of *Carmen* is the psychology of Life.' If this be true, then every 'expression' of his variable heroine will be a new expression of Life. So why should the procession of Carmens ever end? There is so much in the character to commend it as a study, and Bizet's music is so vital, so ever new and so illustrative of the person and her surroundings there seems to be no reason to think that either Carmen or *Carmen* will ever grow old.

"In the first place, the setting of the scene—in old Seville—gives the opera an especial charm. Writers of tales of daring have loved to display their heroes and heroines in this busy kaleidoscopic centre. *Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, *The Barber*—to mention but three master works—had their scenes laid in this delightfully romantic city—a city particularly suitable to this story of *Carmen*, as it has always been a favourite haunt of gypsies. Just across from the city proper, over on the west bank of the Guadalquivir in the suburb of the Triana, the gypsies congregate to this day; here are the Calle Candelego, the shop of Lillas Pastra, and many another lure of the Romany tribe.

"Seville has always been a joyous place; within her boundaries the formal court barriers of Madrid are let down, even the politics of Barcelona and Va-

lencia are forgotten. The Sevillians live as if they loved life. Pleasure is their God—a God worshipped daily, hourly. Their bull-fights are the best in all Spain, their carnivals the gayest. Even the church festas are gorgeous out-of-doors affairs, brilliant and full of colour. In the cathedrals ceremonies are countenanced that would shock the worshippers of more decorous communities. On Corpus Christi the altar boys perform a dance to castanets before the high altar. The dance was instituted as a church rite centuries ago and neither the padres nor their parishioners see any good reason for omitting it. To-day, the streets of the city are filled with happy southerners in the gaudy cloaks and skirts of their forebears of centuries ago. Life—full of colour—full of sunshine—full of laughter—and full of fateful tragedy—this is Seville.

"With such a stage setting how easy it is to drop into Mérimée's evolution theory of *Carmen*. Here the High Priestess, as well as the coquette of the world, is at home. 'I am Carmencita—you have heard of me?' she asks Mérimée as they sit and smoke together down on the river bank.

"'Carmen! Carmencita!' proclaim the youths of Seville as their queen and favourite swaggers upon the scene in the stage version of the story, and from that moment she dominates the play as she dominates the hearts of her admirers. There is one, however, who does not feel her power—who does not even see her. And upon him are concentrated all her powers of fascination. For Carmen claims *all* hearts; universal must be her allegiance; no one may escape her lure. And when José remains sublimely unconscious of her beauty—of her very presence—the other 'canaries,' officers and men, the young gallants and the old beaux, are brushed aside. Selecting the most intimate thing she has about her—the rose that is being kissed by her own warm mouth—Carmen flings it against José's cheek—and rushes off. These are the manners, doubtless, of a common cigarette girl desiring to at-

tract attention. But the underlying idea is hardly that of a street favourite. Carmen the beautiful, the all powerful, the Queen of Love, is demanding her rights. Cleopatra was never more tenacious of her prerogative. Old Egypt, the Sorceress, is asserting her demands of universal allegiance. Carmen must become the dominant factor in the heart of this Basque soldier.

"As the story progresses, see also how clearly the idea of the Seeress is brought out. The fate of the world lies in Carmen's hand—why not see what it may have in store for herself? With perfect faith in the future as it shall be told her among the shuffled spades and hearts, she deals her cards anxiously and with many forebodings—and once realising the message moves on to her destiny as one who knows and delights in the knowing.

"And as to the music. It seems as if no one else could so enter into the spirit of the story as has Bizet. A follower of Felicien David in Oriental feeling and a devout disciple of Wagner in his musical realism, Bizet was better equipped to picture *Carmen* in music than any other modern. More than this, Bizet, like Merimée, was a fatalist. He, also, was a believer in the evolution theory of the gypsy and eagerly grasped the recurring thought in Merimée of Carmen's Egyptian descent. And so, in his score, the union of word and music is as intimate and complete as that between Maeterlinck's poem of 'Pelleas et Melisande' and Debussy's setting of the mystic Belgian's tragedy.

"Years before *Carmen* was conceived, Bizet had painted many bits of Oriental colour. They were but small canvases, to be sure, but, small as they were, they were not so far in advance of the times to fail to receive at least a portion of the distinction they deserved. The orchestration of *Djamileh* pulsates with waves of Oriental passion, the incidental music to Daudet's *L'Arlesienne* mirrors the same breath of the East.

"Just how much of the dramatic force of the element of Fate that was

squeezed out of Merimée by Meilhac and Halévy was suggested by Bizet I do not know, but certain it is that he was quick to seize it and build his entire score upon it.

"Just as *Carmen* was Merimée's last word in his striking story form—for after finishing it he laid down his pen not to take it up again for twenty years and then only to find that it was irrevocably rusted—so was its musical setting Bizet's swan song. The failure of the opera broke his heart. Galli-Marie's portraits represent a handsome, gay, vivacious, artistic woman. There is nothing in them to suggest anything particularly 'devilish,' but the reports of her performance of *Carmen* are unanimous in denouncing the devilishness of her interpretation. Parisian matrons, accustomed to the more decorous tales of *opera bouffe* upon which they had so long been fed, drew aside their skirts and vowed never again to set foot within the precincts of their home of 'innocent amusement' until that dreadful Carmen creature was banished. The critics saw no symbolism in the character—saw nothing but a woman of the boulevards who had stepped from the street to the stage to vaunt and vend her wares. Fortunately, time has opened the eyes and the ears of the opera-goers and they have learned to love the beautiful in Merimée's story as well as in Bizet's music. And, as the public is seeing more and more the beauty of the story, so is it realising more and more how perfectly the story is mirrored in the music. Bizet caught the real meaning of Merimée's heroine and pictured her a heroine of Fate. Fate trembles in the violin strings in the orchestral introduction; it is at your elbow, oftentimes but faintly heard, whenever Carmen appears; it proclaims itself more insistently in the card scene and sweeps everything before it in those leaping crescendos of the final scene in the tragedy. It is often sounded, too, with that truly Egyptian combination of flute and harp. Here again is the same subtle connection between the Nile and the Guadalquivir—



CARMEN. OUTSIDE THE BULL RING

Merimée's gypsy thought set to Bizet's Egyptian music—an echo of the chants of Osiris in the tents of the smugglers of Cordova. There is a constant recurrence of Egyptian glints even in the Spanish rhythms that sway the dancers in Sillas Pastia's cabaret and in the final wild merrymaking in the open public square.

"In the original story, you will remember, Carmen willingly accompanies José Maria to the woods and there meets death at his hands as her punishment, possibly, but as the only outcome of her infidelity and the only fulfilment of her life.

"'Kill me, if you will. You cannot take away from me my joy of a greater love than I ever felt for you. I die a free woman.'

"In the opera this is changed for mere theatric interest. It is far more direct, far less subtle, for an operatic heroine to struggle for life in the glare of a public square than tamely to submit to being stabbed by a discarded lover in a lonely wood. But the idea is the same. It is the climax, the only end possible for this Fate-driven woman.

"And so, Carmen openly challenges José to do his worst, laughs at his threats, calls him a weakling, a detestable, whimpering sentimentalist, and flings his ring into his face as he plunges his knife into her heart. It is a dying but still defiant Carmen that stumbles across the threshold of the arena in which her toreador is receiving the plaudits of the public. The toll is paid."

THE CHRISTMAS CASKET

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

NOR only in the absence of European travel books, customarily so abundant at Christmas, may we, still safe and sound and at our daily tasks and pleasures, divine that the world is dislocated by war. Most of the eighteen books upon the reviewer's desk, far away in subject as they may be, have their valedictory chapters smeared by it. Even at Christmas, "here's the smell of blood still"; and all the perfumes of Arabia, wafted to us generally as we open the Christmas casket, may not sweeten the season's record of the world's work. But, ungracious as is the philosophy of the "ill wind," let us take what comfort we can that pen and brush, stayed unwillingly at home, have fared along our own roads and byways; and although, as Mrs. Hale breezily consoles herself, there are no historic chateaux or castles or walled towns by the way, there can be plenty of conversation with interesting folks that you meet. To this solace another may be added: you can be sure that—unlike many incurious or disdainful European natives—they will be equally interested in you. It has been Hobson's Choice for the Christmas writers to chat of American trips this year; and perhaps we shall live to misapply smilingly the familiar strain about the falling out that all the more endears. And if it be to a Western Booster that we owe the slogan "See America First," let us give the dev— dear one his due.

Mrs. Louise Closser Hale laughs as pertly at herself and you in her Christmas annual as she does in its title *We Discover New England*. And Mr. Walter Hale, who is the Man of Wrath to her Elizabeth, supplies contrast to its pages as well as many of his interesting and accomplished sketches. Both have mastered the art of the casual impression. There is also (How nice and

practical trippers are getting!) a routemap. Whichever way you take to get out of New York into New England, she writes, your friends will tell you that you had better have taken the other. Whichever way you go, history begins the moment you leave; but especially if you go to Yonkers. Westchester has a road which cost twenty thousand dollars a mile, but millionaires do not line it forever, and it soon gets worse. Some of the places at Lenox are so insufferably beautiful that you nearly become anarchistic because you can't get in. Pittsfield is a plain old lady with a heart of gold. In Williamstown a minister drinking tea reminded her that they are the only men in America who can drink it without self-conscious effort and slopping. A New Englander is like a Briton in that one feels at first that they are not to be endured and then finds them absolutely sound and simple. In Great Barrington the hot water wouldn't run and the clerk superiorly begged her to recollect that the house had been built in 1776. Mrs. Hale is much amused, as well she may be in a country so generally slipshod about such things, that everywhere one has to register for luncheon. In Vermont you are always in a stone's throw of luxury even if you'd never guess it; but with a little connivance the traveller can avoid all the big hotels and live excellently at the country hostelries. Not a single walking-party did they meet in New England, whereas on their motor trips abroad they were always coming across them. But on the other hand, you can ask your way with some assurance that if the person be ignorant he will admit it and not urbanely direct you wrong. But this, many lying signs in Maine will do, in order to get you to put up at their hotels for luncheon. At Poland Springs three

great hotels gleam amid the greenest lawns in America; and here, too, a squirrel raced madly around her hat looking for a nut. (What a chance for a saturnine remark from the Man of Wrath!) So superb is the York Beach road that you must really restrain yourself lest you fail to enjoy at its full the finest beach in the world. By it you

come at last into that city of beautiful doorways, Portsmouth. The waitress at Newburyport won't touch your tip until you are well out of the room; the porter said the town was noted for its purity and for the landing of the Siamese twins. The Bay Road of 1640 has all the wrinkles constantly massaged out of its old face as it goes grandly to



Courtesy of Dodd, Mead and Company
CRAWFORD'S NOTCH. FROM A DRAWING BY WALTER HALE, IN LOUISE CLOSSER HALE'S "WE DISCOVER NEW ENGLAND"

bourhood are many dwellings in whose cellars the original owners hid from Indian assaults. Even in 1756 one mentioned mosquitoes when he spoke of Newark; although as late as Irving one could still speak of its sweet pastoral stream. Elizabethtown has a glittering past as one of the leading social centres of America; and historically Plainfield has much importance, as, indeed, has the whole Morris Pike to Morristown. Passaic was at the head of tidewater and sloops of goodly size could carry commerce up stream. From there, whither many people even so early went to see the famous Great Falls, you could take a boat to New York. The Palisades are rich in history of the Continentals, and at Tappan Zee you come across André's footsteps. The land of Irving possesses just as much history as legend, and the old Sawmill River Road takes much the same course as in the days when Washington found it an

available route for his soldiers. By it you come down to Yonkers, which has bred as many American humourists as it has pointed American jokes. (Dear me! Perhaps we shall yet have an American maxim, "All roads lead to Yonkers"!)

As substantial, but much more interesting in information and pleasingly personal in tone is Mr. Leupp's *Walks About Washington*. To this Mr. Lester Hornby has contributed several quite uninteresting sketches. Washington is the only great capital except Petrograd, says Mr. Leupp, that was created for its purpose. But it was so long in approximating its design that it became a byword. Even in 1860, thanks to its alien governing body, its streets had been paved only in occasional patches and but one avenue had any lamps. The city had perversely grown the other way, and so turned its back on the Capitol planned to face it. Naturally, the White House and its procession of oc-



Courtesy of the F. A. Stokes Company

MILLET'S RETURN FROM THE FIELDS. FROM THE COLLECTION OF R. W. PATERSON, ESQ. REPRODUCED IN ARTHUR HOEBER'S "THE BARBIZON PAINTERS"

cupants come in for the greatest share of attention. When John and Abigail Adams moved in, it was unpiped and unlighted; Jefferson stumbled his entire administration over mechanics and building materials. Following the dressy Mrs. Monroe who concocted the present White House Social Code, came John Q. Adams who wore the same hat for ten years but who nevertheless outraged public opinion by buying a billiard table. Dolly Madison rouged her cheeks and took snuff, and achieved a highly deserved social success. The British burned the family out, and she was not sorry when she found the house she rented was more convenient and commodious for her levees. Jackson scandalised propriety by singing "Auld

Lang Syne" at the table and by espousing the cause of Mrs. Peggy Eaton, who broke up the Cabinet because the other ladies refused to meet her. Jackson's guests were even more democratic than he was, and spoiled everything in the House that was spoilaible. Tyler used to light his own fire and insist on his ladies wearing calico frocks to dinner. Mrs. Polk didn't approve of dancing and her inaugural ball became a promenade concert. Buchanan wouldn't have dancing either, and when the Prince of Wales visited him in 1860 had to give up his own bed and sleep in the antechamber to his office—so limited were accommodations. The social leader of the Lincoln administration was Kate Chase rather than the President's timid



Courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons

THE LITTLE MOSQUE. FROM AN ETCHING BY ERNEST D. ROTH. REPRODUCED IN "CONSTANTINOPLE, OLD AND NEW"

little white-shawled wife. The official encroachments had so increased that Cleveland had to move out of the White House to give his desks room. When Roosevelt enlarged the Mansion, he carried out the original plans.

As merrily as Mrs. Hale, and with

more of genial satire, does Mr. Harrison Rhodes run over the country. *In Vacation America* takes us from coast to coast, and within the waves of each America stands, if not naked, at least unashamed. From Bar Harbour to Cape May is almost one town, and no-



Courtesy of the Lippincott Company
THE TEMPLE OVER THE CAÑON SEGESTA. FROM JOSEPH PENNELL'S "PICTURES IN THE LAND OF TEMPLES"

where can we get such a vision of our wealth and vastness. The frenzied climax of Asbury Park's season is its baby-parade. Ocean Grove's grimness has softened with years, but it is still essentially a camp-meeting. Long Island's only real claim to merit is that it causes

Long Island Sound. In Newport foreign noblemen eat out of your hand, and there is nothing like this place in the rest of the world; Coney Island, superlative though it be, could be duplicated in kind several times, but Newport is unique in that nothing is accessible for



Courtesy of the Century Company

THE BOULEVARD ST. DENIS. FROM HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS'S "PARIS REBORN"

an admission fee. With Cape Cod you definitely leave the New York influence behind. The best thing society has done to Maine is to spoil it so little. But not only with two oceans is America furnished, she has most of the fresh water of the world. To Niagara people still flock, though marriage has at last become legal without taking the trip. The lovely archipelago of the Thousand Islands has a pretty semblance of wilderness life among its palaces, and the more ingenuous peninsula of Lower Michigan is one of the great holiday regions of the land. Nothing abroad furnishes just the blend of comfort and confusion of our rural life, for elsewhere guests commonly expect to eat all their meals in the house where they are stopping nor do they take precautions to insure their own menus. As our country-houses began to become hotels, the country hotels began to go out of existence. To pursue pleasure while you pretend to hunt health is what one does at the Springs. Saratoga is no longer Queen, and perhaps water at a spa can never be as effective without gambling. Doubtless that is the reason why at French Lick they boil so many theatrical managers. The South is full of Springs to which Northerners rarely go, and those unable to penetrate the Faubourg St. Germain might have their eyes opened if they made a similar attempt in some Carolinian mountain valley. In spite of Art Colonies, it is still possible to elude Art when you return to Nature in those mountains which are in the backyards of our Eastern cities. The city summer is the general fate of mankind and it brings the height of gayety to the nearby beaches. The real American Vacation is largely devoted to candy. The shortest Winter Southern trip has always something exotic and adventurous in it; nevertheless our sub-tropics are the yearly scene of intolerable sufferings from cold. Palm Beach is our most satisfactory achievement in watering places along the traditional European lines, with its preposterously short and perfervid season and

its life wholly lived in the public eye. All the rest of our national search for a winter climate fails to reach this high plane of elegance—for our leisure class is still plain and simple, though keyed to equally high activity. To catalogue Atlantic City in the winter is to catalogue the American world. If one's heart is gay and times are prosperous, one sometimes feels that the whole American year is one long holiday.

III

Mr. Allen French gives us in *Old Concord* a substantial and charming book, and the publishers a handsome one. To it Mr. Hornby has also contributed some statistical drawings. The author gives us a pleasant family history of the battles of Lexington and Concord, and of the spot where America altered her destiny. But the literary memories of Concord are, of course, the most distinctive ones, when great thoughts were being conceived and great books written by her citizens. Life then was easy-going in the thriving shire town which had not yet become only a suburb, and even temperance lecturers were not above taking flip at the hotel. At the beginning of the century living had been hard and drab, but no people could live forever at the theoretic pitch of the Puritans. When the railroad came in 1850, competing with the stage coaches that had carried to and through the town as many as four hundred passengers a week, old Concord became almost gay with her five hotels; but she still remained neighbourly and intimate. "There is one family in Concord," said Emerson when he returned from Europe. There are talks of the Old Manse, of course, and of the Thoreau-Alcott house, and of the river on whose ice Mrs. Hawthorne saw Emerson flounder while skating and "Thoreau figuring dithyrambic dances and Bacchic leaps, and Hawthorne like a self-impelled Greek statue, stately and grave"; and of Louisa Alcott worshipping Emerson, who was ever seeking to dodge the worshipping transcendentalists; and of

the Alcott dramatics at Hillside pictured in *Little Women*; and of Walden Pond where Alcott, Hawthorne, and Curtis helped Thoreau to build his hut which became equally a station for books and for the underground railway "Henry, why are you here?" inquired Emerson, visiting him in jail when he was committed for refusing to pay his poll-tax: "Why aren't you?" replied Thoreau calmly. Nowhere in America, concludes Mr. French, are so many memorials in one small area or little graveyards so full of famous graves.

Concord, however, is not so much the shrine of early American craftsmanship as is Salem, we find in Mr. Walter A. Dwyer's book. Here still stand more than twenty houses of Samuel McIntire's. He was the artistic descendant of Inigo Jones, Wren, Grinling Gibbons, and their peer in originality as well as in fidelity to the best classic traditions. *Early American Craftsmen* surveys the lives of the men as well as their work, and is enriched with many photographs. Our country is not so young that she is not in danger of forgetting what was worthy and memorable in the lives of our forefathers—in spite of the mild mania of collecting which has taken possession of us. We have found that the furniture of Duncan Phyfe, the clocks of Eli Terry and of Simon Willard, the silverware of Paul Revere and his contemporaries, the glassware of Baron Stiegel, and our Windsor chairs and our samplers are as worthy of collecting as anything of old England and Spain; but collectors are just beginning to store up the human facts about the makers of these beautiful objects. Only one hundred pieces of Phyfe's exquisite furniture remain. He was a New Yorker who developed on Sheraton an American style, and the best of his work equalled his master's. The Hudson Terminal stands on the site of his shop, and in the day of his hard-earned success he employed one hundred cabinetmakers. Yet he was obliged to follow the taste of his time, and though he never turned out cheap

stuff, his style was forced to deteriorate after the day of his vogue. This was started by the Astors, but the hard times after the War of 1812 allowed no market for good furniture. No other American work can compare with his. As early as 1758 Philadelphia Windsor chairs were advertised in New York papers, but their manufacture was confined to no single locality. Long despised because it was not mahogany, this comfortable chair is now recognised for its grace of line, beauty of proportion, and quaint charm. The clock-makers came from Connecticut and Massachusetts; and, apparently, people rarely thought of the time of day before the Revolution. In New Jersey was Baron Stiegel, not merely the spectacular figure of legend, but iron master and town-builder and glassmaker. The baronial splendour in which he lived (he drove to the works in a four-horse chariot and had a cannon announce his comings and goings) bankrupted him just before the Revolution when all business was slack. A moderate amount of his beautiful glassware still exists. Of the superb silverware of Paul Revere there is fortunately a greater quantity, and much of it is practically priceless. He, too, had an existence outside of legend and the Fourth Reader. Engraver, designer, publisher of cartoons, manufacturer of gunpowder and church bells and rolled copper, he kept a hardware store to earn his daily bread.

The old master carpenter, says Mr. Dwyer, was architect, contractor, builder, decorator, and artisan. This is the reason that everything which went into his house was organic and uniformly good, says Miss Northend; but still the architect of to-day has an advantage over the master-builder of long ago in that he is able to grasp all the ideas introduced into the old house and make it fit new requirements without losing the spirit of the original either in exterior or interior. *Remodelled Farm Houses* is her Christmas contribution this year, and she brings to it her pleasant style and thorough acquaintance with the sub-

ject. The book, too, is illuminated with the superb photographs which characterised her offerings of the last two seasons. First of all, she gives practical suggestions as to whether the old house that has caught your fancy is worth buying or not; and later she tells you about the remodelling, heating, furnishing, and painting after you have bought it. Some houses are worth remodelling for the stairway or fireplace alone. She shows us by text and photograph how twenty-two houses have been fixed over. This is never the simple matter it appears, for less conspicuous details are almost as important as the main lines to maintain the essential harmony of the whole. The wings and ells added by succeeding tenants must be either torn down or harmonised. The rectangular plan of the Colonial house was constructed about an axis, and that axis must be found before making any alterations. Then each house will be found to have its special problems. The great charm of the Colonial farm house lies in its simplicity of harmonious line and good proportion, and the inexperienced eye may often fail to detect where additions have been made as families grew larger and more rooms were needed. Departure from the original scheme is fortunately seldom required for modern purposes, but one must be warned that often he will have to spend more in restoration than in building an entirely new structure. The simple country atmosphere must also be preserved, and a house better suited for city life is always a misfit in the country. Old-fashioned farm houses of sufficient distinction are rarer to get now than they were ten years ago; but if you stumble across one and remodel it, be sure above everything else to preserve all the delightful vagaries and unevenness of hand-work.

One speculates upon how far the twelve houses pictured in Mr. Porter Garnett's *Stately Homes of California* follow the principles laid down in *Interior Decoration* by the President of the New York School of Fine and Ap-

plied Arts. The outside, at least, shows them magnificent and spacious, but what of the inside of the cup? With and without taste, but all with splendour and with bathing pools, these palaces rear proudly on mountain and shore of that Western sister who has so soon learned to outdo her Eastern kin in grandeur. Mr. Harrison Rhodes finds notable the cosmopolitanism of the Pacific Slope, half pine-woods and half Paris. If these houses are *they*, as Mr. Parsons says they should be, it is no wonder that the Californian babe learns to lisp in his cradle how "exceptional" is his native land. Difficult is it to give a suggestive account of Mr. Frank Alvah Parsons's book in a paragraph, so crammed are its beautiful pages with "do's and don'ts." His thesis is that the confusion which exists in most people's minds as to the artistic essentials of a modern house is quite unnecessary. The principles of colour-and-form harmony are simple—the trouble is that people think that they can merely feel them. On the contrary they must learn them. It took Greek art a thousand years to make the intellectual calculations which are at the basis of every size, shape, and arrangement which can be called beautiful. This book attempts to express these principles in such a way that any one who desires may embody with some degree of confidence his individual ideas. It is divided into three parts: the first is on When, Where, and How to Decorate; the second surveys the Historic Art Periods and the ideas they represent; the third gives special suggestions for the "individual" house. Decoration does not consist in placing any ornaments anywhere. Whatever in furniture or in decoration interferes with the structural idea and function of the room is bad. Nor can decoration be naturalistic; the natural object must be modified to suit the material employed in making it and so conventionalised as to make that material seem to express it adequately. Do not try to represent a garden rose if you must use wool or silk or china or paper, but trans-

late your object into the medium you employ. Before attempting to choose a colour scheme one must learn the relationships of colours in their three aspects of hue and value and intensity. To express the Tudor period in the colours of Louis XVI is to make Queen Elizabeth impersonate Marie Antoinette. As for form, no lines must be created in the room which are out of harmony with its boundaries. Over-drape window curtains and they make lines inharmonious with the windows; put a rug or a bureau cat-a-corner and it quarrels with the wall. Straight lines that slant into other straight lines unless at right angles are non-structural and hence uncomfortable in feeling. In curved lines the curve of the oval presents the finest relationships, and was selected by the Greek and the Japanese and the French High Renaissance. A circle has in itself no quality in common with a vertical wall-space but may appear on a mantel, a cabinet, or a bureau. If a round table is used, some transition must be made from it to the enclosing rectangle. The Greek law of two areas is that one should be between one-half and two-thirds the length of the other. Hang pictures or place furniture with an old-fashioned steelyards in mind—the heavier the thing to be balanced the further the balancer from the fulcrum. The Japanese have developed this sense of balance, which all contrasting shapes require, until it has become a national asset. A pattern which leads the eye diagonally, horizontally, and vertically all at the same time is a most disturbing thing and has wasted a vast amount of American energy in conscious or unconscious counting of spotted wall-papers and floors. When textures are unrelated, they, too, are inharmonious. As for periods, they should be successfully combined to express a sequence of qualities resulting in a distinct personality. No one period is fitted to represent an American, product of all. The house should be the externalised man.

IV

An American girl who has crossed the water to live has always an interesting point of view about her new life and old. This is especially so with one who has lived as full a life as Princess Lazarovitch Krebelianovitch. Born in California, actress in London and in Paris, and now the wife of a Serbian statesman, she has known most people of importance in the art and political worlds. Her book tells us many things and discloses an earnest nature, moving about too much, perhaps, under the spell of time-sanctioned morality and sentiment. Not that she began life without conscious independence—far from it. When she first went to London, she seems to have been regarded by her friends as something of an *enfant terrible*. She told Irving she wished she had seen him in something else than Romeo and she asked the Prince of Wales a question about his wife! The bystanders were startled, but the victims were somewhat impressed. Irving in spite of grunts and other incoherent peculiarities, she thinks always conveyed the impression of genius and of a high quality of intellect; and Edward she calls the merry and cosmopolitan monarch with a fine and hampered brain. The English aristocracy have arrived at a very high type of beautiful existence within their own order, but deeply embedded in all English people is the sense of hierarchy. The place of women in their political life is its most striking characteristic; and it surprised and amused her to see delicate and shy ladies enter actually and often powerfully into campaigns. She tells her anecdotes briskly and draws her portraits without attempting the mistake of sketching the entire man. Browning told her that what puzzled him most was the American Browning Societies. In London, salons no longer exist as when she first went there; yet the spirit of the salon is only temporarily eclipsed by rampant riches. Lady Jeune had, in her day, one of the few houses where the renowned and interesting peo-

ple present were most distinctly themselves and talked vitally of what most interested them. When political events of importance were occurring in foreign lands, to be there was to have the vast drama of the nations from the English point of view. She knows of a chest of documents which may contain manuscripts in Shakespeare's own hand; but their examination would involve taking cognisance of some other matters in the same chest which for public reasons it has been thought wise not to disturb these three hundred years. How eminently British! She does not think the English-speaking public wants what it gets in the theatre—true, it has no appreciation of technique, but it craves truth universal. Coquelin could act better to the labouring class on Sunday than to society on Monday—but with each audience he was wonderful. She thinks Clara Morris could, in another kind of drama, have repeated abroad the success of Rachel. She found that it was not the pronunciation of French that gave her difficulty but the intonation. Fanny Kemble (who Henry James told her was rather alarming and who had a habit of sharply ordering him about) expressed acerbity in all her person as she exclaimed majestically that even *she* was not allowed to act in France, so how could others expect it! Nevertheless, Miss Calhoun was given the highest salary which the State paid at the Odeon, and became popular in spite of bitter opposition. Lady Macbeth and Racine's Hermione were her two most difficult and interesting parts. *Pleasures and Palaces* is a rather unfortunate title for so earnest an autobiography.

Were it only for uniqueness the Infanta Eulalia's *Court Life From Within* would be absorbingly interesting, whatever personality or literary style it disclosed. But this book seems to the reviewer remarkable in temper. The Infanta says the day has gone by when Royalty should live behind closed blinds, and quietly and in the best of attitudes she tells the story of her life. She does

not know what it is in her that rebelled so early at her meaningless existence, but her first memory is that of refusing to have her ears pierced for the Crown ear-rings. Till she was married she was never alone one moment. During their exile in Paris in her childhood, there was no child so poor but would have laughed at her playground. In Spain she would never have been allowed schoolmates. The love of her grandmother, who had lost her throne because she married a Spanish officer, was the only human love she had. The child was eleven when another revolution returned them to Spain and her coveted chance of living a life like other girls was over. But as much as Court routine would let her, she demonstrated a will of her own. "If you make me get up to go out to those people," she said to her mother, "I will make faces at them until they think you have an idiot for a child!" Spain is like America, she thinks, in that all indirect taxes fall upon those least able to bear them, and money rules everything whether there is king or republic. The Escorial chilled her and the Alcazar scorched her with its endless unhappy days midst the oppression and ennui of an Oriental harem. Spanish girls, being taught to regard man as some sort of wild animal, are of course both timid and curious; as for Spanish princesses, they are compelled to be so idle, she wonders that they are not all idiots. After her marriage, when she could travel, it was better. The sight of Queen Victoria filled her with pity and dismay, but the sensible domesticity of the Royal Family with envy and admiration. The English faculty of a self-deception almost honest is what makes him so insoluble to the foreigner. Twenty years have undermined much of the unique charm of their country-life. Her maid told her that English servant girls were in the habit of paying Guardsmen to walk out with them on Sundays. In no country is the veneration of Royalty carried to such length. The Kaiser's perfect household management struck her, and

the fact that he personally supervised everything. He has an intimate sense of the constant direction of God, and an unshakable belief in the divinity of kings. German Court etiquette is ex-

asperating and nowhere does one live under more iron rules. Tsar Nicholas has consistent tenderness and naturalness, and is the only ruler she has ever seen who did not suddenly stiffen into



Courtesy of Harper and Brothers.

FROM STEVENSON'S "TREASURE ISLAND." ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS RHEAD

royalty even during the most intimate relations of family life. Russian etiquette is less severe than German or Spanish. She even went to an unexpected function in Petrograd when she had nothing to wear. The Tsaritsa is unaffected and affectionate, and there is no happier couple in Europe when they have pillow-fights with their children. The Tsar works very hard, and Russia is his one thought. The tentacles of royalty, loosening elsewhere, are most deeply fixed in Austria. The vacant self-importance of princelings there is pathetic. Queen Maud of Norway revels in her new liberty. She can even go shopping and bring home the parcels. In Sweden royal ladies do not even wear evening-dress when they go to the theatre, and in Denmark even the cabmen are indifferent to royalty. Everywhere, even if such democratic simplicity does not prevail, the market value of princes has decreased. In the United States she found herself merely a caller in the parlour and noted that the setting became the hosts. At home they were not blatant or apologetic, as abroad she had found them one or the other, but intelligent and engaging. Now she has escaped mind and body from her gilded cage and her life in retirement is happy. The end of the war will rid Russia of her antiquated system of government, she thinks, but strengthen the monarchy. Who will dare prophesy for Germany? English Society, she trusts, will learn a lesson that goes too deep to be forgotten ever.

V

A curious contrast and a oneness are revealed in two books of Paris in war-time—of the French Revolution and of this past year of our Devil. *High Lights of the French Revolution*, by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, illustrated with reproductions of many interesting and rare paintings and pictures, has hit upon a dramatic way of presenting that greatest of all dramas. Selecting a half-dozen episodes, he precedes each with a brief recital of events which led up to it, and

is thus allowed to plunge at once into a more detailed yet more compact narrative. Vivid and lucid as become high-lights, and unaffected as high-lights seldom are, these episodes Mr. Belloc tells with his quality of studious simplicity and slightly effortful phrase, and also with the wide perspective of one who travels again on well-known ground. The publishers state that his episodes are comparable with those of Carlyle in literary quality, and are marked by a less prejudiced point of view and greater precision in matters of fact. The latter characteristics they certainly possess; and the style is at any rate more quiet and simple than Carlyle's ounce of inspired eloquence to his pound of rattledly bang. Here is a representative passage: "The condemned king saw through the great oaken doors studded with many huge old nails the queen come in. God, what must we not imagine her to have seemed in that moment, this woman who had so despised him, and yet had been faithful to him, and had principally ruined him; and who had, in these last months, so marvelously changed and grown in soul? The queen came in falteringly. She held by the hand her rickety little son; her somewhat dull little daughter, the elder of the children, followed. The king's sister, the Princess Elizabeth, of a different and more simple bearing, and of a soul longer tried and longer purified, came in more erect, the last of the four." *Paris Reborn* is dedicated by Mr. Herbert Adams Gibbons to all who remained in the city during August and September, 1914. It is a swift and diaristic account, all the more vivid for the absence of the chain-lightning phrase which begins to dull after a year of use. Three thousand American tourists were caught in Paris and madly scrambled for money. Like pictures on a screen run rapidly the instant beginning of the mobilisation, the terrible tension of waiting for King Albert's answer to the German ultimatum, the requisition of the automobiles, the foolish feeling—recognised at the moment for foolish—

that if Liège held firm the war was over before it had begun, the removal of the mourning from the Strasbourg statue, the false hopes aroused by the Belgian resistance, the quick entry of the British into France, the false news of the Russians within five days of Berlin, the mistaking of planets for Zeppelins. Then came the disillusionment of August twenty-second with the admirable and characteristic attitude of the Parisians—people who take their medicine better than anybody else in the world. What boils over quickly, says Mr. Gibbons, soon cools; and no people are so adaptable. "We are not children!" cried bootblack and Academician at the psychological mistake of feeding them with victories and suppressing defeats. When the swarthy African troops passed along the Boul' Mich', those who had nothing else to give gave kisses. Then came the news dropped from German aeroplanes, that the enemy was at the gate, then the departure of the Government, the preparation for investment, the rush of the well-to-do while the workers stuck to their jobs without a trace of fear, the growing sulkiness at being deprived of all news but the stale good news, the anxious week that ended with the distant boom of the cannon at the Marne, and the incoming trains of the wounded. Above the ceaseless chatter of the café strategists sounded the unbelievable tidings of the desecration of Rheims. This, thinks Mr. Gibbons, finally made the breach between French and German too wide for healing ever. Then came the resumption of usual life when the tide of battle rolled away, and the millions in Paris faced starvation with a smile, for though food remained at normal price no one had money to buy. With the beginnings of the boycott on German culture and products, Mr. Gibbons began to look upon the future. Political strife if not revolution seems to him certain at the end of the war, even if final victory comes to France, but it will never be so long as a German soldier remains on French soil. Winter com-

mences as he writes and the women are endlessly knitting, and finally comes the Christmas Midnight Mass.

VI

Joseph Pennell's *Pictures in the Land of Temples* are forty black and whites which start at Taormina and proceed from Sicily to Italy and thence to Greece. Mr. Pennell says he was told by a Boston authority that he was nothing but a ragtime sketcher and couldn't see Greek art and couldn't draw it anyway. He went to defy the allegator and deny the allegation. He says he proved he could see, at any rate. The Greeks' feeling for placing their temples so that they not only become a part of the landscape, but the landscape led up to them—this and the fact that, all alike, each is individual, impressed him most. With the same idea of composition, arrangement and impressiveness are always distinctive. The Greek builders were not only artists with miraculous keenness of sense, but members of a true trade-guild working with the accumulated wisdom of generations and with their own hands. Nevertheless, few of these pictures show that Mr. Pennell's imagination was so touched. Some are emotionless but not serene. Even the facts he so successfully reproduces have somewhat changed their identity in his composition. Some of the ruins even look like the litter of building. Others, however, convey his feeling and his historical perspective with simplicity.

Mr. Dwight in his simple and personal book, *Constantinople Old and New*, does not try for the colourful phrases of which Mr. Hichens was so rife in his account. He says that Mr. Howells's *Venetian Life*, the most perfect book of the kind that he ever saw, made him long to do the same thing for his home of many years—especially as he has always been annoyed at the contemptuous or at least patronising tone of the West toward the East. Out of these two aspirations grew this substantial volume with its innumerable photographs. Stamboul shows at once,

he admits, that abysmal drop from the general level of European spruceness and solidity, which is characteristic of the East, but everywhere are equally characteristic peace and gravity and impenetrableness. Its silhouette is one of the most notable things in the world. Into the city itself we all go, and come out of it, even after fifty years, as outsiders. The most active institutional church can never give the sense of being a living organism, an acknowledged focus of life, as does a mosque. There is much reverence but people are at home in them also. Countless are the students at Stamboul; and if the spirit of the Prophet who revered knowledge could touch Islam again so that they would teach fewer men more things, Stamboul might yet be saved in spite of herself. The richest remains of old Constantinople are its churches, domes that swung in the air a thousand years before St. Peter's. In no Eternal City do walls and water make so magical a background, and beyond stretch the gardens of the Bosphorus and the villages and towns that go to make the Golden Horn. The national soberness of the Turk is most manifest in his few holidays. In Turkey there are no great un-

washed, save those who are not Turks; and useful fountains are everywhere, beautiful as well as practicable. One of the most characteristic things about Constantinople is that while it has become Turkish it has not ceased to be Greek; and among its modern Greeks one may see more plainly than in the West how strongly habit is rooted in the heart of man and how the forms of Christianity are those of the paganism that preceded it. No Turk owns a surname: to tell one Mistress Hyacinth from another you add the name of her man, and in his case all you can do is to call him the son of so and so. Mr. Dwight has as little patience as possible with the Gladstonian theory of the unspeakable Turk—who has dignity, simplicity, manliness, perfect manners, lack of commercial instinct, and great love for flowers and for children. No more intelligent than blind condemnation, however, is blind praise like that of Loti's. To understand the strange case of the Turk, one needs a long view of history. Western peoples in their brief career have no good ground for expressing definitive opinions of the East, and the Turk remains the mediæval man that the Westerner was once. Perhaps

'We Discover New England. By Louise Closser Hale and Walter Hale. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Knickerbocker's History of New York: By Washington Irving. Pictures by Maxfield Parrish. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Old Roads from the Heart of New York. By Sarah Comstock. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Walks About Washington. By Francis E. Leupp and Lester G. Hornby. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

In Vacation America. By Harrison Rhodes. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Old Concord. By Allen French. With drawings by Lester Hornby. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Early American Craftsmen. By Walter A. Dwyer. New York: The Century Company.

Remodelled Farm Houses. By Mary N. Northend. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Stately Homes of California. By Porter Garnett. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Interior Decoration. By Frank Alvah Parsons. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Pleasures and Palaces. By Princess Lazarovitch Krebelianovitch. New York: The Century Company.

Court Life from Within. By H. R. H., the Infanta Eulalia of Spain. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

High Lights of the French Revolution. By Hilaire Belloc. New York: The Century Company.

Paris Reborn. By Herbert Adams Gibbons. New York: The Century Company.

Pictures in the Land of Temples. By Joseph Pennell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Constantinople, Old and New. By H. G. Dwight. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Australian Byways. By Norman Duncan. New York: Harper and Brothers.

A Book of Bridges. By Frank Brangwyn and W. Shaw Sparrow. New York: John Lane Company.

some day Christianity will prove harder to modernise than Islam does now. Stripped of his illusions and pretenses by humiliations which may reveal to him the real quality of his greatness, he may yet give himself to the humbler problems of common life.

In *Australian Byways*, Mr. Norman Duncan likewise eschews phrase-making. He devotes himself chiefly to making you see people and things, in his vein of vivid sentiment. The country is but a setting for his portraits and their anecdotes, for the lore of the pioneer and of the desert places, of the stage-coach and of the Royal Mail jolting along the highway, of the gold-fields and the sheep-farms. Many of the towns remind him of his native Canada, but as if set in a Californian climate. They are busy with industries and social experiments yet much given to half-holiday pleasures. In one, he found a small boy with a big hand-bell announcing that a show had come to the Town Hall. On the sheep-stations men get lonely and develop odd notions about their health. In the three million miles of the island the meagre forest area is but one hundred and sixty thousand miles; and inland the rain grows more and more niggardly until at last none falls. In Coolgardie town, once so bustling with gold-diggers, there is now scarcely a sign of life, but still a little spark of news explodes a loud and blazing rush to the farthest deserts. Here tottering old men, the eternal flame flickering in them still, winnow the dust to gather an average of five shillings a month in yellow specks of metal. In the desert, diminutive whirlwinds take life under your very feet. To it and to the bush, the aboriginals employed as servants in the towns return at inevitable intervals to strip themselves of clogging civilisation. But even in the bush one finds strict notions of what is right and what is wrong. Australian lads begin a more or less voluntary military training at the age of twelve. Interest in horseflesh obtrudes itself everywhere. Green is the Queensland Coast

with its yearly fall of about fifteen feet of rain. Vanished with the gold-fever are its bushrangers who celebrated the roads of the colony with picturesque villainies. Java across the Coral Sea has substantial Dutch comforts and cooking. Papua is still cannibal, but the Australian Government is patiently imposing civilisation upon it. One might search the world for a more striking exhibition of immodesty than a Mother Hubbard upon a young woman hitherto inoffensively clad in a brief grass skirt, yet for this the trader and not the missionary is responsible. The natives are genuinely incapable of comprehending that life should not be taken, but it is far safer for an unarmed white man than to walk alone through some parts of London or New York. Every daily incident in Papua is the result of magic. The drowsy voyage from Sydney to Singapore remains in your mind as a pleasant confusion of rocking and laughter and sunlit colour and stars. Through the by-ways where Mr. Duncan takes you, you meet no social generalisations or epitomes; instead, you hear the talk of fifty men and women who have lived the Australian life.

VII

And thus having made the arch of the world, the reviewer comes (with this neat transition) to the last book on his list, *A Book of Bridges*. It is the bright and particular star of the constellation. The pictures of Mr. Frank Brangwyn have interest, distinction, charm, and imagination. There are forty coloured plates and numerous black-and-whites—much riches. But the text of Mr. W. Shaw Sparrow is more distinctive and rarer still. Alas, who is there in America who distils all life for you in a rambling book and mixes you a perfect elixir? To be a pontist (heavenly word!) is to be a little of everything, it seems, and to talk of it from a full store. Mediæval artists, Mr. Sparrow tells us, invented very little in bridge-building, and though here and there they equalled the Romans,

their design was generally either too rustic or too lubberly and they did not consult either river or pedestrian. Even the gable bridge commonly supposed to be Gothic can be found in China. There is very little in stone bridge building that the Romans did not discover. Roman pontists were particularly niggardly in Britain and particularly lavish in France. It is difficult to express in words the unhuman character of the best Roman bridges, revealing eternal manhood and courage. Yet many have a feminine charm. The Chinese bridges astounded all early European travellers, and gave Europeans the idea of metal bridges. At a date to be vaguely known as 500,000 B. C. a craftsman of genius lived and laboured on the East Anglian coast and studied how to make bridges from nature. From a tree cut down with a flint-axe and a single boulder laid from bank to bank came three lines of descent in very slow yet fertile handicraft,—the slab-bridge with stone piers, the tree-bridge with stone piers, the tree-bridge with timber piers. The evolution of the suspension bridge begins

with the branches that grew across chasms or the festoons of creeping plants which link forest trees; of the arch from the weathering of rocks into hollowed shapes. Nature hates angles, particularly right angles, and only makes them in violent moods of earthquake and lightning. England, like the Continent, is losing its little ballads of arched stone because the local politicians do not find them able to bear modern traffic. The Housed Bridge is mediæval, and is connected with all the principal power motives of social life, whether in Ispahan or Venice. The English irreverent treatment of their ancient bridge-chapels was one of the many sickening products of Puritanism. The Middle Ages looked at everything from the standpoint of attack and defense, but this fails to explain why they built their piers so unreasonably large. Most ornamentation of bridges is mere blundering fussiness. Even Roman bridges were not free from redundant ornament, and modern architects have an unaccountable fear of plain spaces. A bridge will teach you to despise all this modern cant about peace,



Courtesy of the John Lane Company.
FROM FRANK BRANGWYN'S "BOOK OF BRIDGES"

for of all things it is the embodiment of strife. Mr. Sparrow is a philosopher, indeed, who is impatient with all the philosophies of this hypocritical world. A pontist can't help being a philosopher, and since his tramps through every period bring him in touch with ethical problems and with history, he had better be a sociologist than an abstract moralist. The greatest part of mankind has never shown the slightest desire to improve its civic institutions. Almost any modern bridge is underbred and crapulous, and makes him wonder if man is really doomed to be the tool of his machines. Mr. Sparrow has none of the

small worry to arrange his work in a neat scheme, and his idea is to say just enough on everything he touches to stimulate thought and discussion, and then come around and touch it again if he rambles that way. He is particularly severe on the sloppiness of English thought and our swaddling hypocrisies. "Let us delete from the dictionary the lying word peace; let us believe the simple truth that strife is everywhere the historian of life. Strife needs vast improvements in the campaigns of business warfare, and every slum is worse than a long battle with fire-arms."

THE NEW YORK OF THE NOVELISTS A NEW PILGRIMAGE

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

IN SIX PARTS. PART IV. THE HEART OF NEW ARABIA

Illustrated by photographs by the author and drawings by Tom Wilkinson

I. THE OUTSTANDING FIGURES

THE American traveller to—let us say—the counties of Ayrshire and Dumfriesshire, North Britain, may or may not find there the impression of the Scotland that was. That is something which depends entirely upon the individual. To one the air will be "full of ballad notes, borne out of long ago." He will mentally have reconstructed the old Roman wall which protected ancient Britain from the depredations of Pict and Scot. He will have had a vision of the Centurion watching on the ramparts outlined against the sky. He will have seen the Legions in camp. Winding stream and stately hill will suggest the old clan feuds. The border will bring to him with a particular vividness all the history of two thousand years. Another will not venture far afield, preferring to peruse ten days old American newspapers in the seclusion of the reading room of the King's Arms

in the High Street of Ayr. But let his weariness be ever so great, his longing for the sight of the Glasgow boat that is to bear him homeward ever so keen, he cannot evade the imprint that has been left on town, street, and country lane by the men and women of the verse of Robert Burns. If, in the most prosaic spirit in the world, he ventures forth to purchase certain trifles of wearing apparel, his steps almost certainly will lead past the tavern of Tam o' Shanter. Two or three miles to the south stands Alloway Kirk, and beyond the "banks and braes o' Bonny Doon." Ten miles eastward is Mauchline, with its Poosie Nancy's Tavern of the Jolly Beggars. It matters not if the soul be attuned to nothing other than stocks or soap. He may succeed in ignoring all the history of the land, but he cannot escape taking away with him something of the impression that Burns left on the country and people of whom he sang.



ON FOURTEENTH STREET, VERY NEARLY OPPOSITE THE SOUTHERN END OF IRVING PLACE, IS A RESTAURANT NOTED FOR ITS MUSIC AND ITS BEER. IT HAS APPEARED SEVERAL TIMES IN THE FICTION DEALING WITH NEW YORK LIFE. FOR EXAMPLE, FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT USED IT IN "THE SHUTTLE," THAT VERY WIDELY READ NOVEL OF INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGE OF SEVEN OR EIGHT YEARS AGO. THERE THE IRREPRESSIBLE G. SELDEN, WHOSE AMERICAN SLANG HAD SO ASTONISHED AND PUZZLED ENGLISHMEN, DINED IN STATE WITH HIS CRONIES AFTER THE EUROPEAN TRIP WHICH STARTED HIM ON THE ROAD TO COMMERCIAL SUCCESS

To the end of his days that American will retain something of Highland Mary, and "The Cotter's Saturday Night" and Bonny Jean, who was not so bonny after all, and the strange ride of Tam o' Shanter, and "a man's a man for a' that."

Formal history is easily forgotten: that history which soaks into the mind through its association with the famous characters of fiction or verse is not. Most of us have read something of the condition of England after the Norman Conquest and of that France which crafty Louis XI welded into a nation. But most of us, if quite honest, would be ready to confess that the impressions that have endured are those which have come to us through the pages of *Ivanhoe* and of *Quentin Durward*. It is with the eyes of Wamba the Jester that we have seen most keenly the pageantry of the lists of Ashby de la Zouche and the burly figure of Richard of the Lion Heart; with the eyes of the young Scot-

tish archer that we have seen the horrors of the Castle of Loches and the cunning and superstition of Louis. One hundred works by learned historians could give no more graphic picture of the life of the Europe of the middle ages than that which Charles Reade flung before his readers in *The Cloister and the Hearth*. Though he played ducks and drakes with history, where can a more vivid and lasting impression of the Paris of the Valois kings, of Louis XIII, and the Wars of the Fronde be derived than from the pages of the genial Dumas? If Thackeray had continued Macaulay's *History of England*, and written of the age of Queen Anne, as he once intended to do, how many of us would have retained a livelier knowledge of that period than those of us have retained who possess a sound knowledge of *Henry Esmond*? Is the acquaintance of the average American of the last generation or this with the Red Skins of the eighteenth

century based upon the volumes of Parkman or upon Fenimore Cooper's *Leatherstocking Tales*?

As it is with history, it is with cities and streets. To Rudyard Kipling at the time of his first visit to the United States, California was not a State, nor a people, nor a civilisation. It was the background of the stories of Bret Harte; the scene of Roaring Camp, Red Gulch, and Sandy Bar. Salem may have given birth to illustrious men and women, but in thinking of it we see first of all the figures of Hester Prynne and Arthur Dimmesdale. Go up along the Hudson River to Sleepy Hollow and is not your first thought of Ichabod Crane and the headless horseman? What does the roll of thunder in the Catskill Mountains suggest more quickly than the twenty years' sleep of Rip Van Winkle, and the ghostly men of Henrik Hudson at their game of bowls? You are visiting the Charter House in London. Is there one of the long generations of pensioners there who had actual existence that means nearly so much to you as Colonel "Tom" Newcome, who answered "Adsum" when his name was called, and stood in the presence of his Master. You are visiting, in Paris, the cemetery of the Père Lachaise. Whose tomb would you rather be shown, that of Victor Hugo's Jean Valjean, if it had a tangible existence, or that of Bossuet? If, in happier days, you were on your way to the Riviera, perhaps to the fascinating wickedness of the gaming tables at Monte Carlo, being rushed along at eighty kilometers an hour by the *Côte d'Azur*, and the station lights showed you the word "Tarascon," would not your first thought be of the immortal Tartarin returning from his Algerian exploits followed by his faithful camel? And as it is with cities so is it with the streets of cities, and when, perhaps a quarter of a century hence, we shall have a national literature comparable or perhaps superior to the literature of older lands we shall, in New York, or Boston, or Philadelphia, or San Francisco, or Chicago, or

New Orleans, be able to point to innumerable *Maison Vauquers* distinctive settings of the scene of enduring works of fiction. For now and in the future as in the past, the men and women of the world of make-believe will stand out clearly and vividly, while those who have had actual existence will seem somehow impalpable, ready to vanish like a mist.

II. LOWER SECOND AVENUE

Once upon a time lower Second Avenue cherished seriously the idea of rivaling Fifth Avenue as a lane of aristocracy. Most of the stately mansions of other days have gone, but here and there is a structure or a part of a structure attesting the old ambition. Then, too, are Stuyvesant Square and Rutherford Square still maintaining their pride and dignity in the face of the army of invasion. To that portion of the city David Graham Phillips staked a claim with *The Fortune Hunter*, a novel which, in itself of no marked significance, was exceedingly vital as a reflection of a certain phase of metropolitan life. The character from whom the book took its name, the rascally Furststein, lived in a boarding-house on Sixteenth Street just beyond the eastern gates of Stuyvesant Square. The house is definitely described and is easy of identification. When the fates were kind and he found some unsuspecting acquaintance who could be inveigled into paying for his dinner he dined at the Café Boulevard on lower Second Avenue. On the benches of Tompkins Square he made love to many of the women upon whom he deigned to practice his arts of fascination. To his well deserved end he came in the back room of a saloon on East Sixth Street two hundred feet from Second Avenue.

While we are in the neighbourhood let us turn to another and more recent book, F. Hopkinson Smith's *Felix O'Day*. There, with that characteristic touch of familiar affection, the author plays about St. Mark's Place, the church, and the old graveyard. "Here



IN "THE FORTUNE HUNTER" DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS STAKED A VERY DEFINITE CLAIM TO A SECTION OF THE CITY, THAT LYING TO THE EAST AND SOUTH OF LOWER SECOND AVENUE. ABOUT THESE STREETS THE ADVENTURER FEUERSTEIN ROAMED, DINING IN THE OLD CAFÉ BOULEVARD, AT SOME ONE ELSE'S EXPENSE, MAKING LOVE IN TOMPKINS SQUARE, FLASHING HIS TEETH ACROSS THE COUNTER OF BRAUNER'S DELICATESSEN SHOP IN AVENUE A, AND COMING TO HIS END IN THE BACK ROOM OF A SALOON ON SIXTH STREET, NEAR SECOND AVENUE. THE BOARDING HOUSE IN WHICH HE LIVED WAS VERY MINUTELY DESCRIBED AND MAY EASILY BE IDENTIFIED. IT WAS ON SIXTEENTH STREET IN THE BLOCK JUST BEYOND THE EASTERN GATES OF STUYVESANT SQUARE

and there," he tells us, "in the whirl of the great city a restful breathing spot is found, its stretch of grass dotted with moss-covered tombs grouped around a low pitched church. At certain hours the sound of bells is heard and the low rhythm of the organ throbbing through the aisles. Then lines of quietly dressed worshippers stroll along the bordered walks, the children's hands clasped in their mothers', the arched vestibuled door closing upon them. Most of these

oases, like Trinity, St. Paul's, and St. Mark's, differ but little—the same low pitched church, the same slender spire, the same stretch of green with its scattered gravestones. And, outside, the same old demon of hurry, defied and hurled back by a lifted hand armed with the cross." To the eyes of F. Hopkinson Smith, of these three breathing places, St. Mark's was a little greener in the early spring, less dusty in the summer heat, less bare and uninviting

in the winter snow. Also it is the most restful of them all. Out of its shade and sunshine run queer side streets, with still queerer houses, rising two stories and an attic, each with a dormer and huge chimney. "Dried-up old aristocrats, these, living on the smallest of pensions, taking toll of notaries public, shyster lawyers, peddlers of steel pens, die-cutters, and dismal real-estate agents in dismal offices boasting a desk, two chairs, and a map."

III. THE HEART OF O. HENRY LAND

In the course of this rambling pilgrimage the name of Sidney Porter has appeared, and will very likely continue to appear, two or three times to one mention of any other one writer. This is due not only to the high esteem in which the pilgrim holds the work of that singular and gifted man, but also to the fact that the dozen volumes containing the work of O. Henry constitute a kind of convenient bank upon which the pilgrim is able to draw in the many moments of emergency. Perfect frankness is a weapon with which to forestall criticism, and so, to express the matter very bluntly, whenever the writer finds himself in a street or a neighbourhood about which there is little apparent to say, he turns to *The Four Million*, or *The Trimmed Lamp*, or *The Voice of the City*, or *Whirligigs*, or *Strictly Business*, and in one of these books is able to find the rescuing allusion or descriptive line. The remote trails, Bedloe's Island, the Battery, the Bowery, to the south; Harlem, Hellgate, and Hell's Kitchen, to the north; stand for service. But it is with a quickening glow and an enthusiasm that is genuine that he plunges garrulously into the subject of what may be called the heart of O. Henry land.

On the west side of Irving Place, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth Streets, there is a dingy, four-story, brownstone house. The shutters are up. The windows of the upper stories stare down at the passer-by with a kind of hurt blindness. It is as if the structure

itself was conscious of a speedy demise, of a swiftly coming demolition. Next year, next month, next week, to-morrow, perhaps, it will be gone, with a towering skyscraper springing up on the site. The number of the building is 55. There, in the front room on the second floor, Sidney Porter lived in the days when he was learning to read the heart of the Big City of Razzle Dazzle. And as he was always constitutionally opposed to anything that involved arduous physical exercise, the quintessence of O. Henry land lies within a circle of half a mile radius, with number 55 as the centre. Within that circle may be found the hotels of the Spanish American New York stories, the Old Munich of "The Halberdier of the Little Rheinschloss," Chubb's Third Avenue Restaurant, the Gramercy Park which is so conspicuous in his city tales of aristocratic flavour, the particular saloon which served as the background for "The Lost Blend," the bench—which could be confounded with no other bench in the world—which Stuffey Pete, one of "Two Thanksgiving Day Gentlemen," regarded as personal property, and those other benches in the other square, six blocks to the north, where disconsolate Caliphs, shorn of their power, sat brooding over the judgments of Allah, where fifth wheels rolled along asphalted pavements, and Jinns came obedient to the rubbing of the lamp.

To Mr. Robert Rudd Whiting, with whom he had been associated in the early days when he first began to contribute to the columns of *Ainslee's Magazine*, Sidney Porter once extended an invitation to a luncheon. It was to be a Spanish American luncheon in the course of which O. Henry was to make his guest familiar with certain flavours and dishes that he himself had learned to like or at least to endure in the days of his exile in the lands of the Lotus Eaters. The two men at the time were crossing Union Square. "Come with me," said O. Henry, "I will show you the real place. Over at M——'s (men-



IRVING PLACE LOOKING SOUTH FROM GRAMERCY PARK. THIS IS THE HEART OF O. HENRY LAND. PORTER PENETRATED EVERY CORNER OF "LITTLE OLD BAGDAD ON THE SUBWAY," BUT ABOUT HERE WERE THE SCENES OF THE STORIES NEAREST TO HIS HEART. TWO BLOCKS AND A HALF FROM THE POINT FROM WHICH THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN WAS NO. 55, WHERE PORTER ONCE LIVED. ALMOST ACROSS THE STREET WAS THE SALOON OF "THE LOST BLEND," AND JUST ROUND THE CORNER THE "OLD MUNICH" OF "THE HALBERDIER OF THE LITTLE RHEINSSCHLOSS"

tioning a restaurant in a street to the south) you may see the Senors, the Capitans, the Majors, the Colonels. But if you would sit with the Generalissimos, the Imperators, the truly exalted of those countries of Central and South America, accept my guiding hand." And from the square they turned into Fifteenth Street and found, on the south side, some seventy-five yards east of Fourth Avenue the Hotel America, with its patronage of volatile Latins, who, if they were not actually planning revolution and the overthrow of some unstable government, at least had all the appearance of arch conspirators. It was the atmosphere which went to the making of "The Gold That Glitters," which, if you remember, began at the very point at which the invitation was extended, "where Broadway skirts the corner of the square presided over by George the Veracious."

In *THE BOOKMAN* for June, 1914,

there appeared an O. Henry symposium. Ten lists representing ten opinions as to the ten stories that had made the most lasting impression were printed. One of the few tales that appeared on several of the lists was "The Halberdier of the Little Rheinschloss." The Bierhalle and restaurant called Old Munich was the one of which Porter said that long ago it was the resort of interesting Bohemians, but that now "only artists and musicians and literary folk frequent it." For many years, the tale informs us, the customers of Old Munich have accepted the place as a faithful copy from the ancient German town. The big hall, with its smoky rafters, rows of imported steins, portrait of Goethe, and verses painted on the walls—translated into German from the original of the Cincinnati poets—seems atmospherically correct when viewed through the bottom of a glass. Then the proprietors added the room above,



THIS IS THE ORIGINAL OF "OLD MUNICH" OF O. HENRY'S "THE HALBERDIER OF THE LITTLE RHEINSCLOSS." TO FIND IT PORTER HAD ONLY TO WANDER A HUNDRED YARDS OR SO FROM HIS HOME IN IRVING PLACE. IT WAS THE RESTAURANT HE DESCRIBED AS HAVING BEEN FORMERLY THE RESORT OF INTERESTING BOHEMIANS, "BUT NOW ONLY WRITERS, PAINTERS, ACTORS, AND MUSICIANS GO THERE"

called it the Little Rheinschloss, and built in a stairway. Up there was an imitation stone parapet, ivy covered, and the walls painted to represent depth and distance, with the Rhine winding at the base of the vineyarded slopes, and the Castle of Ehrenbreitstein looming directly opposite the entrance. To Old Munich came the young man with the wrecked good clothes and the hungry look, to assume the armour of the ancient halberdier, and, on a certain eventful evening, to be confiscated to serve menially at the banquet board.

Into many parts of the city had the present pilgrim ventured in his search for the background that would best fit the very definite description of the Old Munich of the tale. For a time the hunt seemed vain. But one day he spoke to Mr. Gilman Hall on the subject. The latter laughed. "Do I know the real Old Munich? Very well, indeed. I dined there often with Porter. No wonder you have not found it. You have been looking too far to the north, to the south, to the west. Don't you realise that Porter would never have walked that far if he could have helped it? The only time I ever persuaded him afoot as far as the Riverside Drive

and Seventy-second Street he stopped, and asked with an injured air, if we had not yet passed Peekskill. Here is number 55. Why not try just round the corner?" So fifty feet to the south, and a short block to the east, and the setting of the tale was found. Formerly "old man Brockmann," who defied the threatened suit, was the proprietor. There can be no indiscretion in identifying him as the Munchenheim of the old Arena in West Thirty-first Street and of the Hotel Astor. Since his time Old Munich has been known both as Scheffel Hall and as Allaire's. It is at the northwest corner of Third Avenue and Seventeenth Street. There is a natural free hand swing to certain parts of the O. Henry description, but even without the corroboration of those who knew personally of Porter's associations with the place, one glance at the long raftered room is enough to stamp it as the place where the waiter known simply as Number Eighteen witnessed the comedy of the hot soup tureen and the blistered hands, and William Deering finished the three months of earning his own living without once being discharged for incompetence.



THIS WAS THE ORIGINAL OF "BENEDETTO'S" OF STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN'S "PREDESTINED"

IV. THE WASHINGTON SQUARE NEIGHBOURHOOD AGAIN

The spell of the old city was strong on the late Herman Knickerbocker Vielé when he wrote the charming and whimsical *The Last of the Knickerbockers*, and the tale revolves intimately about the streets adjacent to Washington Square. The principal setting of the scene was the Ruggles mansion on Kenilworth Place, which had gone the way of so many of the aristocratic New York mansions of another age and become a boarding-house. But even in its fallen estate it was inhabited by old aristocrats, among them Alida Van Wandeleer and her mother, with ancestors buried in St. Mark's Churchyard. For the Kenilworth Place of the story read Waverly Place. The parlour windows of the house looked out on the street across the railings of an iron balcony, wherein the sinewy tentacles of an old wisteria vine were interwoven and interlaced. There was a street lamp directly in front, and often at dusk, before the shades were drawn, a rectangle of



OLD ST. GEORGE'S ON RUTHERFORD SQUARE. HERMAN KNICKERBOCKER VIELÉ'S "THE LAST OF THE KNICKERBOCKERS"

yellow light was thrown on either wall within, with the pattern of Nottingham



IN THE OLD-TIME NOVELS OF NEW YORK LIFE VISITING ENGLISHMEN INVARIABLY STOPPED AT THE BREVOORT. IN ITS NEW GUISE THE HOTEL, WHICH STANDS AT THE NORTHEAST CORNER OF FIFTH AVENUE AND EIGHTH STREET, FORMERLY BETTER KNOWN AS CLINTON PLACE, HAS NOT LOST ITS POPULARITY AS A BACKGROUND FOR FICTION. IT PLAYED A PART IN BASIL KING'S "THE INNER SHRINE" AND MARIE VAN SAANEN ALGI'S "THE BLIND WHO SEE"



WASHINGTON MEWS. A QUIANT THOROUGHFARE IN THE REAR OF THE STATELY DWELLINGS THAT LINE THE NORTH SIDE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE. IT PLAYS A PART IN LEROY SCOTT'S "NO. 13 WASHINGTON SQUARE." ACROSS FIFTH AVENUE, TO THE WEST, THERE IS A CORRESPONDING STREET, KNOWN AS MACDOUGAL ALLEY

lace curtains and the moving silhouettes of leaves. The book dealt with what was called the "below Fourteenth Street colony." Near the Ruggles mansion was the Café Chianti, where they had music and charged only fifty cents, including wine. The Café Chianti was in what had been grandfather's old house. When Alida and her godmother went to call on old Mrs. Van der Weiff, "the old lady who lived so excessively upstairs, and opened the front door by machinery," they proceeded from Waverly Place eastward to University Place; then north past the French Hotel, the old furniture shop that had seen so much better days, and the library whose subscription list is history itself. At Fourteenth Street they avoided Dead Man's Curve by a diagonal course across Union Square. To the older woman every step of the way called up a memory. At Irving Place she had an anecdote for every corner; at St. George's a romance for every house. "Ah, the good old people and the good old days, when the Eden gates stood wide open as those of Stuyvesant Park!" *The Last of the Knick-*



WASHINGTON SQUARE NORTH, PEOPLED BY THE GHOSTS OF COUNTLESS ARISTOCRATS OF NEW YORK FICTION. A STURDY BULWARK THAT SEEMS DESTINED TO REPEL THE INVADERS FOR YEARS TO COME. TO ESTABLISH THE RIGHT OF A HERO OR HEROINE TO A PLACE IN THE "SOCIAL REGISTER" IT IS NECESSARY ONLY TO STAKE A CLAIM TO A RESIDENCE THERE.

erbockers was one of the few really "atmospheric" society novels of New York ever written, hitting off the days of two or three decades ago, when the last of the old families were giving way socially to the new millionaires, the kind who knew "nobody very much yet." Just millionaires, and wandering dukes, and people they crossed the ocean with; of whom Alida doubted "if they could have given anything very big without the Waldorf register."

After Princeton Burton Egbert Ste-

venson went to New York to work on the *Tribune* for a time and while there gathered a knowledge of the city of which he made much use in *The Holladay Case*, *The Marathon Mystery*, and *The Boule Cabinet*. In the first named book the address of the Café Jourdain, where Frances Holladay was imprisoned, was given definitely as number 54 West Houston Street. That house has been torn down and on the site is the new home of the New York Telephone Company. The principal scenes of *The*



ACROSS THE SQUARE AND THROUGH THE WHITE ARCH BOHEMIA AND PROLETAIRE
GAZE CURIOUSLY AND ENVIOUSLY AT BELGRAVIA

Boule Cabinet were laid in the old house still standing at the northwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Ninth Street—a two story and basement square brick dwelling with a yard at the side—"that plot of ground next door" to which Vantine makes reference. It was there that the boule cabinet was taken and there that the subsequent tragedies took place. While on the subject it may be well to venture briefly into streets which are legitimately in the province of another paper. In *The Marathon Mystery* Lester's home was given as the Marathon Apartment House, which was supposed to be directly opposite the Tenderloin Police Station on West Thirtieth Street. When *The Marathon Mystery* was written the station was on the north side of the street and the opposite side occupied by a row of dwellings. The au-

thor placed the apartment purposely where no apartment was and invented a name for it, because he wished to avoid trouble with a real place on account of the extraordinary events that were to happen there. Lester continued to live at The Marathon in the subsequent stories, *The Boule Cabinet* and *The Gloved Hand*. A propos of this the author was caught napping, for in 1908 the Tenderloin Station was transferred to a new building on the other side of the street, on the exact site of the supposed Marathon.

V. NORTH WASHINGTON SQUARE

Across Washington Square Bohemia and Proletaire gaze enviously at Belgravia, partly obscured by the waving branches of the trees and the white arch. That line of stately dwellings is a sturdy bulwark which has been resisting invasion for years and seems destined to continue to resist for many years to come. Long ago Henry James set the fashion by placing the scene of one of his novels there. That example has been followed by the men and women of the newer generation until the mere mention of the heroes and heroines of all the fiction dealing with New York who have inhabited these structures of red and white would assume formidable proportions. For example, it was only a year or two ago that Leroy Scott wrote *No. 13 Washington Square*. Of course there is no number 13, the exact spot where such a number should stand being in the middle of Fifth Avenue as it sweeps northward from the Arch. The exact house that Mr. Scott had in mind was number 17, but he took the precaution of changing the number to one that did not exist and also of moving the house across Fifth Avenue so that its real entrance opened upon Washington Mews, for the reason that Mrs. De Peyster, the *grande dame* of the novel, still maintained a carriage. In another of these houses dwelt, in the full flood days of his material prosperity, Arthur Train's Artemis Quibble. That particular house is now a studio building. Next



THE PRINCETON CLUB OF NEW YORK, AT THE NORTHWEST CORNER OF LEXINGTON AVENUE AND GRAMERCY PARK, NORTH, WAS THE SCENE OF MANY EPISODES IN GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON'S "THE ALTERNATIVE"

door perhaps was the home of Robert Walmsley who married the Matterhorn in the person of a certain Miss Alicia Van Something-or-Other and yielded weakly to the spell of his early environment; all of which O. Henry chronicled in "The Defeat of the City." A dozen memories of other Porter heroes and heroines might easily be found in the neighbourhood.

Allusion has been made to Washington Mews. This street and the corresponding one to the west, known as Macdougall Alley, are two of the quaintest relics of the older New York. They are familiar to tens of thousands. But how many New Yorkers are familiar with Rupert Court, also in the immediate neighbourhood, which plays a conspicuous part in George Bronson-Howard's recently issued *God's Man*? Here in his own words is Mr. Bronson-Howard's description of the court, of how to find it, and of how he himself discovered it. "Walk down Eighth Street from Macdougall toward Sixth Avenue. You will find a little archway on the north side, and a dry gutter. I discov-

ered it when the gutter was wet and I was in a hurry. It was before I could afford cabs, and my silk hat went several feet toward the south. Thus I found that the alleyway opened into a court containing several trees and a number of window-boxes. A complete square of a court with only one outlet—the way I came. I was told it had been an inn-yard. It is now occupied exclusively by Nubians, Senegambians, and Ethiops. A previous book, a romance, *An Enemy to Society*, had the house of the dominie on West Sixth Street—a former parsonage become a thieves' rookery—the original is just off Sixth Avenue, going west. The Hotel Tippecanoe in *God's Man* was the Hotel Tyler on West Thirty-fifth Street transferred south to Lafayette Street. The Tyler became the Sturtevant, and was before that the notorious Tivoli. During fifteen years of New York off and on, I always lived in Greenwich Village."

VI. GRAMERCY PARK

If there is one corner of the city which



GRAMERCY PARK, SOUTH. HERE WERE THE SIWASH CLUB OF THE GEORGE FITCH STORIES AND THE CLUB WHICH SERVED AS A BACKGROUND FOR OWEN JOHNSON'S "ONE HUNDRED IN THE DARK," AND "MURDER IN ANY DEGREE"



THE BENCH OF "STUFFY PETE" IN O. HENRY'S "TWO THANKSGIVING DAY GENTLEMEN" COULD BE NO OTHER BENCH IN THE WORLD

more than any other has received the patronage of the modern novelist of New York life it is unquestionably Gramercy Park. There is hardly a house fronting the square which has not served as a home for some of the men and women of recent fiction; hardly a club in which half a dozen heroes have not been in the habit of entering with the easy swing of old membership. Here again is O. Henry predominant. All about the private park with its locked gates are the severe mansions of his aristocrats. A house facing the west side of the park was unquestionably the home

of the Von der Ruyslings. That illustrious family had dwelt there for many years. In fact, in a spirit of obvious awe, O. Henry imparted the information that the Von der Ruyslings had received the first key ever made to Gramercy Park. In "The Marry Month of May" we learn that near the Park old Mr. Coulson had a house, the gout, half a million dollars, a daughter, and a housekeeper. It was the daughter who thought to chill her father's springtime ardour by the introduction of a thousand pounds of ice into the basement. It was the housekeeper that



THE HEART OF NEW ARABIA AS IT WAS WHEN O. HENRY FIRST FOUND IT

thwarted the scheme with the result that the old millionaire uttered his deferred proposal, while Miss van Meeker Constantia Coulson ran away with the ice-man.

At No. 1 Gramercy Park lived Nan Primrose of Thomas Dixon's *The Root of Evil*, a selection of residence probably due to the fact that the author at one time had his own home in the house. The Princeton Club on the north side at the corner of Twenty-first Street and Lexington Avenue (the old Stanford White house) was the background of many scenes of George Barr McCutcheon's *The Alternative*. The adjacent house to the west was the home of Colonel John Gaunt of Owen Johnson's *Arrows of the Almighty* when Gaunt came to live in New York after his wife lost her mind, and also the scene of the story "Her Letter to His Second Wife" in Brander Matthews's *Vistas of New York*. Fifty years ago that house belonged to George T. Strong. Mrs. Strong was a daughter of Samuel B. Ruggles, the founder of Gramercy Park and Union Square. Gramercy was derived from "Crow marcy" meaning "Crooked brook." There is a slab to Samuel B. Ruggles in the sidewalk on the west side of the park. Directly across the square to the south is another club closely associated with Owen Johnson's stories "Murder in Any Degree" and "One Hundred in the Dark." There, as of yore, foregather Quinny, "gaunt as a friar of the Middle Ages," and "the genial Steingal, with the black-rimmed glasses, the military moustaches, and the closely cropped beard," and De Golyer, with his epigrams, his incisive mode of speech, and his military click of the heels.

Nor, in touching upon the club land that lines the southern side of the Square should the Siwash Club of George Fitch's stories be ignored. It was there that Siwash men in New York, far from the beloved campus somewhere in the Middle West, foregathered to discuss about the big fireplace the great team of Naughty Six and the various exploits

of Ole Skjarsen. For a Siwash man there were few formalities about joining that club. It was simply a case of "Ten Dollars please and sign here."

VII. THE HEART OF NEW ARABIA

When we come to a consideration of that part of the trail which shall be designated as "Tea, Tango, and Toperland" there will be digression in the shape of a chapter or two on the New York of the Playwrights, for many an act of melodrama or comedy has had a city setting quite as definite as the setting of a novel or short tale. So while we are in New Arabia a few words should be said of the artists whose work has been most intimately associated with New York, for many of them have found direct inspiration in the swaying trees of the great squares, the mingling of lights and shadows, and the vast edifices that hedge them in. For example, who has better interpreted the spirit of springtime in Washington Square than William J. Glackens? In one page he tells a story that three thousand words



THE HOUSE ON GRAMERCY PARK, NORTH, USED BY BRANDER MATTHEWS IN "HER LETTER TO HIS SECOND WIFE" AND BY OWEN JOHNSON IN "ARROWS OF THE ALMIGHTY"

of descriptive writing can merely suggest. You see the Washington Arch and the aristocratic north side of the Square beyond, the Fifth Avenue stage with its load of sightseers on top, motor cars, private carriages, deep sea-going hacks, pedestrians, policemen, nurse maids and their charges, perambulating lovers, bicyclists, dogs, cats, and above all, children of all ages and social conditions—in a word, nearly every element of the city's complex life. And every one of the hundreds of figures reflecting late April sunshine. To Joseph Pennell the incredible, fairy land qualities of New York have appealed as insistently as they did to O. Henry. To him the

mountains of buildings are "mighty cliffs, glittering with golden stars in the magic and mystery of the night." "The city," he has written, "is finer than any thing in any world that ever existed. finer than Claude ever imagined or Turner ever dreamed. Piling up higher and higher before you, it reminds one of San Ginugano of the Beautiful Towers in Tuscany, only here are not eleven, but eleven times eleven, not low, brick piles, but noble palaces, crowned with gold, with green, with rose; and over them the waving, fluttering plume of steam, the emblem of New York." And to the names of Glacken and Pennell can be added a dozen others, those of



FRONTING ON IRVING PLACE IS THE SALOON OF O. HENRY'S "THE LOST BLEND." IT WAS HERE THAT THE ADVENTURERS TOILED TO FIND AGAIN THE PROPER INGREDIENTS FOR THE MOST WONDERFUL DRINK IN THE WORLD, A BEVERAGE THAT HAD MOVED NICARAGUA TO RAISE THE DUTY ON CIGARETTES, AND TO CONTEMPLATE A DECLARATION OF WAR AGAINST THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN

men who had expressed a city mood or staked a claim to a quarter. In an article by Mr. Louis Baury which appeared in *THE BOOKMAN* for August, 1911, the various messages which Manhattan conveyed to the various artists were very clearly set forth. To Everett Shinn, the city said: "I suffer"; to Colin Campbell Cooper: "I sing"; to Joseph Pennell: "I work"; to Vernon Howe Bailey: "I soar"; to John Edward Jackson: "I must strive"; to Childe Hassam: "I dream."

According to the impoverished painter, Sherrard Plumer, picked out of the Bed Line to suit the whim of Carson Chalmers, as told in "A Madison Square Arabian Night," New York is as full of cheap Haroun Alraschids as Bagdad is of fleas. The men in the Bed Line have come to know them, and there is a Union rate by which the certain stock

stories of distress are narrated in accordance with the quantity and quality of the largesse bestowed. Chalmers, being a munificent giver, was rewarded with the simple and curious truth, the story of that strange and unfortunate gift which made every one of Plumer's portraits show the true inner soul of the subject. In a dozen other tales Porter showed the Bed Liners stamping their freezing feet and the preacher standing on a pine box exhorting his transient and shifting audience. In the Bed Line were Walter Smuythe and the discharged coachman, Thomas McQuade, the night that the red motor car humming up Fifth Avenue lost its extra tire as narrated in "The Fifth Wheel." It was on a bench of the Square that the millionaire Pilkins found the penniless young eloping couple Marcus Clayton of Roanoke County, Virginia, and Eva Bed-



THE INTERIOR OF "OLD MUNICH" OF O. HENRY'S "THE HALBERDIER OF THE LITTLE RHEINSCLOSS."
"THE BIG HALL, WITH ITS SMOKY RAFTERS, ROWS OF IMPORTED STEINS, PORTRAIT OF GOETHE, AND
VERSES PAINTED ON THE WALLS—TRANSLATED INTO GERMAN FROM THE ORIGINAL OF THE
CINCINNATI POETS"

ford of Bedford County, of the same State. It was perhaps on the same bench that Soapy sat meditating just what violation of the law would insure his deportation to the hospitable purlieus of Blackwell's Island, which was his Palm Beach and Riviera for the winter months. It was nearby at least that Prince Michael, of the Electorate of Valle Luna, known otherwise as Dopey Mike, looked up at the clock in the Metropolitan Tower and gave sage advice and consolation to the young man who was waiting to learn his fate as told in "The Caliph, Cupid, and the Clock." While the auto with the white body and the red running gear was waiting near the corner of Twenty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue, Parkenstacker made the acquaintance of the girl in grey and listened to the strange story born in the pages of Robert Louis Stevenson's *New Arabian Nights*. Over on the sidewalk just in front of the Flatiron building Sam Folwell and Cal Harkness, the Cumberland feudists, shook hands "Squaring the Circle."

In following the trail of O. Henry's men and women through Madison Square you have the choice of many benches. This is not the case when

Union Square is introduced in the story of "Two Thanksgiving Day Gentlemen." The writer tells you that when Stuffy Pete went to the Square to await the coming of the tall, thin old gentleman dressed in black and wearing the old-fashioned kind of glasses that won't stay on the nose—the old gentleman who had been Stuffy's host every Thanksgiving Day for nine years—he "took his seat on the third bench to the right as you enter Union Square from the east, at the walk opposite the fountain." Across Union Square Hastings Beauchamp Moreley sauntered with a pitying look at the hundreds that lolled upon the park benches in "The Assessor of Success." One evening in the Square Murray and the dismissed police captain Marony were sitting side by side trying to think of schemes to repair their fallen fortunes. When opportunity came both acted "According to their Lights." The captain was reduced to the point where, to use his own words, he would "marry the Empress of China for one bowl of chop suey, commit murder for a plate of beef stew, steal a wafer from a waif, or be a Mormon for a bowl of chowder." But his code of honour he still retained. He would not "squeal."

THE NEW YORK OF THE NOVELISTS—A NEW PILGRIMAGE. PART V

The January instalment of this series of papers will deal with what may be called Tea, Tango, and Toper Land. It will treat of the fiction written about New York that has to do with the diners in the great restaurants, the dwellers in the huge hotels, the Human Comedy as it is reflected in the glitter of the white lights of Broadway. It will touch on the vast department stores to which many American novelists have been turning for realism in the spirit in which Zola turned in "Au Bonheur des Dames." The trail ranges from the river to the East to the river to the West. It follows the Easter Day parade on Fifth Avenue, and the bridle path in Central Park. By reason of the rambling nature of the articles the pilgrim feels that he is entitled to a certain amount of latitude. Just as in the earlier papers he has occasionally roamed beyond the section of the city with which the article in hand had to do; so again he may ask the privilege of retracing his steps.

THE GESTURE

(A Free Translation of "Le Geste," by Edmond Rostand. Addressed to a Lieutenant who, going to certain death, turned and kissed his hand.)

BY ELIZABETH REDFIELD KENDALL

I know you only by your death;
Yet is my love the less
For you, who with your latest breath
Exhaled the France we bless?

She speaks in this your final act,
You died to save her harm—
A hero who has lived the fact
That Greatness still has Charm.

You knew that yours was not the task
Of easy human ways.
You might not in our honours bask;
You could not know our praise.

And so you kissed your hand to France,
Your country and your friend;
You gloried in the longed-for chance
To serve her to the end.

You loved her with the gallant love
Which takes a blithe farewell
Of one whose favour is above
All that the heart may tell.

You gave to her your youth, your faith,
Your courage—all your power—
And gave it with a heart as rathe
As in your gayest hour.

Because you kissed your hand to France
And gave for her your life,
A thousand others will advance—
The land with men is rife.

For we, to whom the tender grace
Of glory is its crown,
Can never weaken to the race
Whose dulness spells renown.

WHAT THE DAY'S WORK MEANS TO ME

BY LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

WHEN I was sixteen I arranged the conduct of the long life that I naturally assumed lay ahead of me. It was complete, I thought, in every detail, calculated to cover any of the emergencies of life, and I was surprised before the year was out to find myself obliged slightly to readjust the Scheme. Since then, and that was twenty-six years ago, there is seldom a day that I am not forced to take out that well-thumbed set of rules and re-edit it. And I have noticed that I am asking less and less of myself, and, battered to leniency, less of others.

With these beginnings in mind it is hard to write with any fixed conviction of What the Day's Work Means to Me unless I can lengthen the title into What the Day's Work Means to Me To-day, for the meaning of Work has also gone through a sprightly series of readjusting.

It is rather a lovely thought that the earliest tasks imposed upon a little girl or boy are accomplished with that pure joy in service for others which frequently does not again attend our efforts until we are near the closing of life. For the child of four fetches a spool of thread or tugs in a stick of wood out of love for the person who needs the thread or wheedles for the wood. And just as those little faces glow with the reward of praise, asking no other compensation, just so does the wrinkled visage of the old, old man or the old, old woman crack into smiles of complacency when we praise them for their tottering assistance. It is as though the spiritual world which the child had but recently left was again extending the influence of its immaterial sweetness as the aged return to its shore.

But there are black spaces in between. The development of my early imagination embraced a free dipping into all the

riches of the world, yet I felt no necessity of thinking out a way of getting these things by any actual accomplishment. I was to have blue satin dresses, "an' ev'ry colour, I guess," and the biggest boat in the world "most," and (crowning misery) a new pair of shoes every time I went out.

I would lie on my back looking up at the brilliant sky through the delicate, waving branches of the skeleton birch, "pretending" parties, and frocks, and heroic rescuings until my mother came to the door, and "for the last time, young lady" bade me enter the house and set the table. I went languidly within. I hated my duties. All thought of performing them for love had disappeared, and I shudder to think into what a fanciful dreamer I might have developed had not my desire for the tangible as opposed to the fabrics of the mind taken possession of me. It probably definitely manifested itself in a longing for clothes that I might attract some village yokel. But with the instinct to shine came the appreciation that the actual is acquired only by coin equally material.

Some educators contend that it is a mistake to compensate children for their daily tasks, that each child's regimen should naturally embrace a little work, a little play, without (I am forced into the rhyme) a little pay. Yet, from what I can remember of my dim youth, my first hitching up of the dream and the business was the realisation that by earning a certain sum of money I might be able to possess those blue satin effects of which I was the mental owner while lying on the grass. There was no unwise insistence in my family on putting pennies in a bank for the ugly reason that I would, then, have them there. Money was first recognised as the neces-

sary medium between work and blue satin. And in time I clearly grasped that if I wanted anything, be it as humble as bread, I must work for it. It was not the labour itself which first appealed to me, but the rewards of labour. However, it was a step.

There was no uncertainty in the choice of my life-work. I was spared that uneasy flitting from one occupation to another until I had found myself. It was after attending a minstrel show at the age of seven that I declared to our "hired girl" (she was my confidant) my intention of going upon the stage.

I wish that my first inspiration had been occasioned by a reading of Charlotte Cushman's, or a performance of Madame Modjeska in *As You Like It*. But it was not. Instead, a body of black-face artists, sitting in a half circle, awakened a responsive chord in my heart. Possibly if my early aspirations had been higher I might now be holding a loftier position in the theatre. But, at all events, I am a *part* of the theatre, and while I occasionally struggle to subdue a pen I do not feel that I am a writer who acts but an actress who writes. It must be so (outside of the opinion of reader and critic) since my instinct pointed toward the stage, and my inclinations were substantiated as—as we will see.

I started in with some ideals—which I still possess. I knew that art was beautiful. I was not so sure about labour being beautiful, and I thought I was fortunate in having hit upon a means of livelihood that would not only buy me blue satin, but be a sort of blue satin job from the beginning to the end of my career.

I still consider any one of the *beaux arts* a blue satin job, but it was not long before I was forced into laying so great stress on the word "job" that the colour somewhat faded out of the lustrous material. It was not only the work which was appalling, but the effort to get it. It was the waiting for hours in managers' offices—if I was lucky enough to

squeeze in—one of fifty applicants for the same rôle. It was the refurbishing of garments that I might look successful and in no way in need of the engagement for which I was eagerly seeking. It was the bearing of the disappointment bravely when the office was cleared by the ruthless boy in charge with his nonchalant "everything filled." It was going out again the next morning on the same old rounds of visits, purse light, heart heavy, and sternly smiling.

I have no doubt but that this experience, in some form or other, is the portion of every labourer in every vineyard. And it is as well, perhaps, that the ordeal must be passed through, for the work, whether it is manual, official, or artistic, is so welcome when it is at last secured that any further working on the work is mild in comparison.

Yet it amazed me, in those earlier days, that the mental and physical effort continued when I began to prepare for and to play a part. There was the period of committing the rôle—those miserable hours of repeating phrases over and over like a multiplication table until no amount of stage fright could prevent them from being uttered—if I opened my mouth wide enough. There were those nights when, in going over my part at home, I had to decide positively what I was going to do in each scene: how I was going to pick up a book—how put it down. What we insert of spirit into a characterisation comes to us at rehearsal when we are all together, but the mechanics of a performance can best be planned out alone.

I think now that the first garnering of fruit from pure labour was the satisfaction in accomplishment. The relief when the lines were committed! The joy when I thought out the right "business" for the situation! The intoxication from being told by the director that I had, at last, sounded the right "note" in a scene! And since these rewards were reaped largely by mechanical effort, they can be the glad portion of the stenographer who has finished her letter, the bookkeeper who has found his bal-

ance, the expressman who has delivered his trunks.

I went on learning—and being surprised. I had thought, since I had suffered in the pursuit of my art and had agonised over the subduing of it, that the labour would now cease and the fun begin. I had not counted upon the days of apprehensive nervousness, the sickening terror of "quick changes," the horrors of stage fright, and, above all, the physical strain of exhibiting myself before a body of people. It takes vitality for a stevedore to load a boat, and it takes vitality to act. I should think it an essential in every walk of life—that bouncing quality which makes your customer believe—whatever wares you are dispensing—that you have the power to sell your goods, and that they must be good goods, or you, with all your ability, would not be bothering with them.

At the end of a few years I reviewed my blue satin job honestly—my easy job—my art. It was work all through from the acquiring to the acquitting of it! It "meant" to me a little money, and the satisfaction which comes with "something accomplished, something done to earn a night's repose." I was very proud of my art, but I was not so proud of myself. Laying aside the question of the limitations of talent, I knew that I could never be a leader among players, for I lacked the vitality not only to sustain a long rôle, but to drag a company, indifferently gifted, through a play. Above all, I could not see that the stage (that noblest of wide spaces) was bringing me the joy which such an institution should bring to those labouring within its confines. I feared I was a misfit.

I left the theatre. No walls crashed upon my departure. It went on as before. And I took to writing stories. That is, I took to writing stories when the telephone wasn't ringing, the cook was not asking "what's for dinner," there was no sale of hats advertised, or a pleasant *divertissement* in the way of a luncheon. I went on in this fashion

for some time, my bewildered pen endeavouring to respond to my capricious wielding of it. It was all very nice, I was selling stories, but I was miserably unrestful.

I began looking at real authors, and asking respectfully how they worked. I found that they built up a story with a good deal of agony—as the actor works at the mechanics of a rôle; that they hated to reconstruct a sentence—hated the labour of it—as I hated to restudy a scene when I knew I was playing it from a wrong angle. Yet they doggedly kept at their task until they had expressed themselves as best they could. They even admitted a certain uneasiness as to the disposition of their wares which was analogous to the player's anxious seeking of an engagement.

Indeed, I found the two pursuits so similar, as far as mechanical endeavour was concerned, that I wondered why I was not as content with one as with another. At least I wondered until a wise old gentleman spoke of the serenity which sitting down to write at a regular hour always brought him; of the peace in being able to shut himself out from the world for a definite length of time each day; of the mental repose which followed the closing of his task at a certain hour.

And then I knew where I belonged—knew it was not at the desk, but in the theatre that I, personally, would find the great recompense for the daily task: rhythm! Since it is *my* career, I feel that there is more rhythm in the life of the theatre than in any other routine work. But surely it can be applied to all occupations. Even the trip down town and the trip up town could bring a restfulness that comes with the ordered life.

But the player, in particular, must be at his *devoir* at a certain hour. The make-up is put on in a certain fashion, the stepping onto the stage is at a moment which does not vary a half second throughout a long run. At the end of an act the scenery falls apart and a

new scene takes its place without confusion, the costumes are changed, a bell rings, and the drama slips along.

For three hours the player, while before the public, is absolutely isolated from it. There are no telephones, no cooks, no hats, and no luncheons to tease him away from his duty. When a man or woman carries a disturbed state of mind into the theatre and remains in that distressful condition throughout the performance, then it is occasioned by a grief which is not to be taken lightly. The trouble may be awaiting the player at the stage door, the mantle of sorrow again descend, but for a while the heart has been free from its smothering folds.

I would not feel that this exposition of my day's work would be worth the printing if it could not be applied to all means of livelihood. I do not touch upon success—that has nothing to do with steady occupation and the joys accruing from the steadiness. It is work, the *grind* of work, if you want to call it that, which counts. Even the grinding revolution of wheels has rhythm.

And to be in rhythm is to swing with the spheres.

There are those who may cry out that their efforts have been fruitless, but effort is work, and surely unceasing striving must bring as rich fruition to the soul as defined accomplishment. I need not go on in this stumbling fashion, for William James has given to all of us who plod this fine summary:

"The world thus finds in its heroic man its worthy mate and match, and the effort which he is able to put forth to hold himself erect and keep his heart unshaken is the direct measure of his worth in the game of human life. He can *stand* this Universe. He can meet it and keep up his faith in it in presence of those same features which lay his weaker brethren low. He can still find a zest in it, not by 'ostrich-like forgetfulness,' but by pure inward willingness to face the world with those deterrent objects there. And hereby he becomes one of the masters and the lords of life. He must be counted with henceforth; he forms a part of human destiny."

The January paper in this series will be from Miss Ida M. Tarbell.

THIS AUTUMN'S POETRY*

BY JOYCE KILMER

HAVE the demands of the Suffrage campaign left the women of America no time for the peaceful occupation of rhyming? A survey of the publishers' lists this autumn indicates that this is the case. The books of verse and prose advance in an almost solidly masculine phalanx; on all the poetry now assembled upon this hospitable desk only two feminine names appear. The volumes thus distinguished shall receive, of

**Rivers to the Sea*. By Sara Teasdale. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Factories with Other Lyrics. By Margaret Widdemer. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company.

Poems. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Company.

course, the place of honour. Sara Teasdale's first book established her as the maker of that sort of exquisite passionate epigram of which the greatest modern master is A. E. Housman. There was delicate and true art on every page of *Helen of Troy and Other Poems*; it had none of the looseness of thought and structure which sometimes is evident in a young poet's first offering. Miss Teasdale's new book, *Rivers to the Sea*, is full of poetry more finely wrought than any she has written before, and, furthermore, it has the virtues of variety in form and thought, and of a wholesome and joyous inspiration. Some of Miss Teasdale's earlier work

was almost ostentatiously tragic; the poet seemed to be a devotee of melancholy for melancholy's sake. Now she has discovered the important fact that joy is not without its literary value, and the result is that her new book will charm many more readers than its excellent, but depressing, predecessor. Some of Miss Teasdale's quatrains might be deft translations from the Greek Anthology; her accurate simplicity sometimes suggests Emily Dickinson; she is capable, at times, of expressing a passionate spirituality, but usually she is keenly and delightedly conscious of her own humanity. Now and then—all too rarely—she displays an elfin cynicism, as in these delicious lines, which were written for one of Dugald Walker's Pierrot pictures:

"Lady, light in the east hangs low,
 Draw your veils of dream apart,
 Under the casement stands Pierrot
 Making a song to ease his heart.
 (Yet do not break the song too soon—
 I love to sing in the paling moon.)

The petals are falling, heavy with dew,
 The stars have fainted out of the sky,
 Come to me, come, or else I too,
 Faint with the weight of love will die.
 (She comes—alas, I hoped to make
 Another stanza for her sake!).

The Factories with Other Lyrics might be, from its title, a book filled with "the poetry of social protest." Thank God, it is no such thing! It contains, indeed, several rhymed sallies against Child Labour and other evils which are accustomed to endure with equanimity the levelled lances of the modern bard, but for the most part the verses that fill it are expressions not of "social consciousness" but of poetic consciousness. Margaret Widdemer attempts to reproduce in words the music which she finds in city streets and country meadows, in war-troubled Europe, and in America, and in her own mind and heart and soul. Sometimes the music is marred because of her eager-

ness to utter it, but that eagerness is itself a proof of the authenticity of this poet's calling. Any one who can build so imposing a poetic edifice as "Jeanne d'Arc at Rheims," and put the same enthusiasm and skill into such gay and lovely lines as those which begin "Carnations and My First Love! And He was Seventeen" may confidently look forward to a comfortable place in the affections of all American poetry lovers.

At a place called Beaconsfield there lives a very large man named Gilbert K. Chesterton. He is big enough to be three men instead of one, and indeed it is possible to argue convincingly that he is three men—a brilliant essayist, a fantastic and accomplished novelist, and a poet. But the poet is bigger than the novelist and the essayist put together—the publication of an American edition of his *Poems* proves this to all of its readers who have not previously been convinced. Here is "Lepanto," the greatest War Poem written since Macaulay. Here are two of the most distinguished poems that have been written in England about the present War—"The Wife of Flanders" and "Blessed Are the Peacemakers." Here also are five or six absolutely magical love poems, and a group of Christmas carols worthy of a musical setting by Tallis or Christopher Tye. And of course there are also several of those admirable *Rhymes for the Times*, in which whimsical and highly amusing verse becomes the agent of crushing rebuke. And the ballades—who but the author of *Manalive* could invent such refrains as "I think I will not hang myself to-day" and "Will someone take me to a pub?" The Chestertonian verse, like the Chestertonian prose, is militantly Christian, militantly democratic, and militantly (it may be said) convivial. And also, like the Chestertonian prose, it is shot through and through with genius, as certain gorgeous Eastern robes are shot through with gold thread.

But Mr. Chesterton's book of poetry is a disastrous thing. Disastrous, that

is, to certain other volumes of verse which may happen to follow it in engaging the reader's attention. After Mr. Chesterton's sword-like lucidity, what possible excuse can be found for the existence of such a book as the *Collected Poems* of "A. E.," as Mr. George Russel chooses to call himself? Mr. Russel is an Irishman with a pretty talent for versification, and tremendous enthusiasm for the more obviously picturesque Hindu religious writings. He honestly believes that he is a mystic, a comparatively harmless delusion, except that it leads him to waste his time in trying to write about God, instead of about some subject with which he has the advantage of a slight acquaintance. But Mr. Russel's native Irish cleverness does not utterly desert him even when he is trying his hardest to be a swami, and his *Collected Works* are sure to be prized by his numerous English and American admirers, who care only for poetry which they cannot understand.

The least "mystical" and, in the opinion of many people, the most interesting of Maurice Maeterlinck's work is his lyric writing, the brief poems with which he has expressed his own personality more frankly than in his essays and plays. "Poems by Maurice Maeterlinck, done into English verse by Bernard Miall," show that it actually is possible for nearly all the excellencies of verse to be retained after it has been put into another language. Mr. Miall's verse is graceful and full of life, as well as faithful to its original. Students of Maeterlinck will value this little volume highly.

Maeterlinck and Verhaeren are the two Belgian writers whose names are most generally known outside the boundaries of their own heroic land. But Belgium was—and still is!—a nation of poets. Among the more distinguished of her contemporary men of letters is M. Émile Cammaerts, who has been resident in England for several months. His *Belgian Poems* have been rendered into English by his talented wife, and published in a volume which has for a

frontispiece an interesting portrait of the poet by Vernon Hill. The poems have something of the quality of Pope's songs, they are so naïve and direct. Most of them throb with patriotism and fiery courage; they are proper literary pabulum for the men who held back the invaders during those first bloody days at Liège. But there is one of M. Cammaerts's poems which is so utterly savage in spirit that it is fit to set beside Herr Lissauer's "Hassengesang." It is one of the few great instances in modern literature of a poet's giving all his energy and skill in the service of the ancient passion of hate. M. Cammaerts calls it, with an irony of which Herr Lissauer's poem has no companion, "New Year's Wishes to the German Army":

I wish that every hour of life
May wound your heart.
I wish each step you take in strife
May burn your feet.
I wish that you may be both blind and deaf
Unto all lovely things,
That you may walk all day and night
Beneath a sky bereft of light,
Seeing no flowers in the fields,
Hearing no words, no bird's sweet song
To mind you of the wives and children left
Alone at home so long.
I wish the soil—our country's soil—
May open and become
A quicksand 'neath your ranks,
And that the streams—our country's
streams—
May overflow their banks
And drown your hosts.
I wish your nights may poisoned be
By all our martyrs' ghosts,
That you may neither watch nor sleep,
But ever breathe the smell of blood
By our Holy Innocents shed.
I wish the ruins of our homes
May crash above your head,

Collected Poems. By A. E. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Poems. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Done into English Verse by Bernard Miall. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Belgian Poems. By Emile Cammaerts. English Translation by Tits Brand-Cammaerts. New York: John Lane Company.

That your brain with anguish reel,
That doubt confound your rage,
That you may wander like lost beasts
Before the wild storm flying. . . .

I wish that you may live to feel
All we have suffered of late,
So that God may spare you the punishment
supreme—
His eternal vengeance and hate.

Mr. Stephen Phillips is before us this season in two guises—as a dramatic poet, and as a plain poet. The second of these rôles is the more successful. *Armageddon* is called a "modern epic drama." This description is correct in only one respect, that is, it is modern. It deals, indeed, with the greatest of contemporary events, and it may be that the patriotism of the London playgoer is so intense as to blind him to the trite sensationalism and crude bombast of this attempt to make poetic drama out of the conflict between Germany and civilisation. But it is not pleasant to find a man of Stephen Phillips's genius committing such a flagrant piece of journalism as *Armageddon*, and it is a relief to find Stephen himself again in *Panama and Other Poems*. This volume contains that statuesque blank verse narrative *The Quest of Haidee*, a curious blend of Byron and Coventry Patmore; it contains also "A Woman to Shakespeare," "Semele," "Lear on the Heath," and other examples of this true poet's majestically phrased and austere rich verse.

But although *Armageddon* is a failure, we must not forget that it is by the man who wrote *Paola and Francesca*, *Herod*, and *Ulysses*. Mr. Stephen Phillips is above all a master of poetic drama, a form of composition which receives too little attention from the hur-

ried poets of our time. One of the very few contemporary writers who excel in this difficult form is an American, Mr. Thomas Walsh, whose *The Pilgrim Kings* is a book of this season by no means destined to die with this season. "Greco Paints His Masterpiece," "Greco's Last Judgment," "The Maids of Honour," and "Goya in the Cupola" are poetic dialogues in which the very soul of Spain is revealed in all its ancient splendour. The rich pageantry of these poems makes the reader long to see them presented on the stage with the aid of some master of scenic decoration like Reinhardt, and their faithful and sympathetic portrayal of the qualities which made Spain's greatness makes it easy to understand why Seville, as well as New York, has recognised their author's service to letters. Also Mr. Walsh gives us, especially in the title poem, and in "At the Manger's Side," poems that suggest the devout classics of Crashaw and Francis Thompson, while in "Sunset Balconies" and "The Birth of Pierrot" he manifests as gracious and delicate a lyric touch as Austin Dobson himself. *The Pilgrim Kings* is the work of an artist, and (what is more important) of an artist with a great and sane philosophy of life.

The *Evening Sun*, a paper notorious for its flirtations with the muses, now rejoices in possessing upon its staff two full-fledged poets. The full fledging was accomplished by the publication of Mr. Don Marquis's *Dreams and Dust*, and Mr. Dana Burnet's *Poems*. Mr. Marquis has exhibited in his famous Sun Dial column his power to turn deft and amusing rhymes on topics of the day; in the book now under consideration he has included only his more serious poems. It cannot be doubted that these poems were written, all of them, in response to an actual poetic urge, rather than merely for the sake of writing; if there ever were such a thing as inspiration, it is evident in "The Tavern of Despair" and "Silvia." When some discerning anthologist brings together a collection of poems about New York, he

Armageddon: A Modern Epic Drama. By Stephen Phillips. New York: John Lane Company.

Panama and Other Poems. By Stephen Phillips. New York: John Lane Company.

The Pilgrim Kings. By Thomas Walsh. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Dreams and Dust. By Don Marquis. New York: Harper and Brothers.

can afford to miss who wants to understand the full significance of the part that France is taking in the conflict. She remarks, near the end of a chapter containing the account of her visit along the firing-line in Northern France, that to leave the front was like coming down from the mountains. So one feels, upon closing her book, that it is like coming out of a great cathedral. And yet it is merely a simply told, realistic narrative of the things observed by a writer with the seeing eye in the daily life of the French people, both the civilians at home and the soldiers at the front.

The first chapter tells how Paris met the beginning of the war and the last one tells how all France is facing the present stage of the struggle. The intermediate sections describe the trips the author has taken to the battle front, into and through the first line trenches, from Ypres to Alsace. These chapters, except for their occasional graphic descriptions of the havoc wrought in French fields and villages and cities, pay slight attention to the horrors of the conflict. Everywhere Mrs. Wharton is more interested in the man behind the gun and the spirit that moves him than in the gun's achievement. Here is one of the things that her eyes, so well trained and so capable in the study of human beings, see in "fighting France"; "The French people no more think of a compromise than people would think of facing a flood or an earthquake with a white flag."

"MY YEAR OF THE GREAT WAR"

Something of that more potent appeal of the spoken over the written word Mr. Palmer has managed to infuse into these very graphic pages. For reading them is much like listening to the lively dramatic narrative of a man telling of his experiences and living them over again as he talks. It is the narrative of a man who has gone about with an eager eye constantly searching his surroundings, with mind and heart warmly responsive to every appeal to thought and feeling. Straining through that judicial

weighing of motives, casting up of accounts, and comparing of national or personal endowments and temperaments which his sense of fairness is always imposing upon him, one feels constantly the quick recognition of high quality and the keen personal interest in the adventure for its own sake. Just as the talker by the fireside putting ardent life into his tale uses more words than may be necessary, so Mr. Palmer's eager interest sometimes leads him into indulgence in excessive verbiage. But his book, as a whole, is wonderfully vivid and informing. He was selected by Lord Kitchener as the only American war correspondent to go to the British Headquarters in France and for a long time he was the only American correspondent permitted to visit the British lines. His volume is not, however, an account of battles. It is rather a series of pictures of Europe embattled. He shows us now a glimpse of Germany at war, now of Lorraine smiling among her ruins, again of Belgium in her rags, sullen and smoldering, or of life in the trenches, or with the British battle fleet.

"FIVE FRONTS"

Mr. Dunn has a cheerful, and somewhat scornful, skepticism for the war correspondence that is obtained by getting into and remaining in the good graces of generals and messing with them at headquarters. He feels sure that the only way to "come close to the realities of war" and get information that is worth its postage is "to mingle afoot with peasantry and troopers." That is the way he took, and it makes his book one of unique value as an eyewitness report of how war looks to the men who are merely "cannon fodder." His method, and it is a method which gives a peculiar quality, at once personal and dramatic, to his narrative, is to embody the significance of a scene or an action in the individuality and the acts of some one person who stood out strongly before him at the time.

First he is with the English army in

France and his description of the retreat from Mons, the battle of the Marne, and other events of those September days is a simply told, practical narrative in which is mingled almost as much of comedy as of the more tragic features. Thence he goes into the Carpathians and interprets for American readers the spell of the war-god as it rested upon northern Austria. The retreat from Przemyśl and Servia as a "glorious catacomb" next receives his attention. Afterward the battle lines of the Germans in Flanders and of the Russians in Bukowina complete the "five fronts" upon which he studied and pictured the great war with peculiar sensitiveness to its human aspects and a notable faculty for writing of them in concise English that sinks into one's mind and refuses to be forgotten.

"WITH THE RUSSIAN ARMY"

Mr. McCormick went to the headquarters of the Russian army as, in a way, the guest of Grand Duke Nicholas, and not as war correspondent, although he had permission to send correspondence to America. In consequence, his book strikes a very different note from that of most of the eye-witness books of the war. It is strongly personal and has much to say of the various individuals, the Grand Duke and others, with whom he was associated. There are chapters describing Warsaw before its capture, a trip through Galicia, and a visit to the fortress of Ossowetz. One chapter, devoted to the military history of the war, draws especial attention to the strategic part the Russian army has played in the conflict by drawing off the German forces at critical moments in the West. A chapter on "Modern Fortifications," based on the information Mr. McCormick obtained from Russian forts and officers, makes an exposition of the principles of the science of building fortifications. An appendix summarises the history of the events leading up to the war and another derives some "lessons for America from Great Britain's shortcomings in this war." The volume

is copiously illustrated from photographs and has several maps and diagrams.

"WITH THE GERMAN ARMIES IN THE WEST"

So transparently honest and naïve is Dr. Sven Hedin in his single-heartedness that he does not know when he damages his own case. For from first page to last his book is a special plea, ardently presented, for the German side. It tells, with the utmost amount of detail, the story of his two months' sojourn last fall with the German armies in the Western field of battle. He spent a good deal of time at headquarters, passed through Belgium, stayed for some days at Antwerp immediately after its fall, was at Ostend during the bombardment, and saw much at various places along the front, although he rarely penetrated to the actual fighting line. He was always the guest of German officers and consequently he saw nothing that they did not wish him to see. When he left Sweden in September to start upon the tour he was already an ardent pro-German sympathiser and his devotion to the Teutonic cause apparently grew more and more absorbing with each day that he spent with the German army. He applauds or justifies everything it has done, even to the burning of Louvain, he devoutly believes Kaiser Wilhelm to be the greatest man of modern times and one of the greatest of all history, the German cause to be entirely righteous, and the German race the coming rulers of the world. And he loses no opportunity throughout the volume to preach this gospel. The book is peculiarly interesting psychologically because of the author's complete obsession, so thorough-going that he can see nothing else. As a war-book it has a very considerable interest and value by reason of its million minute observations, incidents, and anecdotes dealing with the life of the troops, of the overrun regions, and the happenings in the rear of the army. It is fully illustrated from photographs and drawings by the author.

"FOUR WEEKS IN THE TRENCHES"

It is such books as this slender little volume of less than a hundred pages by the world-famous violinist, Fritz Kreisler, that show in the highest degree the monstrous, stupid waste of war, and, at the same time, the spiritual gifts it brings in its bloody hands. His account of how he rejoined the Austrian colours as a lieutenant, of the scenes and circumstances attending mobilisation and the march into Galicia, the first encounters with the Russians, the life of the two armies facing each other in trenches only a few yards apart, and the series of re-treating engagements known as the battle of Lemburg is a most intimate, touching, human little story. The narrative is all the more interesting because it is that of a man of education and artistic gift and training who chronicles the reaction of such a temperament to conditions of war. He does much thinking about the effects these conditions have upon him and tells of it in a lucid, simple way. He makes the interesting little incidents of the march, the battle, and the trench throw light on the awful riddle of war. Curiously interesting also is the account of how he made his musically trained ear of service in war because it enabled him to locate the enemy's batteries by the sound of their shells.

"MEN, WOMEN, AND WAR"

In the preface of his little book of less than two hundred pages, Mr. Irwin endeavours to make the reader understand how difficult it is to write coherently about the war. "The thing," he says, "is vast beyond all human conception; and it is covered by mists of secrecy. We see merely a glimpse here and there, and with each glimpse comes such a rush of emotions and impressions that we fail through sheer despair of recording them all." The sentence indicates with what a poignant sense of failure any eye-witness must look upon his work after he has striven with all his strength and skill to make his readers see what he

saw, feel what he felt. But Mr. Irwin need not feel unduly discouraged, for, while he does not record the scenes of much actual fighting, he does make one feel the spirit of the fighting nations. In the first chapter he tells with great good humour the somewhat famous adventure of himself and three other American newspaper correspondents, who tried to investigate a battle in a taxicab and were captured by the Germans. Several of his chapters mingle a very little of war observation with much discussion of war in the abstract and of the meaning of this war to the nations engaged and to America.

"THE SOUL OF THE WAR"

Comprehensive in its human scope, profoundly compassionate and pitilessly revealing, Philip Gibbs's brilliant and stirring book deserves high rank among the many volumes which have endeavoured to picture to the world at home the unveiled face of war. He is not at all concerned with strategy or tactics or with any but the purely human phases of battle. As the representative with a roving commission of the London *Daily Chronicle*, he went hither and yon in Belgium and France, observing, comparing, thinking, talking with men and women, officers and privates, rich and poor, peasants and city people, criminals and nuns, soldiers and children. And then, selecting, combining, fusing, he shows you a thousand views of the Thing called War, each one full of interest, each one different from all the rest, and each one weighty with its own special kind of heart break. Mr. Gibbs has always a capable pen, but in this book, so deeply moved has he been himself, he writes with a stirring and impressive eloquence. His vivid pages and his mood of grim, protesting horror can hardly fail to haunt the reader for many days.

"A JOURNAL OF IMPRESSIONS IN BELGIUM"

May Sinclair had a busy and thrilling seventeen days in Belgium, and the im-

pressionistic account of them which she gives in this book is surely one of the most curious records of war experience of all the many that have been written. For, in the first place, it is instinct with temperament and, in the second, it applies to the portraying of experiences with a Field Ambulance Corps the method of the analytical, psychological novelist. In consequence, the author manages, after the first pages, to keep the reader in a state of tense expectancy. For he never knows when he will stumble upon some horrific fact, left lying small and inconsequent in a field of waving sensations and impressions, fully analysed and described. She goes through it all, the fighting, the gathering up of the wounded from the battle field, the being driven from city to city by the oncoming German hosts, with a little wry smile at the corner of her mouth, usually at herself, but rarely failing to find some humour in a situation or in the temperaments of her associates. It is evident, finally, that she went, or was sent, home at the end of seventeen days because she was unable to endure the horrors that must be witnessed. British determination to appear unmoved no matter what happens has never had a more interesting illustration than this "Journal" by Miss Sinclair.

"IN A FRENCH HOSPITAL"

These "notes of a nurse" have the value that comes from the first-hand observations of scenes and persons set down simply, with no effort to do anything but make a truthful report of what happened. The effect of the little book is much as if one stood outside the hospital and looked in through its windows.

It is the Hospital of St. Dominic, under the direction of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, and the time described is the first four months of the war. The nurse who writes the "notes" has five brothers at the front and the sister under whose direction she works is the daughter of a general and has three brothers on the fighting line. The nurse takes us with her on her rounds, describes her patients, and tells many a little tale of patience, devotion, and heroism, sometimes of the wounded, sometimes of their friends. And it is all written with that delightful simplicity, clarity, and sincerity which seem to be the birthright of every French pen.

"THE IRISH NUNS AT YPRES"

At Ypres was, until last year, a community of Irish nuns whose Royal Benedictine Abbey had been in existence for almost two hundred and fifty years. During that time Ypres had been subjected more than once to bombardment and attack and the sisters had known suffering and danger, but never until last fall had they been driven from their home. One of their number tells in this little book with simplicity and charming naïveté the story, from the point of view of the enclosed nuns, of the coming of the German army, of its retreat, and the recapture of the town by the Allies and then of the bitter and long continued bombardment in the midst of which the Irish nuns had finally to break their enclosure and flee for safety. A fortnight later several of them, braving the utmost of hardships, privations, and dangers, came back, like homing birds, through the rain of shells to take a last look at their beloved Abbey.

To the January BOOKMAN Mr. Gamaliel Bradford will contribute the second of his papers on American Literary Portraits. This paper will deal with Walt Whitman.

SOME NOVELS OF THE MONTH*

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

"SECRET HISTORY"

PROBABLY the most comprehensive opinion in compressed form that has yet been made regarding the new volume by the Williamsons entitled *Secret History*, was a remark recently overheard in private conversation, "How wonderful it is that anybody could write such a long and interesting book about nothing at all!" For that is precisely the sum and substance of this volume. It ambles amiably along, it covers abundant space, from United States to Mexico, from Mexico to England, from England to the battlefields of Europe. It toys with diplomatic secrets and it sports with elusive submarines and aeroplanes. And yet, when a conscientious reviewer attempts to lay his finger upon any vital issue, he finds himself grasping empty space. But if something more explicit by way of analysis must be given it may as well take some such form as this:

If Lady Peggy O'Malley, at the mature age of seventeen, had not become tired of being treated as a small child, and in consequence decided to pawn some personal possessions and buy herself a really grown-up party dress, she probably would never have met Captain Eagleston March of the United States Army. In that case, neither would her older sister Diana, a born flirt with a

keen outlook for matrimonial advantages, have met and amused herself with him. But, because of that party dress, the two sisters, the Captain, and his superior officer, Major Van Dyke, presently find themselves in a curious and unpleasant entanglement, the older sister, half frightened at her audacity in playing off against each other the suitor with money and the suitor she loves; the younger sister, breaking her heart because of her hero's unhappiness; and the two men, rapidly approaching a point where military discipline is forgotten and primordial instincts come to the surface. Just how a diabolical plot conceived during the most strained period of the Vera Cruz crisis, results in tricking the captain into giving orders to fire across the Mexican border; how the Major ingeniously clears himself and a court martial results in the Captain's compulsory resignation from the service; how Diana, in consequence, brings herself to marry for money instead of love; and how little Lady Peggy vows that she will dedicate her life to her hero's vindication, are matters much better handled by the authors than any mere reviewer can possibly handle them; they even take on, for the time being, a certain semblance of importance. Of course, the moment that the scene shifts to European battlefields, we foresee just what is going to happen. It is Ouida's *Under Two Flags* all over again, supplemented by the modern paraphernalia of airships, wireless, and antiseptic dressings. The deeply wronged Captain March reappears as a certain mysterious Monsieur Mars, a peerless aviator whose miraculous flights change the destiny of nations, and whose crippled body is nursed back to health by the valiant little heroine just when the greatest surgeons in the Allied Armies have given him up for dead. For the comfort of

**Secret History*. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Ten Degrees Backward. By Ellen Thornycroft Fowler. New York: The George H. Doran Company.

Beltane the Smith. By Jeffery Farnol. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Fortunes of Garin. By Mary Johnston. Boston and New York: The Houghton, Mifflin Company.

The Stirrup Latch. By Sidney McCall. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Bachelors. By William Dana Orcutt. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Extra Day. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: The Macmillan Company.

the reader who likes this type of fiction, let him be assured that there is plenty more of it which limited space makes it impossible to epitomise in further detail.

"TEN DEGREES BACKWARD"

It is the fate of some men and women, perhaps because of education and environment, perhaps because of tardy awakening, to miss the best things of life in their youth and suddenly discover when two score years or more have passed, that they are just learning the possibilities of real happiness. In *Ten Degrees Backward*, Ellen Thornycroft Fowler takes up such a situation and considers what would happen if a middle-aged bachelor should attempt to reverse the hands of life's dial and make up for the lost opportunities of youth. Sir Reginald Kingsnorth has reached the mature age of forty-five without ever having given a serious thought to any woman, excepting his older sister Annabelle, who had "always made up his mind for him about everything." But suddenly an old college friend, dying in Australia, leaves alone in the world twin children, a boy and a girl, who presently arrive in Sir Reginald's native village as wards of the vicar; and between them they inject into his prosaic bachelor existence a new joy of living. These two, Frank and Fay, at the age of eighteen, are a pair of healthy young iconoclasts with scant respect for tradition and convention, but with a buoyancy of temperament that reacts healthily upon Sir Reginald, who through all these years has not really grown old, but has merely stood still. Perhaps the highest tribute to be paid to the author of this volume is to say that she has succeeded in painting convincingly one of those rare cases where youth and middle-age may mate with a fair prospect of happiness; for with all her blithe spirits Fay is wise beyond her years, while Sir Reginald still has the physical and mental elasticity of his boyhood. At least he has it in all things but one: he is mentally blind to the defects of his sister Annabelle. Here is a

character so clearly, so insistently, one might almost say so cruelly delineated, that the reader at times actually suffers from his sense of impotence to interfere and tell her a few plain truths. She is not merely a literal minded person; she is literal-mindedness personified. When she is pouring tea and Fay sympathetically remarks that it is "too bad the tea trickled down the tea-pot's chin," she says, seriously, "My dear, you misunderstood me, we were speaking of tea-pots, and they don't have chins." And this sort of logic reduced to an absurdity is the burden of every remark she makes, recurring a dozen times on a page. It is a triumph of character painting, the sort of thing Jane Austen would have rejoiced in had she had a stronger vein of malice in her,—but the reader doesn't stop to think of the literary art; he thinks only, as the author meant he should, of the daily misery of having to live with such a person. And that is precisely the misery which the short-sighted Sir Reginald inflicts upon Fay. He thinks he is doing the kindest thing in the world in arranging to have his sister remain at home after his marriage; she has always managed him so completely that he doesn't see why she can't proceed to manage Fay with similar success, and he is quite sure that the two women are bound to love each other as tenderly as he loves them both. Naturally, there is only one way in which such a situation can result, and that is fiasco and a general break-up. And the only thing that the lover of good fiction is likely to regret is that the author should have caught the contagion of that general epidemic prevalent in the English novel of to-day and have found a solution of the whole entanglement in the battlefields of Europe.

"BELTANE THE SMITH"

In his latest volume, *Beltane the Smith*, Jeffery Farnol forsakes the semi-modern environment of his earlier novels and frankly proclaims himself a disciple of that school begotten by *The Forest Lovers* of Maurice Hewlett. If

you happen to like the type you will probably concede that it is rather well done, certainly the author's best piece of work since *The Broad Highway*. There is a certain engaging audacity about it, a certain implied challenge to the reader, as much as to say, "I dare you to be incredulous, for my tax upon your credulity has only just begun." Beltane, when first we meet him, is a lonely blacksmith, living in the depths of the forest with only one near neighbour, the pious hermit Ambrose. Mere smith though he is, he has ventured to raise his eyes to Helen, Duchess of Mortain; and she, knowing no more of his lineage than he himself, is ready at a word to relinquish lands and title and follow him the world over. In point of fact, Beltane is only son of one who was once the overlord of all the dukes and nobles for miles around, but who, believing his wife false, slew his own brother and went into a forest exile where as the Hermit Ambrose he still does penance. A certain Duke Ivo, who has usurped his rule, has for years been laying waste the land, plundering towns, and inflicting nameless cruelties upon the peasantry. And at last, Beltane the Smith, having been told something of his ancestry, goes forth single-handed to recover his lost possessions and inflict due punishment on the usurper. How with no help but his father's sword he one by one turns enemies into friends and gathers a mighty following that eventually wins for him every coveted prize not excepting the Duchess Helen, makes a tale such as only a professed writer of the romantic school could rehearse either in full or abbreviated length. It demands that particular artistry of words, that deliberate affectation of semi-archaic phrasing, that inimitable stage setting of the mythical days of chivalry, in order to get just the right glamour and colour tone to make the thing seem convincing. One more requisite and perhaps the most important: the reader should be young, quite young,—and preferably in love. Under such happy combination of circumstances, this volume

will no doubt be voted a really quite exceptional and wonderful tale. But, if the illusion is to last, don't read it again twenty years later.

"THE FORTUNES OF GARIN"

In a general way it may be presumed that the latest novel by Mary Johnston, *The Fortunes of Garin*, will appeal to the same public that enjoys the foregoing tale by Jeffery Farnol. But to readers of real discrimination there is a certain not easily defined and yet rather important distinction. Miss Johnston has always, by deliberate choice, laid her scenes in the distant past and in lands made dim by distance; yet she has, at the same time, enough of the realist in her to see and to make the reader see characters of real flesh and blood, closely akin in their desires, their joys and griefs, to ourselves. And so between the mysticism of a Jeffery Farnol, amid his forest outlaws of legendary Britain, and the clear-eyed actualities of a Mary Johnston, among the troubadours of twelfth century France, there is an intangible but none the less rather wide gulf. At the same time, it should be pointed out that with all her technical skill Miss Johnston is not quite at her ease in this new story. That she has saturated herself with the land and the period of her setting is obvious; but one feels that she wears the cloak of her new knowledge with a certain self-consciousness,—it is too lately assumed to set as naturally as that older habit which she donned when writing her earlier tales. None the less, to those who know and love their France, there is something contagious in the very background of the present tale, in the mellow lights on southern field and woodland, of ancient abbeys and crumbling castle walls. As for the specific story, one must grant that it is a brave enough tale for those who like the sort, albeit it suffers somewhat from trespassing rather closely on ground already pre-empted by Hewlett's *Richard Yea-and-Nay*. But at least none can gainsay the fact that its opening promises well. It happens that

Garin of the title, not yet a knight but only a simple squire, is journeying homeward to advise with his brother as to taking holy orders when, in a field, he sees a young girl, brown of face and limb, apparently a mere peasant, struggling in the ungentle grasp of a stranger clad in knightly armour. Garin interferes and after a spirited fight in which the stranger is rather roughly handled, leaves him ignominiously bound by his own bridle to a convenient tree. Now it happens that the young stranger whom Garin has so ungently used is the only son of his master's over-lord,—in consequence of which Garin's only hope for his life lies in temporary exile. But it also happens that the brown little shepherdess whom he befriended is of equally exalted rank; and the weakest aspect of the story lies in the fact that the final romantic outcome is a little too obvious from the start.

"THE STIRRUP LATCH"

The Stirrup Latch, by Sidney McCall, will probably appeal to a certain circle of readers in a number of different ways. It is pleasantly redolent of the semi-tropical fragrance and verdure of the Southern States; it still represents the lingering traditions of high breeding and openhearted hospitality of the days before the war; and it abounds in characters each and all of whom are unmistakable and enjoyable types while at the same time they are equally unmistakable individuals. What the author has attempted to do, however, is something more than merely to study types: she has wished to contrast opposite methods of education and training, the old time indolent Southern method and the modern ways of the outside world, and to compare the opposite results. At the opening of the story, Ciceley has been for many years a widow with the responsibility of two grown daughters on her hands. During his life her husband dominated her utterly; since his death, the two daughters have carried on the same dominating process until she is a faded, prematurely old, heart-broken

little woman and the girls arrogant, self-willed, and thoroughly spoiled. The only outsider who has watched this process with understanding eyes and impotent anger is faithful old Jim Roy, who began loving Ciceley even before her unfortunate marriage and who would gladly marry her now excepting for a foolish quarrel during which she goaded him into vowing he would never ask her again till he saw her on her knees before him. Now in the midst of this deadlock Ciceley's cousin, Julia Preston, returns from England with her grown son, whom she has been wise enough to educate in a more modern atmosphere than that of a little backwater Confederate town. Older in actual years than Ciceley, Julia has kept herself, in appearance and in spirit, almost as young as her cousin's daughters; and being as observant as she is sane-minded, she sizes up the situation quite promptly, hunts up her good old friend Jim,—for whom she has secretly always entertained a certain tender affection,—and conspires with him to arouse her cousin from premature self-effacement and save the two girls from being hopelessly spoiled. The rest of the story is merely a chronicle of the ingenious methods she adopts, their gradual effectiveness and final crowning triumph. Altogether, it is a placid and wholesome little tale, rather well handled, with a good deal of humour as well as tenderness worked into its fabric.

"THE BACHELORS"

The Bachelors, by William Dana Orcutt, is on the surface a pleasant story of social life among men and women of culture and refinement whose position in the world is such that they have no need to take care for the morrow as to what they shall eat or wherewithal they shall be clothed. But in point of fact the volume goes a good deal deeper than this. It deals specifically with a group of bachelors, all Harvard men, who after a lapse of many years have once more come together on the occasion of their twentieth reunion. And the real sig-

nificance of the work, as a picture of what a Harvard education stands for, first in the eyes of undergraduates and secondly in the eyes of men who have rubbed elbows with the stern facts of life for a second score of years, is given by the author quite concisely in the course of the fourth chapter in a brief dialogue which is opened by one of the graduates who defends the fact of his having dropped out of sight on the ground that in his class he had been a nonentity: "Your class-mates courted your acquaintance, and the four years at Cambridge meant something to you. To me they meant nothing except what I learned in the classrooms. You as an alumnus owe all that you say to the Class and to the Alma Mater, for both gave you much; I owe them nothing, for they gave me nothing." Hereupon his classmate undertakes to set him right.

The college world is a small one, and its citizens are young, untried boys. They are sometimes selfish and cruel and unreasonable without meaning it, while they are enjoying what is to most of them their first freedom, and they are trying to conduct themselves like full-grown men. There are heart-burns which at the time seem tragedies. Then the undeveloped citizens of this little world, the biggest of them, pass out into the great world, for which the college life is only a training school, and become infinitesimal parts of it. There the ratio becomes readjusted. What seemed essentials—like the clubs, for instance, or athletics—become non-essentials as the men look back upon them; become simply pleasant memories of delightful companionship. The next few years represent the real trying-out period, and each member of the Class measures up his fellow members by what they have done since college. The mere fact of being members of the same Class is the bond.

There are a good many vivid portraits, drawn with an assured touch, of men as well as of women, in the course of this narrative, which is unfolded with an assured ease that marks an advance on Mr. Orcutt's previous work; and

here and there are fine little touches of irony which betray the fact that he is enjoying his task quite as much as his readers enjoy the result. But outside of an inner university circle the more subtle message of the book is likely to be missed,—and that is why it seemed here worth while to lay especial emphasis upon just one aspect.

"THE EXTRA DAY"

The Extra Day, by Algernon Blackwood, is not a novel, scarcely a sustained narrative. Its general scope can be most conveniently conveyed by the following opening line:

Judy, Tim, and Maria were just little children. It was impossible to say exactly what their ages were, except that they were just the usual age, that Judy was the eldest, Maria the youngest, and that Tim, accordingly, came in between the two.

Yet to a reader unversed in the special gifts of Mr. Blackwood this opening paragraph would convey practically nothing of the richness, the variety, the sympathetic discernment of its contents. Far beyond the ordinary run of men and women, he has been privileged to retain in maturity much of the child spirit,—a comprehension of childhood's dreams and aspirations, of all sorts of delightfully impossible visions, living day dreams whose chief charm, to children, is the vivid reality of them combined at the same time with a certain unwilling consciousness of self-deception. Mr. Blackwood extracts fairy lore from the most prosaic everyday material; none the less, they are just as elusive and intangible as those spun from gossamer and moonbeams. No critic has the right to do him so poor a service as to attempt to unravel and reweave these phantasies of his, yet none should be so remiss in his duty to the reading public as to fail to point out that however well we may think we understand the working of the childhood mind there is perhaps something vital still to be learned from the pages of Mr. Blackwood.

ELEVEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

A. J. BALFOUR'S "THEISM AND HUMANISM"*

Since the Gifford Lectures at the University of Glasgow are limited to the subject of "natural religion," Mr. Balfour, whose profoundly interesting volume contains the substance of the series delivered by him last year, has been obliged to omit from his argument some obvious doctrinal considerations. He aims to take, not the theological or the metaphysical or the scientific, but the "plain man's" point of view, to expound "the creed of common sense." He emphasises the "inevitable" beliefs accepted by all men in practice, even if criticised in theory. The essential question to be answered is what these beliefs imply. You may call them "facts" or "phenomena" or what you like, they may vary from age to age, but science and history alike have to assume them. No one, from Hume to Spencer, has really succeeded in ignoring them. They may be in a sense incapable of explanation, but their existence is indubitable. The point is, as Mr. Balfour says, "whether the course of development, whose last known stages these beliefs represent, can be regarded as a merely naturalistic process without doing damage to their credit." His contention is that they cannot be so regarded, that "if the only alternative to Naturalism be Theism, as from the common-sense standpoint it certainly is, then the effect of my argument, for those who accept it, will be to link up a belief in God with all that is, or seems, most assured in knowledge, all that is, or seems, most beautiful in art or nature, and all that is, or seems, most noble in morality." In other

words, the answer of nature, of æsthetics, of ethics, is the same.

Science, scoffing at religion, has always asked for its own hypotheses an implicitness of faith which it denies to religious creeds. Much the scientist calls truth is only assumption. The way in which he has at one time and another been compelled to discard hypotheses once somewhat arrogantly stated should teach him humility. The modern idea of seeking religion through psychology is not in itself more plausible than the archæological or historical method. The argument from design in the hands of the Paleyites may seem crude and clumsy enough. But is the argument from selection essentially more logical? There is an obvious gap between the physical world and the mind and soul of man which mechanical materialism cannot bridge. "Grant," says Mr. Balfour, "that the inorganic world, considered in and for itself, does not suggest contrivance; grant that the contrivance which the organic world does undoubtedly suggest may in great part be counterfeit—there still remains a vast residue of fact quite recalcitrant to merely physical explanation. . . . The choice, therefore, is not between two accounts of the universe, each of which may conceivably be sufficient. The mechanical account is not sufficient. It doubly fails to provide a satisfactory substitute for design." It asks us to believe in mere hazard as an explanation, and then has to admit that it is insufficient. "We must assume . . . an infinitely improbable accident, and, when we have assumed it, we are still unprovided with an explanation."

It would be impossible in a brief notice to follow in detail an argument so closely woven as Mr. Balfour's. Both æsthetics and ethics confirm the existence of God. Our æsthetic emotions, which are intrinsically contemplative, do not

*Theism and Humanism: The Gifford Lectures for 1914. By the Rt. Hon. Arthur James Balfour. New York: George H. Doran Company.

lead to action which has survival value. "They form no part of the *quasi* design which we attribute to selection; they are unexplained accidents of the evolutionary process." Yet, whether they relate to artistic or to natural beauty, they imply a creative mind, although, on the naturalistic hypothesis, no such mind is to be found in the latter case. As for ethics, only the primitive instincts can be reasonably accounted for by selection; when we come to developed morality we are in a different world. Both æsthetics and ethics, from the naturalistic point of view, "must be treated as by-products of the evolutionary process"—a resort which leaves them unexplained. In the case of science—or, better, knowledge—we are on different ground. Yet even here the materialistic theory of the world carries us to a *reductio ad absurdum*. Reason must be traced back to causes wholly irrational. Mr. Balfour riddles with subtle sarcasm the weakness of the arguments of Locke, Mill, and Leslie Stephen. What is the "assurance" which the "sincere lover of truth" will seek? The philosophers are not agreed upon it; the scientists deal with presuppositions.

The thoughtful reader who approaches Mr. Balfour's thesis with an open mind can hardly dissent from his conclusion that, "if we would maintain the value of our highest beliefs and emotions, we must find for them a congruous origin. Beauty must be more than accident. The source of morality must be moral. The source of knowledge must be rational." Mechanism does not meet this condition; neither does naturalism or agnosticism. The universe is inexplicable without God. Those who deny His existence, yet wish to believe in it, search for proofs "as men search for evidence about ghosts or witches." They would accept Him if they could, as a hypothetical cause. The answer to such is found in Mr. Balfour's concluding words, and these also sum up so completely the bearing of his whole argument that they may well be quoted in lieu of further comment.

But God must not thus be treated as an entity which we may add to, or subtract from, the sum of things scientifically known as the canons of induction may suggest. He is Himself the condition of scientific knowledge. If He be excluded from the causal series which produces beliefs, the cognitive series which justifies them is corrupted at the root. And as it is only in a theistic setting that beauty can retain its deepest meaning, and love its brightest lustre, so these great truths of æsthetics and ethics are but half-truths, isolated and imperfect, unless we add to them yet a third. We must hold that reason and the works of reason have their source in God: that from Him they draw their inspiration; and that if they repudiate their origin, by this very act they proclaim their own insufficiency.

Edward Fuller.

II-III

JOHN MUIR'S "TRAVELS IN ALASKA"
S. HALL YOUNG'S "ALASKA DAYS"*

To lovers of nature and of the mountains these volumes of Alaskan travel and adventure should appeal. Dr. Young first went as a missionary to the Indians of southeastern Alaska in 1878. There he was visited in the summer of 1879 by Dr. Sheldon Jackson and other leaders of the Presbyterian denomination. With them went John Muir, already famous for his articles on the mountains of California. Establishing their headquarters at Fort Wrangel, the party chartered a steamer to visit the Indian villages and to explore the canyons of the Stickeen. Late one afternoon, John Muir, always an indefatigable walker and mountain climber, started with Dr. Young for a distant peak. After crossing a glacier and climbing the cliff to a point near the summit, they realised that they must proceed more rapidly if they were to complete the ascent. Pressing forward, Muir fairly slid up the mountain, while Young followed as fast as he was able.

*Travels in Alaska. By John Muir. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Alaska Days with John Muir. By S. Hall Young. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

In crossing a gully Young's footing gave way and he found himself sliding downward with both shoulders dislocated. He was unable to check himself until he actually overhung a thousand foot precipice. Whistling in order to encourage his friend, Muir was finally able to reach his side. Hanging to the cliff with one hand, with the other he swung Young out over its face, and, pulling him in, grasped his collar with his teeth. Then, with both hands free to climb, he ascended for ten or twelve feet to comparative safety. All that night Muir carried and assisted the helpless man down through ten long miles of unknown glacier and canyon, reaching the steamer in the morning. With this introduction it is little wonder that these two became fast friends.

On another excursion they visited Glacier Bay, naming many of the wonderful, tumbling rivers of ice which flow into the sea. Muir's description of the voyage among the islands, of the ever present glacier-crowned mountains, and of the marvellous colours of the floating ice reveals a high appreciation of beauty. In 1880 Muir and Young chartered a canoe and sailed northward, studying the Indian tribes. Those were the early days of Alaska, and rivers of salmon were found in which there were apparently more fish than water. The quest for gold held no allurements for Muir. His treasure was of flower, and bird, and tree. An interesting exploration was made of the fiords of Sum Dum Bay, and far in the heart of one of these was found a wonderful valley with flower-hung walls rising thousands of feet above the water, while a great tumbling glacier hurls its bergs into the peaceful waters. That was appropriately named Yosemite Bay.

No one in search of adventure should fail to read Muir's account of his trip over the vast Taylor Bay Glacier. Unlike most men, he could not remain indoors during a storm; but regardless of darkness or danger, would match his powers against all of nature's forces. In the worst weather, alone, except for Mr.

Young's little dog Stickeen, Muir crossed this widely crevassed glacier. Returning at night, they lost their way on its surface, and, after jumping an eight foot chasm, found themselves on an island from which they escaped only by traversing a frail sliver of ice seventy-five feet in length. On his trip in 1890 Muir made an extended journey upon the glacier which bears his name. While on the bay in his canoe, he entered a channel two hundred feet in length between high walls of ice. After getting well within their grasp he realised that they were closing upon him, and had barely time to escape before they crashed. Muir often seemed protected where other men would have met their fate.

Le Roy Jeffers.

IV

JOHN W. BURGESS'S "THE RECONCILIATION OF GOVERNMENT WITH LIBERTY"*

As the title implies Professor Burgess's new volume is an inquiry into the great, ceaseless conflict of human history. Government holds within itself the inevitable tendency toward despotism while Liberty, on the other hand, reaches toward anarchy. To a consideration of the effort of history throughout the ages to adjust these two tendencies, Professor Burgess brings a rich erudition and it must be confessed some prejudices. For one senses, in spite of his studied moderation, an aristocratic point of view, especially when he turns to a consideration of the recent radical legislation in the United States. But, aside from this—which is, after all, a personal equation—this volume is written with the same clarity and compactness which one would expect from the author of *The Middle Period*—the best short account of our own adolescent days.

In his rapid survey of the part which Asia and Africa have contributed toward

*The Reconciliation of Government with Liberty. By John W. Burgess. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

the solution of this problem, Professor Burgess finds little to encourage the seeker. The genius of Asia has been religious rather than political, and in this alone he finds the restraining influence which has checked the Oriental tendency toward despotism in Government. Confucius, for example, when he touched on politics, aimed not at revolt against the powers that were, but rather sought to soften, through benevolence, the power of the prince over his subjects. Mohammedanism was revolutionary in so much as it tended to break down tribal lines as political divisions and substituted the ideal of unity for all believers. The priesthood of this great religion were consequently the official interpreters of a system of ethics which was almost universally accepted. In this manner, they acted as restraints. Professor Burgess feels that had it not been for the wild fanaticism which drove the Mohammedans to inflict their religion by the sword, as well their contamination by outside influence, some of these nations might have found a steadfast solution of this problem under consideration.

The attempt to graft a European governmental system upon a Mohammedan or Confucian population seems to have for its results the establishment of a secular despotism and the destruction of the national religion or the national morals, and this is nothing more nor less than the substitution in greater or less degree of the police powers of the Government for the religious or ethical conscience of the subjects.

One or two salient points in the effort of Europe may only be recapitulated. Here, as in the Asiatic countries, we find religion playing the restraining part on behalf of Individual Liberty—in this instance Christianity. Most of the Individual Liberty which had been gained in the Republic of Rome had been lost under the Empire. The growing strength of the Catholic Church, with its moral system, soon forced its conflict against the despotism and barbarism of the Imperial system. And as the cen-

turies passed, with the growing ascendancy of the Holy Roman Empire, it was again the Church, as Professor Burgess makes clear, which, under its hierarchic organisation, checked the despotism of the secular government, and championed the individual against arbitrariness. This was maintained through its right of intervention, its power of according protection for those seeking asylum in the churches, and its increasing control over the domestic side of life. But, as was natural, the Church could not stop here: through its vast estates which the bishops administered, it encroached more and more upon secular power. This, through the years, led to the inevitable domination of the Feudal system and the Roman Church over the monarchy and the people. Professor Burgess believes that the Papacy of Rome, which supplanted the Empire as representing the unity of Christian Europe was an historical necessity, since the secular power had singularly failed.

It is easy to understand that when the Church lost thus in the Middle Ages its fundamental character as an institution whose power rested upon conviction, influence, and the response of the religious sense and the moral sense and adopted the methods of secular Government, i.e., physical force, to realize its purposes, it became even more despotic than the secular power itself, because it undertook to control by physical force not only the outward act, but the internal thought and belief.

The obvious deduction is that when a defender of Individual Liberty becomes part of the executive government it loses its consideration for the former. The mediæval system had played its part in taming barbarism and sensuality. It fitted man for freer thought and life so that we find the revival of classic learning a natural sequence. It was but a step from this to the Reformation, which demanded a complete purification of the morals of the clergy and "the separation of the functions of the Ecclesiastical and Feudal Lords." Through the power of successive kings, who helped the people

mainly to hurt the Nobles, we find, in Louis XI, the culmination of kingly power. He was absolute and with him all the old mediæval means of limiting government had disappeared.

The revival of the Monarchy had unquestionably many beneficial results to general civilization. It restrained to a considerable degree the privileged classes from oppressing the common subjects. It improved the conditions of the common man. It developed the feeling and idea of national unity and of the nation. It substituted one law for a variety of feudal customs. It introduced the distinction between private property and public office. But, from the point of view of our problem, it did nothing directly. It sacrificed Liberty completely to Government in that it made Government sovereign.

With the growing freedom of thought, however, it was not long before the Monarchy itself began to be questioned and its transformation sought. This in time led to the great revolutions in Europe. In England, when this eventuated, Professor Burgess shows that its net result was that Individual Liberty was sacrificed not before the Monarch, but before the supremacy of Parliament. All the individual had to rely on for the protection of his rights was the benevolence of Parliament. And the author feels that this is almost a greater tyranny than the other, as instanced in the unlimited Legislature and unrestrained democracy of the Jacobins in Paris in 1793. The result of the revolutionary movement, nevertheless, constituted many steps in the reconciliation of Government with Liberty. But there was no protection found against the tyranny of the Legislature. It failed to protect the individual against oppression and only can where the suffrage is limited to men of "intelligence, character, and means." This is a recurrent note in Professor Burgess's volume and points to his unmistakable aversion to universal suffrage.

It [the Legislature] has rarely any sense of justice and is almost never influenced by considerations of mercy. It readily becomes

the instrument through which brute force tyrannises over intelligence and thrift, and seeks to bring society to an artificial dead level. Until a political system shall have provided the means for protecting the individual in his constitutional immunities against this most ruthless organ of Government, it will not have solved our great problem.

And this thought leads us quite naturally to Professor Burgess's comments on recent legislation in the United States. Here he enters a field which is still subject to controversy and it must be admitted that many of his criticisms will arouse antagonism. It is perhaps difficult for the average layman to follow the subtle deductions of the constitutional lawyer. It is even presumptuous to criticise him on his own ground. Sufficient is it then to record some of his opinions which somehow do not seem entirely free from a temperamental bias. After tracing the early development of this country he feels that up to 1898 we had fairly well succeeded in solving the problem under consideration; but then came a change. The first thing was the attitude of Congress, supported by the Supreme Court, toward the island territory which we inherited as a result of the Spanish war. The author feels it is a dangerous principle indeed that Congress, the creature of the Constitution, should be held to be master of its creator as to determine when and where it shall be in force. Here we have embarked on dangerous shoals fraught with peril to our system of government. His answer is that we should get out of the islands. What he fears is the reflex effect at home upon a government when it exercises despotic or unlimited power in its dependencies. And already he sees this at work in our legislation. Two things particularly rouse his pen almost to bitterness: the matter of corporation legislation and the income tax. He believes that both are arbitrary, confiscatory, discriminatory, and supports his contentions with a wealth of subtle argument. He has no

use for the initiative, referendum, and recall. Somehow he leaves out of account the rottenness in our system which brought these measures into life; for there is a cause back of every movement.

What will generally, if not always, happen is that it will not be the sovereign people, that is, the whole people in sovereign organisation, which will control the activities of Government, but that it will be a certain part of the people, not that part which is occupied with private business, with making a living and something more with which to pay taxes, but that part which is loafing about public buildings, liquor saloons, and gambling houses, waiting for something to turn up whereby a job, a rake-off, a concession, or a divide of some kind may be had; in other words, it will be "the mob of the Forum," that part which one day plunges society into anarchy and the next day is shouting "hurrahs" for Cæsar. . . . These men are generally without any public sense. They are bound together by class interest and seek to use public power for private ends or to prevent the use of public power to the general good. They control by lending their aid to the party which will go furthest in securing the enactment of legislation friendly to their peculiar interests or in preventing the enforcement of legislation not partial to those interests.

Words such as these inevitably bring to the minds of the reader the condition of "Invisible Government" which the legislation of the last two decades has tried to drag into the open—decades when the United States Senate was a rich man's club, days when candidates were nominated by a few in secret conclave. Perhaps, as Professor Burgess states so forcefully, we may have degenerated, we may have lost sight of the aims of our Government; but one cannot help but wonder what the framers of the Constitution would have thought were they to come back to-day and see judicial legislation and the perversion of our elective system. But here as everywhere the personal prejudice must enter and these final words of the eminent jurist are a splendid expression of

a point of view. These pages are stimulating by the opposition they will arouse and nothing is lost through sober questioning. But one finishes the volume with a query as to whether the reconciliation of Government with Individual Liberty is ever possible. It all depends upon the definition of each.

George Middleton.

V

DAVID GRAYSON'S "HEMPFIELD"*

We are sure that this first novel by the genial author of *Adventures in Friendship* will be as popular as has that series of gentle essays, if one may be pardoned for calling them such. Here are all the old familiar handmarks of one who sees life through the kindly eyes of a philosopher. Every writer, more or less, is a philosopher, but there is something about Mr. Grayson which suggests our more colloquial and easy use of the word. To him life is important—every bit of it; and he senses the high lights of human souls in the small daily tasks of the world. His story is not one of crisis in a broadly coloured dramatic way: it is none the less an intimate picture of a soul coming into its own under stress of its environment. Nort might be called the hero; not because he happens to have a bit of the spectacular about him, but because it is he who undergoes the most complete transformation in Hempfield. We see him first staggering down the streets recovering from an excess of blues and general hopelessness—touched with a breath. And then, by one of the caprices of the novelist's art, we soon find him in the printing office of the *Hempfield Star*. Mr. Grayson, who is one of the characters, narrates the early adventures of this paper in such a way that one gets a vivid sense of the part which small town papers play in the life of the community.

The *Star* is the real hero—as we are sure Mr. Grayson will admit—for we also witness its transformation. Once

*Hempfield. By David Grayson. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company.

it was popular under the guidance of Anthy's father; but with his death it had fallen into a rut of poverty and inertia which, when the story opens, seem to foretell its early demise. Anthy is subtly drawn by Mr. Grayson—one always feels like calling him only David—and there are few pages in recent fiction which are so delicately handled as those which reveal the intimacies of her spirit as it first reaches out to the spirit of Lincoln, who is her father-confessor. Even though one may occasionally feel that the author approaches too near the rim of sentiment, the very healthy reactions with which he leads her into a full consciousness of her love for Nort have the persuasion of truth. But this love story is far from being the main interest; Mr. Grayson has too much proportion to neglect the satellites which contribute to the general gravitation of life. The old Captain, for example, is a vigorous transcription: he fulminates against the Democratic party and cannot forgive the apostasy of Roosevelt, he refuses to believe that there are such things as flying machines and dismisses them and woman suffrage with an emphatic "fudge." He and Fergus, who loves his Burns and refuses to let Nort marry Anthy, at first, till the younger man has tried himself in circumstances which will test and prove his stability, are sharp contrasts to the mercenary but practical Ed. Smith who only sees life in terms of money.

These five are personalised attitudes toward life, illustrating the above mentioned fact that all life is vitally interesting and that feelings are its real facts whether lived in the great world or the small printing office. For Mr. Grayson seems, in these pages, to be calling us back to fundamental realities which seem so unimportant before the external and showy strife of the noisy world of the newspapers. Here lies the real secret of the success of the author's other volumes and the reason *Hempfield* will find a large circle of readers. It is a quiet life he draws, with the simmer of feeling over the hills and the warmth

of human kindness and understanding hovering above the thought and feeling of his characters.

Griffin Mace.

VI

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT'S "THE LOST PRINCE"*

Here is a book ostensibly written for children, moreover, a book in which every imaginative child will find passionate delight. But it is by no means a child's book, nor should it be confined to young, romantic people, who might be supposed particularly interested in a tale of lost princes and secret signs and odd wanderings in shabby clothes. This is a book that belongs to everybody. For in everyone there is some hint, some longing, some dim perception at least, of a cause to be served that is utterly unselfish, of a mystery no common explanation will answer, of an enthusiasm carried through the ages and handed on from father to son. For each there is a *Princesse Lointaine*, a *Lost Prince*. The old fairy tales, the old legends all understood this fact, and now, in smoky London of to-day, or at least the London of the day before the *Zeppelins*, we once more find the old story, fresh as a flower in an ancient ruin. Mrs. Burnett is a true and real artist. The way she has told this story, told it in the grave, whole-hearted way in which a child makes believe or an old man at a fireplace relates a legend would prove it, if it were not proved long since. But it is proved here more perfectly, for the extreme simplicity of the tale and the necessity to maintain its peculiar atmosphere, a mingling of the light that never was with the matter-of-fact sunshine of everyday, require at each moment the firm, delicate touch of the master. The story could so easily have been spoiled.

The child part of the book, the actual story, relates the somewhat strange adventures of a man and his son, with an old servant of military bearing who

*The *Lost Prince*. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: The Century Company.

will not leave his master even when there is no money, and very little food or shelter to be had. We are given a picture of the wanderings of this little group, a path that takes them all over Europe and the East, swings them suddenly from one city to another, and surrounds them with mysterious people who come and go at midnight hours with certain precautions. The son is brought up according to a careful plan, dedicated to a great ideal. The ideal of a suffering country awaiting a lost prince, a prince lost for five hundred years, but whose blood runs in some descendant, hidden somewhere in the great world, yet always ready and trained for the moment when Samavia shall call him to strike at its tyrants and oppressors. And in Samavia, and wherever there is a Samavian, there is this ideal being worked for, waited for. Ready to obey, ready to suffer, ready to do, ready to die, that is what the young Samavian is trained to be.

The lad's fiery and generous spirit has drunk deep of this cup of consecration. It mingles with all the thoughts of his life, and inspires even his play. This play brings him into contact with a group of London street waifs, led by a cripple who is known as The Rat. Samavia has of late been in a particularly disturbed state, and the history of the little country, with its warring factions and the strange legend of the lost prince, has been given some notice in the papers. These stories have fired The Rat's imagination and he has made up a splendid game in which he and his squad are a Secret Party in the service of Samavia, with signs and duties and perilous errands. To them comes Marco, who has always lived this game, but who, trained to silence, enters into the squad simply as another boy who wishes to be led by The Rat. Nevertheless, The Rat's playing is so wonderful and his ideas so good that the boy tells his father, and then much begins to happen.

It is all a Game, a game played by boys; yet, like all true games, it is based

on what is most real and vital to us all. When the boys are sent out together to bear the Sign to all the waiting party, what is it but a continuance of the wonderful business of make-believe? But it saves a kingdom and sets a rightful king on his throne, as make-believe translated into action has done so often in the world's long history.

It is said that Mrs. Burnett had Serbia in mind when she wrote this story, partly inspired by some old legend told her. But it is a universal story, this tale of a Lost Prince and a Great Cause, and she has told it for us all.

Hildegarde Hawthorne.

VII

JEAN WEBSTER'S "DEAR ENEMY"*

The reviewer confesses that it was with some reluctance that she began this book. She had seen the play, *Daddy Long-Legs*, greeted as it was by a roar of approval, and did not like it—not at all. So that when she opened *Dear Enemy*, especially when she saw the word orphan at practically the first glance, her heart sank. Left to herself, without the business of being a critic egging her on, she would have closed the book then and there, and opened it never again. And what a lot of fun would have been missed! And by no means only fun. There is solid stuff of life in the story, with the young society woman suddenly placed at the head of an orphan asylum, a drear grey place full of pasty faced small persons in blue gingham oppressed with dull rules and bad food. She doesn't want to be there, and she's sure she won't be there but a few days. But in the meanwhile she must take hold, for she's that sort.

It is all told in her letters, going to prove that whatever statements have been made on that way of telling a story must be revised. One wouldn't want it told any other way. Sally McBride has a way with her, and a way, too, of putting things, even grave, even sad things, that have a little quirk, whether

**Dear Enemy*. By Jean Webster. New York: The Century Company.

of humour or insight or tenderness, that makes you laugh. You are constantly laughing while you read, sometimes with a sudden guffaw, sometimes with a suppressed chuckle, indeed, with all the varieties of laugh you are possessed of. What Sally does in that asylum is what should be done in every asylum, and she goes about it just as you would like to go about it yourself if only you had her gifts. It is such a satisfaction to find Sally getting things done as they should be done, and keeping you giggling with joy at all that happens while she does it. At the children, too, and the trustees, and the Scotch doctor, and the staff of assistants, and of course at herself, most of all at herself.

The book bubbles over with Sally's wit and spirit. What is more, it is decorated with numerous drawings of passing events. Drawings made by Sally, unhampered by any knowledge of "art," but quite as effective as the rest of what she does. When you don't rejoice in what she says, you can rejoice in her picturing of what she looks at, and do it just as completely. There are some exciting incidents for the John Grier Home, and there is a love story wound into the rest of it. But it is the delicious, whimsical, warm-hearted portrayal of the way Sally gives herself up to the asylum, and makes a home out of an institution, her comments, her absurdities, herself, that make the book an utterly enjoyable thing, and in addition, a piece of straightforward horse-sense on the whole subject of orphans in asylums.

Josephine Larned.

VIII

HUGH WALPOLE'S "THE GOLDEN SCARECROW"*

Is there any more fascinating mystery than that which looks up at us in the eyes of a little baby? Looks up at us with that strangely old look that fades as the child grows older? No one who has ever studied a baby's eyes has failed

*The Golden Scarecrow. By Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran Company.

to see this, but it is pathetic sometimes to hear the groping words trying to express thoughts that gather awkwardly, thoughts that gather as we glimpse the world back of the old, old eyes that do not grow young until several years of life have passed. So few of us can express what we feel there.

To glimpse the truth about this unseen world in a baby's eyes, and to put it into words that will remain in the memory might well be a task of love. Nor can it be done without much love for many things, but mostly for the little child. *The Golden Scarecrow* is one writer's attempt to do it, an attempt which is appealingly successful. The book is just that and nothing more, a daring and valiant attempt to put into words the prosaic world of men and women might understand the inchoate but very real visions that flit through the mind of the tiny child so freshly come from a region of which we know nothing. For as we grow older the door closes behind us.

There's always someone there, I tell you, and you can have your choice, whether you'll believe more than you see all your life, or less than you see. Every baby knows about it; then as they grow older it fades, and with many people, goes altogether.

And so, for every baby in this book (there are eight of them living around a quiet London Square and ranging in social rank from the child of a duke to the child of a caretaker), there are the months or years of knowledge that the Friend was there, the link that had come with them from the other world to this new and strange place in which there was so much to learn and so many funny people who didn't understand one. And little by little, the Friend faded away, sometimes with loving words of farewell, sometimes with a regretful sigh as mother or father found their happy way into the baby soul. Sometimes indeed, the Friend came as mysterious aid in time of trouble and sometimes unasked, as a menace, to that

unusual being, a child born without a heart. At the beginning a lonely boy of nine first hears this Friend spoken of and understands his own vague memories. Then, when the others have flitted across the canvas this boy, grown to manhood, returns to the scene of his childhood experiences and his loving comprehension helps a sorrowing mother to realise that she is not quite alone, that little shapes are lingering near to comfort her. It is not a book to talk about wittily or learnedly. It is a book to read and linger over. No one who really loves children—not because he ought to but because he can't help it—can fail to grasp its charm.

Cornelia Van Pelt.

IX

INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE'S "THE OLLIPHANT ORPHANS"*

From the beginning of their serialised adventures in *The Metropolitan*, the Olliphant orphans have engaged their more thoughtful readers as a sextet of the most advanced, on-their-way young orphans extant. Intentionally or not, they present so stimulating a study in development unhampered by parental fears and authority as to raise the question as to whether most children would not be, on the whole, better equipped for life by an early course in orphanage than by the inelastic environment of a home run by a brace of any parents. At all events, the young Olliphants, in spite of their entirely conventional devotion to their parents' memory and their home, distinctly do not suffer in character and development as a result of becoming their own masters early.

Ann promptly left High School in the middle of her Junior year because some one had to run the house—not that she loved home more, but because she hated Cæsar so. And Professor Osbourne. "If you think," said Ann, "that a man with red eyelids and an Adam's apple and a moustache like a walrus could

ever teach me anything, you are mistaken. I hate that school; I hate the studies, and I hate the teachers. I don't care *what* you say, I've quit!" Now no wise, loving parent would admit it, but any psychoanalyst would have told Ann what she told herself, that she was at odds with her needs. So Ann introduced grapefruit for breakfast, "living room" for "parlour," and became a really executive creature. Whereupon Beckie, relieved of her responsibilities by Ann's revolt, developed bravely in her first "artistic" gown, and achieved a career and personality that years of self-sacrifice and filial dutifulness had failed to give her. Lainey proceeded along the ways of men and love, guided by her brothers' advice instead of the counsel of a generation that made love in the Victorian era. But even her brothers told her that she must be a lady. "Oh, damn being a lady!" said Lainey Olliphant after her first defeated brush with the eternal masculine. Ann walked into a "fast" set—and walked out of her own accord, disillusioned somewhat, but oh, so much wiser.

As for the boys, Roland brings home "a friend" to the Olliphants' Sunday dinner, Bird Barton, whose skin was white, very, and whose lips were red, more than. The elder and sophisticated Matt, questioning her closely, discovered she had been a manicure girl, a telephone girl, an actress, and a reporter. As she re-reddened her lips and lighted a cigarette, Ed, the eldest of the orphans, strolled in, and later called her "a questionable girl" because Roland had met her by informal conversing on a boat. "All right," said Lainey, "I'm a questionable girl, too. Last Saturday I asked the young man next me where Echo Bridge was. We talked all the time I was in the car. I always ask men questions if I want information. If that's picking up, I must have picked up a hundred men." After an hour of this family talk, Lainey put on her hat. "I'm going into Boston to join the Socialist party," she said. "I don't know anything about Socialism, but I want

*The Olliphant Orphans. By Inez Haynes Gillmore. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

to insure myself one place where I shall be certain I shall never have to listen to such talk as I have just heard." So the Olliphants had a Socialist in the family, entertain the elite of Boston and the I. W. W., and were assured that Bird Barton was an absolutely nice girl. Indeed, if there is a sequel to *The Olliphant Orphans*, whose six romances have not been even hinted at, it would be only the justice of the gods that the conventional Ed shall fall painfully in love with Bird. All children should advise their parents to read these stories of Beckie and Ann and Lainey and Ed and Matt and Roland.

Edna Kenton.

X

ZONA GALE'S "HEARTS KINDRED"*

One who seeks the social consciousness in his fiction may always find it in the writings of Zona Gale. But her deft artistry unfolds her message through the natural evolution of her characters so skilfully that the reader is carried along by the human appeal and may often be wholly unconscious that the author has commented on life as well as interpreted it. In her new novel, *Hearts Kindred*, there is the same skill and human charm; it is only toward the end of the book that one awakens to the fact that the author has written it with a burning purpose—out of a deep need to infuse a peace message into the mind and heart of this hour seething with hate and war.

The title *Hearts Kindred* suggests the little town by the quiet old river which Miss Gale has brought all her readers to love. But the scene of this new novel is laid in a Western mining camp far from *Friendship Village*. However, the author handles the rugged people and strong colours of this more primitive environment with the same deeply human quality she has always revealed in the delicate pastel portraits of provincial life. This romantic story

thrills with the adventure and intensity possible in the country where a man's best friend is his gun. Yet it is told with a simplicity and delicate beauty that constantly gives the reader the happy illusion of reality no matter how strange the events.

The two principal characters, "The Inger" and Lory Moor, are vividly drawn, and the reader will desert them with difficulty after the first page is turned. "The Inger" is a dynamic figure who could come only out of a Western mining camp; ready with unfaltering courage to give his own life or take another's as the occasion demands, he embodies the fighting spirit of the ages. Lory Moor, who has grown to young womanhood in the rough town of Inch, has a power and courage equal to that of "The Inger," but her instinctive fighting ethics are different: she represents the courage of the conserving forces of life; he the power of the aggressive conqueror. Neither of these two has any theories about life. When suddenly transplanted to the city from a land where the stars are the only judges, and brought in contact with the conflicting forces of our present troubled civilisation, these two react, not on the basis of preconceived ideas of governmental right and wrong, but according to the deepest elemental impulses of their respective natures. Though drawn together by the impulsion of love and their mutual strangeness to the new environment, when they unexpectedly touch the currents of peace and war they find their individual reactions in such violent opposition that an abyss seems to separate them. They, too, who could understand at a glance, now seem to speak in foreign tongue to uncomprehending ears. Yet through a series of experiences they both reach down to unsuspected potentialities dormant in their subconscious individualities which finally bring them into mutual harmony and the understanding that they and all the world are "Hearts Kindred."

In these two characters Miss Gale seems to have symbolised the struggling

*Hearts Kindred. By Zona Gale. New York: The Macmillan Company.

forces of the world, possessed of potentialities for harmony and understanding, but speaking in foreign tongue to uncomprehending ears. One feels that perhaps in these seemingly irreconcilable forces that bring upon us everlasting war the author discerns, as in these two characters of hers, unsuspected potentialities of union. Somewhere out of the ages we may discover the lost key of harmony and find that our racial differences are not conflicting, but complementary as are the two halves of the human race. Mysticism? Perhaps. But Zona Gale has the power of making the mystic real, and the so-called real mystic.

Fola La Follette.

XI

EDEN PHILLPOTTS'S "OLD DELABOLE"*

It is not the wide reaches of Dartmoor, with serried ranks of young trees on the hillside growing green in the spring and flushing redly in the autumn, to which Eden Phillpotts now leads us in this latest book. It is instead the bleak Cornish coast, the home of the west wind, "bared for his welcome, preserved in primal simplicity by the impact of his landing," which furnishes the background for a quiet, subdued story of simple people in whose character there is a quaint mingling of pietistic severity and Celtic passion. It is also, we may remark in passing, a background which gives Mr. Phillpotts an opportunity for as superb pictorial writing as any of his Dartmoor stories can show, also for glimpses of philosophic speculation not so familiar. But necessary here, for on a philosophic understanding of the character of the people in Delabole the interest of the story must hinge.

Delabole is a town perched on a height of the Cornish coast dependent

entirely on its great slate quarries. This industry is Delabole's sole reason for existence, the heart and centre of the town's life. The slate, shining and hard to the surface yet brittle and slicing apart to the proper touch, is typical of the nature of the people. They have lived with it and on it and from it for so long that they think in terms of slate. Conditions in the quarry are very patriarchal and echoes of the industrial conflict of the world beyond penetrate only faintly. More important than any labour and capital conflict is the conflict of man with nature. This alone can disrupt the quarries and bring anxiety and trouble into the lives of those who live therefrom. Of actual plot or action there is very little in this story; the sliding of the cliff side is the most sensational thing that happens. It is a story of intimate glimpses into the characters of men and women, of fine understanding of such qualities in them as are universal and such as belong particularly to the soil and the place. Edith Retallack and her sister Julitta; their father, a foreman at the quarry; the young manager, Thomas Hawkey; and the miller, Wesley Bake, might be termed the chief protagonists, as it is around their relations to one another that the plot hinges. But there are a dozen minor characters who are really far more interesting than these chief actors and in whose destinies we have fully as much concern. Again, as in other Phillpotts novels, the author's line of greatest power stands out. In fact we might say it stands out more clearly in this book than in some others, for he has not succeeded in interesting us to any very great extent in his chief characters. But again, with the delight with which one always greets really artistic work, we read the marvellous descriptions of nature's varying aspects and we read the delightful philosophy of idle old men gathered together in the tavern or by the garden gate.

J. Marchand.

*Old Delabole. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company.

SOME BOOKMAN CONTRIBUTORS OF 1915

BEGINNING with our January issue we shall print, in the advertising pages of the magazine, certain information about the contributors whose names will be found on the title page of that number. Meanwhile, as a summing up of the year we are publishing these brief notes about the men and women who have written for THE BOOKMAN during the past twelve months. There are many cases in which any kind of an introduction will appear entirely superfluous. This list is not quite a complete list. Some names have been intentionally left out, and there are a few contributors whom we have not been able to reach since this little feature was first suggested.

James Lane Allen, who contributed the article on "War and Literature" to our issue of February last, is probably known to as many Americans as have heard of the Blue Grass region of Kentucky. Before he laid definite claim to that section of our land with such books as *The Choir Invisible*, *The Kentucky Cardinal*, *Aftermath*, *Flute and Violin*, and *The Mettle of the Pasture*, Mr. Allen studied at Transylvania University, which has bestowed upon him the LL.D. degree, and taught Latin and higher English in public and private schools, in Kentucky University, and in Bethany College, West Virginia.

Charlton Andrews, who contributed "A Ballade of Blythe Romance" to the March issue, is an Indiana writer, newspaper man, and teacher. He is the author of *A Parfit Gentil Knight*, an historical romance, *The Drama of Today*, *The Technique of Play Writing*, *His Majesty the Fool*, a four-act dramatization of a book by Dumas, and *The Interrupted Revels*, a Christmas Masque. Mr. Andrews is now an instructor in New York University and Stuyvesant High School, and a lecturer in the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute.

Ralph Armstrong, author of "Bayard Taylor's Romance" in the November issue, has worked on several newspapers in the East, and has contributed from time to time to New York publications. At present he is taking fourth year work in the Columbia School of Journalism. In his home town, Kokomo, Indiana, he had early experience on the *Tribune* and *Despatch*, papers, which, by the way, discovered James Whitcomb Riley and printed many of his first poems.

Albion Fellows Bacon, who contributed to the October number the first of the series of papers on "What the Day's Work Means to Me," was born in Evansville, Indiana. Her work in the cause of social reform is too well known to need exposition. She is the author of a book of poems (in collaboration) and of *What Bad Housekeeping Means to the Community*, and *The Awakening of a State*. She is also the author of *Beauty for Ashes* in which she relates her struggle and final success in obtaining model housing laws for Indiana.

Louis Baury, who contributed the articles "Wanted—an American Salon of Humourists" and "Grub Street Organised" to the issues for January and July respectively, has been writing for this magazine for several years. In 1911 Mr. Baury wrote "The Message of Manhattan," "The Message of Bohemia," and "The Message of Proletaire," and in 1912 "The Story of the Tile Club." At present he is in Europe trying to get as near as possible to the front.

Jules Bois, who contributed the article "French Literature and the War" in the September BOOKMAN, is a former Vice-President of the Society of Men of Letters, and of the Association of Literary Critics, the President of the *Félibres* Idealistic Society of Paris, and of the French Society of Psychical Research. He is Chevalier of the Legion

of Honour and is in this country as representative of certain leading French journals.

Arthur E. Bostwick, who contributed the papers on club women's reading to the numbers for January, February, and March last, is the librarian of the St. Louis Public Library. He is a Yale man of the class of 1881. From 1884 to 1886 he was on the staff of Appleton's *Cyclopædia of American Biography*, and afterwards did editorial work on *The Forum* and the *Standard Dictionary*. Between 1895 and 1909 he did library work in New York and Brooklyn. Since 1909 he has been at the head of the St. Louis Public Library. Mr. Bostwick has written widely on a variety of subjects.

Gamaliel Bradford, the first of whose "Portraits of American Authors" appeared in the November issue, has won a wide audience by the psychographic studies of American historical figures that he has contributed to the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Born in Boston in 1863, he studied at Harvard, and, since 1886, has confined his attention mainly to literature. He is the author of *Types of American Character*, *A Pageant of Life*, *The Private Tutor*, *Between Two Masters*, *Matthew Porter*, *Studies of Robert E. Lee*, and *Confederate Portraits*.

William Aspenwall Bradley, who contributed "The Belgian Literary Revival" to the February issue, and "James Stephens—An Appreciation" to the March issue, and who, during 1915 as in the past, has written conspicuous reviews for the magazine, is a Columbia man of the Class of 1899. As an undergraduate he earned a reputation by his cleverness with the pen, and since leaving the university he has been connected with many literary and artistic enterprises in Boston and New York. He is the editor of the *Contemporary Men of Letters* series, the author of *William Cullen Bryant*, of the introduction to the *Correspondence of Sir Philip Sidney* and *Hubert Languet*, of *Meryon and Baudelaire*, in *Prints and Their Mak-*

ers, and has contributed extensively to magazines in prose and verse.

Milton Bronner, author of "John Drinkwater—An Appreciation" in the June issue and of "Rupert Brooke—A Postscript" in the September issue, is a native of Louisville, Kentucky, and a graduate of the University of Virginia. After being dramatic and literary critic on the old Louisville *Commercial* he moved to Covington, Kentucky, where he was editor of the *Kentucky Post*. He is now New York representative of the Scripps-McRae League of Newspapers. He is the author of *Letters from the Raven*, a volume about Lafcadio Hearn, and one about Maurice Hewlitt.

H. Addington Bruce, who has contributed reviews to THE BOOKMAN during the past year, studied at Trinity University, Canada, Toronto University, and Harvard. He has written a number of books, among them *The Riddle of Personality*, *Historic Ghosts and Ghosthunters*, *The Romance of American Expansion*, *Scientific Mental Healing*, *Woman in the Making of America*, and *Psychology and Parenthood*. He has been a frequent contributor to leading American magazines and reviews.

Richard Burton, whose verse "The Coming of the Word" appeared in our last January issue, is a Trinity College man of the Class of 1883 and received his Ph.D. degree from Johns Hopkins in 1888. He has had wide editorial experience and has written almost twenty books of verse, biography, and literary criticism. He is a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and Vice-President of the Drama League of America.

Witter Bynner, who contributed the poem "The Shropshire Lad" to our April issue, is a Harvard man of the Class of 1902. He has had considerable experience in editorial work in American publishing houses, has contributed frequently to magazines, and is the author of *An Ode to Harvard*, *The Immigrant*, and *Tiger*.

Madison Cawein, for years a frequent

contributor of verse to this magazine, wrote "At the Day's Close" for our issue of last April. He died a short time before the verses appeared in print. Mr. Cawein was a native of Louisville, Kentucky, and is remembered by some twenty odd volumes of very unusual verse, the first volume of which appeared in 1887.

Grace Isabel Colbron has been long a frequent and esteemed contributor to this magazine. For the issue of last February she wrote "Algernon Blackwood—An Appreciation" and for June "The Story of Hugo's Daughter." She has also contributed to the review columns during the year. Miss Colbron, who was born in New York, lived for many years in Germany as a journalist, critic, and translator. She is an ardent advocate of Single Tax, and has lectured widely on that subject. She is the author of a play, in collaboration, and the translator of half a dozen books.

A. Elwood Corning, contributor of "Joseph Rodman Drake" to the July number, is a native of New York State. After completing his education he toured Europe and parts of Africa. He has been associated with various magazines and was a candidate for the New York State Senate in 1912. He is a member of the New York Board of Education Lecture Staff, a contributor on historical and biographical subjects to various magazines, and the author of a biographical study of former President McKinley.

Frederic Taber Cooper, whose monthly survey of novels has been a feature of THE BOOKMAN for a number of years, is a Harvard man of the Class of 1886. From Columbia he received his LL.B. degree in 1887. From 1895 to 1902 he was associate professor of Latin and Sanscrit in New York University. For a time he was editor of *The Forum*. He is the author of *The Nineteenth Century in Caricature*, in collaboration, *The Craftsmanship of Writing*, *Some American Story Tellers*, and *Some English Story Tellers*. Most of this work

appeared originally in serial form in THE BOOKMAN.

Harris Dickson, who in our January number last wrote of the Southern poet W. H. Kernan, is a native of Yazoo City, Mississippi. He studied at the University of Virginia and George Washington University. Among his books the best known are probably *The Black Wolf's Breed*, *The Siege of Lady Resolute*, *The Ravanel's*, and *Coffin Club Stories*.

Arlita Dodge, author of "The Cabaret Dancer" in the August BOOKMAN, is a native of Maine, and a graduate of the College of Liberal Arts of Boston University. After leaving college she became interested in secretarial work. She was secretary with Mr. Henry Russell, the impresario, during the existence of the Boston Opera Company, and has since held other similar positions in Boston.

Edward Rice Doyle, author of "Will Colour Music Become an Art" in the June number, is a native of Buffalo, New York. He has had extensive newspaper experience, having been connected at various times with the *Buffalo Courier*, the *Buffalo Express*, the *Schenectady Gazette*, the *Schenectady Union Star*, and the *Wall Street Journal*.

Geraldine Farrar, whose analysis of "The Psychology of Carmen" (as recorded by Frederic Dean) appears in this issue, has for some years been known throughout the musical world by her interpretations of many of the most conspicuous rôles of Grand Opera.

James Montgomery Flagg, whose drawings of George Barr McCutcheon, Arnold Bennett, Maurice Maeterlinck, and Rupert Hughes appeared in the January, March, and July issues, is a native of Westchester County, New York. He studied in the Art Students' League of New York, in Herkomer's Art School in England, and under Victor Marec in Paris. Few American illustrators of the present day are so well known, and in addition Mr. Flagg has won appreciated recognition as an author by such

books as *Why They Married* and *The Adventures of Kitty Cobb*.

Edward Fuller, who has been a contributor to the review columns during the year, is a Harvard man of the Class of 1882. He was for a time an editorial writer on the Boston *Advertiser*, and then was for years connected with the Boston *Post* as dramatic critic and literary editor. From 1906 until a year ago he was in charge of the editorial page of the Providence *Journal*. He is the author of *Fellow Travellers*, *The Dramatic Year*, *The Complaining Millions of Men*, and *John Malcolm*; and the plays, *Fetters*, *The Invaders*, and *The Price of Silence*.

Zona Gale, author of the second paper in the "What the Day's Work Means to Me" series which appeared in the November issue, is a native of Portage, Wisconsin. She was in the Class of 1895 in the University of Wisconsin. After the university she did newspaper work in Milwaukee and New York. She is the author of *Romance Island*, *The Loves of Pelleas and Etarre*, *Friendship Village*, *Friendship Village Love Stories*, *Mothers to Men*, *Christmas*, and *When I Was a Little Girl*.

Isaac Goldberg, who contributed the series "What South Americans Read" to the June, July, and August numbers, was born in Boston, and educated in the public schools of that city and at Harvard. He is the author of *Sir W. S. Gilbert: A Study in Modern Satire and The Gilbert Sullivan Operas*. He has composed songs and pianoforte pieces, and lectured on music, drama, and literature. Dr. Goldberg is at present working on two small books relating to war philosophers, and a larger volume containing plays from the Jewish, with an extended introduction on the history of the Jewish stage, to appear early in 1916.

Louise Closser Hale (Mrs. Walter Hale), who contributes to this issue the paper in the "What the Day's Work Means to Me" series, has had an interesting career both on the stage and as a writer. She made, in this country, his

part of Prossie in George Bernard Shaw's *Candida*. She is the author of *A Motor Car Divorce*, *The Actress*, *The Married Mrs. Worth*, *Her Soul and Her Body*, and *We Discover New England*. The last named book is reviewed elsewhere in this number of THE BOOKMAN.

Walter Hale, whose admirable etchings have appeared in THE BOOKMAN in 1915 as in past years, has, like his talented wife, Louise Closser Hale, been successful in two professions, despite the judgment of James Montgomery Flagg, who in his book, *The Well Knowns*, spoke of him as "a darn fine etcher and a kind of an actor." Last summer Mr. Hale spent some time at the French war front as a correspondent for the *Century*, in which magazine his series of papers, *Notes of an Artist at the Front*, is now appearing. Incidentally Mr. Hale is probably more of an authority on motoring in Europe than any other American.

Clayton Hamilton, who, for several years, has contributed the articles on the drama to this magazine, is a native of Brooklyn, New York, and a Columbia man, Class of 1901. He has lectured extensively at Columbia and elsewhere. His books include *Materials and Methods of Fiction*, *The Theory of the Theatre*, and *The Trail of Stevenson*, the last named of which ran serially in THE BOOKMAN last autumn and winter. He edited Stevenson's *Treasure Island* for Longman's English Classics.

Hildegard Hawthorne, who has contributed to the review columns of the magazine, inherits a distinguished literary tradition, being a granddaughter of the author of *The Scarlet Letter*, and a daughter of Julian Hawthorne. She herself has written *A Country Interlude*, *Poems*, *Essays*, *The Lure of the Garden*, and *A Peep at New York*.

Brooks Henderson, who wrote the article on "Winston Churchill's Country" appearing in the August issue, is of English parentage, and was born in the Island of Jamaica. He came to the United States some years ago, took his

bachelor degree at Brown in 1910, taught at that institution for two years, and then began graduate work at Princeton, where he received a Ph.D. degree in June, 1915. He is at present a member of the editorial department of a publishing house in New York.

George Bronson-Howard, who contributed the paper "Arnold Bennett as a Melodramatist" to the October issue, is a native of Maryland and was educated in Baltimore and in London, England. He was for a time in United States Government employ and as a correspondent saw the earlier part of the Russo-Japanese War. He has had a wide experience on the staffs of American newspapers and magazines, has written eight novels and six or seven plays, and contributed more than one hundred short stories to American, English, French, and German publications.

Philip G. Hubert, Jr., who wrote on "Some Light Fiction" for the number for January last, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, and educated in schools in Boston and at the College Chaptal of Paris. He was musical critic of the *New York Evening Post* from 1877 to 1880, and on the *New York Herald* from 1890 to 1894. He is the author of *Liberty and a Living*, *Nursery Lesson Book*, *Inventors*, and *The Stage as a Career*.

Florence Finch Kelly, who contributed "American Style in American Fiction" to the May number, and "The Square Deal in Criticism" to the July number, besides reviews at various times, is a native of Girard, Illinois, and a University of Kansas woman of the Class of 1881. She has been engaged in work on various newspapers in Chicago, Boston, New York, San Francisco, and smaller American cities. In 1905 she visited Australia and New Zealand to study social and economic legislation and its results. Mrs. Kelly is the author of *With Hoops of Steel*, *The Delafield Affair*, *Rhoda of the Underground*, *Emerson's Wife and Other Western Stories*, and *The Fate of Felix Brand*, besides having contributed many articles upon

literary, artistic, and economic subjects to magazines.

Joyce Kilmer, who wrote the verses "In Memory of Lieutenant Rupert Brooke" for the September issue and whose survey of recent verse appears elsewhere in this number, is a native of New Brunswick, New Jersey, and a Columbia man of the Class of 1908. He has worked on the staffs of the *Standard Dictionary* and the *New York Times Sunday Magazine*, contributed to various American and English magazines, and published two volumes of verse and a play.

Fola La Follette (Mrs. George Middleton), who has been a frequent contributor of reviews to the magazine throughout the year, is a daughter of Senator La Follette and a native of Madison, Wisconsin. She is a University of Wisconsin woman of the Class of 1904. She has appeared on the stage and contributed to magazines on dramatic and social questions.

William Trowbridge Larned, who contributed "The Mantle of Eugene Field" to the March issue, served St. Louis newspapers ten years as reporter, editor, and dramatic critic. He spent four years on cattle ranches in Colorado, South Dakota, New Mexico, and Arkansas. Since 1906, in New York, he has worked independently for magazines and publishing houses. He made the English version of Molnar's play *The Devil* with George Arliss and for three years contributed to *Life* a department of persiflage and criticism entitled "The Literary Zoo."

Agnes Lee, contributor of "Moving Pictures" to the June BOOKMAN, was born in Chicago, but her childhood was passed in Switzerland. For many years her home has been in Boston. While there she has written poems for many magazines and has translated into English verse Gautier's *Émaux et Camées* and Gregh's *La Maison de l'Enfance*. She has published two books of verse, *The Border of the Lake* and *The Sharing*.

Joseph H. McMahon, who wrote

"Robert Hugh Benson—A Personal Memory" for the April number, is a native of New York City and a Manhattan College man of the Class of 1880. Ordained to the Roman Catholic priesthood in 1886, he was an assistant at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, for five years. He was the founder and is now the pastor of Our Lady of Lourdes parish in New York. He was one of the organisers of the Catholic Summer School of America and has contributed to various magazines.

Edwin L. Mattern, who contributed the paper on "Yann Nibor; Laureate of the Fleet" to the November BOOKMAN, was graduated from Alleghany College in 1890. After a year of reporting on the staff of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, he turned to the study of law and received his diploma from the New York University Law Department. Since then he has practiced in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Brander Matthews (Columbia 1871) contributed "The Method of Modern Magic" to the January issue, the second part of "A Thackeray Portfolio" to the August issue, and "Is Dramatic Criticism Necessary" to the September issue. He is a native of New Orleans. Since his graduation, he has received higher degrees from Columbia, the University of the South, Miami University, and Yale. He was one of the founders of the Authors' Club of New York and of the Players' Club of New York. For two years Professor Matthews was President of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. He was the first Chairman of the Simplified Spelling Board and is a member of the French Legion of Honour. Besides having been the editor of various works there are between forty and fifty volumes that bear his name.

George Middleton, who has contributed to our review department throughout the year, was born in Paterson, New Jersey, and is a Columbia man of the Class of 1902. He has had a share in the production of such plays as *The*

Cavalier, *The Wife's Strategy*, *The Sinner*, *The House of a Thousand Candles*, *Rosalind at Red Gate*, *The Enemy*, *The Prodigal Judge*, and *Hit the Trail Holiday*. His published plays include *Embers*, *Tradition*, and *Nowadays*; and he has been a frequent contributor to the magazines on dramatic and literary subjects.

Bailey Millard contributed "Personal Memories of Ambrose Bierce," "Edwin Markham and His Golden Shower," and "Genius and Precocity" to the February, June, and November issues respectively. Mr. Millard is a native of Wisconsin. After an extended newspaper career in California, he went to New York and was for a time the editor of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. He is the author of eight books and many magazine articles.

Alfred Noyes, who contributed "The Craggs" to the October issue, was educated at Exeter College, Oxford. For years he has held a distinguished place among the younger English poets, his *Drake, An English Epic*, in particular, striking a responsive chord wherever the British flag is found throughout the Seven Seas. Also of particular quality are his *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern*. During the past year or two Mr. Noyes has spent much of his time in this country, as he is a lecturer on poetry at Princeton University.

Stephen Phillips, who wrote "The Diabolic in Poetry" for the June number, is, like Alfred Noyes, a conspicuous figure in English verse. He studied for the Civil Service, then went on the stage for a time, and finally adopted literature as a profession. Perhaps his best known book of verse is *Paolo and Francesca*, which was published in 1899.

Edmond Rostand, whose poem "The Gesture" is presented in this issue through the medium of the free translation by Elizabeth Redfield Kendall, is a member of the French Academy and perhaps the most conspicuous playwright in France. Most widely known of his many plays are *Cyrano de Bergerac* and *L'Aiglon*.

Basanta Koomar Roy, who contributed "Tagore: An Oriental Estimate" to the March issue, is a member of a high caste Hindu family. He was graduated from Calcutta University and taught for two years thereafter in Allahabad, India. He came to the United States about seven years ago and studied at the University of Wisconsin. His biography of Tagore, of whom he is a personal friend, was published last winter.

Algernon Tassin, whose series of papers on "The Magazine in America" has been running in the columns of THE BOOKMAN since the April issue, ending in the current number, is a Harvard man of the Class of 1892. After the university he was for a number of years on the stage. He has written several plays and a number of short stories, and contributed to earlier volumes of this magazine such series as "American Authors and Their Publishers" and "The Story of Modern Book Advertising." Mr. Tassin is at present connected with the English Department of Columbia University.

Joseph F. Taylor, who wrote "Washington Irving's Mexico—A Lost Fragment" for the August BOOKMAN, has been connected with the book business since leaving Cornell University; first as junior partner of Croscup and Company, and later as head of J. F. Taylor and Company. He is an authority on modern editions of the standard authors, compilations and reprints, and has written a number of short articles on literary subjects.

W. G. Tinckhom-Fernandez, author of "War Silhouettes" in the September issue, was born in northern India, and received his early education in India, England, and in this country. While at Harvard, where he was a member of the Class of 1910, he was managing editor of the *Harvard Advocate*. He has written extensively, particularly on topics relating to the Far East.

Charles Hanson Towne, author of the verses "Art" in the September number,

is the editor of *McClure's Magazine*. He was born in Louisville, Kentucky. Mr. Towne has had a wide editorial experience, and is the author of several volumes of verse, one of which, *Manhattan*, was widely quoted throughout the country.

Stewart Edward White, who reviewed James Barnes's *Through Central Africa* for the July issue, is a University of Michigan man of the Class of 1895. His earlier novels, *The Westerners*, *The Claim Jumpers*, and particularly *The Blazed Trail*, won him at once a nation-wide reputation, although in none of these books did he reach such heights of narrative as he later achieved in *The Silent Places*. As the author of *African Camp Fires* Mr. White was particularly fitted to judge the work of a fellow explorer of the Dark Continent.

Richard Whiteing, whose "Certain Reminiscences" ran from the July to the October number inclusive, is probably best known to Americans as the author of *No. 5 John Street*. He was born in London and educated privately. For years he was the Paris correspondent of English and American newspapers, and travelled extensively about Europe in connection with his journalistic enterprises.

Ruth Kedzie Wood, the author of "The Creator of the First Yankee of Literature" in the April number, and "The Leatherstocking Trail" in the July issue, has written widely on topics of travel. Her first book was *A Honeymoon in Russia*. Later works have been *The Tourist's Russia*, *The Tourist's California*, *The Tourist's Spain and Portugal*, and *The Tourist's Maritime Provinces*.

Abraham Yarmolinsky, who contributed "The Serbian Epic" to the November issue, is a native of southern Russia. He began his studies in the University of Petrograd. But after a short stay in the northern capital he journeyed to Switzerland and took a course at the University of Neuchâtel. He came to the United States two years ago.

READERS' GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Psychology

- Character and Temperament. By Joseph Jastrow. New York: D. Appleton & Company. \$2.50 net.
A survey of the origins of human traits and a discussion of man's varied reactions to environment.

Philosophy

- Hermeneutic Interpretation of the Origin of the Social State of Man and of the Destiny of the Adamic Race. By Fabre d'Olivet. Done into English by Nayán Louise Redfield. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50 net.
Written about a century ago, this work of a French philosopher is an analysis of the individual and racial development along both moral and physical lines.
The Practical Mystic; or, How to Make Perfection Appear. By Katharine Francis Pedrick. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. \$1.25 net.
The conflict between the material and the spiritual worlds.
Theism and Humanism. By Arthur James Balfour. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.75 net.
A philosophical and religious exposition of the reality of the Deity, with special treatment of the conclusions of naturalism.

Religion

- Notes on Religion. By John Jay Chapman. New York: Laurence J. Gomme. 75 cents net.
A plea for a greater "depth of piety and quietude."

Sociology, Economics

- Aristocracy and Justice. By Paul Elmer More. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25 net.
Essays on the social problems of the day.
The Church and the People's Play. By Henry A. Atkinson. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
The relation of the organized church to organized recreation.
Democracy in the Making. Ford Hall and the Open Forum Movement. A Symposium. Edited by George W. Coleman. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. \$1.50 net.
An account of what has been accomplished in the Sunday evening meetings held at Ford Hall, Boston. The book is made up of contributions upon the Ford Hall movement, with a review of the ad-

resses made before the Ford Hall gatherings.

- Government Finance in the United States. By Carl C. Plehn. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. 50 cents net.
What the Federal, State, county, town, and city governments in the United States are doing that requires money, how they spend the money, where it comes from, and what the people get for it.
The Social Principle. By Horace Holley. New York: Laurence J. Gomme. 75 cents net.
The gospel of a higher individualism, individual freedom, and increased social control.
The Taxation of Land Values. By Louis F. Post. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$1.00 net.
A complete answer to "What Is the Single Tax?"

Political Economy

- Democracy and the Nations. By J. A. MacDonald. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.35 net.
The editor of the Toronto *Globe* expresses his opinions on democracy and international good-will, with special emphasis on the relations between Canada and the United States.
The People's Government. By J. M. Rice. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. \$1.00 net.
A new method of democratic government along the lines of successful business.
The Reconciliation of Government with Liberty. By John W. Burgess. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50 net.
A study of the historical development of the State with the object of explaining the effort after equilibrium between a government that does not tend to despotism and a liberty that does not degenerate to anarchy.

European War

- The Bowmen and Other Legends of the War. By Arthur Machen. With an Introduction by the Author. New York: Putnam's Sons. 75 cents net.
A description of a supposedly supernatural incident that occurred in the British retreat from Mons.
The Drama of Three Hundred and Sixty-five days. Scenes in the Great War. By Hall Caine. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.00 net.
The author's impressions of the year of the war.

The Fall of Tsing-Tau. With a Study of Japan's Ambitions in China. By Jefferson Jones. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$1.75 net.

The account of an eye-witness of the fall of the German stronghold in the Far East. The author maintains that Japan's action is a move in the making over of China into a dependency.

A Hilltop on the Marne. Being Letters Written June 3-September 8, 1914. By Mildred Aldrich. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25 net.

Letters written from day to day by an American woman whose home is in the Marne Valley, and who witnessed the final British artillery stand that stemmed the advance of the Uhlans just beyond her house.

The Inevitable War. By Francis Delaisi. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. \$1.00 net.

The reasons underlying France's participation in the European War. Both the French original and the English translation are given.

The Lusitania's Last Voyage. By Charles E. Lauriat, Jr. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.00 net.

The story of the torpedoing of the *Lusitania* told by a survivor, with technical details regarding the ship. There are also extracts from the German newspapers and the report of the formal investigation conducted by the British Government.

The Neutrality of Belgium. By Alexander Fuehr. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. \$1.50.

A study of the Belgian case from the standpoint of history and international law. A presentation from the German viewpoint.

Paris Reborn. A Study in Civic Psychology. By Herbert Adams Gibbons. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

A diary written in Paris during the first five months of the war, reflecting the popular frame of mind during the rapidly changing events of that period.

Education

College Sons and College Fathers. By Samuel Seidel Candy. New York: Harper & Brothers, \$1.20 net.

Essays on college life, on the relation of the college man to the community, and on American college problems.

Teaching in the Home: A Handbook for Intensive Fertilisation of the Child Mind for Instructors of Young Children. By Adolf A. Berle. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. \$1.25 net.

Showing in chapters under such headings as English, History, Botany, Biology,

etc., how these subjects may be taught at a much earlier age than is generally supposed to be the case.

The School in the Home: Talks with Parents and Teachers on Intensive Child Training. By A. A. Berle. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. \$1.25 net. A new and enlarged edition of a book originally published in 1912.

The Story of Wellesley. By Florence Converse. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

The foundation and history of Wellesley College, with chapters on the life among the undergraduates.

Vassar. By James Monroe Taylor and Elizabeth Hazelton Haight. New York: Oxford University Press. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A history of the inception and development of Vassar.

What Shall We Read to Children? By Clara Whitehill Hunt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.00 net.

Papers upon the kinds of stories and poetry that should be read to children, and how best to read them.

The Young and Field Literary Readers. Book Six. By Ella Flagg Young and Walter Taylor Field. Boston: Ginn & Company. Illustrated. 60 cents.

This series is designed as a guide to a progressive excursion into the best English literature.

Philology

A Bibliography of Medieval French Literature for College Libraries. By Lucien Foulet. Edited by Albert Schinz and George A. Underwood. New Haven: Yale University Press.

Issued under the auspices of the French Department of Smith College.

The Greatest of Literary Problems: The Authorship of the Shakespeare Works. An Exposition of All Points at Issue, from Their Inception to the Present Moment. By James Phinney Baxter. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$5.00 net.

A History of American Literature Since 1870. By Fred Lewis Pattee. New York: The Century Company. \$2.00 net.

A history of American literature after the consolidation of national sentiment occasioned by the Civil War.

Is There a Shakespeare Problem? With a Reply to Mr. J. M. Robertson and Mr. Andrew Lang. By G. G. Greenwood. New York: John Lane Company. \$4.50 net.

The author, a Shakespeare critic and student, has issued this work as part of a controversy and a reply to his critics. His

contention is that Shakespeare was not the author of the plays and poems.

Interpretations of Literature. By Lafcadio Hearn. Selected and Edited with an Introduction by John Erskine. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Two volumes. \$6.00 net.

Lectures by Lafcadio Hearn to his Japanese pupils. Hearn became almost a Japanese in his later life, and his interpretations of the English classics are from the Oriental point of view.

The Spirit of the American Revolution as Revealed in the Poetry of the Period. A Study of American Patriotic Verse from 1760 to 1783. By Samuel White Patterson. Boston: Richard G. Badger. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

A study of the emotional side of this epoch with many quotations from contemporary poetry. There are a bibliography and an index.

Science

The Hunting Wasps. By J. Henri Fabre. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.50 net.

A further translation from the author's *Souvenirs Entomologiques*. The first of three volumes of translations about wasps.

Medicine, Hygiene

The Health-Care of the Growing Child. His Diet, Hygiene, Training, Development, and Prevention of Disease. By Louis Fischer. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. \$1.25 net.

A handbook for mothers and nurses.

How to Live: Rules for Healthful Living Based on Modern Science. Authorised by and Prepared in Collaboration with the Hygiene Reference Board of the Life Extension Institute, Inc. By Irving Fisher and Eugene Lyman Fisk. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

Business

The Future of South America. By Roger W. Babson. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

An interpretation of the business opportunities and the economic conditions to be found in South America.

Fine Arts

The Barbizon Painters. Being a Story of the Men of Thirty. By Arthur Hoeber. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Illustrated. \$1.75 net.

Barbizon was the home and inspiration of the development of landscape painting in the early part of the nineteenth century, and is associated with the names of Millet, Rousseau, Corot, and others. The

book is written from the painter's own point of view, describing struggles and accomplishments.

The Heart of Europe. By Ralph Adams Cram. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.

A discussion of the art and architecture of modern Europe in relation to its social background.

Masterpieces of Painting: Their Qualities and Meanings. An Introductory Study. By Louise Rogers Jewett. Boston: Richard G. Badger. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

A discussion and appreciation of a few selected masterpieces.

Modern Painting: Its Tendency and Meaning. By Willard Huntington Wright. New York: John Lane Company. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.

A history of modern painting from Delacroix, Turner, Courbet, and Daumier to the present time, with emphasis upon the general tendencies in painting during the last hundred years.

Palace of Fine Arts and Lagoon. Panama-Pacific International Exposition, 1915. By Bernard R. Maybeck, with an Introduction by Frank Morton Todd. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Company. Illustrated. 50 cents net.

A description and appreciation of one of the buildings at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

Architecture

The Architecture and Landscape Gardening of the Exposition. A Pictorial Survey of the Most Beautiful of the Architectural Compositions of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. With an Introduction by Louis Christian Mullgardt. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Company. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

Pictures, with short descriptions, of the various compositions at the Exposition.

The Architecture of Colonial America. By Harold Donaldson Eberlein. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.

A discussion and appreciation of America's architectural past.

Interior Decoration: Its Principles and Practice. By Frank Alvah Parsons. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. \$3.00 net.

A practical guide for correct and artistic decorating of homes, public rooms, and hotels.

Remodeled Farmhouses. By Mary H. Northend. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. \$5.00 net.

A selection of some twenty characteristic examples of remodeled farmhouses with descriptions of the changes, decorations, etc.

Stately Homes of California. By Porter Garnett. With an Introduction by Bruce Porter. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.
Descriptions and pictures of some of the most beautiful private homes of California.

Music

Some Musicians of Former Days. By Romain Rolland. Translated by Mary Blaiklock. New York: Henry Holt & Company. \$1.50 net.
Papers upon the beginnings of music and of the opera, and on some of the early figures in the music world.

Sports, Games and Amusements

Auction Tactics. By Bryant McCampbell. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.25 net.
The finesse of more advanced auction playing.
Out of Doors. By Emerson Hough. New York: D. Appleton & Company. \$1.25 net.
A practical handbook for fishermen, campers, and hunters. A chapter is devoted to "The Woman in Camp."

General Literature, Essays

Carlyle: How to Know Him: By Bliss Perry. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$1.50 net.
An explanation and appreciation of Carlyle and his work.
Dante and Other Waning Classics. By Albert Mordell. Philadelphia: Acropolis Publishing Company.
Essays of appreciation on some of the classics of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance.
Why I Believe in Poverty. By Edward Bok. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 50 cents net.
In *The Riverside Uplift Series* which aims to cultivate the mind and add to its capacity for fuller and higher living.

Poetry and Drama

Ashes and Sparks. By Richard Wightman. New York: The Century Company. \$1.25 net.
A collection of the author's verses that have appeared in current periodicals on subjects of modern living and on nature.
Babble o' Green Fields. By Mark Wayne Williams. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. \$1.00 net.
Verses on a variety of subjects written from a wide experience of life.
Birds of a Feather. By Thomas J. Gaffney. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.00 net.
The tragedy of a young girl lured to the city by a clever swindler.

The Cup of Comus. By Madison Cawein. New York: The Cameo Press. \$1.00.

The final verses of the Kentucky poet.

Disguise Plots in Elizabethan Drama: A Study in Stage Tradition. By Victor Oscar Freeburg. New York: Columbia University Press.

The purpose is to help the reader to understand more completely the practise of Elizabethan playwrights, the nature of their medium, and the tastes of their audience.

The Faithful: A Tragedy in Three Acts. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

An old and famous legend of Japan was the inspiration for this drama of Japanese life.

The House That Was and Other Poems. By Benjamin R. C. Low. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.25 net.

A collection of the author's poems, some of which have previously appeared in contemporary periodicals.

If Love Were King. By Edward Willard Watson. Philadelphia: H. W. Fisher & Company. \$1.25.

A collection of verse arranged under such headings as "Sonnets of a Lover," "Lyrics," "Dream Verse," "Blank Verse and Free Verse," etc.

Interflow. By Geoffrey C. Faber. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 75 cents net.

Poems, chiefly lyrical, in *The New Poetry Series*.

The New Hudson Shakespeare. Introduction and Notes by Henry Norman Hudson. Edited and Revised by Ebenezer Charlton Black, with the Co-operation of Andrew Jackson George: *The Merchant of Venice, The Tragedy of King Lear, Julius Caesar, The Tragedy of Hamlet, A Midsummer Night's Dream, The Comedy of the Tempest, As You Like It, The Tragedy of Macbeth, Twelfth Night.* Boston: Ginn & Company. 30 cents each.

A school edition, with introductions giving the sources, editions, dramatic structure, form, general characteristics, etc.

Old Boston Museum Days. By Kate Ryan. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

The author's recollections of her days with the Boston Museum Stock Company. She describes her associations with the old playhouse and with its distinguished actors and actresses.

The Pilgrim Kings, Greco and Goya, and Other Poems of Spain. By Thomas Walsh. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

Poems celebrating mythological and historical figures of Spanish life.

The Quiet Courage, and Other Songs of the Unafraid. By Everard Jack Appleton. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company. \$1.00 net.

A new edition of a volume of poems published in 1912.

The Quiet Hour. Selected and Arranged by Fitzroy Carrington. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. 75 cents net.

Selections from some of the best poetry on night, sleep, infancy, childhood, etc.

Rivers to the Sea. By Sara Teasdale. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25. Lyrics and miscellaneous verses.

Shakespeare Love Book. By Agnes C. Way. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.00 net.

A collection of extracts from Shakespeare upon the general theme of love, arranged for each day of the year.

Searchlights: A Play in Three Acts. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.00 net.

A portrayal of types in England during the war.

Sonnets of Spinsterhood. The Spinster's Book of Dreams. Delicate Traceries of Dim Designs. By Snow Longley. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Company. 75 cents net.

Expressions of the sentiment of love that does not outwardly find an object.

Stray Gold. A Rambler's Clean-Up. By Ralph Graham Taber. St. Paul Book & Stationery Company.

Poems, some in dialect, gathered from many stray corners of the earth.

Vagrant Memories: Being Further Recollections of Other Days. By William Winter. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. \$3.00 net.

The author's recollections of the golden age of the theatre with which he was long connected as a dramatic critic.

Wild Posies. By John Troland. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. \$1.25 net.

A collection of the author's short poems.

The World's Best Plays by Celebrated European Authors. Edited by Barrett H. Clark. New York: Samuel French. 25 cents net each.

Translations of a series of plays for amateur production. The plays received are: *The Art of Being Bored*, a comedy in three acts, by Edouard Pailleron, translated by Barrett H. Clark and Hilmar Baukhage; *The Affected Young Ladies*, a comedy in one act, by Molière, translated by Barrett H. Clark; *The Beneficent Bear*, a comedy in three acts, by Goldoni, translated by Barrett H. Clark; *Panurge's Sheep*, a comedy in one act, by Meilhac and Halévy, translated by Barrett H. Clark.

Writing and Selling a Play. Practical Suggestions for the Beginner. By Fanny Cannon. New York: Henry Holt & Company. \$1.50 net.

The author, who has been an actress, gives practical suggestions for the beginner.

Fiction

The Anvil of Chance. By Gerald Chittenden. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. \$1.35 net.

A story of character development. The scenes are in a boys' boarding school, country life in New England, and in Central America.

Around Old Chester. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.

More tales of Dr. Lavender's community.

The Ashiel Mystery. A Detective Story. By Mrs. Charles Bryce. New York: The John Lane Company. \$1.25 net.

A detective story involving the mystery of the heroine's birth and of a strange murder.

The Bachelors. By William Dana Orcutt. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.

A story of varying types of American college men and their reactions to the modern world.

Barnavoux. By Pierre Mille. Being the Authorized Translation by Bérengère Drillien of *Sur La Vaste Terre*. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.25 net. Adventures in the French Colonial Infantry at its various stations.

The Bent Twig. By Dorothy Canfield. New York: Henry Holt & Company. \$1.35 net.

A psychological study of a young Western girl, her early life and her love affair.

Beyond the Frontier. By Randall Parrish. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.

Early days in the Middle West with La Salle and the French explorers.

The Boomerang. By William Hamilton Osborne. New York: Robert T. McBride & Company. \$1.35 net.

A mystery story of business and social life in New York.

A Christmas Carol. By Charles Dickens. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

A holiday edition, illustrated by Arthur Rackham.

The Corner Stone. By Margaret Hill McCarter. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. Illustrated. 50 cents net.

A story of Western farm life.

- Crainquebille, Putois, Riquet, and Other Profitable Tales by Anatole France. A Translation by Winifred Stephens. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.75 net.
Short stories in the translated works of Anatole France.
- Dear Enemy. By Jean Webster. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$1.30 net.
The heroine was also one of the characters in *Daddy-Long-Legs*. The other characters are one hundred and thirteen orphans and a crusty Scotch surgeon.
- Dick Devereux. By David Tod Gilliam. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company. \$1.35 net.
A romance of the Civil War. Central Ohio and the mountains of Virginia form the background.
- The Dual Alliance. By Marjorie Benton Cooke. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.
A short story of the love of an Irish actress and how she turned politician.
- The Extra Day. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.35.
A story of the child world with its varied trials and vivid imaginings.
- The Fortunes of Garin. By Mary Johnston. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$1.40 net.
An historical romance of southern France in the time of the Crusades—the time of the troubadours and the fullest flowering of the ideals of chivalry.
- The Girl of the Guard Line. By Charles Carey Waddell. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. \$1.25 net.
A West Point story of romance and mystery.
- The Glorious Rascal. (Pretty Maids All in a Row.) By Justin Huntly McCarthy. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.35 net.
Medieval Paris, with its scholars, poets, and rogues, is the setting for this story of the youth of Francois Villon.
- The Goddess Girl. By Louise Dutton. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. \$1.25 net.
A country girl finds her real living in New York.
- The Green Half-Moon. By James Francis Dwyer. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. \$1.25 net.
Adventures centering about a strange jewel, and having to do with European diplomacy.
- Heart's Content. By Ralph Henry Barbour. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.
A summer love story at a New England summer resort.
- Heart's Kindred. By Zona Gale. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.35 net.
An attractive young heroine brings out the good in a rough, unpolished, but sincere Westerner, and incidentally her own character is rounded out.
- Hempfield: A Novel. By David Grayson. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.
The first novel by the author of *Adventures in Friendship*, etc. Many of the scenes are the same as those described in his earlier books.
- His German Wife. The Romance of a British Officer. By Douglas Sladen. New York: Brentano's. \$1.35 net.
A type of one of the minor tragedies of the war. German rural life, life in a British garrison town, and in the military set in a German capital are described.
- His Harvest. By Pearl Doles Bell. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.30 net.
The life of the girl protégé of a New York bachelor.
- Homo Sapiens: A Novel in Three Parts. By Stanislaw Przybyszewski. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.50 net.
The love story of a very modern hero, written by a Polish novelist of reputation.
- Inside the Lines. By Earl Derr Biggers and Robert Welles Ritchie. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
Novelised from the play of the same name. A story of love and modern life.
- The Island of Surprise. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.
The triangle plot among castaways on a South Sea island.
- Jan: A Dog and a Romance. By A. J. Dawson. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.25 net.
A novel of a dog's life in the Canadian wilds, together with a human love story.
- The Judgment of Jane. By Robert Rudd Whiting. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. \$1.00 net.
A story of mystery and tragedy in New York society.
- The Later Life. By Louis Couperus. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.35 net.
The second volume in the tetralogy of realistic stories of Dutch life. The same characters that appeared in *Small Souls* reappear in this volume.
- The Law-Breakers. By Ridgwell Cullum. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Company. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.
A tale of suspense and mystery, with scenes laid in western Canada.
- The Lost Prince. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.

- The boy hero travels through Europe (in pre-war days) spreading his ideals and the influence of his character. A mythical kingdom of central Europe, with its pastoral customs and traditions, forms the background of the story.
- Lot & Co.** By Will Levington Comfort. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.25 net.
Adventure and life on the last of the sailing ships in the tropics.
- The Man from the Bitter Roots.** By Carolyn Lockhart. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
Adventures in the Western mountains in the midst of the wild Western life.
- A Man's Hearth.** By Eleanor M. Ingram. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
Love and adventure in New York life.
- Midsummer Magic.** By Walter Bamfylde. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35 net.
A story of the elemental emotions, passion, jealousy, fear, etc. The scene is laid in the Cotswold Hills.
- Modern Women.** By Gustav Kobbé. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. \$1.00 net.
A series of sketches of the feminism of to-day.
- Molly and I; or, The Silver Ring.** By Frank R. Adams. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
Tangled marriages and loves form the theme of this novel.
- Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy.** By Stephen Leacock. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.25 net.
Humorous sketches of modern incidents.
- Nobody.** By Louis Joseph Vance. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
New York and the Maine coast form the settings for a society story of love and mystery.
- Old Delabole.** By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.
A story of a slate-mining town.
- Old Wine in New Bottles.** By Samuel Tilden Larkin. Cincinnati: Monfort & Company Press. \$1.00 net.
A novel of Southern life in the days of the planters.
- The Ollivant Orphans.** By Inez Haynes Gillmore. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.
Two years in the life of a "down and out" family of six orphans. The characters are very modern in their attitude towards life and in their expressions.
- The Passionate Crime.** By E. Temple Thurston. New York: D. Appleton & Company. \$1.30 net.
A picture of old Ireland with its superstition, its romance, and its tragedy.
- The Path of Life.** By Stijn Streuvels. Translated from the West-Flemish by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.50 net.
The author, whose work for the first time appears in English, is accepted in Belgium and Holland as the most distinguished contemporary Low-Dutch writer. This book of short stories describes life in Flanders.
- The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck.** A Comedy of Limitations. By James Branch Cabell. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. \$1.35 net.
A romance of Virginia and the old South that is rapidly disappearing.
- Rocher Fendu.** By John Lovell Rice. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.35 net.
An historical novel of the Revolutionary War period, with scenes laid about Lake Champlain.
- A Rogue by Compulsion.** An Affair of the Secret Service. By Victor Bridges. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35 net.
Stirring action in the Secret Service.
- The Rose of Youth.** By Elinor Mordaunt. New York: The John Lane Company. \$1.35 net.
The efforts of an inspired youth toward the realisation of his dreams.
- Russian Silhouettes: More Stories of Russian Life.** By Anton Tchekoff. Translated from the Russian by Marian Fell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.35 net.
Short stories of contemporary Russian life, a number of which are devoted especially to child life.
- Secret History, Revealed** by Lady Peggy O'Malley. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. \$1.35 net.
A story of international diplomacy and intrigue, and with many adventures. A love story with an Irish heroine.
- Spragge's Canyon.** A Character Study. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.25 net.
Love and adventure on a California ranch.
- The Star Rover.** By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.
The attempt of the hero to free his spirit from his body, and his adventures covering long lapses of years in strange lands among strange people. Incidentally the author's ability to describe suffering and cruelty is enlisted in behalf of prison reform.

- Steve Yeager. By William MacLeod Raine. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.
Romance and adventure among cow-punchers and the members of a film company near the Mexican border.
- The Stirrup Latch. By Sidney McCall. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. \$1.35 net.
An old Southern home is the setting for this story of a conflict between early Victorian and ultra-modern ideals.
- Ten Degrees Backward. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.25 net.
The love story of a man of forty-five and a girl of eighteen in rustic England.
- The Three Things. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 50 cents net.
Illustrating the spiritual effect of the war upon individuals, and also gives the author an opportunity to voice her indignation against the German idea.
- The Thirty-nine Steps. By John Buchan. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.25 net.
The adventures of an explorer in matching wits against a band of spies.
- Unrest. A Story of the Struggle for Bread. By W. R. Parr. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.25 net.
The problem of human worry among the labouring classes in their struggle for a living, with a discussion of the underlying causes of poverty. The characters are taken from the different classes in whom have been aroused a social conscience.
- Why, Theodora! By Sarah Warder MacConnell. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
An intimate study of the soul of the heroine.
- Wings of Danger. By Arthur A. Nelson. New York: Robert T. McBride & Company. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.
An adventure story of treasure and a lost city.
- The Yellow Dove. By George Gibbs. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
A story of the activities of the Secret Service in war.
- Young Hilda At the Wars. By Arthur H. Gleason. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.00 net.
A Red Cross Ambulance Corps at the farthest outposts of danger in Belgium.
- Juvenile**
- The Apple Tree Sprite. By Margaret Warner Morley. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. \$1.10 net.
- The good times of some children on an apple-orchard farm.
- Beth Anne Herself. By Pemberton Ginther. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.
The story of an artist's daughter who likes to paint and write plays.
- The Boy Scouts of Snow-Shoe Lodge. By Rupert Sargent Holland. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
A story of life and adventure in a boys' winter camp in the Adirondack Mountains.
- The Boy with the U. S. Life-Savers. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.
Rescue work by the Coast Guards.
- Bunny Rabbit's Diary. By Mary Frances Blaisdell. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. 50 cents net.
A story of the adventures of the rabbit family for very little children.
- Children's Book of Thanksgiving Stories. Edited by Asa Don Dickinson. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. \$1.25 net.
An attempt to gather into one volume some of the best stories of Thanksgiving Day for children.
- Clearing the Seas. By Donal Hamilton Haines. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
The story of a supposed naval war between the United States and a foreign power. There are submarine fights, an attempt to destroy the Panama Canal, and a great battle between the two fleets.
- Deal Woods. By Latta Griswold. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.
Adventures at school and in exploring the woods.
- Fairy Tales Every Child Should Know. Edited by Hamilton Wright Mabie. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.
A selection of the best known of the standard fairy tales. Illustrated in colour and in silhouette by Mary Hamilton Frye.
- The Fur Trail Adventurers. By Dillon Wallace. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.
Outdoor life in the Thunder Bay District in the far North.
- Helen and the Fifth Cousins. By Beth Bradford Gilchrist. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. \$1.25 net.
The adventures of the members of a girls' club in finding some relations for an orphan girl.
- The Home Book of Verse for Young Folks. Selected and Arranged by Burton Egbert Stevenson. New York: Henry Holt & Company. \$2.00 net.

- A selection of verses of past and present masters of English.
- The Hosts of the Air: The Story of a Quest in the Great War.** By Joseph A. Altsheler. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.30 net.
- A story of the second phase of the European war. The hero is an American boy.
- In the Great Wild North.** By D. Lange. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.
- A story of adventures with Indians and wild life.
- Jack Straw, Lighthouse Builder.** By Irving Crump. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.
- Lighthouse building, adventures on the seas with lobster pirates, and shipwrecks.
- Jane Stuart at Rivercroft.** By Grace M. Remick. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
- A jolly country house party during the summer, with plenty of out-door activities.
- Joe Manning.** By Irving Williams. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
- A story for boys dealing with high school life in the Middle West.
- The Junior Parish.** By Herbert W. Lathe. New York: American Tract Society. \$1.00 net.
- Talks by a pastor to the children of his congregation. The subjects are religious and moral lessons.
- The Kingdom of the Winding Road.** By Cornelia Meigs. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.
- Fairy stories with an atmosphere of the Middle Ages.
- A Maid of '76.** By Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.
- Adventures during the Revolutionary War, both in America and in London.
- Mount Minsi Fairies.** By Charles K. Meschter. Boston: Richard G. Badger. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.
- A description, in verse, of a tour in fairy chariots through the Delaware Water Gap and among some of the scenic beauties of Pennsylvania.
- The Pig Brother Play Book.** By Laura E. Richards. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 50 cents net.
- The author's stories for children arranged for acting by the children themselves.
- Pogány Nursery Book Series.** New York: McBride, Nast & Company. 50 cents net each.
- The first four books of the series: *The Gingerbread Man*, *Little Mother Goose*, *Cinderella* and *The Children of Japan*.
- Stories and familiar rhymes for little children. Illustrated in colour by Willy Pogány.
- Prisoners of War.** By Everett T. Tomlinson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.
- A story of the Civil War continuing the adventures of the heroes of *The Young Sharpshooter* and *The Young Sharpshooter of Antietam*.
- Really Truly Fairy Stories.** By Helen S. Woodruff. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.00 net.
- Stories of the fairies in woods, stream and field.
- The Red Arrow: An Indian Tale.** By Elmar Russell Gregor. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.
- The exploits of two Indian boys in the West in the days of the buffalo and the red-man.
- Sandsv's Pal.** By Gardner Hunting. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
- A story of a boy's trials and his friendships.
- Shoe and Stocking Stories.** By Elinor Mordaunt. New York: John Lane Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
- Short fairy stories for little children.
- The Scissors Book.** By William Ludlum. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.
- A book of pictures to be cut out, with appropriate descriptive verses.
- The Sleepy-Song Book.** Music by H. A. Campbell. Words by Eugene Field, May Byron and Florence Campbell. New York: McBride, Nast & Company. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.
- A book of lullabies—verses, music and delightful pictures.
- Smuggler's Island and the Devil Fires of San Moros.** By Clarissa A. Kneeland. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
- The story of a modern Swiss Family Robinson.
- Surprise Island.** By James H. Kennedy. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. 50 cents net.
- The strange experiences of a little girl during a vacation spent on a small island near her grandfather's home.
- Suzanna Stirs the Fire.** By Emily Calvin Blake. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
- The child heroine radiates sunshine and happiness.
- Tell-Me-Why Stories About Colour and Sound.** By C. H. Claudy. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
- Questions answered for children regarding the origins of art and music.

The Three Gays. By Ethel C. Brown. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. 80 cents net.

Three city children learn the delights of a winter spent in the country.

The Trail of Black Hawk. By Paul G. Tomlinson. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.30 net.

Indian adventures in the early days of our history.

Two American Boys in the War Zone. By L. Worthington Green. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

The boys were caught in Russia at the outbreak of the present war and had to get out over the Caucasus. They encountered the dangers of war, of bandits, and of mountaineering.

The Water Babies. By Charles Kingsley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

A gift book edition with illustrations in colour and black and white by W. Heath Robinson.

History

The Fighting Cheyennes. By George Bird Grinnell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50 net.

A history of one of the most important of Indian tribes whose relations have involved most of the other Western Indians.

French Memories of Eighteenth-Century America. By Charles H. Sherrill. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

A discussion, derived from contemporary memories, of the French idea of early American life.

High Lights of the French Revolution. By Hilaire Belloc. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$3.00 net.

Essays upon the most outstanding moments of this period of history.

Modern Austria: Her Racial and Social Problems. With a Study of Italia Irredenta. By Virginio Gayda. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$3.00 net.

A study of Austria just before the outbreak of the war, with emphasis upon the struggle between the feudal aristocracy of German extraction and the popular movements towards racial autonomy and democracy.

The Normans in European History. By Charles H. Haskins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.00 net.

An attempt to give a connected story of Norman achievement in the various parts of Europe.

Readings in American History. By David Saville Muzzey. Boston: Ginn & Company. \$1.50.

A source book covering the different

phases and aspects of the development of America as a nation.

Source Problems in English History. By Albert Beebe White and Wallace Notestein. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.30.

Emphasis is placed upon the development of the English government and upon the connection between English institutions and those of New England.

Travel and Description

Australian Byways. The Narrative of a Sentimental Traveler. By Norman Duncan. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. \$1.75 net.

A leisurely account of the author's trip along the outskirts of Australian civilisation. The journey was principally by stage-coach, on camel-back, or on small coastal steamers from western Australia to New Guinea.

Fountains of Papal Rome. By Mrs. Charles MacVeagh. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.

Their history and art.

In Vacation America. By Harrison Rhodes. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

Winter and summer, spring, mountain, seashore, and country resorts described.

The Log of the *Snark*. By Charmian Kittedge London. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$2.50.

Mrs. Jack London describes her experiences on the recent *Snark* trip.

The Lion Hunter. By Ronaleyn Gordon-Cumming. In the Days When All South Africa Was Virgin Hunting Field. Edited by Horace Kephart. New York: Outing Publishing Company. \$1.00 net.

The impressions of an Englishman hunting in South Africa in the early half of the last century. During his wanderings he encountered Livingstone.

Old Concord. By Allen French. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. \$3.00 net.

Concord's historic and literary associations combined with anecdotes of its characters and events.

Old Roads from the Heart of New York: Journeys To-day by Ways of Yesterday. Within Thirty Miles Around the Battery. By Sarah Comstock. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.

The author follows, one by one, by ferries and roads most nearly corresponding to the routes of earlier days, the trails of historic and literary interest in the vicinity of New York City.

Sailor and Beachcomber. Confessions of a Life at Sea, in Australia and Amid the Islands of the Pacific. By A. Safromi-

Middleton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated.

The experiences of the author during the first four or five years of his life abroad.

Storied Italy. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$3.50 net.

The author relates further reminiscences, traditions, and historical events of Italy.

We Discover New England. By Louise Closser Hale. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

Mr. and Mrs. Hale toured New England and now describe the interesting and picturesque places and their experiences en route.

Biography

Court Life from Within. By H. R. H., the Infanta Eulalia of Spain. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.

The aunt of the King of Spain describes her life and her circle at the Spanish Court. A convert to democratic ideals, her book is interspersed with observations and comments.

In the Footprints of Napoleon: His Life and Its Famous Scenes. By James Morgan. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$2.50.

The career of Napoleon described chronologically with especial emphasis upon his personal actions and surroundings.

The Life and Letters of John Hay. By William Roscoe Thayer. 2 Volumes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$5.00 net.

A personal biography drawn from Hay's letters, documents in the Department of State, and from the files of his official colleagues and friends. The work also includes personal recollections of friends who knew him in middle and later life.

Memories of a Publisher. 1865-1915. By George Haven Putnam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00 net.

The author continues his personal reminiscences from 1865, the date to which had been brought the narrative in his earlier book, *Memories of My Youth*. It contains also some record of the undertakings of the Putnam firm from 1872.

My Childhood. By Maxim Gorky. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

An exposition of the life and intimate feelings of the author during his childhood and early boyhood amidst the sordid surroundings of Russian peasant life.

Pleasures and Palaces. The Memoirs of Princess Lazarevich - Hreblianovich

(Eleanor Calhoun). New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$3.00 net.

The author, the wife of a Serbian statesman, recalls her earlier life on the stage, and among European society.

George Washington, Farmer. By Paul Le-land Haworth. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$1.50 net.

An account of Washington's home life and agricultural activities.

Feminism

Woman and Home. By Orison Swett Marden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. \$1.25 net.

A discussion of woman's relation to the modern world and of her future opportunities.

General Works, Miscellaneous

The Canadian Commonwealth. By Agnes C. Laut. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$1.50 net.

An interpretation of the people of Canada, their problems, and their international relations.

Dog Stars: Three Luminaries in the Dog World. By Mrs. T. P. O'Connor. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

The author tells of her personal experiences with her companions of the dog world.

Drink and Be Sober. By Vance Thompson. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. \$1.00 net.

Common sense advice on the question of alcohol for the individual.

Early American Craftsmen. By Walter A. Dyer. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$2.40 net.

The personalities and work of American craftsmen—in architecture, carving, cabinet making, glassware, etc.

Gridiron Nights. Humorous and Satirical views of Politics and Statesmen as Presented by The Famous Dining Club. By Arthur Wallace Dunn. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Illustrated. \$5.00 net.

The entertainments and events during thirty years of the Gridiron Club, a political organization at Washington.

Little Verses and Big Names. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$2.00 net.

From the foreword: "The proceeds from the sale of this book will be devoted to providing pure milk for sick babies and the maintenance of a Visiting Nurse." A miscellaneous collection of rhymes, anecdotes, aphorisms, etc., by many prominent Americans in all walks of life.

THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of September and the first of October.

FICTION		
CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York.....	"K"	The Money Master
Albany, N. Y.....	Hempfield	Dear Enemy
Atlanta, Ga.....	Felix O'Day	Shadows of Flames
Baltimore, Md.....	Felix O'Day	"K"
Birmingham, Ala.....	Michael O'Halloran	Mr. Bingle
Boston, Mass.....	Felix O'Day	The Story of Julia Page
Boston, Mass.....	Felix O'Day	Eltham House
Chicago, Ill.....	Michael O'Halloran	Pollyanna Grows Up
Chicago, Ill.....	Michael O'Halloran	The Heart of the Sunset
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	The Crimson Gondola	The Money Master
Cleveland, O.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Dallas, Tex.....	Michael O'Halloran	Felix O'Day
Denver, Colo.....	Michael O'Halloran	A Far Country
Detroit, Mich.....	"K"	Michael O'Halloran
Houston, Tex.....	Felix O'Day	Jaffery
Indianapolis, Ind.....	Michael O'Halloran	The Story of Julia Page
Kansas City, Mo.....	"K"	Felix O'Day
Los Angeles, Cal.....	Jerusalem	Making Money
Louisville, Ky.....	Michael O'Halloran	Felix O'Day
Memphis, Tenn.....	Felix O'Day	The Lovable Meddler
Milwaukee, Wis.....	Michael O'Halloran	A Far Country
Minneapolis, Minn.....	"K"	Michael O'Halloran
New Haven, Conn.....	Felix O'Day	The Story of Julia Page
New Orleans, La.....	"K"	The Heart of the Sunset
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	The Money Master	Michael O'Halloran
Portland, Me.....	Michael O'Halloran	Felix O'Day
Portland, Ore.....	Michael O'Halloran	The Money Master
Providence, R. I.....	Felix O'Day	The Lost Prince
Richmond, Va.....	The Lovable Meddler	"Me"
Rochester, N. Y.....	Felix O'Day	Michael O'Halloran
St. Louis, Mo.....	"K"	Felix O'Day
St. Louis, Mo.....	Michael O'Halloran	Pollyanna Grows Up
St. Paul, Minn.....	Michael O'Halloran	The Heart of the Sunset
San Francisco, Cal....	The Freeland	Felix O'Day
San Francisco, Cal....	The Story of Julia Page	Michael O'Halloran
Seattle, Wash.....	The Story of Julia Page	The Rim of the Desert
Spokane, Wash.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Tacoma, Wash.....	"K"	The Heart of the Sunset
Toledo, Ohio.....	The Money Master	The Lost Prince
Toronto, Ont.....	Michael O'Halloran	A Far Country
Utica, N. Y.....	"K"	The Story of Julia Page
Waco, Tex.....	The Heart of the Sunset	Michael O'Halloran
Washington, D. C.....	"K"	Michael O'Halloran
Washington, D. C.....	The Story of Julia Page	"K"
Worcester, Mass.....	Michael O'Halloran	Felix O'Day

(Continued)

FICTION			
3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
God's Man	The Heart of the Sunset	Why Not?	The Foolish Virgin
The Heart of the Sunset	Prudence of the Parson-	Nobody	Michael O'Halloran
"K"	"Me"		
My Lady of the Chinese	A Far Country	The Money Master	The Heart of the Sunset
Courtyard		Eltham House	Michael O'Halloran
The Heart of the Sunset	The Money Master		
The Money Master	The Lost Prince	The Rainbow Trail	Making Money
The High Priestess	Michael O'Halloran	Around Old Chester	The High Priestess
Little Shepherd of Bar-	"K"	The Money Master	"K"
gain Row		A Far Country	Mr. Bingle
"K"	Mr. Bingle		
Felix O'Day	Michael O'Halloran	Felix O'Day	The Money Master
The Story of Julia Page	The Money Master	When My Ship Comes In	Dick Devereux
The Money Master	A Far Country	"Me"	Crevice
Pollyanna Grows Up	The Money Master	Pollyanna Grows Up	Eltham House
A Far Country	The Money Master	Felix O'Day	The Heart of the Sunset
Mr. Bingle	The Money Master	The Story of Julia Page	Pollyanna Grows Up
The Money Master	On Trial	Why Not?	Shadows of Flames
Research Magnificent	Research Magnificent	The Freeland	Felix O'Day
God's Man	Michael O'Halloran	A Far Country	Jaffery
The Money Master	The Money Master	Felix O'Day	Research Magnificent
"K"	Mr. Bingle	The Heart of the Sunset	The Rainbow Trail
Mr. Bingle	The Money Master	The Heart of the Sunset	Thirty
Research Magnificent	The Heart of the Sunset	Making Money	The Lost Prince
"K"	"Me"	The Story of Julia Page	Felix O'Day
Michael O'Halloran	Michael O'Halloran	The Heart of the Sunset	The Money Master
Felix O'Day	The Foolish Virgin	Eltham House	Felix O'Day
Felix O'Day	The Foolish Virgin	Way of These Women	The Money Master
"K"	Research Magnificent	Ruggles of Red Gap	The Heart of the Sunset
A Far Country	The Rainbow Trail	The Money Master	Hempfield
The Freeland	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Heart of the Sunset	The Foolish Virgin
Shadows of Flames	The Rainbow Trail	Hempfield	Eltham House
The Heart of Sunset	"K"	The Story of Julia Page	A Far Country
Prudence of the Parson-	A Far Country	The Money Master	The Story of Julia Page
age	The Heart of the Sunset	The Rainbow Trail	The Lost Prince
Research Magnificent			
Felix O'Day	The Genius	The Lovable Meddler	Shadows of Flames
Michael O'Halloran	"K"	The Rainbow Trail	The Freeland
Felix O'Day	"K"	The Rainbow Trail	The Heart of the Sunset
Michael O'Halloran	The Money Master	The Freeland	"K"
A Far Country	The Heart of the Sunset	Felix O'Day	Emma McChesney & Co.
The Rainbow Trail	The Heart of the Sunset	"Me"	The Rim of the Desert
Dear Enemy	Thirty	The Money Master	A Far Country
The Money Master	Eltham House	Making Money	"K"
Felix O'Day	The Story of Julia Page	"K"	Ames of the Island
The Inner Law	Michael O'Halloran	Thankful's Inheritance	Making Money
The Story of Julia Page	The Foolish Virgin	The Landloper	Thirty
Research Magnificent	Research Magnificent	Felix O'Day	Shadows of Flames
The Rainbow Trail	The Money Master	The Rainbow Trail	The Heart of the Sunset
	Straight Down the	Eltham House	"K"
	Crooked Lane		

SALE OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library, Circulation Department, reports books most in demand, excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending October 6th:

1. Defenseless America. Maxim.
2. Village Life in America. Clarke.
3. Socialised Germany. Howe.
4. The South Americans. Koebel.
5. Tennis as I Play It. McLoughlin.

For the week ending October 13th:

1. With the German Armies in the West. Hedin.
2. Escape and Other Essays. Benson.
3. The World in the Crucible. Parker.
4. Belgium's Agony. Verhaeren.
5. Socialised Germany. Howe.
6. The Peace of the World. Wells.

For the week ending October 20th:

1. Defenseless America. Maxim.
2. Ivory Apes and Peacocks. Hunger.
3. Socialised Germany. Howe.
4. The World in the Crucible. Parker.
5. What Is Back of the War. Beveridge.
6. When a Man Comes to Himself. Wilson.

For the week ending October 27th:

1. The World in the Crucible. Parker.
2. Current Economic Problems. Hamilton.
3. My Childhood. Gorky.
4. Contemporary Portraits. Harris.
5. Development of the Drama. Matthews.
6. Within Prison Walls. Osborne.

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

The Pentecost of Calamity. Wister.
 I Accuse! (J'Accuse!) Anon.
 When a Man Comes to Himself. Wilson.
 Eat and Grow Thin. Thompson.
 The Life of John Hay. Thayer.
 The Note-Book of an Attaché. Wood.

Spoon River Anthology. Masters.
 North of Boston. Frost.
 The Secrets of the Hohenzollerns. Graves.
 Peg Along. Walton.
 Chief Contemporary Dramatists. Dickinson.
 Alaska Days with John Muir. Young.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 502 and 503) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives	10
" " " 2d " " " "	8
" " " 3d " " " "	7
" " " 4th " " " "	6
" " " 5th " " " "	5
" " " 6th " " " "	4

SEE GUIDE FOR BUYERS
 Page 55, Advertising Section

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Michael O'Halloran. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.....	285
2. Felix O'Day. Smith (Scribner.) \$1.35	225
3. "K." Rinehart. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.35	210
4. The Money Master. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.....	164
5. The Heart of the Sunset. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.....	133
6. The Story of Julia Page. Norris. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.....	101

likely to prove a bore. So his reply, though dutiful, was without enthusiasm. It elicited the telegram: "Not Tarkington, but Tarkington."

...

The first time that the grave, young, important Senior saw the Responsibility that was thrust upon him, the Responsi-



Courtesy of the Princeton Alumni Weekly
BOOTH TARKINGTON, '93, AS CASSIUS AND
SHIRRELL NORTON MCWILLIAMS, '94, AS
CAESAR IN "THE HONOURABLE JULIUS
CAESAR," WRITTEN BY MR. TARKINGTON
AND POST WHEELER, '91, AND PRESENTED
BY THE PRINCETON DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION
IN THE "GOLDEN NINETIES." MR.
MCWILLIAMS IS NOW A SOMEWHAT AUSTERE
GENTLEMAN RESIDING IN BUFFALO,
NEW YORK, WHO WILL PROBABLY ANSWER
AMIABLY IF ADDRESSED AS "SKINNY"

bility was smoking cigarettes. To-day the memory suggests to Mr. Williams the figure of the pathetic and sickly looking "Bibbs" of the early chapters of *The Turmoil*. "I gave him six months to live."

He was woefully gaunt, almost cadaverous, and had a concave chest. It always made me feel as if it had been sprung by one of his spasmodic exhalations of cigarette smoke so that the breastbone hit the

backbone and stuck there, like a pair of collapsed bellows. That was over a quarter of a century ago, but I may add that until comparatively modern times, six months has been the usual limit allowed him, not only by anxious friends, who of course don't understand such things, but by famous physicians in Paris, Rome and New York, who, of course, have scientific knowledge. And Tarkington, being the kindest, most imaginatively considerate person in the world, feels a real sense of shame and sorrow whenever he meets any of these famous scientists face to face. For he has a convex figure now, and can stand longer hours of work than any member of the author's trade union.

...

A year or so ago Mr. S. S. McClure, in his *Autobiography*, pointed to himself as the discoverer of Booth Tarkington because he had brought out *The Gentleman from Indiana*. That is a claim that Mr. Williams feels inclined to dispute. He is the original claimant and he can offer documentary evidence. "It was I," he says, "who made him write his first short story. If he had not written his first short story, how could he have written his first novel? Indeed, in *The Gentleman from Indiana* one of the scenes and some of the minor characters, if I am not mistaken, were spun from that yarn. It was called 'The Better Man' or something of that sort, and it was written in the top floor of the south wing of University Hall in competition for a prize offered by the editors of the *Nassau Literary Magazine*.

I had told Tarkington that I thought maybe he could write, and that, yes, I really meant it. He did not seem to think so, but I told him, most kindly, that you never can tell till you try. In short, I was probably as patronising as became my superior rank as a Senior and an editor. He was a Fresh-Junior and nobody in particular—as yet. But that doesn't matter. He wrote a story, and it was a good one. It won the competition and the prize was fifteen dollars. Thus encouraged, he has been writing ever since. In short, I began his career for him.

To coach the Responsibility about "College Life" was Mr. Williams's duty. But the Responsibility did not need coaching very long. He took to the life as naturally as a bird to flying, found his wings at once, and soared high. He became "Tark" to the campus just as he has since become "Tark" to

so many in the wider world. That *Lit* prize was but one of many honours. He could sing and he could act. He made the Glee Club and the Triangle Club. He not only wrote but drew, became an editor of the *Lit* and of the *Tiger*, too. It was quite unprecedented in those days to belong to two editorial boards at once.



NEWTON BOOTH TARKINGTON TO-DAY. FROM HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPH

There was some conservative head shaking over it. But his design for the *Tiger* cover remained in active service until comparatively modern times. Here is a picture of "Tark" in the hours of ease.

A Saturday night. A crowd of us in the room he now shared with Big Murray. Somebody making a welsh rarebit, or something equally indigestible. Someone else



WELCOME TO INDIANAPOLIS. FROM A GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA

strumming a banjo. Two fellows roughhousing on the divan. The rest talking or "joshing," the usual Saturday night sort of thing, while Tarkington, occasionally joining in the conversation, is sitting in a corner, munching a piece of toast which he holds in one hand, while with the other, between bites, he is writing a poem for the delectation, and peradventure edification, of the latest deity who has dawned upon him at the last Prom. I can't recall where the cigarette was in that picture, but it must have been there.

...

In later years. A club in the small hours of the morning—the Players Club or the Princeton Club of New York, the University Club of Indianapolis, or any of a dozen more. The exact scene is unessential. A temporary lull in the talk or the music, and then from some

one the suggestion, "Make 'Tark' sing 'They're Hanging Danny Deever' or 'On the Road to Mandalay,'" and the cry goes up "Tark! Tark! Tark!" The cry goes back through the years. Mr. Williams tells of a night in the golden nineties.

It was out of doors. There was a crowd of us. It was quite late. Most of the campus was asleep. So it seemed a proper idea to make them realise what they were missing. Therefore we sang to them. And lo, they awoke. It became a concert. Soon from the pajamas on the balconies came loud cries for "Danny Deever." It was always difficult to make him perform; he always seemed sure that everyone was tired of him. But at last he succumbed. Now Tarkington's tune for this song of Kipling's was evolved from some music brought down to Princeton, by word of mouth as it were, by Max Farrand in our class, now head of the History Department at Yale, the department to which ex-President Taft has the honour to belong. Farrand borrowed it from his brother in '88, who got it from Richard Harding Davis, who, I believe, heard Kipling himself sing the song. How much it had been changed in transportation I do not know, but it always seemed to me, when sung by Tarkington, far better and more blood-curdling than the rather jolly martial air written by Walter Damrosch and sung by David Bispham. Well, it was quite late by this time and a very sultry night. Just when Tarkington with his bottomless voice rolled out his last and lowest "They are hangin' Danny Deever in the mo-arn-nin," a low peal of distant thunder joined in on the same key and rolled the note around the Heavens. It gave us all a most delicious thrill, and I don't believe that any of those who heard it have ever forgotten it.

...

Another recollection, which Mr. Williams suggests should be sent to the Society of Psychical Research.

One morning, early in his first year, Tarkington burst into our room looking pale and dishevelled and shaking more than usual. He would make a great movie actor; his features are so mobile. This morning they

"registered" fear. It was not acting, however. Sometime in the night he had been awakened by a most terrifying sense of an ominous presence in the room. "Something that knew everything that I knew!" he said, "and from which there was no escape." He

was rooming alone at the time. Then gradually he became aware that there was something else in the room, on the floor, at the threshold, and that this thing was dead. With these two horrors he waited until dawn. Then he distinctly saw, stretched



JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS. THE AUTHOR OF "THE MARRIED LIFE OF THE FREDERICK CARROLLS" HAS BEEN WRITING HIS EARLY IMPRESSIONS OF BOOTH TARKINGTON

across the doorway, the body of a woman dressed in cheap clothing. I noted particularly that he said "cheap clothing," and he added, I remember, "Her cheek was flattened against the floor like the body of a cat that has been dead in the alley for a long while." In the course of time it faded away, and then he rushed over to tell me about it.



GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, THE AUTHOR OF "ANOTHER BOOK ON THE THEATRE"

But the most interesting part is that up to this time he had never heard that University Hall had formerly been University Hotel, that the top wing where he now roomed had been the servants' quarters, that one of the maids, presumably dressed in "cheap clothing," had been murdered up there, and that his room was the scene of the crime.

...

Now, of the Tarkington of to-day, whom Mr. Williams regards as even more successful as a friend than as a writer. His dominant trait is an apparent interest in everything and everybody.

There are always crowds hanging around him, not only old friends who want to extri-

cate him so that he can talk to *them*, not only young writers, who are convinced that he is crazy to read their new second acts, and publishers who are determined to get his next serial, but all sorts of people who want to give him presents or borrow money or hear him tell stories.

It is always interesting at his clubs to observe how the crowd brightens and beams when he comes in. He is not only a good story-teller, but that much rarer thing, a good story getter. He is continually having comic encounters, remarkable adventures. He seldom repeats "anecdotes." But I should rather hear him tell about "an amusing occurrence" than any one I know. He is always finding new ones, and when he tells them they always "get over."

Even his replies to ordinary questions are full of character and colour. After *The Gentleman from Indiana* had made its hit, and Mansfield put on *Beaucaire* and that made a hit, I said to him one day, "Now, I hope you're going to stay in New York for awhile." His reply was a most charming satire upon himself: "Oh, I'll stay here till I get it all nicely spent."

...

There died, in his eighty-third year, on Thanksgiving Day, at his home in Trenton, New Jersey, *The Composer* where for over forty of "Old Nassau" years he had lived and taught music, Karl Langlotz, the composer of "Old Nassau," a song which is very close to the hearts of more than fifty classes of Princetonians. The story of his life and how he happened to write the song that made him famous has been told in the volume on "Old Nassau" published and edited a few years ago by Wilford Seymour Conrow. Born in Germany in 1834, the son of a musician at the Court of Saxe-Meiningen, and a teacher of the piano to the Duke, who was then the Crown Prince, from his earliest years Karl Langlotz devoted his life to music. He learned the violin and piano as a boy, studied at the Gymnasium Bernhardinum, and at seventeen was sent to Weimar, where he continued his music under Liszt and Joachim. While at

Weimar he played in the orchestra when Wagner himself conducted, in the first production of *Lohengrin*. At nineteen Langlotz came to America and for two years taught music in Philadelphia, playing also in concerts. During his stay in that city he met, and on January

tinued for eleven years. He also played the chapel organ and organised "The Nassau Maennerchor," composed of students, who gave concerts in Princeton and in the nearby towns. In 1859 the *Lit* offered a prize for a college song. The prize was won by the late Harlan



THE LATE KARL LANGLOTZ

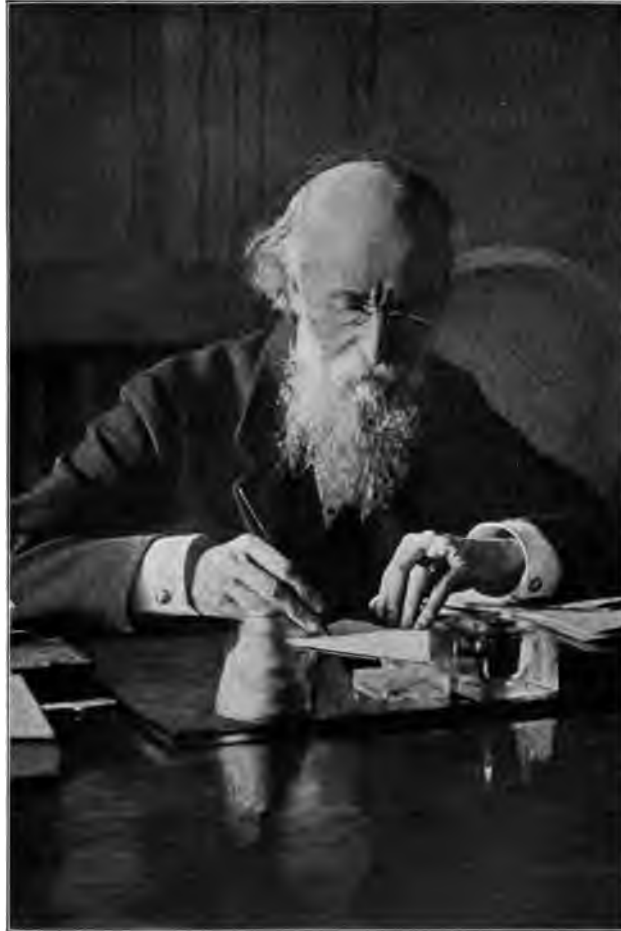
10, 1856, married, Miss Emma Rae. The day after his wedding he went to Princeton as a private teacher of music. There he also taught the students fencing. In his autobiography in Mr. Conrow's book he said: "I think that with my fencing class I may lay claim to the honour of being the first, or among the first, to introduce athletics into Princeton College life."

...

In 1857 President Maclean appointed Mr. Langlotz to an instructorship in German, and in this position he con-

tinued for eleven years. He also played the chapel organ and organised "The Nassau" was first sung to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," but this air proved unsuitable, and Langlotz was urged to compose original music. How the music was written is told by the composer himself in his autobiography.

During the winter and spring of the year 1859, some of the seniors and tutors used to meet with me in a little old house on William Street, just east of the college grounds, where we used to smoke and sing college songs over our glass of beer. When "Old



LYMAN ABBOTT

Nassau" was written, we tried to sing it to the air of "Auld Lang Syne," but found this utterly unsuitable. Mr. W. C. Stitt ['56], one of the company, . . . suggested that I should write original music to the words. I agreed, thinking the proposal and my agreement would vanish like the smoke from our pipes. I took the words, however, promising to compose the music sometime,—and then thought no more about it. But my memory was strengthened from day to day by Stitt, who requested it for "to-morrow." That day was long dawning. At last his determination brought me up to the mark. I was living in a house opposite the large entrance leading into the park of the late Judge Field,

now owned by Professor Allan Marquand. [This house, on Mercer Street, is still standing.] There I was sitting on my front porch smoking my peaceful pipe, when the energetic Stitt arrived on the scene, and asked me in an off-hand way if I had anything particular to do that afternoon. I answered "No." Immediately he produced pencil and music-paper, saying, "Here is the 'To-morrow' so long promised. Here is 'Old Nassau.' Now *do* as you promised, and put the music to it." I *did* write the music then and there, with Stitt standing guard over me. When it was at last finished, I handed it to him, thinking I would never hear of it again.

We think a great number of Princeton men will be surprised to learn that "Old Nassau," as originally written by Harlan Page Peck, was composed of seven verses, three more than are now included in the version generally sung. The verses that have been retained are the first, second, sixth, and seventh. Those that have been discarded are as follows:

No flow'ry chaplet would we twine
To wither and decay;
The gems that sparkle in her crown
Shall never pass away!

Their sheen forever shall impart
A zeal beyond compare;
And fire each ardent, youthful heart,
To boldly do and dare!

No earthly honours we bequeath,
For Truth is her great law;
And Virtue's amaranthine wreath,
Shall speak for "Old Nassau"!

• • •

To those days before International Copyright came to protect the rights of the English author in the United States, and **According to** the United States, and **Their Lights** incidentally to protect much more the rights of the American author who was obliged to compete with his English rival upon very unequal terms, we are in the habit of ascribing an utter disregard for the rights of others, thinking of the period as one in which American publishers in general boldly hoisted the black flag of piracy. As a matter of fact there was an unwritten law, known as the courtesy of the trade, which was rather scrupulously observed. By this law, if a low, rakish craft carrying the flag of one publisher had seized upon a prize sailing from a certain English port, all the other low, rakish craft were warned to keep hands off vessels from the same port. In other words, when a publisher had established his claim to an English author, the property was supposed to be definitely his. In the pursuit of fresh prey American publishers were guided by the columns of the London *Athen-*

æum, which contained fresh announcements of forthcoming books. From that and other sources the publisher obtained the names of the books that he wanted to publish and announced his intention to publish them by advertisement in the New York *Commercial Advertiser*. The first announcement in that paper was held to constitute a claim. There were, of course, the inevitable complications, and when one publisher invaded what another regarded as his territory reprisals were considered to be perfectly legitimate. The publication of Froude's *Carlyle* started a curious controversy. The Scribners were the recognised American publishers of Froude; and the Harpers were the recognised American publishers of Carlyle. Each house felt itself to be entitled to the new book, one basing its claim upon the author and the other upon the subject.

• • •

A light upon the manner in which magazine articles were prepared in those days is thrown in the *Reminiscences* of Lyman Abbott, published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. In his work as a magazine writer Dr. Abbott learned a lesson from his father, which, he says, has exerted a controlling influence upon him in his editorial life. Mr. Fletcher Harper had asked Dr. Abbott to write an article for *Harper's Magazine* on ocean steamship travel. "When I declined," records Dr. Abbott, "he requested me to ask my father to write it. This I did. 'Why do you not write the article yourself?' asked my father. 'Because I know nothing of the subject,' was my reply. 'Then,' said he, 'you are just the one to write it; for the chief object of a popular magazine article is to give knowledge of a subject to people who are wholly ignorant of it. To do that he must know both the subject and the condition of ignorance. If he is familiar with the condition of ignorance, he can make himself acquainted with the subject, but if he is thoroughly familiar with the subject it is almost impossible for him to acquaint himself with the condition of ignorance.'"

Mr. Clement K. Shorter has been taking Mr. George Haven Putnam to task because Mr. Putnam, in his *Memoirs of an American Publisher*, declares that in 1870 it was not easy to interest any large number of British readers in the productions of American authors. "Why, in 1870," says Mr. Shorter, "if my information is not very much astray, the great English middle class was absorbed in American authors; and it was certainly so when I commenced to devour books not many years later. It is true that they were pirated editions, but this does not affect the argument. I was brought up on Cooper and Poe, on Longfellow and Lowell, on Mark Twain and Bret Harte, on *Queechy* and *The Wide, Wide World*, on Prescott and Motley. Between 1870 and 1880 Longfellow was far more popular with the English masses than Tennyson, partly because he was cheaper, partly because he made an appeal to more elementary emotions. And since the introduction of copyright, American authors have never ceased to receive a royal welcome. Instance Robert Chambers, Gertrude Atherton, Harold Frederic, and a long list of others, ending with Mary Johnston and the astonishingly popular author of *Freckles*. It is the same with other phases of literature—as, for example, the works of Captain Mahan."

...

In the closing months of 1914 Harold Bell Wright's *The Eyes of the World* had maintained a steady supremacy in the lists, other conspicuous contenders being Owen Johnson's *The Salamander*, Rex Beach's *The Auction Block*, George Barr McCutcheon's *The Prince of Graustark*, and Marjorie Benton Cooke's *Bambi*. With the first month of the new year *The Eyes of the World* was still comfortably in the lead with a total of 216 points. In second place was Ralph Connor's *The Patrol of the*

Sun Dance Trail, with Joseph C. Lincoln's *Kent Knowles*, "*Quahaug*," third. It was the first appearance of these two books in the lists. In fourth place was Florence Barclay's *The Wall of Partition*, with *The Prince of Graustark* fifth and *Bambi* sixth. Again first in February was the Harold Bell Wright book and again second was *The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail*. In point totals these novels were far ahead of all the others on the lists. Mrs. Barclay's book was third, Mr. Lincoln's book fourth, and Mr. McCutcheon's book fifth. In sixth place was a newcomer, *The Pastor's Wife*, which was published anonymously, but which since has been acknowledged as the work of the Countess von Arnim, the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*.

...

With the March issue came something of a shakeup. *The Eyes of the World* was in second place, having yielded the lead to Zane Grey's *The Lone Star Ranger*. *The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail* was third, a newcomer, E. Phillips Oppenheim's *Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo* fourth, and *The Pastor's Wife* and *Bambi* respectively fifth and sixth. The reign of *The Lone Star Ranger* was an exceedingly brief one. With the April list came Booth Tarkington's *The Turmoil* with the high point total of 352. Second was *The Lone Star Ranger*, with *The Eyes of the World* third, *Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo* fourth, *The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail* fifth, and a newcomer, Samuel Hopkins Adams's *The Clarion*, sixth. During 1914 the point record for any individual month was made by *The Eyes of the World* in the October list with 352 points. *The Turmoil* equalled that record in April, and in May exceeded it by more than fifty points, the actual total being 404. With the exception of *The Lone Star Ranger*, which was in sixth place, all the other books mentioned in previous lists had disappeared. Conan Doyle's new Sherlock Holmes story, *The Valley of Fear*, was in second place. Tied for third

and fourth positions were Robert W. Chambers's *Who Goes There!* and Temple Bailey's *Contrary Mary*. Ernest Poole's *The Harbour* was fifth. With the June list *The Turmoil* was still in first place with a total of 360 points, a margin of 107 points over Eleanor Porter's *Pollyanna Grows Up*. In third place was another newcomer, Henry Sydnor Harrison's *Angela's Business*. There had been a tie in May and there was another tie in June. Ernest Poole's *The Harbour* and Conan Doyle's *The Valley of Fear* each totalled 103 points and at that figure shared fourth and fifth places. The tie came near being a triple tie, for in sixth place, with 102 points, was Harry Leon Wilson's *Ruggles of Red Gap*.

• • •

Again it was the Booth Tarkington book that held the lead in the July list. But the margin of that lead was diminishing. In second place was *Pollyanna Grows Up*, with *Angela's Business* third, *Ruggles of Red Gap* fourth, *The Harbour* fifth, and Honore Willsie's *Still Jim* sixth. With the August list there came a new Winston Churchill book into the field. And the story of all the years that we have been compiling these lists shows that the appearance of a new Churchill book means the elimination of all other contenders so far as first place is concerned. *A Far Country's* point total for August was 453, almost fifty points more than *The Turmoil* had scored in May. In second place was W. J. Locke's *Jaffery*. While newcomers thus held the first two positions, the other places were occupied by old friends. *The Turmoil* was third, *Pollyanna Grows Up* fourth, *Ruggles of Red Gap* fifth, and *The Harbour* sixth. With the exception of fifth place the order for August was the order for September. 422 points were credited to the Winston Churchill book. Then came *Jaffery* and *The Turmoil*, and between *Pollyanna Grows Up* and *The Harbour*, in fourth and sixth places respectively, was Joseph C. Lincoln's *Thankful's Inheritance*.

By the time of the printing of the October lists the reign of *A Far Country* was at an end and *The Turmoil* had ceased to be a factor. *Michael O'Halloran*, the new Gene Stratton-Porter book, coming in full stride, assumed the lead with Mary Roberts Rinehart's "K." a very close second. *A Far Country* was third, *Jaffery* fourth, *Pollyanna Grows Up* fifth, while for sixth place there was the third tie of the year, between *The Harbour* and Leona Dalrymple's *The Loveable Meddler*. In November, *Michael O'Halloran*, "K.", and *A Far Country* were respectively first, second, and third. In fourth place was Sir Gilbert Parker's *The Money Master*. A new Zane Grey book, *The Rainbow Trail*, was fifth and *Pollyanna Grows Up* sixth. This incidentally was the sixth consecutive appearance of the Eleanor Porter book in the lists. In the December lists *Michael O'Halloran* was once more the leader, but "K." had to be content with third place. In second position was F. Hopkinson Smith's posthumous novel, *Felix O'Day*. *The Money Master* was fourth, while in fifth and six places were two newcomers, Rex Beach's *The Heart of the Sunset* and Kathleen Norris's *The Story of Julia Page*.

• • •

JANUARY

1. The Eyes of the World..... 216
2. The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail. 109
3. Kent Knowles, "Quahaug"..... 88
4. The Wall of Partition..... 75
5. The Prince of Graustark..... 70
6. Bambi 65

FEBRUARY

1. The Eyes of the World..... 267
2. The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail. 190
3. The Wall of Partition..... 77
4. Kent Knowles, "Quahaug"..... 62
5. The Prince of Graustark..... 60
6. The Pastor's Wife..... 59

MARCH

1. The Lone Star Ranger..... 236
2. The Eyes of the World..... 183
3. The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail. 148
4. Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo..... 126

MARCH—Continued

5. The Pastor's Wife..... 96
6. Bambi 63

APRIL

1. The Turmoil 352
2. The Lone Star Ranger..... 173
3. The Eyes of the World..... 135
4. Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo..... 96
5. The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail. 81
6. The Clarion..... 69

MAY

1. The Turmoil..... 404
2. The Valley of Fear..... 158
3. {Who Goes There!}
 {Contrary Mary } 99
5. The Harbour 78
6. The Lone Star Ranger..... 67

JUNE

1. The Turmoil..... 360
2. Pollyanna Grows Up..... 253
3. Angela's Business..... 222
5. {The Valley of Fear}
 {The Harbour } 103
6. Ruggles of Red Gap..... 102

JULY

1. The Turmoil..... 297
2. Pollyanna Grows Up..... 260
3. Angela's Business..... 191
4. Ruggles of Red Gap..... 139
5. The Harbour..... 118
6. Still Jim..... 105

AUGUST

1. A Far Country..... 453
2. Jaffery 233
3. The Turmoil..... 211
4. Pollyanna Grows Up..... 198
5. Ruggles of Red Gap..... 88
6. The Harbour..... 85

SEPTEMBER

1. A Far Country..... 422
2. Jaffery 266
3. The Turmoil..... 155
4. Pollyanna Grows Up..... 146
5. Thankful's Inheritance..... 131
6. The Harbour..... 95

OCTOBER

1. Michael O'Halloran..... 281
2. "K" 275
3. A Far Country..... 267
4. Jaffery 99

OCTOBER—Continued

5. Pollyanna Grows Up..... 95
6. {The Harbour
 {The Loveable Meddler}..... 69

NOVEMBER

1. Michael O'Halloran..... 385
2. "K." 285
3. A Far Country..... 169
4. The Money Master..... 124
5. The Rainbow Trail..... 116
6. Pollyanna Grows Up..... 79

DECEMBER

1. Michael O'Halloran..... 285
2. Felix O'Day..... 225
3. "K." 210
4. The Money Master..... 164
5. The Heart of the Sunset..... 133
6. The Story of Julia Page..... 101

SIX TIMES MENTIONED

The Turmoil, The Harbour, Pollyanna Grows Up.

FOUR TIMES MENTIONED

The Eyes of the World, The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail, A Far Country.

THREE TIMES MENTIONED

The Lone Star Ranger, Ruggles of Red Gap, Jaffery, Michael O'Halloran, "K."

TWICE MENTIONED

Kent Knowles, "Quahaug," The Wall of Partition, The Prince of Graustark, Bambi, The Pastor's Wife, Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo, The Valley of Fear, Angela's Business, The Money Master.

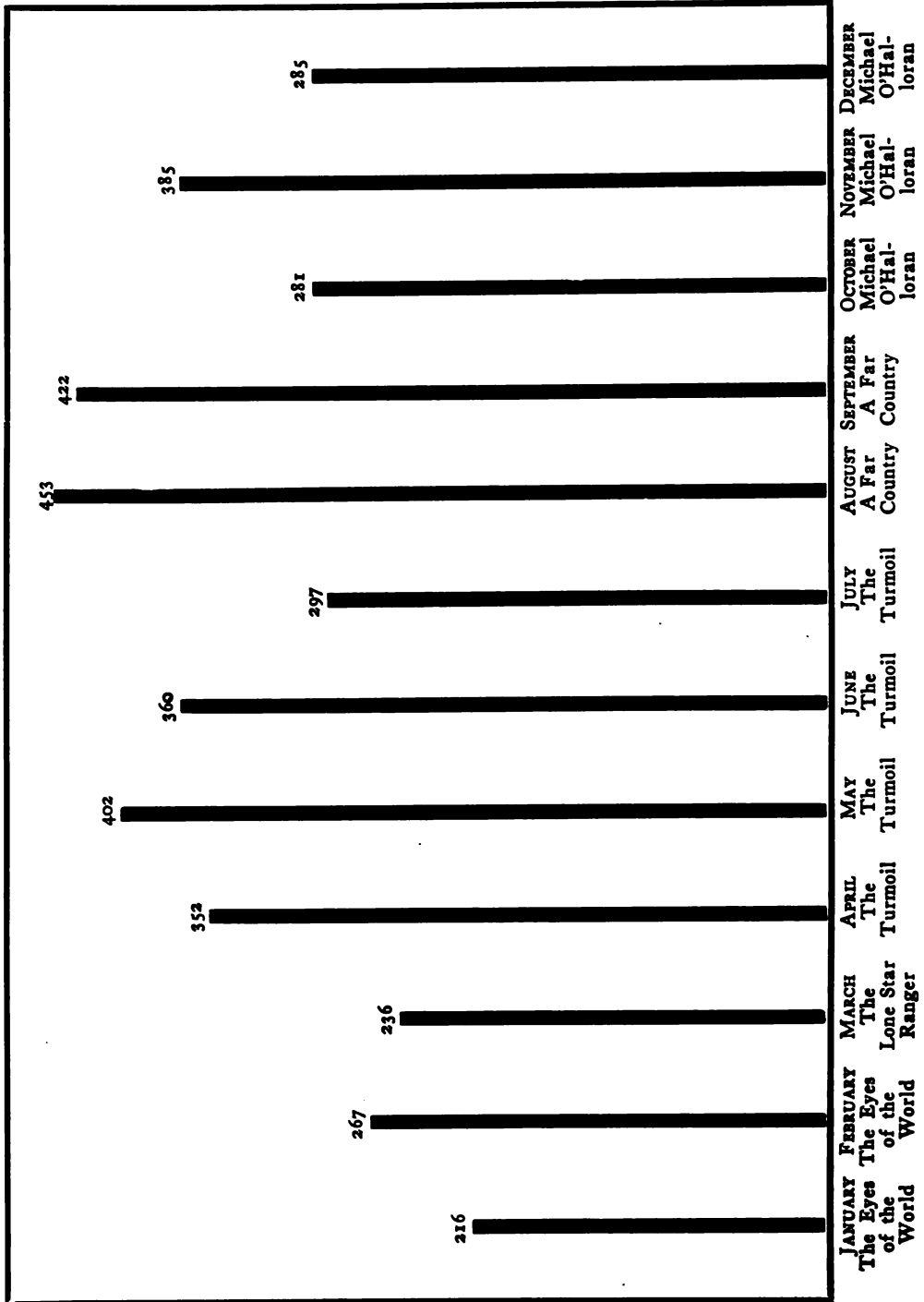
ONCE MENTIONED

The Clarion, Who Goes There!, Contrary Mary, Still Jim, Thankful's Inheritance, The Loveable Meddler, The Rainbow Trail, Felix O'Day, The Story of Julia Page, The Heart of the Sunset.

. . .

From year to year the number of different books mentioned in the lists varies but little. In 1915 it was thirty. Nine books were written by women, one was published anonymously, and twenty were the work of men. Joseph C. Lincoln and Zane Grey were represented by two books each. The most successful book of the year, according to the lists, was Booth Tarkington's *The Tur-*

CHART OF MONTHLY LEADERS IN 1915



SCALE—Approximately 1 inch to 100 points

moil, with Winston Churchill's *A Far Country* second. In the subjoined table every point scored by these two novels is included. The point totals of the other four books represent simply the addition of the points of the months in which they were among the "Six best."

SIX BEST SELLERS OF THE YEAR

1. The Turmoil	1841
2. A Far Country	1563
3. Pollyanna Grows Up.....	1031
4. Michael O'Halloran	951
5. The Eyes of the World.....	801
6. "K"	770



BOON'S IDEA OF ARISTOTLE (IN MODERN DRESS) FROM THE WASHING BOOKS

"A literary Luna Park, in which you dizzily bump the bumps" is what an American critic, Mr. "Boon" Lawrence Gilman, already said of *Boon*.

Incidentally, the full title is *Boon, The Mind of the Race, The Wild Asses of the Devil, and The Last Trump*, Being a First Selection from the Literary Remains of George Boon, Appropriate to the Times. Prepared for publication by Reginald Bliss, with an Ambiguous Introduction by H. G. Wells. "I have a strong suspicion," writes Mr. Wells in that ambiguous introduction, "that this introduction idea is designed to entangle me in the responsibility for the book. In America, at any rate, *The Life of George Meek, Bath Chairman*, was ascribed to me upon no better evidence. Yet any one who likes may go to Eastbourne and find Meek with chair and all complete. But in view of the complications of the book market and the

large simplicities of the public mind, I do hope that the reader—and by that I mean the reviewer—will be able to see the reasonableness and the necessity of distinguishing between me and Mr. Reginald Bliss. I do not wish to escape the penalties of thus participating in, and endorsing, his manifest breaches of good taste, literary decorum, and friendly obligation, but as a writer whose reputation is already too crowded and confused and who is for the ordinary purposes of every day known mainly as a novelist, I should be glad if I could escape the public identification I am now repudiating. Bliss is Bliss and Wells is Wells. And Bliss can write all sorts of things that Wells could not do."

...

Kipling has been studied from a thousand different interesting points of view, and Kipling's characters have been mentioned in a thousand different connections,

but it has remained for Mr. Irving E. Mansback of New York City to visualise the Kipling people in relation to the present great war. In so visualising the Kipling characters, Mr. Mansback has compiled and arranged "The Roster of the Kipling Battalion," which is being shown at one of the well-known book exhibits in Boston. There it is attract-



HENRY JAMES CONVERSES WITH GEORGE MOORE UPON MATTERS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO BOTH OF THEM

ing tremendous attention, not only for the ingenuity in compilation, but also for the letter of approval signed by Rudyard Kipling and reading as follows:

Private

DEAR SIR:

I have to thank you very much for your cleverly conceived "Roster of the Kipling

ters they portray dominate and live in the Army now fighting at the Front to preserve King and Country.

The Roster then goes on giving the persons of the Battalion, with Brig.-Gen. Sir Alexander L. Corkran, V.C., D.S.O., K.C.B., Bart, as Acting Colonel, and Robert Hanna Wick, D.S.O., as Lieutenant Colonel, right down the line to Mrs. Hauksbee as Nurse-In-Chief, Mowgli as assistant scout, and Colour Sergeant Terence Mulvaney, detailed from the "Auld Regiment," to say nothing of his fellow Colour Sergeants, Stanley Ortheris and Jock Learoyd.

Among the war office despatches quoted in the "Roster," we find:



MARLEY'S GHOST ON THE WINGS OF THE WIND.
FROM "A CHRISTMAS CAROL." ILLUSTRATED
BY ARTHUR RACKHAM

Battalion," which, naturally, I have read with the greatest interest.

Very sincerely yours,
(signed) RUDYARD KIPLING.

• • •

The "Roster" is drawn up in regular official form, starting as follows:

WAR OFFICE

Whitehall,
London, W.

General Orders No. A.

I. On receipt of these orders the First Kipling Battalion will leave Great Britain and proceed to join the Expeditionary Force at the Front on the Continent.

A footnote quoted direct from Kipling says:

The spirit of these Men and the Charac-

The first word we get from the front in regard to the First Kipling Battalion now in the trenches in Northern France at — is to the effect that the V. C. has been awarded Lce. Corporal Charlie Meers, No. 12378, for gallantry in the face of the enemy.

• • •

The four volume Memorial Edition of *Plays* by Clyde Fitch, edited, with an introduction, by An American Montrose J. Moses Dramatist and Virginia Gerson, comes to us from the press of Messrs. Little, Brown and Company of Boston. The introduction gives us a vivid picture of a man who, whatever his limitations may have been when judged by the standards of strict

criticism, was essentially an American dramatist. "If his life were to be told in brief," says the introduction, "we should point to his childhood in Schenectady, New York; his college days at Amherst; his struggles to maintain himself in New York with his short stories; his writing of *Beau Brummel*; and then the open but slow road toward success." Throughout life Clyde Fitch was always proud of his Amherst connection; always proud of the college pride in him. As an undergraduate he seems to have been reticent, shy, rather odd, once appearing upon the campus in a suit of clothes so eccentric that it brought down upon him the gibling of the upper class men. But characteristically he continued to wear that suit. If he had followed his father's choice he would have been an architect. He always possessed a strong art taste, manifest in his collecting of antiques, and asserting itself in the three homes he came to build. Those who saw him in his studio days, saw the real artist—always eager for some *objet d'art*, and spending his small cheques—paid him for his stories—in some much coveted prize.

• • •

Clyde Fitch possessed a quality of mental arrangement which enabled him to put down rapidly on paper whole situations. Often before penning a line the projected play was complete in his mind. He once wrote from Italy: "I don't think the writing them (the two plays on which he was at work) made me ill; I knew so well what I wanted to write—it was copying something that one knows by heart." And from London, on May 24, 1902, about *The Girl With the Green Eyes*, he wrote: "I have also just finished to-day Act I of Mrs. Bloodgood's play. Of course it seems as if I were doing an awful lot of work. And I suppose it would be better if I didn't do so much, but I can't help it. I limit my writing to three hours a day. However, the point about these plays is that I know them almost by heart. I've been planning the Mannering piece since a year ago last winter. I

know it all; it only wanted to be written down, and the same with the Bloodgood piece. It isn't as if I had to think up plot and situation. I have had them for a long time." Writing from Paris, in July, 1905, he made this confession: "I am still working like a horse, but I hope like one of those trained, intelligent horses. Now, on the changes necessary in *Her Great Match* for London; next on my Blanche Walsh play (*The Woman in the Case*); and to-morrow I go to London to cast the Frohman play. And altogether more than I can do or more than I want to do. But if I can only do it well. I am trying. I think each year I try to do better."

• • •

The impression one gets from the introduction to this Memorial Edition is of a Clyde Fitch who was always at work. Sometimes he is shown seated on a stone by the countryside, writing with a rapidity comparable to an artist's sketching. At the opera, for music always stimulated his imagination, he was in the habit of jotting down bits of dialogue. While abroad he would scribble notes on trains or in motor cars. Always there was the love of recording impressions. If there was one quality uppermost in the man, it was his sturdy, never-failing belief in what he had done. From Berlin, in April, 1908, he wrote: "I wish you, who have always taken me and my work seriously, and know *what I put into it*, and from what a standard I wrote, could have shared my joy and satisfaction at Hamburg (over the reception of *The Truth*)." With that tendency of his to underscore and double underscore his emphasis in letters, he declared, in August, 1900, from St. Enogat, France: "I have had a disappointment. Frohman decides not to do *The Climbers*. It is a real bitter disappointment, for I believe so much in the play."

• • •

Clyde Fitch's love for a period, and the painstaking care he gave to the task of reproducing it accurately were shown in *Beau Brummel*, *Barbara Frietchie*,



CLYDE FITCH AT WORK IN HIS STUDIO IN EAST FORTIETH STREET, NEW YORK

Nathan Hale, and *Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines*. In the first named play it was the London of the Regency; in the second, it was the Civil War, in the third, our Colonial and Revolutionary periods; in the fourth, the New York of the early seventies, when the bustle was *à la mode*. Mr. Fitch's career really began with the success of *Beau Brummel*. Alluding to the old dispute about the authorship of that play the writers of the introduction speak of a faded scenario of *Beau Brummel* as it was first presented to Mr. Mansfield. They also refer to a letter, dated November 6, 1889, when Fitch was living at the Sherwood Studios, which sets at rest all disputes regarding his authentic connection with the play. It is a youth-

ful letter, splendidly joyful. "I have been kept from answering your kind letter because I have not been able to know if I am to be in town Saturday or not. Now, however, I think it most likely that I shall be, and in that case will accept your invitation with eagerness, if you wish to have me with this mite of uncertainty. It is all *à propos* of something wonderful to me, which is also a very great secret. Negotiations are on the *tapis* for a play to be written for Richard Mansfield by Wm. Clyde Fitch, and I am awaiting a despatch now to go to Philadelphia to clinch things with Mansfield, who is playing there this week. It may all elude my grasp, as so many things have done, but if it doesn't, isn't it, O, isn't it an op-



KATE SANBORN

portunity! The subject of the play is to be Beau Brummel."

• • •

In the course of Kate Sanborn's *Memories and Anecdotes* there is a characteristic picture of F. E. Willard and Whitman. Walt Whitman, the subject of this month's paper in Mr. Gamaliel Bradford's series of "Psychographic Portraits." Visiting in Germantown,

Pennsylvania, at the home of Mrs. Hannah Whitehall Smith, the Quaker Bible reader and lay evangelist, Kate Sanborn found several celebrities among the guests. Frances E. Willard and Walt Whitman happened to be present. Whitman was rude and aggressively combative in his attack on the advocate of temperance, and that without the slightest provocation. He declared that all this total abstinence was absolute rot



"QUIET CORNER," CLYDE FITCH'S HOME IN GREENWICH TOWNSHIP, CONNECTICUT

and of no earthly use and that he hated the sight of these women who went out of their way to be crusading temperance fanatics. After this outburst he left the room. Miss Willard never alluded to his fiery criticism, but chatted on as if nothing unpleasant had happened. In half an hour he returned; and with a smiling face made an apology and asked to be forgiven for his too severe remarks. Miss Willard met him more than half way, and they became good friends. And when with the women of the circle again she said: "Now, wasn't that just grand in that dear old man? I like him the more for his outspoken honesty and his unwillingness to pain me."

...

Another memory of Kate Sanborn is that of the author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Julia Ward Howe was undeniably witty, although there was a sting to her wit. A conceited, dilapidated bachelor once said to her: "It is time now for me to settle down as a married man, but I want so much; I want youth, health, wealth, of course;

beauty, grace——" "Yes," she interrupted sympathetically, "you poor man, you do want them all." Of a conceited young man airing his disbelief at length in a magazine article, she said: "Charles evidently thinks he has invented atheism." When Charles Sumner, refusing to meet some friends of hers at dinner, explained languidly: "Really, Julia, I have lost all my interest in individuals." She retorted; "Why, Charles, God hasn't got as far as that yet." Once walking the streets of Boston with a friend, she looked up and read on a public building, "Charitable Eye and Ear Infirmary." She said: "I did not know there were any charitable eyes and ears in Boston."

...

We know that a great many of our readers were much interested in Mr.

Clayton Hamilton's series "On the Trail of Stevenson" when the papers appeared in THE BOOKMAN last year. We think many of them will be interested in the series as it is presented in book form.

(3)



WALTER HALE. FROM THE DRAWING BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

For now Mr. Hamilton's text is illumined by twenty-five illustrations by Mr. Walter Hale, illustrations which show that excellent artist at his best. Faithfully as the Stevenson trail has been followed by Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Hale has not been behind his collabo-

rator. Years ago he tramped and bicycled through the Scott, Barrie, and Stevenson country in Scotland. The haunts of R.L.S. in the Forest of Fontainebleau have long been familiar to him. In the course of many motor trips at home and abroad he has touched, in



CLAYTON HAMILTON. FROM THE PORTRAIT BY ALBERT STERNER

Italy, in Switzerland, in the southern part of France, in the Adirondack country, and on the New Jersey coast, the scenes associated with Stevenson's life and work. We regard this book as one of the most attractive of the illustrated

books of the season, as it will probably be one of the most permanent. In extending this endorsement we mention, incidentally, that it is not a publication of the house that publishes **THE BOOK-MAN**.

STEVENSON ON THE STAGE

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

THE recent great success of *Treasure Island* at the Punch and Judy Theatre has made many people wonder why so few of the buoyant and bracing tales of R.L.S. have been transferred to the service of the stage, and has attracted the immediate attention of literary students to the entire subject of Stevenson's relations with the theatre.

Stevenson was a man of many moods, and his attitude toward the question of composition for the theatre was subject to frequent oscillations; but the poles of his opinion may be pointed out by comparing two passages in his letters. At one time, he wrote to his father, "The theatre is a gold mine; and on that I must keep my eye!" Years later, he wrote from Vailima to Sir Sidney Colvin, "No, I will not write a play for Irving, nor for the devil. Can you not see that the work of *falsification* which a play demands is of all tasks the most ungrateful? And I have done it a long while—and nothing ever came of it." The first passage was penned in the high tide of his ambition as a playwright, and the second passage was written after this ambition had been quenched by disappointment.

Stevenson wrote four plays in collaboration with William Ernest Henley, and a fifth play in collaboration with Mrs. Stevenson. The last of these, *The Hanging Judge*, which was written at Bournemouth early in 1887, has never been acted, and was never printed, even privately, during the lifetime of R.L.S. After her husband's death, Mrs. Stevenson printed a few copies and presented them to his intimate friends. I have seen a copy of this issue in the library of Mr. William Archer; but, in a very hasty reading, I failed to discover any noticeable merit in the play. In 1914, Mr. Edmund Gosse printed privately an

edition of *The Hanging Judge* that was limited to thirty copies; but, so far as the general reader is concerned, the piece remains unpublished.

But the four plays which Stevenson produced in partnership with Henley are published in the works of R.L.S.; and all four of them, at one time or another, have been acted on the stage. *Deacon Brodie* was first produced at Pullan's Theatre of Varieties, Bradford, on December 28, 1882. In March, 1883, a performance of the play took place at Her Majesty's Theatre, Aberdeen; and on the afternoon of July 2, 1884, it was introduced to the London public at the Prince's Theatre. *Admiral Guinea* was produced at an afternoon performance at the Avenue Theatre, in London, on November 29, 1897; and *Beau Austin* was produced at the Haymarket Theatre, in London, on November 3, 1890, with Mr. Beerbohm Tree [now Sir Herbert Tree] in the title part. I can find no record, in my notes, of the first performance of *Macaire*; but this piece, also, has been produced in public. Stevenson, however, never witnessed a performance of any of his plays, and was never even privileged to see a scene of his enacted in rehearsal.

The only one of these four plays which exhibited any indication of vitality in the theatre was the first, and perhaps the poorest, of them all,—*Deacon Brodie*. In 1887 this piece was presented in several cities in America,—the tour opening at Montreal on September 26; but its comparative success must be ascribed less to its own merits as a melodrama than to the very interesting acting of Edward John Henley, the brother of Stevenson's collaborator.

Deacon Brodie, which was elaborated from an early draft made by Stevenson himself, was completed by Stevenson



"TREASURE ISLAND." ACT I. FEW DELIVERING THE BLACK SPOT TO BILLY BONES

and Henley in 1880, but was subsequently revised and rewritten. *Admiral Guinea*, *Beau Austin*, and *Macaire* were all composed in 1884 and 1885, during the period of Stevenson's residence at Bournemouth. His health, at that period, was at its very lowest ebb; most of his time was spent perforce in bed; and his main motive in embarking on the collaboration was merely to enliven the intervals of his lingering in the "land of counterpane" by a playful exercise of spirits in the company of a spirited and eager friend. There is ample evidence that Henley took their joint task much more seriously; but neither of the two collaborators had established a professional relation with the theatre.

As Stevenson looked back upon these plays, he clear-sightedly looked down upon them. In July, 1884, he wrote frankly to Sir Sidney Colvin,—“and anyhow the *Deacon* is damn bad”; and in March, 1887, he remonstrated with Henley, in the following terms, for sending copies of their joint plays to their literary friends:—“The reperusal of the *Admiral*, by the way, was a sore

blow; eh, God, man, it is a low, black, dirty, black-guard, ragged piece; vomitable in many parts—simply vomitable. . . . *Macaire* is a piece of job-work, hurriedly bockled; might have been worse, might have been better; happy-go-lucky; act-it-or-let-it-rot piece of business. Not a thing, I think, to send in presentations.”

II

These dictates of self-criticism—destructive as they are—have been, in the main, accepted by posterity; for, even among ardent Stevensonians, the plays of Stevenson and Henley have found very few apologists. A recent writer, Mr. Francis Watt, in his interesting book entitled *R.L.S.*, has gravely stated [page 249] that “the plays were too good to win a popular success”; but this is an opinion that will be at once distrusted by any habitual frequenter of the theatre. Plays do not fail because they are too good: they fail because they are not good enough in the right way.

The most illuminative criticism—in fact, the only finally authoritative criti-



"TREASURE ISLAND." ACT I. PEW AND THE PIRATES OF FLINT'S OLD SHIP

cism—of the plays of Stevenson and Henley is the opinion of Sir Arthur Pinero, delivered in his lecture to the members of the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh at the Music Hall in Edinburgh on Tuesday, February 24, 1903. This lecture—entitled *R. L. Stevenson: the Dramatist*—has been printed only privately in England, because Sir Arthur has an ineradicable habit of reserving the lime-light for his plays and keeping out of it himself; but it has recently been published in this country, in an edition limited to three hundred and thirty-three copies, by the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University.*

Since, however, this thoroughly authoritative paper is still unknown to the generality of readers, it may be profitable to summarise its most important points. The first of these is that "One of the great rules—perhaps the only universal rule—of the drama is that you

cannot pour new wine into old skins. . . . The art of the drama is not stationary but progressive. . . . Its conditions are always changing, and . . . every dramatist whose ambition it is to produce live plays is absolutely bound to study carefully, and I may even add respectfully—at any rate not contemptuously—the conditions that hold good for his own age and generation." The second important point is Sir Arthur's statement that "*dramatic talent*" is of service in the theatre only as "the raw material of *theatrical talent*. . . . Dramatic, like poetic, talent is born, not made; if it is to achieve success on the stage, it must be developed into *theatrical talent* by hard study, and generally by long practice." This is a very suggestive point, to which we shall find occasion later to refer. Almost equally suggestive is Sir Arthur Pinero's distinction between what he calls the "strategy" and the "tactics" of play-making. He defines *strategy* as "the general laying out of a play" and *tactics* as "the art of getting the characters on and off the stage, of conveying in-

*Publications of the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University. First Series. IV. Robert Louis Stevenson as a Dramatist. By Arthur Wing Pinero. New York: 1914.

formation to the audience, and so forth." His fourth important point is that fine speeches, and fine speeches alone, will not carry a drama to success; for Sir Arthur makes a clear distinction between "the absolute beauty of words, such beauty as Ruskin or Pater or Newman might achieve in an eloquent passage," and "the beauty of dramatic fitness to the character and the situation."

III

In the light of these four principles, Sir Arthur Pinero has examined the plays of Stevenson and Henley; and, at each of the four points, he has found the plays defective. Stevenson's work in the drama was anachronistic; and the models that he imitated not only were outworn but also were unworthy. Stevenson never took the trouble to develop into theatrical talent the keen dramatic talent he was born with. He never taught himself the tactics of modern play-making, and did not even appreciate the good points in the strategy of the melodramatists he chose to imitate. And, finally, Stevenson never managed to unlearn the heresy that fine speeches, and fine speeches alone, will carry a drama to success.

Sir Arthur's explanation of Stevenson's four-fold failure as a dramatist is equally acute. He finds that Stevenson failed to take the drama seriously, that he worked at it "in a smiling, sportive, half-contemptuous spirit," that he "played at being a playwright" and "was fundamentally in error in regarding the drama as a matter of child's play." And, in a very interesting parallel, Sir Arthur has pointed out the close resemblance between Stevenson's own plays and those typical examples of Skelt's Juvenile Drama that are celebrated with such a gusto of memorial eloquence in that delightful essay in *Memories and Portraits* called *A Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured*. "Even to his dying day," Sir Arthur adds, "he continued to regard the actual theatre as only an enlarged form of the toy

theatres which had fascinated his childhood . . . he considered his function as a dramatist very little more serious than that child's-play with paint-box and pasteboard on which his memory dwelt so fondly."

This criticism of the plays of Stevenson and Henley, delivered by the finest dramaturgic artist still living in the world to-day, must be accepted as final; but a word or two should be appended in explanation of Stevenson's utter lack of preparation for the serious task of making plays. Owing mainly to the accident of birth—for Stevenson was born in a rigorous metropolis that refused to countenance the theatre—and owing also to the accident of his continuous ill-health, he grew up without ever going to the theatre; and his earliest impressions of the stage were confined, necessarily, to the repertory of the toy-theatre that he has celebrated with enthusiasm in the famous essay that Sir Arthur has referred to. Stevenson's biographer, Mr. Graham Balfour, has stated [Volume I, page 161],—"Although he had read (and written) plays from his early years, had revelled in the melodramas of the toy-theatre, and had acted with the Jenkins and in other private theatricals, I find no reference to his having visited a theatre before December, 1874." At this date, Stevenson was twenty-four years old; and it is not at all surprising that an author who first visited the theatre at the age of twenty-four should show himself deficient as a dramatist when he casually undertook the task of making plays in his early thirties.

In view of these facts, it seems only fair that Henley, more than Stevenson, should be called to account for the manifest anachronism of their plays; for Henley was a magazine-editor, and ought presumably to have kept himself in touch with the fashions of the theatre in his day. But it is possible, of course, that Henley was deterred from theatre-going by his bodily infirmity,—an infirmity much more painful and disastrous than that which kept Stevenson

isolated in his bed at Bournemouth. At any rate, the one thing which the two collaborators never understood was the fact that the technique of the theatre had advanced beyond remembrance of the period of those transpontine melodramatists that they so blithely imitated.

IV

What Stevenson needed most of all was a different collaborator,—not a man of letters like Henley, but a man of the theatre like (for instance) Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, whose famous melodrama, *The Silver King*, had already been produced in 1882. He needed a professional assistant, to translate into terms of theatrical talent the keen dramatic talent he was born with. A collaborator of this type has at last been accorded to him, through the enterprise of Mr. Charles Hopkins, the director of the Punch and Judy Theatre. *Treasure Island* has been dramatised by Mr. Jules Eckert Goodman,—a playwright whose sound theatrical talent has been developed to efficiency by hard study and by long practice. Mr. Goodman has so successfully transferred the rapture and the thrill of *Treasure Island* to the stage that the delighted spectator comes away from the performance with a feeling that can only be expressed by quoting Andrew Lang's ejaculation,—“This is the kind of stuff a fellow wants!”

The magnitude of Mr. Goodman's accomplishment can be appreciated only if we take into account the special difficulties of his task. Nearly all the critics who, from time to time, had been consulted concerning the possibility of making a successful play from *Treasure Island* had reported in the negative; and, among the many, the present writer is compelled to confess that he agreed with the majority. The special obstacles were three in number:—first, the utter lack of feminine interest in the story, which seemed to make the material dangerous for successful exploitation in the theatre; second, the appar-

ent necessity of shifting the action rapidly from place to place, and of doing this at least a dozen times without impeding the onrush of the action; and third, the particular requirement, in the case of a story known and loved by absolutely everybody, of clinging close to the original material and inventing nothing new.

But these three difficulties have been swept away by Mr. Goodman. Despite the tradition of the theatre that the public cares much more for actresses than actors, the audience never seems to notice the absence of any feminine interest in the narrative. Jim's mother is, of course, the only woman in the story, and she appears only inconspicuously, for a few moments in the first act; but the play succeeds so well without a heroine that a necessary inference is forced that love is not, by any means, the only subject that can capture the attention of the theatre-going crowd.

Mr. Goodman has arranged the narrative in ten different chapters of time and nine distinct pigeon-holes of places; but the changes are so rapidly and easily effected on the stage of Mr. Hopkins that the spectator is never released from the enthrallment of the story. The first act is, by far, the best, and this fact is a little unfortunate for the play; but the fault is Stevenson's, not Mr. Goodman's. Stevenson began his story in a high tide of delighted composition; but, after drying up in the early paragraphs of the sixteenth chapter, he never entirely recaptured the zest of the initiation of his narrative. Mr. Goodman's first act, which is set, of course, in the Admiral Benbow Inn, is quite as good as any first act has a right to be; for if the theatre were often as enthralling as this, no self-respecting person could ever find an evening off, to sit at home and read *The Count of Monte Cristo*.

But Mr. Goodman's success is perhaps even more remarkable in respect to the third difficulty that confronted him. He has made a coherent play without inventing anything that was not set down for him in the well-known

and well-beloved novel; and he has not left out anything that even Andrew Lang would emphatically miss. The great bother about dramatising books for boys is, of course, that every boy in the audience will at once become a critic and will insist on having the story served to him—in Mr. Kipling's phrase—"just so." When the present writer attended the performance, a concentrated company of four boys sat in back of him. There was a scene on the deck of the *Hispaniola*, disclosing the well-known apple-barrel "standing broached in the waist." There were indications of impending mutiny, as the ragged members of Flint's old crew muttered darkling in the corners of the stage. Jim entered, strolling down the deck. "Get into the barrel," said one of the boys behind me, "Hurry up and get into the barrel, before they see you: hurry up and hide, or how can you overhear what they are going to say?" This comment convinced the critic that the play was undeniably successful; but it also seemed to point a finger at the greatest difficulty which the dramatist was overcoming.

While glancing at this little point of Mr. Goodman's meticulous exactitude, the writer may perhaps be pardoned for pointing out the fact that, though Stevenson's *Hispaniola* was a schooner, the ship disclosed upon the stage of the Punch and Judy Theatre is not a schooner but a square-rigged vessel. This variation is, however, easily forgivable; for Stevenson himself confessed that the *Hispaniola* ought really to have been a brig, and that the only reason why he made her a schooner was that [in August, 1874] he had cruised for a month in a schooner yacht, and that he had never actually been aboard a square-rigged ship at sea.

V

The success of *Treasure Island* on the stage has called attention to the fact that comparatively few of the tales of R.L.S. have enjoyed a similar transference to the theatre. Mr. T. Russell

Sullivan's dramatisation of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* has heretofore stood almost alone as an example of what may be done with the Stevenson stories on the stage; and this play derived its public popularity less from the inherent interest of the subject-matter than from the very remarkable acting of the late Richard Mansfield. Mr. Mansfield, who was accustomed to consider very highly his own performance of Beau Brummel and to speak with an entirely becoming pride of his best achievements on the stage, told the present writer, not once but many times, that his performance of Jekyll and Hyde was little more than a matter of theatric mechanism, and expressed surprise at the continued favour of the public for the play. "It's nothing but clap-trap," said Mr. Mansfield, "yet they seem to like it as much as *Richard III.*, in which I give a performance that is worth considering." The fact remains, however, that the play died with Mr. Mansfield's death; and that its continuous vitality for many years was due more to him than to Mr. Sullivan or Stevenson.

It may be interesting to record the fact that Stevenson never witnessed Mr. Mansfield's performance in the dual rôle of his hero and his villain. At the first night in New York, in the Madison Square Theatre, on Monday evening, September 12, 1887, Stevenson's wife and mother witnessed the performance from Mr. Sullivan's box; but, on this occasion, the novelist himself was lying ill in Newport at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fairchild, and he never subsequently saw the play.

After Stevenson's death, Mr. Otis Skinner appeared in a dramatic version of *Prince Otto*,—made, if I remember rightly, by himself; but the piece was not successful. I find among my notes no other records of plays made professionally from the tales of Stevenson, with the exception of a few scattered and unimportant one-act versions of various short-stories.

It is a curious fact that the tales of

Stevenson were, for the most part, left untouched throughout that period of the eighteen-nineties when there was a popular and insistent demand for dramatised novels,—the period when the indefatigable Mr. E. E. Rose used to dramatise three or four novels a year. The reason for this fact, however, will easily become apparent. It is true enough, as Sir Arthur Pinero has reported, that "dramatic talent Stevenson undoubtedly possessed in abundance." His tales are full of striking situations, in which the actors appear in postures which are vividly impressed forever on the eye of memory. But in two respects his novels, despite their dominance of the element of action and their vividness of visual appeal, have been singularly difficult to dramatise. In the first place, Stevenson usually neglected the interest of love and excluded women rigorously from his most exciting situations; and, in the second place, he was accustomed to allow his narratives to wander very freely in both space and time and to depend for his effect on a frequent change of setting. How, for instance, could one dramatise *The Wrecker*, which keeps the reader travelling over more than half the habitable globe?; and how could one dramatise *Kidnapped*, which leads the reader to a world in which there seem to be no women?

These objections, though they appear to explain the fact that very few playwrights have attempted to transfer the tales of Stevenson to the service of the theatre, afford no reason why they may not be successfully transferred to the service of the new and growing medium of moving-pictures. *Treasure Island*, for example, would make a better moving-picture than a play. It may sanely be conjectured that, if Stevenson were living still [and it is a sad fact to remember that

even now he would be only sixty-five years old], he would probably devote his mind enthusiastically to the new craft of making moving-pictures. In his *Gossip on Romance*, he said,—"The story, if it be a story, should repeat itself in a thousand coloured pictures to the eye. . . . There is a vast deal in life . . . where the interest turns . . . not on the passionate slips and hesitations of the conscience, but on the problems of the body and of the practical intelligence, in clean, open-air adventure, the shock of arms or the diplomacy of life. With such material as this it is impossible to build a play, for the serious theatre exists solely on moral grounds, and is a standing proof of the dissemination of the human conscience. But it is possible to build, upon this ground, . . . the most lively, beautiful, and buoyant tales."

The Master of Ballantrae might be made into a good play, though the dramatist would experience considerable difficulty in projecting the last act; but this concluding passage would afford the very best material for the moving-picture craftsman. *Kidnapped*, also, could easily be shown in moving-pictures, but could hardly be compressed into a play. Stevenson, in his stories, wrote mainly for the seeing eye; he was less concerned with character than with action and with setting; he exhibited events, harmoniously set in place and time, and he never disturbed the exhibition by psychological analysis. His literary style is perhaps his greatest glory; but, even if bereft of this, he would remain—to quote him once again—a master of "brute incident." While still alive, he failed in his efforts as a dramatist; but there seems to be no reason now why he should not enjoy a posthumous success as a master of the moving-picture play.

PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN AUTHORS

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

II—WALT WHITMAN

I

HE was a man of the plain people, if anybody knows what that means. At any rate, he liked to boast of it. He had the education of circumstances, the training of broad human contact, the discipline of hard facts. In his boyhood he wandered over the pastures and beaches of Long Island. Later he wandered over the whole country, looking into manifold eyes, touching manifold hands, kissing manifold lips, forgetting more faces than many of us ever see. "I envy you your capacity for being at home with anybody in any crowd," said the home-keeping Emerson. He liked the solitude of vast throngs as much as he liked the solitude of starry nights. He liked the bustle, the restless, creative activity, the hurried speech, the whir, of busy, modern America. "I see how lucky I was that I was myself thrown out early upon the average earth—to wrestle for myself—among the masses of people—never living in coteries; that I have lived cheek by jowl with common people."

He was literary by nature, that is, had from youth the double instinct of feeling and expressing, which comes from heaven knows where. In his early days this showed itself in rather ordinary verses and rather ordinary prose. Later it occurred to him that as he was a man of the people, why should he not be the poet of the people? He was a democrat, he was an American. Democracy and America had secrets that had never been uttered, great truths as yet unknown, vast possibilities, vast hopes, vast treasures of physical and spiritual delight. Some one must give these things adequate expression. Why

not he? Literature had existed hitherto for literary classes, had represented a narrow culture, a limited experience, a selfish hope. Now it should take in the whole world. He had known and loved the common toilers and sufferers. Out of his knowledge and sympathy he would speak for them. "I have made my poetry out of actual, practical life," he said, "such as is common to every man and woman, so that all may have an equal share in it." And again, "I am willing to think I represent vast averages, and the generic American masses—that I am their voice." He aimed to write a "Poem of the People—representing the people, so copious, so simple, so fierce." His admirers called *Leaves of Grass* the "Bible of Democracy" and he never showed any disposition to contradict them—quite the opposite.

He wanted to break entirely with older forms of literature, to eschew them, to forget them, wanted to drop traditions, conventions, and establish a technique as novel as he thought his matter was. He worked hard for years, he says, to eliminate set phrases, those stereotyped poetical figures which lost their sparkle and freshness a thousand years ago. Literature? What is it? He neither knows nor cares. Life is good enough for him. "The more the literary guild discuss me the more I seem outside the particular interests they chew upon with such relish." "I hate literature. . . . I do not love a literary man as a literary man."

But all this is as old as literature itself. All strong, rising authors declare that they have done with literature. The preoccupation of novelty, of doing something altogether different, is one of the strongest marks of the literary in-

stinct, and the classics represent the revolts that have survived amid the million wrecks of revolts that have been neither literature nor anything else. There is even about Whitman the peculiar literary consciousness, the uneasy sense of the judgment and criticism of literary men that comes from being half educated or self-educated. He is not one like François Villon, who has passed light-heartedly from learning to vagabondage, but one who has toiled upward from vagabondage to learning and never feels perfectly secure of his position. We see in Shakespeare just the same result of a book education that has been one-sided and incomplete. This it is that accounts for Shakespeare's stupefaction before the hidden possibilities of words, his curious jugglings with them, his naïve admiration of his own verbal pyrotechnics. To Whitman, also, words, which ring so hollow to the trained man of letters, were delightful, mystical entities, dainty playthings to forget life with, bubbles to toss in the air and to watch delightedly, as they sparkled in the summer sunshine. Only so can we explain his fearful dealings in such polyglot monstrosities as *Americanos*, *camarados*, *Santa Spirita*, his *résumés*, *eidolons*, *libertads*, and so forth. These things do not constitute a style but a lingo.

Thus, Whitman's literary attitude has too much theory behind it to be really popular, really representative of democracy. It was not spontaneous enough. Lanier's harsh comment, that all the elaborate rough garb and slouchy carriage were merely inverted dandyism, and that Whitman's poetry was everywhere "posing to see if it cannot assume a naïve and striking attitude," is much exaggerated, but has a basis of truth. Just as Zola used the brute vice of democracy to make a literary reputation, so, in much the same spirit, Whitman used its brute virtue.

The real literature of the people, as we find it in the old ballads, for instance, sung right out of the heart of the people, is altogether different. It uses literary machinery and conventional

forms quite unconsciously and just because they are conventional—and therefore natural. Above all, it presents the spirit of the people in a fashion totally different from Whitman's. It insists not upon what the common people are, but upon what they are not—but would like to be. Here is the fundamental error of Whitman's attempt to be the poet of democracy. He endeavours to represent men's common life, glorified, indeed, transfigured, but glorified in overalls and transfigured through sweat, mud, grime, and weariness. Now of all human societies democracy has least desire to see itself as it is. An aristocratic, worldly class is not unwilling to behold even its vices travestied, takes a cynical pleasure in the process, saying, "See here, such I am, but after all I am the fine flower of culture and I would not be otherwise." But a democracy, especially the American democracy, maintains a veritable conspiracy, in the press, in the pulpit, on the stage, for getting itself presented quite other than it is, for keeping all sorts of brutal facts rigidly and severely in the background. We want our stories, we want our plays, full of heroism, full of melodrama, full of the splendid things we always expect the other fellow to be doing. The plumber, the brakeman, does not want a poem describing the glory of a wiped joint, or a coupled freight car, does not have his picture taken with a gasoline torch or a red lantern. He always sees himself in his best ready-made Sunday suit, walking with his young woman in a fourteen dollar and ninety-nine cent frock from a department store. But in Whitman's poems he is a plumber or a brakeman only. And the democratic instinct is herein perfectly right, even according to Whitman himself. For the essence of democracy and all that can justify it is aspiration and why aspire when we are patted on the back and told that we are perfect just as we are?

Further, democracy, our democracy, means woman. Our early education is controlled by women, our social life exists for women, our literature is adapted

to women, our manners are dictated by women, our earnings are spent by women. Now Whitman's poems, whatever their excellencies, are not women's poems. It is really pathetic to see his longing for recognition by the reading sex. Some women, some noble and beautiful women, like Mrs. Gilchrist, accept him fully. How pleased he is! "I always say that it is significant when a woman accepts me." Again "*Leaves of Grass* is essentially a woman's book: the women do not know it, but every now and then a woman shows that she knows it." Very few of them, and it will never be different. What women detest in Whitman is, not that he makes sex too prominent, but that he does not make it prominent enough. The modern woman, like the woman of all ages, knows perfectly well that sex is her supreme instrument of domination and she instinctively obtrudes it in social life in every possible way, by the subtle suggestion which is far more effective than nudity. Whitman shows the bare fact of sex, in its cruel insignificance, and then tosses it into a corner. This is to rob woman of all her privileges, and she will not forgive it. Sex in literature, to woman, is sentiment, something forever tantalising and never satisfying, a halo of the impossible about a nucleus of the prohibited. What democracy, that is, woman, demands in literature is what she delightfully calls "a heart interest." There is no heart interest in Whitman.

The true, the satisfying poet of democracy, as democracy is and will be, for many years yet, is Longfellow. Longfellow fixes our attention not on what we are, but on what we might be. Longfellow makes gentle music of all those creditable emotions with which we like to believe that our country is sprinkled, like a meadow with blossoms in May. Above all, Longfellow gives woman that exalted importance which is no doubt her due and which she now likes to have assigned her not as a courtesy, but as an inalienable right.

Thus, the great poem of the people, the Bible of democracy, is not read by

the people and will never be popular. It may be literature of the people and by the people. Literature for the people it is not. The plumber, that is, the plumber's young woman, will never read it, though she devours *Evangeline*. Earnest educators will never edit it in neat paper issues for the devout perusal of grammar scholars. "Children of Adam" will never be droned from graduation platforms on hot June nights, nor "Passage to India" ever be chosen to exhibit the peculiar oratorical gift which is to float James into the hospitable precincts of the Hall of Fame. Only, by that curious infelicity which picks a man's least characteristic work to typify him,—"*English Traits*" for Emerson and "*The Sky-lark*" for Shelley,—"*My Captain*" has contrived to get a certain hold on the imagination of many who know nothing of its author. "Damn 'My Captain'!" said Whitman.

It is extremely curious to observe the poet's own attitude about this matter of his popularity. He has admirers in England, enthusiastic admirers, and some at home. Oh, yes, that is well. Their incense is thoroughly acceptable. And of course one does not wish to be admired by the herd. "Longfellow was the expresser of the common themes—of the little songs of the masses—perhaps will always have some vogue among average readers of English." Certainly one would not wish to be anything like that. Yet when one writes for the herd—, And it is curious that the average reader does not understand. Our own mother and best lover does not understand—simply gives it up. Our dear friend, the honest, true-hearted brakeman, Pete Doyle, full of common sense and shrewd insight, loves us, but he cannot read our books. The devoted nurse of our old age tries hard to admire, reads a page or two, then takes a rest, and reads another. Well, it must be admitted, we are "not popular and never will be," but we have written *Leaves of Grass* and *Leaves of Grass* is the Bible of democracy, just the same—for everybody but democrats.

II

The above analysis of Whitman's relation to his own work is an indispensable prelude to the discussion of the man, because the two are so constantly and inseparably intertwined. If, however, I have given the impression that a certain artificiality and literary consciousness in the work extended altogether to the author, I must hasten to dispel it. On the contrary, his soul was singularly candid and simple. "The great poets are to be known by the absence in them of tricks and by the justification of perfect personal candour," wrote Whitman himself, nobly. There may have been tricks in his verse. There was perfect candour in his heart. "If I talk wrong, then I talk wrong—but I talk honest, or always mean to: maybe that is the chief thing, to talk honest." It is, at any rate, a very great thing.

By the industry and devotion of Whitman's earnest admirers we have material for the intimate study of his life during a large portion of his career. Let us take him in age first, for here we have one of the most faithful and exhaustive records ever preserved of the life of any man. Mr. Horace Traubel has far out-Boswelled Boswell in the patience and the minuteness with which he has chronicled his hero's slightest words and vaguest gestures. I do not know that he has quite equalled the excellent bishop of Belley, Camus, who, to make double assurance of veracity in writing the life of Saint Francis of Sales, bored a hole into the saint's room that he might be observed when he thought himself entirely alone. Perhaps this is going too far. Certainly Mr. Traubel goes far enough.

Really no human being was ever so microscopically noted, so completely stripped of the decent garniture of privacy. And few would come out of the ordeal so well as Whitman. We see a serene, lovable old man looking back on his own great achievement, commenting leisurely on his failures and successes and on his vast and varied contact with human life. Intellectually these com-

ments are marked by a never-failing curiosity and an immense desire to get at the truth of things. There is a hatred of partisanship, of narrow prejudice, of the greed of spiritual triumph, no matter how good the cause may be. All Whitman's sympathies were with what are called radical and progressive ideas. Yet any bitterness of advocacy, even for these, brings his protest in a moment. He "dissents from partisanship whatever its name or form, for after the best the partisan will say, something better will be said by the man."

A profound and consistent thinker he was not. He had neither the training nor the intellectual intensity. But he occasionally struck out a casual reflection of wide significance, as in his doubt "whether the Reformation of Luther was of such value to the world as most Protestants think." And his critical remarks and brief characterisations have often an extraordinary shrewdness and felicity, as the summary of Swinburne, quoted by Professor Bliss Perry, "Ain't he the damndest Simulacrum?", or the inimitable touching off of Mr. Henry James, "James is only feathers to me," or the more serious portrayal of Sherman, "seamy, sinewy, in style—a bit of stern open air made up in the image of a man."

But the mere intellectual attraction of this elaborately sketched figure would not carry us far. It is the love in it that counts, the genuine tenderness, unshaken by age, unsoured by fatigue and pain. Who has surpassed the beautiful humility of the confession, "I no doubt deserved my enemies, but I don't believe I deserved my friends"? If long love deserves friends, and forgiving charity, and affection that caresses like sunlight, this man certainly deserved them. The undermining strain of tedious illness could not make him inconsiderate or forgetful. To the end he thought of those he loved more than of himself. And what sweet, simple, noble words he has that clearly come straight from the heart. "It seems to be the notion of some people that I should 'select' my

friends—accept and reject and so forth. Love, affection, never selects—just loves, is just affectionate.” Again: “W. kissed me good night. He said, ‘we are growing near together.’ That’s all there is in life for people—just to grow near together.”

Also, this deep, unlimited tenderness was not confined to a narrow circle or to a few choice, sympathetic companions. Not many men have responded so quickly and vividly to the mere human contact, have felt the voice and sight of man and woman as such so constantly delightful. Nothing brings him hope and happiness more completely than the presence of a joyous spirit. A radical

boy orator, full of Western hope, drifts into his room and drifts out again. “O he was a beautiful boy—a wonderful day-beam, I shall probably never see his face again—yet he left something here with me that I can never quite lose.” And such broad human affection was based on sympathy, on the ever present sense that others felt what he felt and enjoyed what he enjoyed. It was thus that when he was tormented by restless, sleepless illness, and the Fourth of July racket began under his window, he checked every effort to interfere with it. “Don’t send them away, Mary; the boys don’t like to be disturbed either. Besides, who knows but there



“A SERENE, LOVABLE OLD MAN LOOKING BACK ON HIS OWN GREAT ACHIEVEMENT, COMMENTING LEISURELY ON HIS FAILURES AND SUCCESSSES, AND ON HIS VAST AND VARIED CONTACT WITH HUMAN LIFE”



TOMB AT HARLEIGH, CAMDEN, N. J. DESIGNED BY WHITMAN HIMSELF

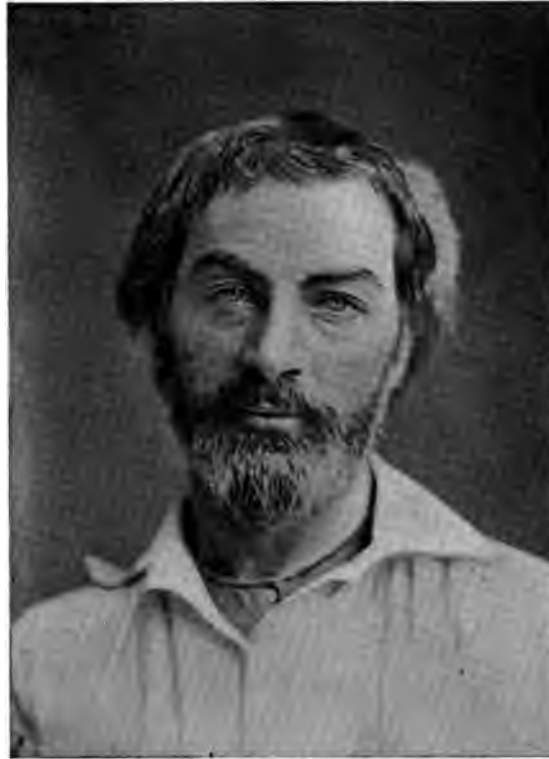
may be a sicker man round the corner?"

There is no surer foundation for democracy than human tenderness like this, and because Whitman's democracy was built on such tenderness, it was broad and unfailing and indestructible. He occasionally notes faults and weaknesses in this great, triumphant America of ours, notes them with a shrewdness which shows that he was by no means blind. But his general tone is one of enthusiastic confidence. These States hold the key to the future. These States are the country of hope, the abiding-place of love, the breeding-ground of strong, fruitful virtues which shall make the world over. The men and women of these States are the children of liberty, the nourishers of justice, the begetters of joy. It is not certain that democracy greatly needs to be told its excellences. If it does, Whitman should be the man for it.

And as this kindly, tranquil spirit looked out with confidence, from the bare refuge of his shrunken age, upon the seething conflict of the political world about him, so his vision of the

moral and spiritual world was equally joyous and serene. They asked him if anything had ever shaken his faith in humanity. "Never! Never! I trust humanity. Its instincts are in the main right." And again, "I never have any doubt of the future when I look at the common man." So heroic was his trust, so indomitable his optimism, that he is said to have complained, "Emerson's deficiency is that he doubts everything." What must have been the robustness of that faith to which Emerson appeared a sceptic!

It is true that, as with all ardent optimists and pessimists alike, you sometimes get an impression of effort, of wilful eye-shutting. In an unguarded moment Whitman admits: "I have seen in the later years of my life exemplifications of devilishness, venom, in the human critter, which I could not have believed possible in my more exuberant youth." And elsewhere he recognises, still more unguardedly, the slight touch of strain I have suggested: "Life is not so bright that anybody should wanton with it—should keep its shadows too much to the front." But in the main,



"HE WAS A MAN OF THE PLAIN PEOPLE, IF ANYBODY KNOWS WHAT THAT MEANS"

his spiritual contentment is boundless. He overrides the little ills of life, sees through them, sees beyond them, helps others to see beyond them. He drowns pettiness, meanness, decay, even disgust, which sometimes will peer out from dark corners, in a great security of joy. Dogmatic religion he has no need of, never apparently felt or realised those torments which it fosters and appeases. "I never, never was troubled to know whether I would be saved or lost: what was that to me?" But in the firm, calm, supporting, sustaining assurance of the peace of God few men of our day have surpassed him. "I claim everything for religion; after the claims of my religion are satisfied nothing is left for anything else."

It is sometimes asserted that Whitman lacked that very indefinable something called humour. If this means that

he took himself and his work rather too seriously, it is just. If it means that he was not generally ready with witty, pungent speech, it is also just, though less so. What, for instance, could be better than his retort, when asked if he read Blaine's speeches, "No, indeed—I've got too much respect for the clock"? But if humour is based in the cheerful, receptive, kindly, believing attitude toward life which I have indicated, then Whitman had certainly his share of it. How admirably gentle in its raillery is the description of the Duyckink brothers. "I met these brothers: they were both 'gentlemanly men'—and by the way I don't know any description that would have pleased them better to hear—both very clerical looking—thin—wanting in body: men of truly proper style, God help 'em!" How pleasant in its mirthful twinkle the tribute to the sacred

calendar. "I believe in saints if they're far enough off."

Will it be denied that Shakespeare's humour is so delightful because it is all sunshine? Well, Whitman was a sun lover, also, liked long, naked drenchings of sunlight in green solitudes. He wanted all about him to be sunny, made it so. He said, "Some people are so much sunlight to the square inch." He was, and he loved those who were. He said of himself, "I stand for the sunny point of view—stand for the joyful conclusions." And of his book he used this phrase, which surely would not discredit the loveliest poem in the world, "My

book is written 'in the sun and with a gay heart.'" What better motto could we inscribe on *Twelfth Night* or *As You Like It*?

Such is this gracious and alluring torso of an old man, which might do honour to the richest canvas of Rembrandt. If we must put some shadows in it, they are not deep ones. From the usual weaknesses of prolonged invalidism and incipient senility he seems exceptionally free. If he is at times garrulous, we must remember that no man's garrulity was ever before recorded so without pity. The absence of waywardness, fretfulness, petulance is really re-



"LEAVES OF GRASS," WITH AUTOGRAPH NOTES AND OTHER MEMORANDA

markable. The rare outbursts of indignation that occur are justified by circumstances. He endured tedious intrusion and irrelevant questioning with a quite saintlike meekness, and it was only when he was bored past the patience of man that he burst out with what a friend so vividly described as "his magnificent No!"

The charge of a rather flamboyant and offensive egotism is less easily disposed of. If you know Whitman, know his naïveté, his gentleness, his honesty, you do not mind the egotism. Besides, when a man so greatly and genuinely admires all the other works of God, why should he not bestow a little admiration on himself? At the same time, it must be admitted that the attitude evokes in

most of us a kindly smile, in some a cumulative irritation. This he cannot understand. "I talked of myself as I would of you: blamed and praised just the same: looked at myself just as if I was somebody else: I am not ashamed of it: I have never praised myself where I would not have praised somebody else." There are spiritual complexities in this utterance which I need not analyse, but which no one can fail to enjoy. To be sure, he occasionally doubts himself,—as a moral exercise. "It takes a good deal of resolution to do it: yet it should be done—no one is safe until he can give himself such a drubbing: until he can shock himself out of his complacency." But I question whether that robust complacency could have been

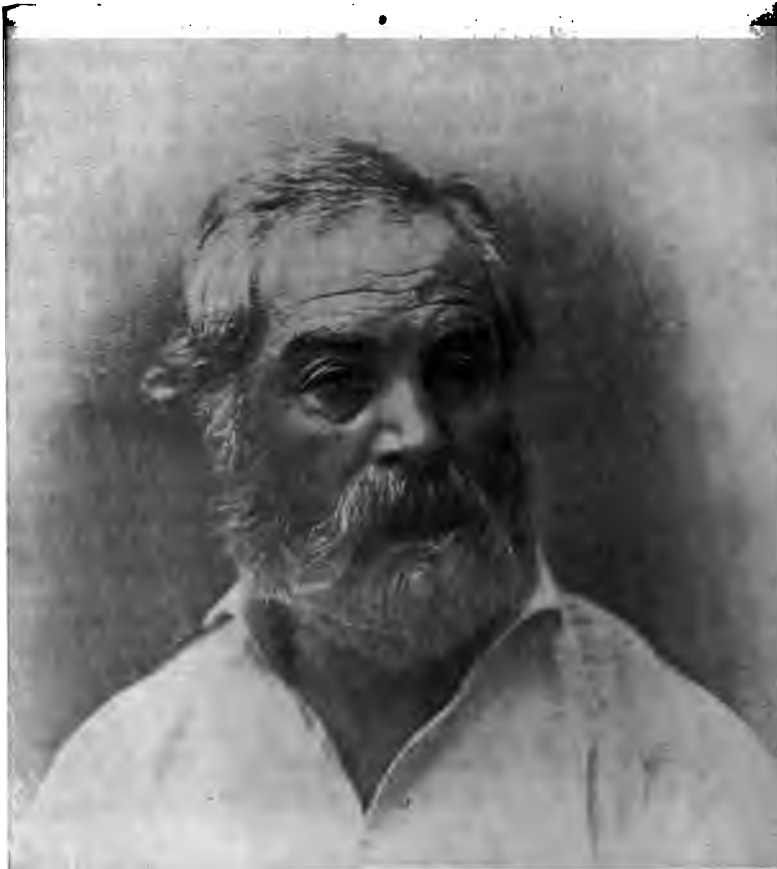


"IT'S A LITTLE ROUGH AND TUMBLE, POSSIBLY, BUT IT'S NOT A FACE I COULD HATE. COULD YOU? HONEST INJUN, HORACE, COULD YOU HATE IT?"

shaken by any shock less than the electric chair. Even as regards his person the complacency is not wholly absent. He offers one of his portraits to a lady in Washington. "She said she'd rather have a picture that had more love in it. It's a little rough and tumble, possibly, but it's not a face I could hate. Could you? Honest Injun, Horace, could you hate it?" But as to his book—it is old, it is new, it is elemental, it is universal, it includes everything and everybody, it is outside all the classifications of the critics, has a place of its own, a unique place. It will be read, it must be read, the heart of man needs it because it contains all the heart of man. And the as-

sertion, made by so many poets, that he did not write it, but a higher power working through him, goes but little way to diminish the self-satisfaction of authorship. Perfect appreciation and admiration of such a masterpiece naturally become the touchstone of mortality, and hence this man, whose love and sympathy were so broad, so catholic, at times appears exclusive in a way strangely inconsistent with his real democracy. There is too much about *us*, our *crowd*. Men seem sometimes to be divided into the damned and the elect on the mere basis of acceptance of the Whitman gospel.

For all these things there was, of



"STALWART, WELL PROPORTIONED, RUBICUND, WITH A CLEAR, BRIGHT EYE, AND A NOBLE BEARING, THE MAN, FROM YOUTH TO AGE, HAD A PRESENCE THAT ATTRACTED ALL BEHOLDERS"

course, much excuse in the atmosphere in which Whitman passed his later years. He was not widely praised, but he was immensely praised, and by those whose praise should exalt any man. To be applauded by minds so diverse as Emerson and Symonds, Dowden and Thoreau, to be idolised by men like O'Connor and women like Mrs. Gilchrist, was surely enough to turn the steadiest head. On the whole, I think we may affirm that Whitman kept his balance very sanely.

III

But this picture of the man in old age, completely as it is developed in Mr.

Traubel's volumes, would be indeed inadequate. We must get what glimpses we can of him further back, when the torch was full ablaze, when *Leaves of Grass* was inchoate, in the bud, slowly maturing through the fat richness of a vast, silent, observant, many-sided experience of life. The lights that come to us are not so many as we could wish, but they are sometimes vividly, overwhelmingly definite.

There is the same egotism always, perhaps even more bristling and protuberant. If others will not praise my poems, I will praise them, vigorously,—and anonymously. There is a certain



"NOWHERE DO WE GET A MORE DELIGHTFUL, WINNING IDEA OF THE MAN THAN IN THE SERIES OF LETTERS WRITTEN TO HIS MOTHER FROM WASHINGTON DURING THE WAR, SIMPLE LETTERS, ALMOST ILLITERATE IN THEIR NAÏVE TENDERNESS, FULL OF THOUGHTFUL CARE AND FILIAL YEARNING AND THAT PATIENT INTEREST IN THE DETAILS OF A LOVED ONE'S LIFE WHICH CANNOT BE FEIGNED AND CANNOT BE MISTAKEN"



WHITMAN AND TWO LITTLE FRIENDS

lack of delicacy, an entire lack, Professor Perry calls it, as in the quite unscrupulous use of Emerson's private letter for advertising purposes.

There is a waywardness, a moodiness of temperament, inborn, and further fostered by vagrant habits of life and thought. "Back of all else in me is *feeling*—emotional substance." This shows rarely in violent temper, as in the thrashing of the sexton who forcibly removed the poet's hat, worn in thoughtless reminiscence of Quaker customs. It shows more often, modified, but not

neutralised, by Dutch solidity and leisureliness, in a spirit of contradiction or of obstinate persistence. "My dear mother used to say to me: 'Walt—does thee not sometimes—just, sometimes, Walt—look for differences where there are none?' Dear mother!" The persistence was now bound up with high things, now with less high. Sometimes it is an ideal, which "seized upon me, made me its servant, slave; induced me to set aside other ambitions; a trail of glory in the heavens, which I followed, followed, with a full heart." Sometimes

it is a whim or slighter fancy, grasped and clung to with the same tenacity. "When once I am convinced I never let go." And as there were moods of violence, so there were moods of quiet. "I had, I may say, an unusual capacity for standing still, rooted on a spot, at a rest, for a long spell, to ruminate, hours in and out sometimes."

But back of all these moods and anchoring them securely to reality, we must see, not the shattered physique of Mr. Traubel's volumes, but the splendid, vigorous, abundant, healthy temperament, so rare in poets and in literary men generally, the temperament that did not shrink from crowds, or noises, or coarse odours, or harsh speech, that revelled instinctively in the surging pressure of city streets as in the driven solitude of wild sea beaches, that was at home everywhere, at peace everywhere, everywhere alike throbbing with the buoyant, joyous, intense vividness of simple life.

No one can understand Whitman who does not base such understanding on a sense of this perfect bodily health, this normal, sound adjustment of muscles, nerves, and organs, which remained entirely unbroken till after the shattering strain and exhaustion of his war endeavour. Everywhere in the reminiscences of his early days you catch the ring, the exultant ecstasy of abounding physical vigour, the eager response of eye and limb to any demand the heart can make on them. What a rhythm of gorgeous living throbs in this brief note warm from actual experience! "A solitary and pleasant sundown hour at the pond, exercising arms, chest, my whole body, by a tough oak sapling thick as my wrist, twelve feet high—pulling and pushing, inspiring the good air. After I wrestle with the tree awhile, I can feel the young sap and virtue welling up out of the ground and tingling through me from top to toe, like health's wine."

And as the body was sound and healthy, so it was comely to look upon, which does not mar the joy of living in

the least. Stalwart, well proportioned, rubicund, with a clear, bright eye, and a noble bearing, the man, from youth to age, had a presence that attracted all beholders. You can see in the numerous photographs what the charm was, though I confess that in every one of them there is something about the eyes I cannot wholly like, something of the waywardness, pushed almost to insolence, perhaps accentuated by the artificially rough and careless garb. Those who write from actual personal contact seem to register a magnetism greater than can be suggested by the photographs. "His presence exerted a peculiar fascination almost intoxicating," writes one ardent admirer. And Lincoln, not an admirer, and not intoxicated, said of him passing in the street, as Napoleon said of Goethe, "Well, he looks like a man." Isn't this compliment enough?

There was mental sanity, also, that round, balanced, joyous courage and hope which are better served by a healthy body, though they do not necessarily require it. Just hear this simple note from a pleasant day's journey: "On the *Mary Powell*, enjoyed everything beyond precedent." He always did. He takes a simple walk in the fields, "And there were the detours, too, wanderings off into the country out of the beaten paths; I remember one place—in Maryland in particular, to which we would go. How splendid above all was the moon—the full moon, the half moon: and then the wonder, the delight of the silences." It is the ecstasy of a man who has no worn, dead nerve tissue to cloud the ample working of his spirit. Whitman himself lucidly defines the glory of such a state of exaltation. "A man realises the venerable myth—he is a god walking the earth, he sees new eligibilities, powers and beauties everywhere, he himself has a new eyesight and hearing. The play of the body in motion takes a previously unknown grace. Merely *to move* is then a happiness, a pleasure—to breathe, to see, is also."

Out of this superabundance of health and physical vigour there no doubt came, in Whitman's early life, a freedom of living not wholly consonant with conventional standards of morals. A country which is perfectly contented that a man should have had a number of wives and no children, but shrieks when he has a number of children and no wife, will never accept nor condone the poet's unauthorised paternity, though it is in itself indicative of a much more normal sexual habit than obtains in many marriages. It may, at least, be asserted that Whitman was neither vicious, nor corrupt, nor dissipated in any proper sense of the term, and the plain statement of his old housekeeper, who knew him, if any one did, may set him squarely on his feet for any normal man—or woman. "He is a good man; I think he is the best man I ever knew."

This warmth of blood, this depth and energy and tenderness of affection, appear most charmingly in all the relations of life as well as in the sexual. "What is humanity," he says, "in its faith, love, heroism, poetry, even morals, but *emotion*?" And more personally, "How many's the time I've just lived for days and days practically on my affections alone." Nowhere do we get a more delightful, winning idea of the man than in the series of letters written to his mother from Washington during the war, simple letters, almost illiterate in their naïve tenderness, full of thoughtful care and filial yearning and that patient interest in the details of a loved one's life which cannot be feigned and cannot be mistaken.

Also, there is the beautiful list of Whitman's male friendships, not indeed quite so lengthy as his enthusiastic talk of comradeship would lead us to believe, because many who loved him felt that they could not quite touch, could not quite understand. But the simplest souls came nearest to him. How charming is the attachment shown in his letters to the honest, manly brakeman, Peter Doyle, who could not do much with *Leaves of Grass*, but had the deepest re-

gard and admiration for its author. The demonstrative tenderness that accompanied these simple friendships of Whitman, the caressing and kissing and embracing, is unusual and notable. It is interestingly compared with similar manifestations by one of the purest and noblest figures in American history, General Joseph E. Johnston, who was also accustomed to meet and part from his friends, for instance, General Lee, with such demonstrations as are exchanged between a lover and his beloved.

Nor was this depth of affection all subjective, all, so to speak, selfish. On the contrary, it welled out constantly in thoughtfulness, kindness, sacrifice for others. The noblest, the most fruitful experience of Whitman's life, as he himself admitted, was his work in the Washington hospitals during the war. Living in the city at that time, he gradually became interested, without any official status, in the wounded soldiers, devoted long, long hours to them, watched with them, soothed them, comforted them, took the bulk of his small earning to buy dainties for them, which he distributed himself with words more helpful than the dainties. No bitterer, more horrible record of wounds and death and the agony of war has ever been penned than Whitman's account of these hospital experiences. Sensitive as he was, susceptible as he was, he shrunk from no shock or disgust of disease or operation, holding many a hand at the hour of death, though, as he says, he often trembled and fainted afterwards at what he had heard and seen.

And what made his comfort and attendance so perfect and so satisfying was that it was not a mere matter of duty, or charity, or even pity, but was warmed by the glow of real human, personal love. The sick and dying looked for him, longed after him, as for no one else. "Come again, Walt," they cried, "oh, Walt, be sure to come again." Why they felt so is easily seen when we read only one of the many letters in which Whitman expresses his affection. "Sometimes, after an interval, the thought of

one I much love comes upon me strong and full all of a sudden—and now as I sit here by a big open window, this beautiful afternoon, everything quiet and sunny—I have been and am now, thinking so of you, dear young man, and of your love, or more rightly speaking, our love for each other—so curious, so sweet, I say so *religious*—we met there in the Hospital—how little we have been together—seems to me we ought to be some together every day of our lives—I don't care about talking or amusement, but just to be together, and work together, or go off in the open air together." This is the tone that goes to men's hearts, whether in hospitals, or prisons, or palaces, or heaven, or hell.

IV

But thus far we have been dealing with a prosaic Whitman, a prose Whitman, at any rate. We must not forget that we are studying not only a man, but a great poet, one of the great poets of the world. What an advantage they have, these great poets, over the common herd of us. All the aspirations, all the hopes, all the ideals, which we can only mutter or murmur, with strangled inarticulateness, they sing right out with unimagined glory. Nay, even those dull strains which in us seem earthly and to be hidden, they can transfigure and illumine, making all things mortal splendid just because they are mortal and yours and mine as well as theirs. Thus *Leaves of Grass*, with all its various folds and gleaming tissues, is a colossal autobiography, but not of the poet only, of you and me and every man. Its egotism, often loud and brazen, is egotism for all of us.

What am I after all but a child, pleas'd with the sound of my own name? repeating it over and over;

I stand apart to hear—it never tires me. To you your name also;

Did you think there was nothing but two or three pronunciations in the sound of your name?

Its lofty, challenging self-assurance is the self-assurance of the mighty seers,

striking the tap-root of their hearts deep, deep down into the greater heart of men.

I am that I am; and they that level
At my abuses reckon up their own,

says Shakespeare, and Petrarch,—
Intenda mi chi po, ch'i'm'intend'io,

and Whitman,

Leave my works,
And go lull yourself with what you can understand, and with piano-tunes,
For I lull nobody, and you will never understand me.

How the bodily health and vigour leap out in singing verses, with exuberant felicity!

And who has been happiest? O I think it is I—I think no one was ever happier than I.

And henceforth I will go celebrate any thing
I see or am,
And sing and laugh and deny nothing.

Also, the red thread of sensibility, of emotion, of affection and tenderness, gleams and glistens through the whole fabric sometimes subtly evading, sometimes triumphant and irresistible.

O what is it in me that makes me tremble so at voices?

Surely whoever speaks to me in the right voice, him or her I shall surely follow,
As the water follows the moon, silently, with fluid steps, anywhere around the globe.

Who has ever put more breadth of sympathy into one line than throbs in the following, of the poet?

He is no arguer, he is judgment (Nature accepts him absolutely),

He judges not as the judge judges but as the sun falling round a helpless thing.

And the patriotism is there, the dirge for heroes giving all for their country, sounded by one whose heart knew well what they gave. Knew well what they gave, and what they gave it for, America, sung by this man as never yet by any one else, in verses that must last as

long as the nation lasts, that must last until even America comes to understand them. America, with its immensity, its fertility, its multiplicity, its turbulence, its vast problems and its vaster hope.

It is by love and by hope chiefly that these poems exist. No one has poured out the hope of democracy with such joyous and infectious confidence. It may seem sometimes that the hope is wilful, blind, overlooks immense and terrible dangers. Yet the sense of dangers is keen and present, if you search for it. The threat "of the never ending audacity of elected persons" is perfectly understood and the deepest tragedy of popular government has never been expressed better than in these words of pity,

As I stand aloof and look there is something
to me profoundly affecting in large
masses of men following the lead of
those who do not believe in men.

But the confidence in democracy is justified because it is founded not on mere claptrap and catchwords, but on the deepest sympathy with the human heart and the strongest sense of what democracy may be, must be, and some day will be. It is not the mere assertion of the ballot and of rights too often shelf-destructive and not worth fighting for, but the vision of a whole society based on the large, rational enjoyment of those things that are best worth enjoying, the normal health of the well-nourished, well disciplined, well fostered body, the common magic of great art, the endlessly varied resources of natural beauty. In the latter especially Whitman finds depths of consolation, of charm, of unutterable rapture, certainly not surpassed in American poetry,

Jupiter shall emerge, be patient, watch again
another night, the Pleiades shall emerge,
They are immortal, all those both silvery
and golden shall shine out again,
The great stars and the little ones shall
shine out again, they endure,
The vast immortal suns and the long-enduring,
pensive moons shall again shine.

Above all, Whitman's democracy is solid and vital because it is based on

God. Amiel's "Journal" begins, "There is but one thing needful—to possess God." Whitman declares, in words closely similar: "For America, and for to-day, just the same as any day, the supreme and final science is the science of God—what we call science being only its minister—as Democracy is, or shall be also." It is true, that for doctrine of God, *Leaves of Grass* wanders into strange places. It may be none the worse and none the less near God for that. It is true, that the poet avoids all definitions, all dogmas, and in so doing is only the better poet and the truer worshipper. But it is the sense of God that inspires his thought of man.

What do you suppose I would intimate to
you in a hundred ways, but that man
or woman is as good as God?

And that there is no God any more divine
than yourself?

It is the sense of God that gives intensity even to the fullest life of the body. It is the sense of God that gives glow and splendour to trees and flowers and birds and clouds and stars. More than all, it is the sense of God that solves the greatest problem of life—death. Does not God vibrate in every syllable of that strange chant which salutes death in all its glory, in all its cloud of mystical possibilities beyond the sordid tumult of this world?

From me to thee glad serenades,
Dances for thee I propose saluting thee,
adornments and feastings for thee,
And the sight of the open-landscape and the
high-spread sky are fitting,
And life and the fields, and the huge and
thoughtful night.

But a simpler word than this yokes
God and death together in a final verdict
for the man, and for his view of
life, and for his view of all our lives.

And I say to mankind, Be not curious
about God,
For I who am curious about each am not
curious about God.

(No array of terms can say how much I
am at peace about God and death.)

ROMAIN ROLLAND AS A MUSICAL CRITIC*

BY LEWIS M. ISAACS

Literature abounds in the mistakes of writers who refer to music in terms demonstrating their ignorance of the subject. Tennyson's "loud bassoon" is a classical example. The poet or novelist who is also a musician in theory, if not in practice, is certainly rare. It is this factor which makes the author of *Jean Christophe* especially distinctive. In the combined chorus of praise from musician and literateur lies proof of unique quality. Indeed, it may be said without exaggeration, that the recognition of the value of *Jean Christophe* as a contribution to serious critical thought on music, is scarcely less general than its acclaim as an important work of literature, evidenced by the award of the Nobel Prize. Imbedded in the texture of the novel, but readily discernible through many of its pages, are rare nuggets of philosophical pondering and brilliant gems of acute analysis that repay close examination by the musician.

In his purely critical papers, published under the title of *Musicians of To-day*, M. Rolland evinced his authority as a musical critic, and his latest book, which may be called a companion volume, emphasises his unusual qualities still further. The novelist is never far off. In the series of chapters modestly entitled "Notes on Lully" there are to be found the same vivid and personal touches, applied to that most fascinating figure in French music of the time of Louis XIV, as abound in *Jean-Christophe*. One may say of M. Rolland that he approaches musical criticism like a novelist, and novel writing like a musician—with the added statement, of course, that he accomplishes both tasks as one who knows. The peculiar value

of this method of approach is well illustrated in the chapter on "Lully's Recitative and Racine's Declamation." As the author himself says:

Literary history has not yet found all the help it might in musical history. Many literary problems would be more easily solved if music were allowed to throw some light upon them.

This suggestion practically applied to the subject under discussion, leads convincingly to the conclusion that we "find a reflection of the declamation and acting of Racine's tragedies preserved for us in Lully's music."

So, too, the treatment of the Encyclopædists and the reform of French opera generally associated with the name of Gluck, is particularly notable for the impartiality with which the relative influences are set forth. Rolland points out that the "philosophers," in spite of Berlioz's flings at them, played an important part in the revolution in dramatic music which followed the famous *Guerre des Bouffons*. The author's criticism here and throughout the entire volume, which is more or less concerned with the general subject of opera in the making, is essentially constructive as well as suggestive. It is the sort of musical criticism which the layman can read with profit and without tedium. Probably with an eye to the fact that citation of authority would be of less interest to layman than to musician, the author has indulged in numerous footnotes, which contain valuable information in small space, and are strong additional evidence of his scholarly attainments. All in all, M. Rolland, thanks to his rare equipment, is justly to be considered the most interesting of living musical critics.

*Some Musicians of Former Days. By Romain Rolland. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF "R. L. S."

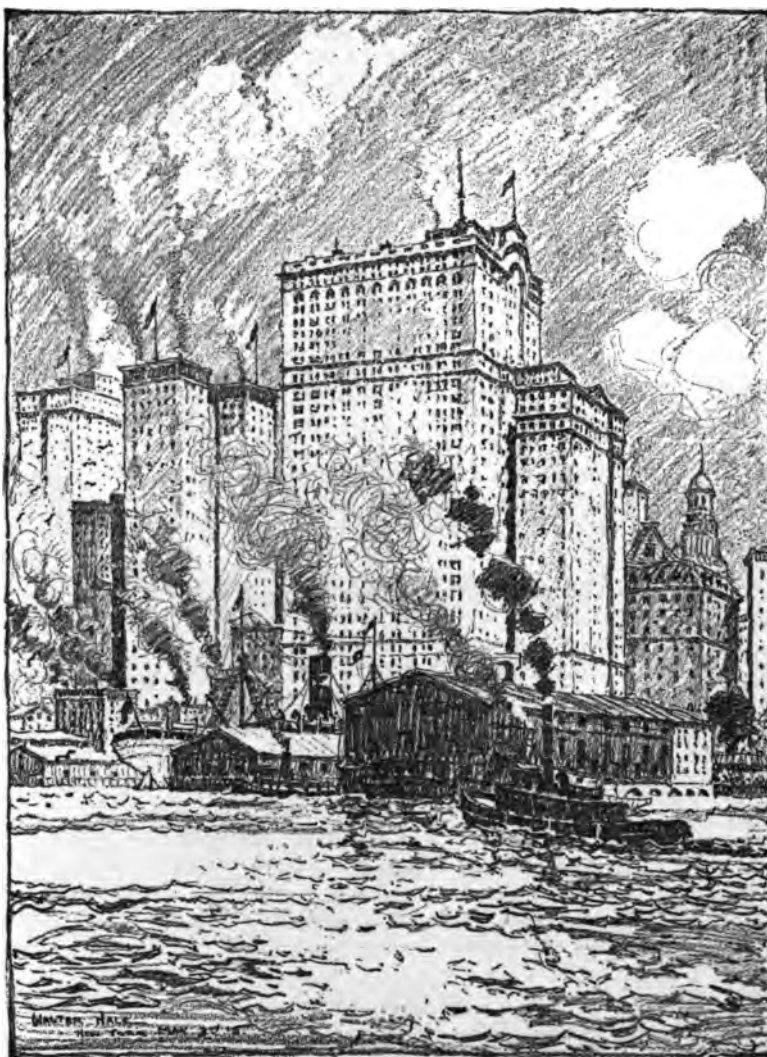
DRAWINGS BY WALTER HALE



ALONG THE WATER FRONT AT MARSEILLES. IN OCTOBER, 1882, STEVENSON AND HIS WIFE INSTALLED THEMSELVES IN A SUBURB OF MARSEILLES, WHERE LOUIS COULD LOOK OUT UPON THE CHATEAU D'IF AND DREAM OF EDMOND DANTES BEING FLUNG INTO THE SEA

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF "R. L. S."

DRAWINGS BY WALTER HALE



NO. 10 WEST STREET TO-DAY. A SOARING OFFICE BUILDING HAS BEEN ERECTED ON THE SITE OF THE OLD REUNION HOUSE, STEVENSON'S FIRST HOME IN AMERICA. COURTESY OF DOUBLEDAY, PAGE AND COMPANY

THE HOUSE OF NIGHT

BY AMEEN RIHANI

Her sable robes the gloaming trails
From golden strand to purple height,
And softly, over the wealds and dales,
Into the vacant house of night.

But lo, where first her footsteps mark
The sunset's last extinguished pyre,—
Above the hills,—a saffron spark,
A gleam of un conjectured fire.

Between the foliated zone and sky,
Where sentries of the forest stand,
It peeps and flits—a firefly;
It soars and glows—a firebrand.

A sacred flame from hemlock shades
Rising like a mystic sign
Above the silence of the glades
Into the solitudes divine.

A sign perchance from those who pass
To those who follow in the gloom,
Dancing round a moulted mass
Above the grudging gulfs of doom.

A new-born world, though years untold
Have fed the forge that gave it breath,
Where Life still casts of beaten gold
Cressets for the shrine of Death.

A dying world, though like a gem
Of sapphire hues in nacre bright,
Dropt from the zone or diadem
Of the immortal queen of night.

A world! From depths to heights as dark
It leaps anon into the dance
And whirls away—'t is but a spark
From the anvil of the God of Chance.

But Faith and Fancy often mar
The mystery of things divine;
For that which is a rolling star
Was fluttering neath a lonely pine.

And lo, another orb doth roll
 Above the groves where once it trod;
 And still another seeks its goal
 In the infinities of God.

From where the eagle marks his flight,
 Across the void that earth-bound seems,
 They twinkle forth, a circle of light,
 Around the gloaming's couch of dreams.

And thus they first themselves disguise
 As glow worms in the gathering gloom,
 And suddenly refulgent rise
 O'er the abysmal tracks of doom.

For aeons thus, from hill to sea,
 Athwart the grudging gulfs they glow;
 And waning tell of the worlds that be
 And the ghosts of worlds of long ago.

For aeons thus, their torches high,
 The gods unseen, as when the light
 Of day conceals the starry sky,
 Illuminate the house of night.

ON THE ROAD OF LUÁR

BY THOMAS WALSH

A moon and a single star
 On the silvery slopes of the sky;
 Art thou weeping, thou sightless eye,
 Art thou blind with some dawn afar?

Whither, sad moth to thy flame?
 O starry tear, is it thine
 Or my own, or a sorrow divine
 That the cheeks of the night proclaim?

The moon with her grief forlorn
 Droops down on the shouldering west,
 As a sleeper distraught from her rest
 Turns back to her pillows at morn.

THE ADVANCE OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

PART IV

The silence of forty years—the English romantic movement—Longsword—Horace Walpole, the faddist—Mrs. Radcliffe and Monk Lewis—Northanger Abbey, the burlesque—difference between women in 1915 and women in 1815—Jane Austen and Booth Tarkington—climax of the romantic movement in Walter Scott.

THE forty years that elapsed from the publication of *Humphry Clinker* (1771) to *Sense and Sensibility* (1811) are notable for the absence of good fiction. Not a single first-class novel appeared. English manners were mirrored and satirised by Frances Burney, and at the very end of the century Maria Edgeworth coined her Irish experiences; but both these irreproachable novelists are faint in comparison with the great geniuses of English fiction and are growing fainter in the process of years.

One reason why no good novels were produced during this period was because the mighty name of Richardson had drawn a host of imitators in his wake; and while Richardson himself was and is splendid, imitations of him are nearly the last word in human tedium. Another and better reason is seen in the rise of the Romantic Movement, which gave to many absurd prose romances immense temporary fame, but which produced nothing of importance before Walter Scott.

For the first fifty years of the eighteenth century the classicists and the realists ruled; the words "gothic" and "romantic" were in bad odour; it was thought plebeian to be demonstrative; joyful enthusiasm and sobs of grief were alike unfashionable. Toward the close of the century any novelist of even ordinary ability could strike the once stony British heart, and streams of water flowed; everything mediæval and "gothic" became a fad; and wild tales of mystery and horror were mightily cried up.

English literature is instinctively ro-

mantic; and it took men of genius, like Pope and Swift, Richardson and Fielding, to repress and shackle the national spirit; just as in France it took a superman like Victor Hugo to fight with any success against the well-regulated and sober soul of Gallic prose. Toward the close of the eighteenth century, a natural reaction—which had begun in a variety of instinctive and unconscious ways—asserted itself against the tyranny of classicism; and as the reaction gathered force, it was guilty of absurd excesses. The eighteenth century revolt, which turned English fiction into a kind of nightmare during the final decade, had its parallel exactly a hundred years later, in an exceedingly lively revival of romance which reached a climax in 1900.

One supremely valuable thing—that England had sought in vain for centuries—came near to being lost in all this hurly-burly; I mean a perfect English prose style. The mastery of prose, richly illustrated in fictitious narrative by Defoe, Swift, Addison, and Fielding, ceased to be characteristic of the novel—ceased to exist in the novel. Fortunately pure and natural prose was kept alive by Boswell in biography and by Gibbon in history.

Although the impatient, free spirit of Smollett had found the limits of space and time somewhat irksome, and had in *Ferdinand*, *Count Fathom* sought a world at once impossible and fascinating, he can never rank as a forerunner of the romantic movement in prose fiction; for he was a realist. The first genuine historical romance of the eighteenth cen-

ture—the first earnest of Scott's fiction—was *Longsword*, by the Rev. Thomas Leland, published in 1762. This book to-day is unread and forgotten; but it ought to be remembered by literary historians, for its significance is as great as its intrinsic worth is small. In plot, story, framework, setting, characterisation, this little book is a forerunner of the great romances of Scott. It is indeed the first modern romance of chivalry in the English language. In the "Advertisement," the author stated that "the outlines of the following story, and some of the incidents and more minute circumstances, are to be found in the ancient English historians." It is, like *Ivanhoe*, a story of jousts and knightly adventures; of ladies dead and lovely knights. Exalted constancy between man and maid is the basis of the plot. The style is pneumatic, but it was the style that was to be the fashion for fifty years: dare I quote?

A youth who seemed just rising to manhood, of graceful form, tall of stature, and with limbs of perfect shape, lay sorely wounded upon the ground, languid, pale, and bloody. Over him hung one in the habit of a page [*art thou there, Truepenny?*], younger, and still more exquisitely beautiful, piercing the air with lamentations, and eagerly employed in binding up the wounds of the fallen youth with locks of comely auburn, torn from a fair though dishevelled head.

Clara Reeve was influenced by this book, and made one of the few references to it that I have ever been able to find. In her *Progress of Romance* (1785), the following dialogue occurs. "How is that, a Romance in the 18th century?" "Yes, a Romance in reality and not a Novel.—A story like those of the middle ages, composed of Chivalry, Love, and Religion." After some detailed discussion, the remark is made, "This work is distinguished in my list, among Novels uncommon and Original."

But it took a personage of more social prestige than the Rev. Thomas Leland

to set the pace for romantic fiction. In 1764 appeared *The Castle of Otranto*, by Horace Walpole, a worthless hodgepodge of gloom and tinsel that threw England into a fever of excitement and is more responsible than any other one book for releasing the flood of tales of mystery. This is not in any real sense a forerunner of Scott, as *Longsword* was; for it is a "gothic," not a historical romance. Horace Walpole, the thoroughly sophisticated man of the world, was the last person on earth, *a priori*, who should have written this turgid stuff; but the paradox occurred simply because Walpole was a man of fashion—of fads rather than fancies—and the new romanticism was in the air. Just as a conventional and mundane person will wear flaunting and picturesque garments if they are the "latest thing," so authors and artists—whose real nature might be inclined even to cynical criticism—will sometimes be the first to scent the new movement, and start a whole pack in the hue and cry. The fact that Horace Walpole wrote *The Castle of Otranto* is the surest evidence of the approaching reign of Romanticism.

The analogy between architecture and literature is a sound one; and just as Horace Walpole had drawn the attention of London society to his "gothic Castle" at Strawberry Hill, so now he captured them anew with his gothic romance, written in a style that would have made Quintilian stare and gasp. It had its origin in a dream—"a very natural dream for a head like mine, filled with Gothic story"—and he began to write "without knowing in the least what I intended to say or relate." In the original edition he pretended that it was a translation of an old romance that he had found, but the sudden popularity of the work caused him to acknowledge the authorship in the second printing, where his preface contains a significant statement. "It was an attempt to blend the two kinds of romance, the ancient and the modern. In the former, all was imagination and improbability; in the

latter, nature is always intended to be, and sometimes has been, copied with success. Invention has not been wanting; but the great resources of fancy have been dammed up, by a strict adherence to common life." This last sentence shows that the romantic sentiment in art is always the same; it is impatient of the bolts and bars of experience, unwilling to submit either to rules of authority or to tests of fact, and wants a free hand.

Even more remarkable than Walpole's authorship of such a story is Gray's critical admiration of it; and this once more can be explained only by remembering that Thomas Gray, with all his shyness, with all his fastidious scholarship, had completely surrendered to the new Romantic Movement. His unbounded admiration for the first fragments of *Ossian* (1760) made him an easy target, even for so poor a shot as Walpole; for he welcomed at this time everything in literature that savoured of "wildness." He had seen the manuscript, and advised his friend to print it; and when the book appeared, he wrote to Walpole that it made people cry and afraid to go to bed o' nights. Thus it produced the exact effect intended by all the works of this school—tears and terror—a combination of the school of sentiment with the school of mystery.

Tales that were meant to be thrilling now began to multiply; and we read to-day with a smile what our ancestors read with rising hair. Familiarity breeds contempt; and this is particularly true of ghosts. They must not appear too often or in too large numbers. But the thirst of the public for the uncanny had been aroused, and the main business of the second and third rate novelists was then, even as it is now, to satisfy a thirst. Clara Reeve's *Old English Baron* (1777), Ann Radcliffe's *Mysteries of Udolpho* (1794), and M. G. Lewis's *The Monk* (1795) are progressive examples of the fashion. Although not one of these books is worth reading for its own sake, they were a contribu-

tion to the stream of English fiction, and an evidence of the never-dying love of the English for romance. While great realistic novels, as faithful criticisms of life, may satisfy some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, they cannot satisfy all the people all the time.

There is another reason to-day why we may be grateful to these mystery-mongers. Just as *Pamela* was the mother of *Joseph Andrews*, so these hobgoblins gave birth to another immortal burlesque—*Northanger Abbey*. Jane Austen was only twenty-two when she wrote this story; and it was written in the flood-tide of the books it ridiculed, in the year 1798. In 1803 it was sold to a publisher in Bath, but perhaps the fashion in fiction was too strong for his courage, for he laid the manuscript away; years later, the family offered him the same amount that he had paid for the return of it; amazed and delighted, he lost no time in accepting. Then he was more amazed and less delighted by being informed of the author's name, already famous.

The sense of humour is the sure antidote for excessive sentiment and excessive improbabilities; as is shown by trying melodrama on a university audience. A huge Gothic galleon of romance may be successfully torpedoed by one joke. Many literary movements have found their limit—even in the most patient nations—by finally colliding with the public sense of humour; and it is certain that if the sense of humour were as well developed in the Russian people as the sense of tragedy, many of the contemporary abnormal novels would disappear in a burst of foam. Jane Austen—the most clear-headed woman who ever wrote fiction—found the atmosphere somewhat over-heated; and the good-natured laughter of *Northanger Abbey* was like a draught of fresh air. It blew out the candles and brought daylight back to English fiction.

It is, of course, a good story well told, with real characters; but its purpose was to attack *The Mysteries of*

Udolpho and the whole fashion of romance represented by that work. The anti-climax of the washing-bill is a youthful burlesque; but not content with this, in the sixth chapter we have *Sir Charles Grandison* rated above all the romances, together with a specific attack on Mrs. Radcliffe's tale. Apart from the historical interest of this satire, I find very interesting the ironical treatment of the *débutante* of 1798; and I think a citation will prove that the twentieth century *débutante* has not radically changed.

Have you gone on with *Udolpho*?

Yes, I have been reading it ever since I woke; and I am got to the black veil.

Are you, indeed? How delightful! Oh! I would not tell you what is behind the black veil for the world! Are not you wild to know?

Oh! yes, quite; what can it be? But do not tell me. I would not be told on any account. I know it must be a skeleton, I am sure it is *Laurentina's* skeleton. Oh! I am delighted with the book! I should like to spend my whole life in reading it, I assure you; if it had not been to meet you, I would not have come away from it for all the world.

Dear creature! how much I am obliged to you; and when you have finished *Udolpho*, we will read the Italian together; and I have made out a list of ten or twelve more of the same kind for you.

Have you, indeed! How glad I am! What are their names?

I will read you their names directly; here they are, in my pocket-book. *Castle of Wolfenbach*, *Clermont*, *Mysterious Warnings*, *Necromancers of the Black Forest*, *Midnight Bell*, *Orphan of the Rhine*, and *Horrid Mysteries*. Those will last us some time.

Yes; pretty well; but are they all horrid? are you sure they are all horrid?

Yes, quite sure; for a particular friend of mine,—a Miss Andrews,—a sweet girl, one of the sweetest creatures in the world, has read every one of them. I wish you knew Miss Andrews, you would be delighted with her. She is netting herself the sweet-

est cloak you can conceive. I think her as beautiful as an angel, and I am so vexed with the men for not admiring her!—I scold them all amazingly about it.

There is nothing meretricious about Jane Austen except the alliterative titles of two of her novels; she stopped that business after her first two books, and we read and reread *Pride and Prejudice* with such enthusiasm that we find no difficulty in forgiving the author for its christening. For this work is one of the world's very few impeccable masterpieces.

Miss Austen was an absolute realist, and every one of her books is a profound and accurate criticism of life. Declining to write a historical romance she wrote to her foolish counsellor, "I could no more write a romance than an epic poem. I could not sit seriously down to write a serious romance under any other motive than to save my life; and if it were indispensable for me to keep it up and never relax into laughing at myself or at other people, I am sure I should be hung before I had finished the first chapter."

Although it would be false to say that her aim in writing stories was a didactic one, it is nevertheless true that, in common with her master Richardson, she meant to improve social manners, and her novels are in a sense books of etiquette. She was disgusted with the foolish and trivial and ill-written letters that passed between young girls in society; she was thoroughly indignant with fond fathers and mothers who made their little children protagonists of the family drama, as is so often the case to-day; she could not endure to have the children's conversation quoted, to have the good talk of adults lowered to the level of infants who happened to be in the room, nor to see a number of men and women surrounding a child, and talking baby-talk to its unconscious face. And while she probably loved Elizabeth Bennet more than any other of her characters, saying playfully of her, "I must confess that I think her

as delightful a creature as ever appeared in print; and how I shall be able to tolerate those who do not like her at least, I do not know," she perhaps meant Anne Elliott in *Persuasion* as her ideal of what a young girl should be.

The enormous change that has taken place in a hundred years, not merely in our ideal girl but in the girl-ideal, can happily be illustrated by comparing the Anne Elliott of *Persuasion* with the Anne Elliott of *The Guest of Quesnay*, written by our deservedly popular American novelist, Booth Tarkington. Both girls spell their name the same way; each is meant to be attractive and representative; and the similarity of spelling together with the contrast in temperament made me feel certain that the comparison was intentional, until I was informed by Mr. Tarkington that it was wholly unconscious. The modern girl is healthy and capable; her face, neck, and hands are heavily tanned; on the inside of her hands there are callous mounds, caused by tennis, golf, and steering-wheels; much of the form divine is revealed by modern clothes; her language is an epitome of the latest argot; and Mr. Granville Barker says her walk, her gestures, and her manner are all an exact imitation of contemporary musical comedy. The attempt of most novelists is to make the heroine attractive; and I remember reading a review of Richard Harding Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune*, where in a discussion of how Hope Langham rose to a certain emergency, the reviewer exclaimed, "Hope did her stunt without a whimper." Now imagine Sophia Western—to illustrate from a very male novelist—doing her stunt without a whimper! Imagine Clarissa driving a motor! Why is it we never hear the word "Tomboy"—so common in my youth—applied to the modern girl? Simply because all girls nowadays are tomboys. The late Mr. Lounsbury said that Cooper's heroines were a combination of propriety and incapacity. I would not say that the modern heroine is improper—but sim-

ply that she would have seemed so to her sister of a century ago.

For the fact is, that just as there are styles in clothes so there are styles in character, in manners, yes, in the female body. In the twentieth century thin girls are all the rage, so that the reputation of Rubens as a painter has sunk to such a depth that even the most ignorant American tourists know that he is not to be praised. This has not always been the case; Charles Reade did not hesitate to give the leg of Christie Johnstone a "noble swell"; he would pare her down to-day. The modern heroine is thin to angularity; when meant to be *very* attractive, her figure is called "boyish"; and among the many trials of women, I should think the necessity of changing their bodies to fit fashionable requirements was not the least. Bad enough to have such caprices in garments; but to have your figure out of style! Still, it is not so bad as being a dog; for if you are a dog and are not in style, you simply are not born at all. You cease to exist. What has become of all the coach-dogs and Spitz dogs of my youth? They went out of style and out of life simultaneously.

Now the eighteenth-century fashionable girl was most gentle, most proper, most retiring. Her chief charm was delicacy; and if she had a touch of tuberculosis, she became irresistible. This was the kind of young woman worshipped by our ancestors; to whom the modern Booth Tarkington girl would have been physically repulsive, as repulsive as an aggressively mannish woman is still. Does it seem incredible that a whole generation of males can differ from another generation in their admiration of women, and in their susceptibility? Such is nevertheless a fact. Fenimore Cooper, whose "females" are a mark for modern satire, was simply carrying the eighteenth century ideal to its limit. America has always been more conservative than England; for the same reason that a bourgeoisie is much more careful in her "company manners" than a duchess. Cooper's heroines, like real

eighteenth century ladies, faint with the greatest ease and with perfect technique; and as to their modesty, our novelist said of one of his creations, "on one occasion her little foot moved," although "she had been carefully taught too that even this beautiful portion of the female frame should be quiet and unobtrusive." Many readers, impatient at such drivel, think that Cooper must have been an ass. He was nothing of the kind; he was following the fashion. If he should revisit the glimpses of the moon, it would be worth while to guide him to Atlantic City or Coney Island.

Although the boldest of eighteenth century reformers would have been shocked by our modern girls, the ideal of physical incompetence and shy delicacy did not maintain its supremacy without a protest. And, as Professor Cross has shown, the first real rebellion broke out in that marvellous monitor of youth, *Sandford and Merton* (1783-1789), by Thomas Day. No sickly females for him! "She rises at candle light in winter, plunges into a cold bath, rides a dozen miles upon a trotting horse or walks as many even with the hazard of being splashed or soiling her clothes . . ." Jane Austen had so much common sense that she meant her Elizabeth to be a rebuke to the over-fastidious. "To walk three miles, or four miles, or five miles, or whatever it is, above her ankles in dirt, and alone, quite alone! what could she mean by it? It seems to me to show an abominable sort of conceited independence, a most country-town indifference to decorum."

Although Jane Austen's robust contemporary, Walter Scott, sometimes made his heroines act and talk in a way that seems to us insipid, his best girls are full of vigour, both of body and of mind. Mr. Saintsbury had the courage to give a list of five nineteenth-century women whom he would have been glad to marry. They are Elizabeth Bennet, of *Pride and Prejudice*; Diana Vernon, of *Rob Roy*; Beatrix Esmond; Argemone Lavington, of *Yeast*; and Barbara Grant, of *David*

Balfour. Most of these girls, while not reaching the cover standard of the contemporary American magazine, are active and capable; and among all of Scott's creations, it is notable that the modern critic selected Di Vernon, the all-around athlete.

The Romantic Revival of the eighteenth century reached a tremendous climax in Walter Scott. By virtue of his immense power and range and unlimited creative activity, he remains the King of the Romanticists. He belongs of course to the objective side of romanticism, as Byron belongs to the subjective; Scott is romantic in his material, Byron romantic in his mood. The great streams of Gothicism, Chivalry, and Mystery, as seen in architecture, ballads, and wild fiction, united in the work of the Wizard. His achievement in prose romance is incomparably better than that of all his immediate predecessors put together, and had indeed no equal in English literature since the time of Malory.

Scott is the great impromptu in fiction, as Browning is in poetry; all of his work seems extempore. Naturally, therefore, he does not serve as a model of style. Stevenson, who had nothing but adoration for Scott's character, and his marvellous inventive powers, never forgave him for his carelessness in manner. "It is undeniable," said he, "that the love of the slap-dash and the shoddy grew upon Scott with success." Of one of his sentences, Stevenson remarked, "A man who gave in such copy would be discharged from the staff of a daily paper. . . . How comes it, then, that he could so often fob us off with languid, inarticulate twaddle?"

Mark Twain, one of the most careful and painstaking artists in the history of literature, had nothing but contempt for Scott until he happened to read *Quentin Durward*. He had been ridiculing the professors and the critics for their praise of Sir Walter, insisting that the so-called great man not only was insufferably dull, but that he did not even know how to write. Then he read *Quentin*

Durward, which fascinated him so powerfully that he playfully insisted it had come from another hand. While it was impossible for Mark Twain to write any essay in criticism without grotesque exaggeration, there is some truth both in his condemnation of Scott and in the exception noted. If I were condemned to read all of Scott's novels again (and I would regard such a sentence as a fearful punishment) I should look upon *Quentin Durward*, *Ivanhoe*, *The Bride of Lammermoor*, and *Kenilworth* as notable mitigations. Indeed, for sheer dramatic power, *The Bride of Lammermoor* is one of the greatest romances in the world. Many years ago, Sir William Fraser was engaged in a warm discussion of Scott with Bulwer-Lytton. Finally, Sir William proposed that each man write on a slip of paper what he conceived to be Scott's masterpiece, at the same time expressing the utmost confidence that they would write the same title. They did; it was the *Bride of Lammermoor*.

Many of Scott's novels I find unreadable. I cannot get through the underbrush. Over and over again I have attacked *Woodstock*, always in vain, and I shall never try any more. What is there about such dreary romances, filled with long descriptions and interminable meanderings, that conquers children? When I was a child, I read Scott and Cooper with intense interest, never skipping a word. I rose before dawn to read Cooper's *Two Admirals*, thinking of it with anticipatory delight as I fell asleep; I should exact favourable terms for reading it now.

Scott, like all the great Romantics, was a mighty man, and much of his production has immortal life. Somehow a writer may be a great realist and yet not impress us with his vitality; may indeed seem anæmic. But the great Ro-

manitics,—Scott, Victor Hugo, Dumas, Cooper, Sienkiewicz,—men who find this world too cramped, and are forced to make their own world, where they can have elbow-room—these always give the impression of endless force. The physical exception, Stevenson, had such amazing mental vitality that if his bodily frame had been powerful, he would probably never have written a line; would perhaps have gone to hell by the shortest available route. Readers who knew nothing of him always imagined him healthily robust. The other Romantics had concealed within their mortal clay some inextinguishable fire; on the coldest winter day, Dumas would sit by an open window with his coat off, writing novels, while the sweat poured down his face. Victor Hugo, when he ate a lobster, ate it all, insisting that the hard shell aided his digestion, as he crumpled it in his strong teeth. When he ate an orange, he ate it as a boy eats an apple, skin and all. The great Romantics are supermen.

And this vital flame blazes forever in their masterpieces. Why is it that so many of our modern romances, which sell for some years by the hundred thousand, disappear with a rapidity that must to their authors be disconcerting, while *The Three Musketeers*, *Ivanhoe*, *Notre Dame*, and *The Last of the Mohicans* are being read by thousands of people while I am writing this sentence? It is because, with all their carelessness of diction, with all their blemishes and incongruities, they are rattling good stories; stories that, told in the crudest manner about a campfire, would hold every auditor breathless; and because they contain characters so filled with the breath of life that a reader can no more forget them than he could forget his most intimate friend.

(To be continued)

The outline of the next installment of Professor Phelps's "Advance of the English Novel" is as follows: The greatest decade in English fiction—Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot—which is her best novel?—Trollope and his twentieth century reincarnation—the Brontës—few women among great novelists—invention and imagination—American supremacy in the short-story—Russian masters in the twentieth century.

HOW HOVEY WROTE BARNEY McGEE

BY BLISS CARMAN

It is getting to be a long time since Richard Hovey went away, and yet the memory of him does not fade as so many memories do. He was such a striking figure, that even those who met him only casually would not easily forget him. To his intimates he must always remain very distinct, very vivid, with very little blurring of the mental portrait. Our memories of our friends are not unlike a moving picture film, made up of innumerable flashes or snaps. At will they pass again before our eyes as in life, from act to act, from scene to scene, and we recall each look and motion, every trick and characteristic of manner and habit.

Hovey had a way, like a boy, whenever he found anything in poetry that pleased him, of exclaiming, "Listen to this, will you!", and then reading it aloud,—sometimes for its beauty, sometimes for its humour, and always with a zest. He never ecstasised too much, nor gushed over anything or any one, but if he came upon something funny, he would chuckle softly at first, and then throw back his fine black head and laugh aloud. It was the same with his own work. When he did anything that pleased him for the moment, or that he thought would interest you, he would come and read it to you. One night in Washington, in the old Indiana Avenue house, when I had gone to bed rather early, I was wakened by the sound of the typewriter, and as I opened my eyes there I saw Hovey tapping away at the keys and smiling to himself. Presently he looked up and said, "Listen to this, will you!" and read me several stanzas of "The Kavanagh," which he had just thought of and was working out.

Hovey did a great deal of his work on the typewriter, particularly his later

work, when he was in full command of his powers. I do not mean that he would compose a poem on the machine, as one might rattle off a letter. But he had the faculty of holding a new poem in solution in his mind all at once, and brooding upon it until it was practically finished. Then he would sit down and commit it to type. Even his longer odes were composed in much the same way. He would "shut himself in with his soul," to paraphrase Rossetti's line, and with a supply of cigarette papers and tobacco, and perhaps for several days take time only for his meals, all the while thinking intensely and going over the work in his mind, until it was thoroughly ordered, and he knew just how he wanted to begin and where he wanted to end. He did not make notes of detached lines and fragments at haphazard, to be rearranged later, but had it all clearly arranged before he put mark to paper. Then he would sit down and tick off the first few opening lines; then get up and walk about the room awhile, rolling a cigarette, smoking, turning over the next few lines or stanzas before committing them to type. And so on piece by piece until he reached the end. Then the poem was finished. That first draft was practically the final one,—each bit completed and polished as he went along.

"Barney McGee" was written at Wolfville, Nova Scotia, in that beautiful Grand Pré country, where for many year I used to spend my summers. Several seasons Hovey accompanied me, as he found in that charmed locality immunity from his inveterate enemy hay-fever. He went to Nova Scotia first in 1893, and "Barney McGee" was written in the following year. Richard and I were going down to Nova Scotia from

Boston by steamer, having taken passage to Yarmouth, to go on from there by train to the Grand Pré district. It is about an eighteen hours' voyage, and gives one at least part of a day at sea. Our boat was crowded with passengers, summer tourists bound for the Land of Evangeline. The sea was not rough, but there was quite a smart breeze; and as we sat on deck going over the proofs of *Songs from Vagabondia*, we had trouble keeping the long galley slips in order.

We had noticed a sailor of rather an unusual type, a slim figure in his blue pilot cloth, walking about the deck, not seeming to look at any one, and yet, if you watched him more closely, evidently observing everyone very keenly indeed. Sometimes he would stop and lounge against the rail. There was nothing of the dapper officer about him, and much less of the ruddy sea-dog. He looked rather like a keen-faced student, and might have been a college boy acting as steward in his vacation. To our surprise he presently came up to us and said we had better come into the wheelhouse out of the wind. He was the Captain, and one of the best officers of the line.

Of course we were delighted to accept the invitation, and were soon occupying chairs behind the wheel. No more proofs for us, however! Our new acquaintance was far too entertaining not to be enjoyed while we could. For a man is a man, while a book is only a book. One could turn off a poem about the sea any day, but it was seldom one had the chance of knowing a man who made the sea his home and also had all our own romantic fondness for it.

It seemed he liked to go about quietly among his passengers without being recognised, and make up his mind about them, taking mental stock of people while they were still unaware of his identity. Of course we were too easy a guess for him. Our fluttering proof-sheets stamped us at once, and really secured us our coveted shelter. He loved poetry almost as much as he did the sea.

They were both in his blood. He was well read in all the current verse of the day and astonished us by quoting something one of us had recently published in a magazine. He knew the classic English poets also, and quoted them with spirited appreciation and real feeling. But it was the sea, of course, that was his great enthusiasm. He had a poet's sentiment about it, running through his sailor's passion. When he spoke of some of the storms he had been through, with the good ship under his feet, obedient to his will, battling for him against the Elemental Titan, one could see the joy and daring of the born sea-lover and sea-captain. Though so quiet-spoken and unassuming, he was one of those distinct personalities that are not easily forgotten.

That is how I recall so clearly the reading of the proofs of our first joint volume. We went on to Wolfville, that lovely little town on the edge of Grand Pré, in the midst of the land of orchards and dykes and great tides and peaceful, hospitable folk. There we spent our few golden weeks, turning our thoughts already to a new venture, *More Songs from Vagabondia*, to follow the first. I was staying with friends, and in their garden on the slope behind the town overlooking the great Meadow, I was sitting with Hovey one day, when he was evidently working on something new. Presently with his winning smile he looked up and said, "Listen to this, will you!", and gave me the first stanzas of "Barney McGee." It was easily the best of our efforts in those care-free days, or at least the most attractive. And although it had no immediate inspiration from the environment in which it was written, and portrayed a purely imaginary character, I shall always see again, when I hear it, the little northern garden on the hillside above Grand Pré, looking out over the Basin of Minas, and my friend's droll pleasure in his delicious achievement.

Long after that, when I no longer had a companion in Verse, I published

a volume by myself, called *Songs from a Northern Garden*, many of the pieces in which I attempted to gather something of the magic charm of that loved land and those memorable hours. But

my songs were all in the tranquil vein of nature and meditation, and I was never able to match the human note of abandon and aplomb which runs through Hovey's rollicking stave.

A NOTE ON PAUL HERVIEU

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

IN the third quarter of the nineteenth century the dominant figures in the French drama were Emile Augier and Alexandre Dumas fils; yet even before the end of the century their immediate influence was fading and their plays were beginning to be out of fashion—without having yet attained to the charm of being old-fashioned. Other men came to the front, men with a different outlook on life, men with a different ethical code, and even men with a somewhat different technic.

For a brief season it seemed to some enthusiasts that Henri Becque was the leader of a new departure in the drama, and he might have been the coming man—if he had ever come. He had his disciples, no doubt, but they were only a few, even if they were pugnacious and vociferous. Saner critics soon perceived that Becque was too hard, too narrow, too wilful, and above all, too sterile to supply the fresh impetus which was needed for the forward movement in the theatre that the younger generation was awaiting.

Then M. Rostand sprang forward into the spot-light and displayed his astounding virtuosity in the triumphant *Cyrano de Bergerac*, which was hailed by many as a harbinger of the return of poetry to the French stage. But *L'Aiglon* did not fulfil the promise of *Cyrano*, and *Chantecler* was discovered to be characterised by aspiration rather than by inspiration. M. Rostand's verse was full of fancy and of verbal felicity; but it lacked the larger imagination; it was superficial in its excessive adroitness; it was very pretty and very delightful; yet

its indisputable merits were those of *vers de société*, brilliant and buoyant rather than those of vital poetry, simple, sensuous and passionate. M. Rostand is supremely clever; and after all is said cleverness is likely to be its own reward. Even when he is able "to pull off his stunts," the applauding audience is perfectly conscious that they are only stunts after all, and they acclaim him as they would any other acrobat.

While M. Rostand was breaking through a paper-covered hoop in the glare of the arc-lights which sputter high above the tan-bark arena, M. Brieux was slowly and laboriously winning his way to the front and establishing his reputation by a succession of prose plays, in which he dealt, honestly and sincerely with one after another of the more pressing problems of French life. He is proud to avow himself a follower of Augier, who was also emphatically sincere and honest. But Augier, even if he had a message and even if he was willing to preach a sermon when the occasion arose, was first and foremost a playwright, who could people his adroitly articulated plots with characters standing on their own feet, and existing independent of the thesis the author might be expounding; and it is because Augier could create accusable characters, Giboyer and Monsieur Poirier and the Marquis de Presles, that he abides today as a true dramatist and that he is not now recalled only as a formerly successful playwright.

M. Brieux is a propagandist before he is a playwright, rather than after. A French critic once remarked that M.

Brieux had accustomed us to expect in any play of his three elements, a story, a satire, and a thesis,—adding that these three elements were not always fused together, being sometimes not only distinctly separate but apparently incapable of combination.

Although M. Brieux and M. Rostand are better known outside the boundaries of their own tongue than was the late Paul Hervieu, they are neither of them as highly esteemed as he was by the French themselves. M. Brieux is perhaps a little too serious and M. Rostand is perhaps a little too spectacular in his cleverness to win a final verdict from their clear-eyed and critical countrymen, who found Paul Hervieu clever enough in his own fashion and serious enough also, with a keener insight into human nature and a firmer grasp on the realities of life. His compatriots recognised in Hervieu's plays a mastery of construction, a purely technical accomplishment that they did not always find in the plays of M. Brieux; and they respected in Hervieu an intellectual and ethical integrity which was generally lacking in the plays of M. Rostand.

Like many another of the dramatists of the day, like Sudermann and d'Annunzio, like Mr. Shaw, Mr. Galsworthy and Sir James Barrie, Hervieu first came forward as a novelist; and like these other story-tellers, he yielded to the call of the sterner and nobler art of the playmaker. As might have been expected his earlier pieces are a little uncertain in their plotting; but as he persevered he made himself a master of the technic of the theatre. In his later plays one can trace the influence of the logical severity and the rigorous simplicity displayed by Ibsen in *Ghosts* and in the three or four other social dramas in which the lonely Norwegian disclosed his power of compression and exclusion and selection. Hervieu's plots are built with implacable logic and they unroll themselves with the swiftness and the certainty of a mathematical demonstration. His art was austere; and he never pandered to the relaxing tastes of the

"average sensual man." In his plays there are no under-plots; no accessory characters devised to supply comic-relief, no digressions, and no expositors (*raisonneurs* is the French term for these mouthpieces of the author himself). Hervieu reduces his story to its essential elements, spending his strength of the "obligatory scenes," the passages where the essential struggle comes to its culmination.

The stories Hervieu set forth on the stage may have seemed to some spectators bare and almost too much simplified. But no spectator could fail to find these stories dramatic, because all of them present that clash of will which is the specific characteristic of the drama, and because they all are stiffened by the stark assertion of the human will. Merely as a playwright, without regard to the content of his plays, Hervieu was a master, fertile and ingenious in invention, clear in exposition, adroit in creating expectancy and suspense, and possessed of the power of steadily increasing the emotional pressure as the action climbs to its apex.

Hervieu's plays are in prose; they deal with the life of our own time; they bring before us men and women of like passions with ourselves; they nearly always present to us some aspect of the eternal conflict between the individual and society, between the human being who claims the right to live his own life in his own way and the rest of the community which has forever to insist that the rights of others must always be respected. Like Ibsen's, Hervieu's plays are social dramas,—problem plays, in the phrase of the moment. But now and again they rise above this classification and take on the aspect of true tragedy; they have the unpying austerity of tragedy and its irrevocable and inexorable inevitability.

The finest and firmest of these problem-plays of Hervieu, *Les Ténailles* (produced in 1895), *La Loi de l'Homme* (produced in 1897), *La Course du Flambeau* (produced in 1901 and recently translated for the series of pieces

issued for the Drama League), *Le Dédale* (produced in 1905)—these almost satisfy Aristotle's definition of tragedy as a story of a certain magnitude, complete in itself and having a beginning, a middle and an end. Where these French plays fail completely to fill the Greek definition is in the magnitude of the subject. They lack largeness of appeal, partly because the fundamental situation of the hero or the heroine is not always broadly typical, is often too special, too individual. Furthermore, these plays of Hervieu's are frequently

wanting in pity and in sympathy; they set before us only the greyness of existence and the hardness of life; and they fail to suggest that existence is not always grey and that life is not always hard.

None the less was Hervieu the most interesting among the French dramatists of our day, the loftiest in his ambition, the keenest in insight into social injustice, the most accomplished in dramatic craftsmanship, the most powerful in the presentation of character immeshed in situation.

SPEEDING-UP THE AUTHOR

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

QUANTITY rather than quality seems to be the feature most admired and striven for in American fiction. The more novels an author puts out in one year and the less time he spends upon each one the surer he can be of his publisher's staunch support and the consequent winning of readers and dollars. The American publisher likes to catch his authors young, with many years of work ahead of them, the perspective alluringly golden with many possible books. Having got one who appeals to a wide circle of readers he subjects the pleased and expansive young creature to a systematic speeding-up process: "How soon can you let us have another good story? We have your readers, now we must hold them with another novel before they forget how well they liked this one. If we strike while the iron's hot with another equally good story we ought to be able to double these sales with it and at the same time keep this one alive and going good for another year."

With visions of a yacht and a herd of automobiles and several gold mines floating before him and luring him on, the young author pounds his typewriter furiously to get a new novel ready in record time. Stop for niceties of phras-

ing, for graces of style, for careful working out of his characters, for craftsmanship, for literary finish? Not he! He is chasing that herd of automobiles with too much fervour to know whether he is using singular verbs with plural subjects or singular subjects with plural verbs. And his publishers are too intent on the profits from his work looming up in the near future—the more novels by a popular author the more profits—to care in the least how much punishment the English language may suffer in the scuffle.

Most American novelists turn out a novel a year each, unless they are equal to the physical labour involved in writing one for the spring and another for the autumn publishing season. Some write even more than two per twelve-month. Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady, who likes to dilate upon the pleasures and advantages of dictating your novels instead of writing them yourself, brings out so many each year that he must put in a twelve hour day seven days in the week talking fiction to stenographers in relays. A few of our novelists are content with two year periods for their novels. But even that extension of time rarely seems to have much effect upon the quality of their work.

The publishers of *Me: A Book of Remembrance*, a recent piece of fiction, proudly declared in their advertisements and in the publicity matter they sent out concerning the novel that the author wrote it in two weeks. It is a book of some hundred thousand words or more and she was flat on her back in a hospital during the writing. The imagination grows giddy at the thought of how rapidly her pen might have spun across the pages had she been well enough to sit up. When Kathleen Norris brought out her *Saturday's Child*, a year ago, her publishers were particularly proud of the fact that she had written the whole book of 180,000 words in ninety-eight days, a trifle more than three months. Compared with the whizzing speed of the anonymous author of "Me," Mrs. Norris would seem almost to have been living a life of self-indulgent leisure while at work upon her three months' stunt. But her feat came first and so of course it was necessary for it to be outdone. But why point out either feat—or any similar one, as has been done many times during recent years—as an admirable thing, or one which is any credit whatever to an author? If writing is an art that demands artistic feeling, knowledge, training, care, and conscience for its worth while exercise such high-speed work is discreditable. For it is bound to be careless, slipshod, shambling, exactly as very much of the writing of American novelists is.

Winston Churchill is one of the more temperate workers among our writers of fiction. He is content to bring out a long novel of perhaps 200,000 words or more about once in two years, and he does not pride himself upon a daily wordage capacity enormous enough to strike the groundlings dumb with amazement. That ability, by the way, to write, in creative work, huge numbers of words day in and day out grotesquely suggests the queer feats of those gallant knights of the trencher whose eating of so many eggs or drinking of so many bottles of beer in a certain num-

ber of hours gets occasional chronicle in the newspapers. They are all alike feats of endurance and each one exemplifies in its own way the power of mind, will, determination over matter reluctant, even recalcitrant. And in each case the gold gleaming beyond the achievement furnishes the motive. It is permissible to wonder also if such edacious feats are not, perhaps, accomplished with more regard for the art of eating than are the word producing stunts for the writing art.

To return to Mr. Churchill, one might reasonably expect his temperate activities in writing to result in more deference to the laws of his mother tongue. But one needs to read no more than a page almost anywhere in, for instance, *A Far Country*, to be convinced that if he had taken double two years for its writing its quality would have been improved.

"Neither Fowndes nor Ripon have the peculiar ability you have shown," is a sentence whose construction might have been less deplorable had Mr. Churchill taken more time for revision, although "Neither Laurens nor Conybeare, however, were for annihilating it" makes one wonder if possibly Mr. Churchill has suffered a lapse of memory since his school days. "I loved her with that affection which goes out to those whom we feel understand us" was taken from a randomly chosen page of *A Far Country*, and so was "And they are often the respectable lawyers, too, men of high station whom you would not think would do such things."

"If I had not been as conventional as the rest I would have preferred to have run away with her," is an example, also from *A Far Country*, of an unfortunate locution less often found in the work of American than of English authors, although of late it can be noted more and more frequently in American novels. It is no less than committing mayhem upon the mother tongue thus to disable the subordinate infinitive in the function of indicating by its tense delicate shades of meaning. The de-

plorable lack of care, possibly also of knowledge, and the extreme haste with which so much of the writing of all kinds is done in this country are having their due effect upon the language. It is losing in flexibility and in precision, delicacy, and economy of expression, and Americans are losing their appreciation of such qualities in the books they read.

A sprawling, slipshod quality is almost sure to mark work that is done at high speed, in the feverish desire to get it off one's hands and into the publisher's as quickly as possible. A sentence will begin up in the northeast corner of some mental field, wander zig-zaggedly down the page, like a cow coming through a pasture lot, cross over fences, and finally bring up out of breath at the southwest corner of somewhere else. In the meantime it has covered enough ground and picked up enough ideas by the way to make many sentences. Capable and brilliant as is Gertrude Atherton's work in many ways, its slovenly style is a shocking commentary upon how little we Americans care for literary grace—even for lucidity, an elemental virtue in literature. In other words, it, together with other proofs, shows that we gobble our reading and are conscious of nothing in it but its strongest flavours.

Here is a sample sentence from *The Perch of the Devil*: "The moon chuckled and reminded his exacting mistress, Nature, that were he given permission to scatter some of his vast experience instead of the seductive beams that had accumulated it, this young man, with his natural distinction of mind, and already educated beyond his class, would enjoy a sudden clarity of vision and perceive the defects of grammar and breeding in this elemental siren with nothing but Evian instincts to guide her."

Mrs. Norris's stunt of 180,000 words in fourteen weeks betrayed her into such sins against the art of words as this sentence: "Even the Nottingham lace curtains at the second-story windows seemed akin, although they varied from the stiff, immaculate, well-darned

lengths that adorned the rooms where the Clemenceaus—grandmother, daughter, and granddaughter, and direct descendants of the Comte de Moran—were genteelly starving to death, to the soft, filthy, torn strips that finished off the noisy, cheerful, irrepressible Daleys' once-pretentious home." Another page yields this example: "Ella was by this time passionately playing the new and fascinating game of bridge whist, in a nearby room, but Browning was still busy, and presently he came across the floor to Susan, and asked her for a dance—an honour for which she was entirely unprepared, for he seldom danced, and one that she was quick enough to accept at once."

The works of the best known American authors are full of such slovenly, slipshod writing as these sentences show. It is the direct result of rapid work and unwillingness to take proper time and care for the drudgery of revision—combined perhaps with lack of the artistic conscience. For one is forced by much reading of present-day American books to the conviction that that pride in work well done which is one of the master urges in human development can have little influence upon American authors. Rather do they seem to be moved by the desire to achieve rapid and immense output, with consequent quick and large financial returns.

The sprawling style is not the only result of heedless, speedy writing. Sometimes the pendulum swings as far the other way, producing a spasmodic effect that makes one wonder if the author's typewriter was in the habit of balking, or his stenographer of having hysterics. The results are something like this: "Which was all the same to him. Entirely. Still, a thorough-going nuisance. Which he hated." "His face and manner was quiet and thoughtful" presumably means that his face was thoughtful and his manner was quiet. "None of the children were present" indicates a conviction on the part of Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter, shared, unless their works belie them, by many other Ameri-

can authors, that "none" means several. There is not a word in the dictionary more emphatically and distinctively of the singular number and to use a plural verb with it is as careless, as criminally abusive of the English language, as to say "We is here." But one finds it so used time and again in current books—the result, doubtless, of speeding-up, of hurry and carelessness.

One finds a child characterised as a "little mite" and is told of a "vast dog" lying on a farmhouse porch, or the "vast towers" of an ordinary country villa, or even, regardless of the price of real estate on Manhattan Island, of the "vast halls" of a clubhouse in New York City. Punctuation bids fair to become a sort of free-for-all melee, with ten to one odds in favour of the comma on all occasions. Most authors seem to know only the comma and the period and to have a remarkable obsession in favour of the comma. In writing conversation they like to use it to indicate the places at which their characters stopped to take breath, regardless of whether or not they had also reached the end of a sentence.

Compare all this hurly-burly of hot haste, production by the wholesale, and sprawling, slovenly work with the methods of the man whose writing is so exquisitely beautiful that it has won for him the characterisation of "the Beethoven of French prose." Imagine an American author spending hours, even days, as did Gustave Flaubert, over a single page of manuscript in order that he might make each sentence a rounded, perfect whole, make each word express the exact shade of meaning for which it stood. For three years he brooded over the idea of his masterpiece, *The Temptation of St. Anthony*, before he set pen to paper. An American author doesn't brood over an idea. He doesn't have time for such evolution of his work. He gets the general shape of his thought, seizes his typewriter or summons his secretary, and works it out as he pounds, or talks. In three years an American novelist could write three

novels of a hundred thousand or so words each and collect and spend the royalties from all three. But slow-going Flaubert, after his three years of working out and reworking in thought, took one year to put his first draft upon paper. It made 540 pages and he thought it too wordy. So he laid it aside to let it ripen, for the mellowing process makes easier the work of revising and pruning and condensing. Seven years later, six of which he had spent upon *Madame Bovary*, he had made a second version, reduced to 193 pages. Six years more sufficed to make this more compact by nearly sixty pages. Afterward he did still more pruning and revising and it was not until nearly thirty years after he first began thinking of the work that it was finally published. And now—does there live, can there ever live, any true lover of the art of literature whose heart will not thrill at the exquisite perfection of those majestic, glowing pages, packed full of human significance and profound philosophy, but beautiful as morning sunlight upon precious stones?

The labourer is worthy of his hire, and the hire of him who writes is of many kinds. His own spirit will decide which kind he will have. In an age gone mad over physical comforts and material pleasures is it too much to expect of any author that he will deliberately choose to spend time writing better which he might spend writing more and so earning more money with which to buy more luxuries?

Certain it is that books that are worth while to read for their content and a pleasure to read for their style are not dashed off at the rate of one or more per twelve-month. Ideas that are not brooded over, lovingly and with pleasure, come forth unripe, malformed. Expression that is not watched, cared for, pruned, revised, is almost sure to be wordy, unkempt, and awkward. Doubtless the authors who do that kind of work think it good enough to buy automobiles with. But has any author the right thus to misuse and debase his

mother tongue, to lower the standard of English speech, to lessen the knowledge and the appreciation of good English, because he wants to buy a new motor-car?

For it is not his to do with as he will.

He holds it and uses it in trust and if he cannot or will not use it with due regard for its beauty, its dignity, and its simplicity he ought, in common honesty, to find some other means of paying for that automobile.

THE NEW YORK OF THE NOVELISTS

A NEW PILGRIMAGE

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

PART V—TEA, TANGO, AND TOPER LAND

Illustrated by photographs by the author and drawings by Tom Wilkinson

I. THE INNS OF FICTION

In the course of this rambling pilgrimage the reader will be asked to step into an astonishing number of hostelrys, inns, refectories, restaurants, lobster palaces, or whatever is the poetical or practical name to be applied to those establishments of varying degrees of elegance to which the heroes and heroines of fiction resort, ostensibly for food or drink, but in reality to give the author himself a convenient and congenial background. Mine Host himself has become a less prominent figure than he was in the novels of an earlier generation. We no longer see him on the threshold, rubbing his hands, scraping his effusive welcome to the travellers, protesting the quality of his cuisine, service, and beds, then perhaps slipping away to an adjoining room to drop the mask of pretended friendliness, to drug the wine, or to prepare the ingenious descending bed that drops unsuspecting victims into dungeon or *oubliette*. No. M. Terré, who kept the famous tavern in the New Street of the Little Fields—where the bouillabaise came from—has become a corporation, and the Maypole Inn, if it were standing to-day, would very probably have been taken over by the Great Western Railway, with the result to the traveller, of more substance and less romance.

Already, in earlier instalments, we have heard much of the rattling of knives and forks and dishes. We have lunched at Wassabauer's with Potash and Perlmutter, at Pontin's with Artemis Quibble and his partner; we have invaded the near Bohemia of Maria's, Benedetto's, Solan's, and kindred restaurants in the neighbourhood of Washington Square. But in the city to the south eating and drinking were incidental. Crossing the threshold of Tea, Tango, and Topper Land, eating and drinking seemed at times, deriving impressions from the novelists, to be life's main objects. It is a riot of Rathskeller, a tumult of terrapin, to drop into a form of expression imitative of O. Henry. But, after all, why not? What scenes in fiction cling more persistently in the memory than those that deal with the satisfying of man's appetite? Who ever heard of a dispeptic hero? Are not your favourites beyond the Magic Door all good trenchermen? Think of the groaning board of Cedric, the Boar of Rotherwood, the good cheer he placed before the Templar and the Prior—the fowls, deer, goats, and hares, the huge loaves and cakes of bread, and the confections made of fruits and honey! Or of the hospitality extended by Friar Tuck to the Black Knight in Sherwood Forest! When Dickens wanted to place

the final seal of happiness upon his characters he gathered them round the table, and there is no doubt whatever that Old Scrooge, reformed by the visit of the Fairies, became somewhat of a glutton, whose chief delight in his declining years was to dine and wine his new found cronies at certain delectable London inns noted for their haunches of venison and saddles of mutton. Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and d'Artagnan were as proficient with their knives and forks—is that an anachronism?—as they were with their rapiers; and in the course of *Les Trois Mousquetaires*, *Vingt Ans Après*, and *Le Vicomte de Bragellone*, you will find two dinners to every duel. So in imagination the pilgrim is gathering together about the board a certain company, and confident in the resources



GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON FOUND A NEW YORK RESIDENCE FOR MONTY BREWSTER



THE HOUSE OF RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S "VERA THE MEDIUM" WAS ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF WEST THIRTY-FIFTH STREET, NEAR SIXTH AVENUE AND DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE GAR-RICK THEATRE. THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD HAS UNDERGONE A REMARKABLE TRANSFORMATION IN THE COURSE OF THE PAST TEN YEARS

of the city which is so close to his heart, leaves the selection of the viands and beverages to the discretion of the maitre d'hotel of the Lafayette, or the Waldorf, or the Knickerbocker, or the Beaux-Arts, or Sherry's, or Delmonico's, or the Vanderbilt, or the Biltmore, or any other establishment that happens to be associated with the New York novel of the moment.

The dinner, as originally planned, was to have been of some thirty odd covers, with a heroine to the right and left of the host, and a heroine before every second plate down the table. But who, in that case, would there have been to preside at the other end of the long board? For certainly most of those men and women of the Magic Land of Make Believe would feel just a little out of place, if seated, *partie carré* fashion, round a dozen little tables. So perhaps, after all, it is better to make the dinner strictly a stag affair,—in which case a club private dining-room replaces the more pretentious hostelry,—and to cancel the invitations that had been addressed to Mrs. Rawdon Gowley (Curzon Street, W.), The Duchess

of Towers, Mrs. Arthur Clenham (née Little Dorrit), Beatrix Esmond, Valerie Marneffe, Mrs. Riever, Mrs. Clive Newcome (née Ethel Newcome), Madame Svengali, Eugenie Grandet, Jane Eyre, Mrs. Hauksbee, and the rest. In which event the gathering at table will be somewhat as follows:

Thomas Newcome	○	○	Zagloba
D'Artagnan	○	○	George Warrington
Cheeryble, Cadet	○	○	Colonel Carter
Martin Dooley	○	○	Squire Alworthy
Chicot the Jester	○	○	John Oakhurst
Scrooge	○	○	Jeff Peters
Rip Van Winkle	○	○	Cheeryble, Ainé
Parson Adams	○	○	Tartarin
Friar Tuck	○	○	Colonel Starbottle
Porthos	○	○	The Black Knight
	○		
The Pilgrim			

II. DOUBLING ON THE TRAIL

Although this instalment of the series purports to deal with those regions of the city proper to Tea, Tango, and Toper Land, which may roughly be described as covering all of the central

thoroughfares of the Borough of Manhattan from Madison Square north to Harlem, the Pilgrim, in accordance with intimations thrown out in the course of previous articles, is taking the liberty of retracing his steps.

So behold him once again in the neighbourhood of Washington Square, once again delving into the jungle of streets that constitute Greenwich Village. It was about twenty years ago that Robert W. Chambers staked his first New York claim with *The King in Yellow*. That tale dealt with the Square, the Square of other days, when Mr. Chambers himself was living at No. 60 South,



"WITH A CRASH AND A SHRIEK FOURTH AVENUE DIVES HEADLONG INTO THE TUNNEL AT THIRTY-FOURTH STREET AND IS NEVER SEEN AGAIN." O. HENRY'S "A BIRD OF BAGDAD"

when the old University building was there, and the huge, ugly, square mountains of steel and concrete were not, and when in West Third Street, one block to the south, a certain kind of wickedness flaunted itself as brazen as in the "crib alleys" of New Orleans, or in the old San Isidro of Havana. Had McAndrews, the dour Scotch engineer of Kipling's poem, found his way along the narrow thoroughfare from lower Sixth Avenue to Sullivan Street, where the Elevated, overhead, partly hid worldly iniquity from the light of heaven, there might have been a line added to

Years when I raked the ports wi' pride to
fill my cup o' wrong—

Judge not, O Lord, my steps aside at Gay
Street in Hong-Kong!

Blot out the wastrel hours of mine in sin
when I abode—

Jane Harrigan's an' Number Nine, The
Reddick an' Grant Road!

No wonder the spectacle of the old Square conjured up in the story-teller's mind the picture of a vast lethal chamber where, under municipal supervision, the utterly weary and the hopelessly broken might pass to easy rest. A book not easily forgotten, *The King in Yellow*. In point of sheer terror equalling Poe's "The Fall of the House of Usher" or De Maupassant's "Le Horla." The memory of it still haunts after all the years.

The apartment house in *The King in Yellow* known as The Monastery was in reality The Benedick, intimately known to generations of New York bachelors. It also appeared in Mr. Chambers's *Outsiders*. Then there was the story "The Whisper." The scene of that was laid in West Third Street in the palmy days alluded to when the thoroughfare answered shamelessly to the name of "Profligate's Lane." Between Macdougall Street and Greene Street was a dive known as "Billy the Oyster Man's." The dominating figure of the establishment was not the proprietor himself, but his sat, "Red," introduced in the tale. Billy used to boast of "Red" as the only cross-eyed cat in New York. In "The Whisper" a murder has been committed. A Chinaman has been arrested. In the small hours of the morning there is a conference of the newspaper men who have been assigned to the case at Billy the Oyster Man's. They are discussing the crime. A Great Dane dog that had belonged to the murdered girl enters and stretches himself in his usual place. One of the reporters gives expression to his theory. At a certain point in the narrative, and at the mention of a name, the dog manifests a strange interest. The reporter perceives it. He leans over and whis-

pers something in the dog's ear, then turns to the door. The dog rises and follows him out.

As a rule the *impasse*, or blind alley, is rather rare in New York. But here and there may be found one as quaint as any that appear in the London novels of Dickens or the Paris novels of Daudet. For example, from the northwest corner of Washington Square walk north two blocks to Eighth Street, west to Sixth Avenue, incidentally passing, if you are taking the southern side of the street, the opening that leads into Clinton Court, north to Tenth Street, and then cross under the Elevated at a slight diagonal. Between two brick structures fronting the Avenue there is a gap of perhaps five feet and a wooden gate. Beyond that gate lies Milliken Place, a tiny triangle shut off from the sight if not from the sound of the city's tumult. High above looms the clock tower of the Jefferson Market Police Court. But so small is Milliken Place, so shut in by



THE OPENING THROUGH WHICH THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN MILLIKEN PLACE REACH THE OUTSIDE WORLD. SO SMALL IS IT THAT ITS DENIZENS MUST SEEK THE ROOFTOPS TO SEE THE TOWER.



"BEYOND THE GATE LIES MILLIKEN PLACE, A TINY TRIANGLE SHUT OFF FROM THE SIGHT IF NOT FROM THE SOUND OF THE CITY'S TUMULT." ROBERT W. CHAMBERS'S "THE CASE OF MR. HELMER"

the surrounding buildings, that its denizens, unless they seek the world without, have to climb to the rooftops for a glimpse of the tower. Mr. Chambers made use of Milliken Place in "The Case of Mr. Helmer." It was there that the sculptor Helmer had his studio. On the north side of West Twenty-third Street, between Ninth and Tenth Avenues, is a line of houses built far back from the pavement, with protecting gardens extending in front. This is known as London Terrace. Practically unchanged, it is a reminder of the days when Chelsea, which long ago ceased to have an identity, was really a village. In one of the Terrace houses Robert W. Chambers found a home for Ailsa Paige, the heroine of his Civil War novel of that name. In the broad street in front of Ailsa's house a regiment of Zouaves, departing for the front, receives its colours.



ON THE NORTH SIDE OF WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, BETWEEN NINTH AND TENTH AVENUES IS A LINE OF HOUSES BUILT FAR BACK FROM THE PAVEMENT, WITH PROTECTING GARDENS IN FRONT. THIS IS KNOWN AS LONDON TERRACE. PRACTICALLY UNCHANGED, IT IS A REMINDER OF THE DAYS WHEN CHELSEA, WHICH LONG AGO CEASED TO HAVE AN IDENTITY, WAS REALLY A VILLAGE. ROBERT W. CHAMBERS USED THE TERRACE IN "AILSA PAIGE"

III. THE LATER ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

The Robert W. Chambers of the later books, so far as the Borough of Manhattan is concerned, is essentially associated with the vast expanse of city which comes under the head of Tea, Tango, and Toper Land—in a word the great hotels, clubs, and theatres, the sweep of Fifth Avenue from Murray Hill to the Plaza, and beyond along the east side of the Park, the Park itself, and the structures that line the Riverside Drive. This is the social New York which he has attempted to interpret in half a score of successful novels. Stretching, in part, even south of Murray Hill is the "magic country of brilliant show windows, which, like an enchanted city by itself, sparkles from Madison Square to the Plaza between Fourth Avenue and Broadway." In this world other heroines besides Geraldine Seagrave of *The Danger Mark* were lured by spectacular charities from "the Plaza to Sherry's, and from Sherry's to the St. Regis." Here the Chambers men-about-town dropped into the Holland House for cocktails, or for gossip foregathered in the Patroon Club, which is as obviously the Knickerbocker Club at the corner of Thirty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, as the Pyramid Club of the novels is the Century Association at 7 West Forty-third

Street. Here are the studios of the fashionable painters as depicted in *The Common Law*.

But in these days it behooves the novelist to proceed with discretion, lest he bring upon himself the odious charge of writing *a clef*. So while hotel, and restaurant, and theatre, and club may be regarded as legitimate settings of the scene, the question of a private residence is always a ticklish one. "You would think," said Mr. Chambers, "that there would be safety in a vacant lot. That there would be perfect security in finding a corner of unoccupied ground at, let us say, Fifth Avenue and Ninety-fifth Street, and there building on paper a structure that, in architecture and decoration, would be an expression of your hero and heroine, or an expression of their forebears. But even in that direction danger may lurk." A point which he illustrated by a story that shall not be told here. Through the Park there are countless strolls by the men and women of Mr. Chambers's book. In one novel it will be The Mall that is introduced, in a second the Bridle Path, in a third the Ramble, in a fourth the Wisteria Arbour that lies to the south and west of The Mall. This taking his heroes and heroines so often through the Park is a reflection of the novelist's own love and his inherited love

for it. Keen as his delight has been in Paris's Bois de Boulogne, and London's Regent's Park, it is the Central Park of his own New York that lies nearest to his heart.

Here, in a nutshell, is a survey of the Robert W. Chambers New York as it is reflected in certain of his novels and short stories. "The Princess Zim-bam-Zim" touches Madison Square, West Twenty-seventh Street, and the Pennsylvania Railroad Station. "The Story of Valdez" is laid in the galleries of the American Art Association on Madison Square South. *The Green Mouse* introduces Central Park and a building that is identified as number 1008 Fifth Avenue. The house and back yard of number 161 East Sixty-fourth Street are the settings of "In Heaven and Earth." *The Tree of Heaven* deals with lower Fifth Avenue and St. Patrick's Cathedral, and "The Tree of Dreams" with certain model tenement buildings on the East Side. In "Out of the Depths" there is a scene at the old Calumet Club on Fifth Avenue. East River Park plays a part in "An Overdose." In Central Park and along Fifth Avenue are the scenes of *The Tracer of Lost Persons*. "The Case of Mr. Carden" deals definitely with the Ramble in Central Park. In *The Adventures of a Modest Man*, *The Green Mouse*, "A Matter of Interest," and "Diana's Choice" there are scenes in Oyster Bay, South Oyster Bay, Jamaica, and along the Bronx River. But these stories will come up for discussion later, as they belong to the division of the series called "The City Beyond."

There was one book by Mr. Chambers—incidentally the scene of it was placed definitely at the southwest corner of Madison Avenue and Seventieth Street, where there was no house nor was there likely to be one for the reason that the land was the property of the Lenox Library—that was the subject of wide controversy at the time of its appearance, because its hero was generally accepted as being modelled upon a very much exploited personality. That book

was *Iole*. "How furious So and So will be when he reads it," said people, referring to the supposed victim of the lampoon. So and So was quick to recognise the resemblance. But the emotion aroused was neither anger nor annoyance, but a sheer, unadulterated delight, to which he gave free expression in a letter to the novelist. The book had served to turn in his direction a great deal more of the warm limelight in which he so loved to bask. Yet, very curiously, it was not the Sage of that town in northwestern New York that Mr. Chambers had in his mind at all when he wrote *Iole*. The model was not even an American model. It was French. Over in Paris, Aristide Bruant, long-haired, bull-throated, gesticulating, was declaiming his verses from the tops of café tables. In him were embodied all the physical characteristics needed for the character. Furthermore, at Bruant's heels followed a score of satellites, for at that particular time Paris was full of those idle, thundering fakirs. What induced Mr. Chambers to mix his hero up with the slab furniture business—the touch that was supposed to sweep away the last vestige of doubt—was merely his own intense aversion to slab furniture.

IV. "THE AVENUE"

Imagine a man had inherited New York, who from early childhood to boyhood, and from boyhood to manhood, had seen its amazing growth, returning to it to-day after a continuous absence of fifteen or twenty years. Picture him on the deck of a steamer coming through the Inner Bay, staring at the altered skyline, being whirled northward from the landing pier through a labyrinth of streets in a taxicab, and finally, having found a temporary home in one of the new hotels in the neighbourhood of Forty-second Street, starting out on foot to survey a city that would be at once a stranger and an old friend. Of all the transformations that would meet his eyes, the one that would probably seem to him the most marvellous, the one

most likely to move him to say: "Mere man cannot have wrought all this. Surely, here is where Aladdin rubbed the Wonderful Lamp," would be that which has changed the old Fourth Avenue to the new. "The Avenue" it used to be to its denizens of a decade ago, just as the parallel thoroughfare two blocks to the west is "The Avenue" to those of more aristocratic tastes and associations. But whether it be regarded as the lane of the mediæval solitude of yesterday, or the lane of the silent and terrible mountains of to-day, it can be traversed best, within the compass of these articles, in the company of the amiable shades of F. Hopkinson Smith and of William Sidney Porter.

In the writing of *Felix O'Day* the creator of Colonel Carter avowedly attempted a novel of New York life that was to have something of the flavour of Dickens. For direct inspiration he went to mouldy stones and broken pavements. The task took him to many corners of the city, to the old Studio Building on West Tenth Street, to Gramercy Park, where "the almanac goes to pieces and everything is ahead of time," to Dover Street, that short cut along the abutment of the great bridge, with its narrow, uneven sidewalk, and its shambling hovels and warehouses, to St. Mark's Place, and to Greenwich Village. But the picture that remains longest in the mind is that of "The Avenue," between Madison Square and the tunnel, which was "a little city in itself." In this city lived Bundleton, the grocer; Heffern, the dairyman; Porterfield, the butcher; Codman, the fishmonger; Pestler, the apothecary; Jarvis, the spectacle man; Sanderson, the florist; Digwell, the undertaker; Jacobs, the tailor, and above all Otto Kling of the old curiosity shop in which Felix O'Day found occupation. But they are all gone now. To quote Mr. Smith's words:

Hardly a trace is now left of any of them, so sudden and overwhelming has been the march of modern progress. Even the little Peter Cooper house, picked up bodily

by that worthy philanthropist and set down here nearly a hundred years ago, is gone, and so are the row of musty, red-bricked houses at the lower end of this Little City in Itself. And so are the tenants of this musty old row, shady locksmiths with a tendency toward skeleton keys; ingenious upholsterers who indulged in paper-hanging on the sly; shoemakers who did half-soling and heeling, their day's work set to dry on the window-sill, not to mention those addicted to the use of the piano, banjo, or harp, as well as the wig and dress makers who lightened the general gloom. And with the disappearance of these old landmarks—and it all took place within less than ten years—there disappeared, also, the old family life of "The Avenue," in which each home shared in the good-fellowship of the whole, all of them contributing to that sane and sustaining stratum, if we did but know it, of our civic structure—facts that but few New Yorkers either recognise or value.

The shop of Otto Kling was very definitely described and placed. When O'Day, leaving the theatre district, walked eastward along Thirtieth Street, he saw, when reaching Fourth Avenue, a lighted window, a wide, corner window filled with battered furniture, ill assorted china, and dented brass—one of those popular morgues that house the remains of decayed respectability. On a card propped against a broken pitcher was printed: "Choice Articles Bought and Sold—Advances Made." The number of the building was 445. The visitor to this section of the city to-day will find many antique shops similar to that of Otto Kling; but he will not find Kling's. Six or seven years ago the building that stood at the northeast corner of Fourth Avenue and Thirtieth Street was demolished. With it went several other buildings that stretched along the avenue half way to Thirty-first Street. On the site was erected a tall modern structure, covering the numbers from 443 to 449. That building happens to be the building of the publishers of this magazine. To all practical purposes these lines of description



Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York
THE MALL IN CENTRAL PARK. TROD BY GENERATIONS OF NEW YORK HEROES AND HEROINES



Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York
THE ARISTOCRATIC SWEEP OF FIFTH AVENUE OVERLOOKING THE PARK. IT IS TO THE NOVEL DEALING WITH THE SOCIAL SIDE OF LIFE WHAT PARK LANE IS TO THE LONDON NOVEL, OR THE AVENUE BOIS DE BOULOGNE IS TO THE PARIS NOVEL



THE TYPE OF ANTIQUE SHOP AT FOURTH AVENUE AND THIRTIETH STREET DESCRIBED BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH IN "FELIX O'DAY." THE ACTUAL SHOP OF KLING WAS AT NO. 445. THAT NUMBER IS NOW OCCUPIED BY THE LARGE BUILDING IN THE BACKGROUND

are being written on the exact spot of the labours of Felix O'Day, of Otto Kling, and of his daughter Masie.

Then there was the Fourth Avenue of yesterday that has been preserved, for coming generations let us hope, in the stories of O. Henry. Partly because it was convenient to his various domiciles in New York, and partly because of its quaint picturesqueness, Porter adored it. In half a dozen tales he played whimsically upon its contrasts. Perhaps it would seem at its best through the medium of "A Bird of Bagdad." There it was pictured as a street that the city seemed to have forgotten in its growth, a street, born and bred in the Bowery, staggering northward full of good resolutions. At Fourteenth Street "it struts for a brief moment proudly in the glare of the museums and cheap theatres. It may yet become a fit mate for its high-born sister boulevard to the west, or its roaring, polyglot, broadwaisted cousin to the east." Then it passes what O.

Henry in "The Gold That Glittered" called "the square presided over by George the Veracious," and come to the silent and terrible mountains, buildings square as forts, high as the clouds, shutting out the sky, where thousands of slaves bend over desks all day. Next it glides unto a mediæval solitude. On each side are the shops devoted to antiques. "Men in rusting armour stand in the windows and menace the hurrying cars with raised, rusty iron bumpers, hauberks and helmets, blunderbuses, Cromwellian breastplates, matchlocks, creeses, and the swords and daggers of an army of dead and gone gallants gleam dully in the ghostly light." This mediæval solitude forbodes an early demise. What street could live inclosed by these mortuary relics and trod by these spectral citizens? "Not Fourth Avenue. Not after the tinsel but enlivening glory of the Little Rialto—not after the echoing drum beats of Union Square. There need be no tears, ladies



THE NEW CLOTHING DISTRICT ABOUT FIFTH AVENUE AND TWENTIETH STREET. THIS IS THE LATER ENVIRONMENT OF MONTAGUE GLASS'S POTASH AND PERLMUTTER. ACCORDING TO EDNA FERBER, EMMA MCCHESENEY WILL ALSO BE FOUND IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD

and gentlemen. 'Tis but the suicide of a street. With a shriek and a crash Fourth Avenue dives headlong into the tunnel at Thirty-fourth Street and is never seen again."

V. CONCERNING THE TOWN OF THE PLAYWRIGHT

Already in this series has been told the story of the care with which the late F. Hopkinson Smith, when the stage presentation of *Colonel Carter of Cartersville* was in the making, piloted the scenic artist through the old, rickety wooden structure in the rear of number 58 West Tenth Street, in order that theatre goers might see the Colonel's dining-room just as the author had seen it when he was writing the story. Which suggests that there is a New York of the playwright, just as definite, even if more limited in scope, as the New York of the novelist. As a small boy the Pilgrim first saw *The Old Homestead*. It was, he thinks, at the Fourteenth Street theatre of other days. Very little of the plot remains in the memory, if there



THE SITTING ROOM ON THE FIFTH FLOOR OF NO. 129 MADISON AVENUE USED BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE IN "THE CLAIM JUMPERS" AND "GOLD." IN THE PICTURE ARE IRA REMSEN AND MR. WHITE'S BROTHER, GILBERT WHITE

ever was an plot to speak of, but sharp and clear stands out that picture of Grace Church, and again he hears the notes of the organ, and sees the lighted windows and the iron palings, and the pedestrians on Broadway passing across the stage in the falling snow. It must have been Christmas Eve, for a scene like this on the stage is always Christmas Eve, unless it be Thanksgiving Day night in front of the church in a New England village. Then, to revert again to personal reminiscence, there were the impressionable teen years, when the old Lyceum Theatre on Fourth Avenue was a source of never failing joy. The world was young then, and the ladies of the stage were houris to be worshipped ardently but bashfully across the footlights. What a long line of plays the present Pilgrim witnessed there! How many of them there were that reflected the New York of the period! Who that saw them can have forgotten *The Charity Ball* or *Merry Gotham*, or *The Moth and the Flame*, or *The Woman in the Case*, or *Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines*? The first act of the last named piece showed the New York landing dock of the Cunard Line. It was a very different scene from the dock in the Chelsea Piers of to-day, for the action of the play was supposed to take place in the early seventies. In the background was the



THE STUDIO OF HARRISON FISHER, IN WEST THIRTY-SECOND STREET, FROM WHICH STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN DESCRIBED THE STUDIO OF FELIX PIERS OF "PREDESTINED"



THE OFFICE OF DANIEL FROHMAN AT THE TOP OF THE LYCEUM THEATRE BUILDING. THIS OFFICE WAS INTRODUCED IN MARJORIE BENTON COOKE'S "BAMBI." MR. FROHMAN IS SEATED AT THE TABLE

grey river, with Hoboken in the distance, and the Stevens house on the hill. Then in the second and third acts the actions shifted to a parlour in the Brevoort House as it was in the heyday of its aristocratic prosperity. In *The Woman in the Case* there was an act in the visitors' room of the Tombs Prison, and another in a flat in West Fifty-second Street. It was the drawing-room of a New York residence that served as the background for the tragically ending first act of *The Moth and the Flame*, and it was at the altar of a New York church that the moth and the flame came to a final parting of the ways. Other plays of Clyde Fitch, such as *The Climbers*, *The Truth*, *The City*, *The Girl with the Green Eyes*, and *The Stubbornness of Geraldine* probably came later, but they were all, in part at least, distinctly of New York. And Fitch was merely one of a number. The same may be said of a score of playwrights who have been busy in the last

two decades providing amusement for American theatre goers.

But of the older plays there was none that, to the memory of the Pilgrim, suggested and reflected the city more than *The Charity Ball*, which was the joint work of David Belasco and of Henry C. DeMille. First there was the scene in the chancel of Grace Church. The great scene was staged in an angle of the staircase of the Metropolitan Opera House on the night of the ball. It was placed there because Mr. Daniel Frohman, who was the producing manager, felt that there was only one title to be used. It was not a matter of choice, but of expediency. "*The Charity Ball*," said Mr. Frohman, discussing that play reminiscently a few weeks ago, "was what the play had to be called. Everybody in New York knew about it, throughout the country everywhere people had heard of it. The play was strong enough to stand by itself, but to insure success before the audience some



THE WAITING ROOM OF THE OLD GRAND CENTRAL STATION. FROM HERE LILY BART, OF MRS. WHARTON'S "THE HOUSE OF MIRTH," STARTED ON HER WALK WITH SELDEN. AT THE TICKET WINDOW RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S "CAPTAIN MACKLIN," BACK FROM ADVENTURE IN HONDURAS, THRILLED AS HE ASKED FOR A TICKET TO DOBBS FERRY

means had to be found of justifying the use of the title. The scene itself naturally fitted a private house. But for *The Charity Ball* we had to introduce the old Metropolitan Opera House where the ball took place. Finally, we hit upon that angle of the landing where crowds do not linger, where the principal characters might meet and the action proceed logically without interruption."

VI. THE DEPARTMENT STORE IN FICTION

When, in the course of the Rougon-Macquart novels, Émile Zola reached the department store as a phase reflecting Parisian life, readers were divided in their opinions as to the exact model from which *Au Bonheur des Dames* had been drawn. Furthermore there seemed to be no agreement as to the particular section of the city in which it was situated, some finding the original in the

Bon Marché, far over on the left bank of the Seine, while others identified it with one or another of the great shops about the boulevards near the Opera. So, when, in New York fiction, you come to a reference to the "Biggest Store" you are usually at a loss as to whether one is meant that is on lower Sixth Avenue, or on Thirty-fourth Street, or in the fashionable part of Fifth Avenue, or over on the East Side. But wherever it may be, while we are on the way there, it may not be amiss to stop for a brief moment in the wholesale clothing district, which, of recent years, has been moving uptown, and now centres about Fifth Avenue and Twentieth Street. There, first of all, will be found the familiar figures of Montague Glass's Abe Potash and Mawruss Perlmutter, for it was purely for ephemeral purposes of the stage that



Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York

THE MELANCHOLY PLEASURE GROUND OF BRYANT PARK, WHERE LILY BART (MRS. WHARTON'S "THE HOUSE OF MIRTH") RESTED BRIEFLY OF A NIGHT WHEN THE ENNUI OF LIFE WAS STRONG UPON HER

the partners allowed the firm to be incorporated by Wall Street promoters, with the resulting disaster, and the beginning of business life anew in the old quarters on East Broadway. Another familiar figure of the hour that bears kinship to Mr. Glass's heroes is Edna Ferber's Emma McChesney. Concerning the scenes of Emma's New York business activities Miss Ferber writes: "I cannot imagine your making a pilgrimage to the wholesale skirt district. Still if you chance to be down that way looking for Abe and Mawruss you might drop in on Emma. She's in that neighbourhood." And so also is the New York of Fanny Hurst's *Just Around the Corner*—the city of the working girl, of Childs's restaurants and department stores.

Two recent novels touching the department store are F. Hopkinson Smith's *Felix O'Day* and Mrs. A. M. Williamson's *The Shop Girl*. In the

former book was Rosenthal's, the large store on Third Avenue where Lady Barbara found employment and from which she took the lace mantilla that was afterwards stolen by Dalton. The heroine of *The Shop Girl*, a book which Mrs. Williamson says that she enjoyed more than any other book she ever wrote, was drawn from two models. One was a girl of a very good family who sought employment in a spirit of independence and found it at Gimbel's; and the other was a typical New York shop girl. The atmosphere for the life of her heroine after working hours Mrs. Williamson found in the neighbourhood of Columbus Circle.

There was a novel of last year, which, while practically all the action took place in Paris, was, in the person of its heroine, the very embodiment of the atmosphere of the big New York department stores. That was Mr. Samuel Merwin's *The Honey Bee*. If

you would see the establishment which served in part as the model for the one in Mr. Merwin's story you can find it on the west side of Fifth Avenue between Thirty-eighth and Thirty-ninth Streets. But it was such only in part. In its physical aspect that was the place that the author had in mind. But for the inner workings, for the system and organization, Mr. Merwin drew upon his knowledge of a large department store in Boston. It happens that the general manager of the Boston store is a life long friend and a fraternity brother of the author. There have been occasions when the manager has called upon Mr. Merwin for suggestions when a line of reading of an especial nature was thought necessary to distract the mind of some hard-worked employee. The manager is one of the characters in *The Honey Bee* and, with the establishment, was transferred from Boston to New York for the purpose of the story.

But again across every counter of the New York department store is the



A GATEWAY IN WESTOVER COURT, THAT PEACEFUL OASIS WITHIN A STONES THROW OF LONG-ACRE SQUARE. "ALI BABA" COURT, WAS THE NAME GIVEN IT BY ONE OF THE CHARACTERS OF OWEN JOHNSON'S "MAKING MONEY"



THE PART OF THE CITY ASSOCIATED WITH OWEN JOHNSON'S "THE SIXTY-FIRST SECOND." THE HOUSE OF MAJENDI MAY BE RECOGNISED

shadow of O. Henry. "Shop girls," he says of Nancy of "The Trimmed Lamp," "No such persons exist. There are girls who work in shops. They make their living that way. But why turn their occupation into an adjective? Let us be fair. We do not refer to the girls who live on Fifth Avenue as 'marriage girls.'" Go down to Sixth Avenue and Eighteenth Street and you will find Sieber-Mason's, the scene of "The Ferry of Unfulfilment, whence a thousand girls flowed along the sidewalk, making navigation dangerous to men. Discharged from "The Biggest Store," Hetty Pepper made her way to her home high up in the Vallambrosa Apartments, there to find romance and adventure as related in "The Third Ingredient." Madame Beaumont, who in everyday life answered to the name of Mamie Siviter ("Trancients in Arcadia"), having lived her annual glorious week in the Hotel Lotus, went back to her place behind the hosiery counter at Casey's Mammoth Store. In a dozen more of the tales the atmosphere is re-



COLUMBUS CIRCLE. ALL ABOUT HERE ARE THE "LOBSTER PALACES" OF THE TEA, TANGO, AND TOPER LAND OF NEW YORK FICTION. IN "THE WORLD AND THE DOOR" O. HENRY TOLD HOW MERRIAM AND WADE, IN THE TWO DEEP SEA CABS THEY HAD CHARTERED, HOVE TO LONG ENOUGH "TO REVILE THE STATUE OF THE GREAT NAVIGATOR, UNPATRIOTICALLY REBUKING HIM FOR HAVING VOYAGED IN SEARCH OF LAND INSTEAD OF LIQUIDS"

flected. A saleslady in the gents' gloves, Masie of "A Lickpenny Lover," was one of the three thousand girls in the "Biggest Store." Perhaps of all the stories in which O. Henry touched upon this phase of metropolitan life "A Lickpenny Lover" is the one best remembered. It was behind the counter that Irving Carter, painter, millionaire, traveller, poet, and automobilist found Maisie, and finding her, strangely lost his heart. By persistent wooing he at length reached the flimsy, fluttering, little soul of the shop girl that existed somewhere deep down in her lovely bosom. And having found that he poured out his story, and painted his picture of a future before them—of lands far beyond the seas, of shores where summer is eternal, of far away cities with lovely palaces and towers full of beautiful pictures and statues, of the gondolas of Venice, the elephants and

temples of India, the camel trains and chariot races in Persia, and the gardens of Japan. But Maisie, listening to the story, grew suddenly cold and left him. The next day at the "Biggest Store" her chum waylaid her and asked about her "swell friend." "Him," was the retort, "O, he's a cheap guy. He ain't in it no more. What do you suppose he wanted me to do? He wanted me to marry him and go to Coney Island for a wedding tour."

VII. THE SHIFTING SCENE

There has come into fashion in the last few years a kind of novel of New York life which aims to reflect and interpret the restlessness of that life by a constant and intentional shifting of the scene. For example, there is Rupert Hughes's *What Will People Say?* which dealt with the very rich and the luxurious side of the city and which

took up the beginning of the dance mania in April, 1913, and ended early in 1914. The opening paragraph showed Fifth Avenue at flood tide. To the eyes of Lieutenant Forbes, just home from the Philippines, it was a strange sight. He had not seen the Avenue since the pathetic old horse coaches were changed to the terrific motor stages. Forbes's first glimpse, according to the key supplied by Mr. Hughes, was at the crossing either at Thirty-fourth Street, or at Forty-second Street. Then, by way of illustration of this kind of novel, take the first hundred pages of the book. In the course of a few hundred words we are at the Enslee's home at Fiftieth Street and Fifth Avenue, and a little later, at Fifty-first Street there is a description of the "affable grey cathedral." By page eight we have seen Fifty-seventh Street, Broadway, and the Riverside Drive. Page thirteen brings in the Knickerbocker Hotel at which Forbes is stopping. Longacre Square steps into view on page fifteen, with the *Times* Building standing aloft, a huddled giraffe of a building. At page eighteen the reader has been taken to a theatre which is identified as the Eltinge Theatre. The peacock rivalling café of page twenty-five is Murray's, which is soon left so that Reizenweber's with its "great sign in vertical electric letters," may be presented on page thirty-five, the Café des Beaux Arts and Bustanobey's on page thirty-eight, and on page thirty-nine the Café de Ninive, in reality the Café de l'Opera, later Martin's, and now torn down. By the time page sixty-three Forbes has begun to investigate Central Park, strolling through the Zoo, and from an arch which Mr. Hughes identifies as the bridge near the Seventh Avenue entrance, pausing to watch a cavalcade of pupils from a riding school. On page sixty-seven we have the Army and Navy Club, and the Knickerbocker Café, and on page sixty-eight the Fifth Avenue Bank at Forty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue, and Sherry's. On page seventy-one back to the barroom of the

Knickerbocker for ginrickies and a study of Maxfield Parrish's fresco of "King Cole." Bustanobey's again at page seventy-four and at page ninety-six the beginning of an elaborate description of the Metropolitan Opera House. In the same way one might go through Louis Joseph Vance's *Joan Thursday*, or Rex Beach's *The Auction Block*, George Bronson-Howard's *God's Man*, or Owen Johnson's *The Sixty-First Second*, or *The Salamander*, or *Making Money*. In *God's Man* the Curate's, Canary's, Griffony's, and Sydenham's of fiction, are the Rector's, Sherry's, Tiffany's, and the Café de Paris of fact. These names also figured in the same author's *Pages From the Book of Broadway*. Every one of the tales that made up that book had for the protagonist some conspicuous character along the Great White Way. For example, in "The Purple Phantasm," the lead was the late Paul Armstrong, under the name of Potter Playfair.

VIII. THE ZIG ZAG TRAIL

Zig zag goes the trail, of an afternoon along the stretch of Fifth Avenue, or through the winding paths of the Park; by night into the lane where the lights are brightest, and the hum of life swells into a tumult. "Is New York a large city?" asks a demure Haitian maiden of her American lover in a recent story by Mr. Richard Harding Davis. "No. It is a large electric light sign" is the sapient reply. So, dazzled by the light the Pilgrim takes the liberty of passing from scene to scene, from allusion to allusion, without any pretence of sequence or order. You are at Broadway and Thirtieth Street, before Wallack's Theatre, or what once was Wallack's Theatre. There you have the definite background that Booth Tarkington put into *Harlequin and Pantomime*, and the scene of Jesse Lynch Williams's "The Comedy of a Playwright." You are four blocks to the north, at the point where Sixth Avenue, Broadway, and Thirty-fourth Street cross one another. If

they did not so cross, and if a man wearing a red necktie, and answering to the name of Kelly, had not there engineered a traffic block that, to use his own words, "would have made William A. Brady die of envy," how could Sidney Porter have written what is perhaps the O. Henriest of all his stories, "Mammon and the Archer"? At Broadway and Twenty-sixth Street was once Delmonico's. Then the restaurant became Martin's. In the latter incarnation it played a part in Arthur Train's *The Man Hunt*. There Ralston, the newly appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy, in his search for Steadman at the behest of Ellen Ferguson, finds his way through the revolving doors, makes the acquaintance of Florence Davenport, and knocks out the bully Sullivan. Incidentally Ralston's search came to an end in Farrer's gambling house, which was placed on Forty-fifth Street, near Broadway. Back to the theatre district, and you are in the haunts of the hero of George Barr McCutcheon's *Little What's His Name*. At the Metropolitan Opera House, and you have the choice of Marion Crawford's *The Prima Donna*, W. J. Henderson's *The Soul of a Tenor*, Brander Matthews's *The Action and the Word*, Thomas Dixon's *The Root of Evil*, and half a score more. The spirit of the Fifth Avenue shops plays a strong part in David Graham Phillips's *The Husband's Story*. Henrietta Hastings and Sophy Baker, living in the nearby Holland House, enjoyed an orgy of shopping. The dressmaking establishment in the same author's *Old Wives for New* was drawn from Mrs. Osborne's place on Fifth Avenue about Thirty-sixth Street. The Waldorf-Astoria was described by Brander Matthews in "Under an April Sky," of *Vistas of New York*. On the south side of Fortieth Street, almost in the middle of the block between Sixth and Seventh Avenues, you will find the fortune-telling den of Countess Casanova of Harry Leon Wilson's *Bunker Bean*. On Forty-second Street you will get glimpses of Harvey

J. O'Higgins's Detective Barney—*The Dummy* of the stage version. For the Hotel Harlem read the Hotel Manhattan, and for the Beaumont, the Belmont. At the southwest corner of Lexington Avenue and Twenty-eight Street is the little restaurant where Dodo (Owen Johnson's *The Salamander*) used to go to dine in her hours of poverty. It served purposes not only of economy but of convenience because the boarding-house in which Dodo and her sister salamanders lived was at the northwest corner of Madison Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, nearly opposite the Seville Hotel. But when the admirer of early days appeared upon the scene, in order to avoid complications, she hurried him away to dine at the Prince George Hotel. Julie M. Lippmann's *Martha-by-the-Day* opened at the corner of Broadway and Thirty-third Street. The Century Association at number 7 West Forty-third Street, has been called by many names in the course of the fiction dealing with New York life, but never save in love and reverence. All hail to the spirit of the Centurions! As the Century, pure and simple, it appeared in F. Hopkinson Smith's *Peter*. It was Peter's favourite club. But those were the days when the club was still in its Fifteenth Street home, not more than a stone's throw from Peter's own quarters. Some of the men of the Century you will find at the University Club at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fourth Street, and at the University you can get in touch with the characters of Arthur Train's *McAllister and His Double*,—Peter the doorman is Peter the doorman still—and through the windows pick out on the Fifth Avenue pavement the girl who best fits your idea of the heroine of Jesse Lynch Williams's *My Lost Duchess*.

At the Grand Central Station a stop of some duration is imperative, for across the hall of the old building, which was torn down four or five years ago, flit the ghosts of a score of the men and women of the city's fiction. In *The Exiles*, a tale of Tangier, Richard Hard-

ing Davis drew a picture of Fourteenth Street of a summer's evening that is not easily forgotten. In *Soldiers of Fortune*, his hero and heroine, leaning over the rail of a steamer somewhere in the South Atlantic Ocean, pretended that the glow upon the horizon was the reflection of the lights along the Rumson Road. But nowhere has Mr. Davis produced the thrill of the city more effectively than where, in *Captain Macklin*, he showed Royal, returned from the tempestuous adventure that had made him for a brief period Vice-President of Honduras, peering into the ticket office window in the old Grand Central Station and asking for a ticket to Dobb's Ferry. In that request, so commonplace to the ears of the alpaca-coated man behind the barred window, was summed up all the joy of home coming, all the reaction from the hunted days in tropical jungle and fever-laden swamps.

IX. "THE HOUSE OF MIRTH" AND
OTHERS

Also in that waiting room of the old Grand Central the reader has his first glimpse of Miss Lily Bart, *The House of Mirth*. It was there that Mrs. Wharton's heroine, who had missed her train to Rhinebeck, met Selden, and visited his bachelor apartment for tea, a perfectly innocent venture that had consequences and misinterpretations. The Benedick was where Selden lived, but the Benedick is not easy of positive identification. From the station they turned into Madison Avenue and strolled northward. The walk was not a long one. Selden's street was probably about Forty-ninth or Fiftieth. Miss Bart noted the new brick and limestone house fronts, fantastically varied in obedience to the American craving for novelty, but fresh and inviting with their awnings and flower-boxes. The Benedick had a marble porch and pseudo-Georgian façade, and from Selden's apartment, which was on the top floor, a little balcony protruded. That is the environment in which we first meet Lily Bart. The time comes when

we see her in another. Disillusionment and disappointment have come upon her. She is at Fifth Avenue and Forty-first Street, and she feels that she can walk no farther, and she remembers that in Bryant Park there are seats where she may rest. "The melancholy pleasure ground was almost deserted when she entered it, and she sank down on an empty bench in the glare of an electric street lamp. . . . Night had now closed in and the roar of traffic in Forty-second Street was dying out. As complete darkness fell on the Square the lingering occupants of the benches rose and dispersed; but now and then a stray figure, hurrying homeward, struck across the path where Lily sat, looming black for a moment in the white circle of electric light." The play is nearly done. The moment is at hand for the ringing down of the curtain on the tragedy of Lily Bart.

The sensational life of the New York underworld was the theme of Arthur Stringer's *The Wire Tappers*, and its sequel *Phantom Wires*. A house which figures in both those stories was Stanfield's gambling house, in reality Canfield's, next door to Delmonico's. Much of the same author's *The Hand of Peril*, which was published last spring, was laid in New York. There is mention of the Union Club; a fight in a taxi-cab takes place beside the drinking fountain in Central Park between the Sheep-Pasture and The Mall; the original of the little millinery shop of the tale may be found on the south side of Forty-seventh Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues; and the "Squab dump" known as the "Alambo," just off Long-Acre Square was plainly a well-known hotel-home of chorus girls just round the corner from The Palace. An even later book by Mr. Stringer, *The Prairie Wife*, is laid in part in New York, and a rather important scene takes place in the Della Robbia room of the Vanderbilt Hotel.

In Stewart Edward White's *The Claim Jumpers* four youths were shown holding a discussion in a fifth-story sit-

ting-room of a New York boarding-house. The sitting-room was large and square, and in the wildest disorder. Easels and artist's materials thrust back to the wall sufficiently advertised the art student, and perhaps explained the untidiness. The original of that house, which also played a part in Mr. White's *Gold*, was at number 127 Madison Avenue, between Thirtieth and Thirty-first Streets. The old structure has been torn down and an unromantic office building occupies the site. The house in which Mr. White's heroes dwelt was situated between a church and an apartment house, and was therefore known as Purgatory. It was kept by a Swiss named Karl. "A number of us," writes the author, "had the whole top floor. Ira Remsen, my brother Gilbert, Rector Fox, Stanley McGraw, and some other more transient members. Naturally I turned to the old quarters at number 129 as a background for these New York scenes in *Gold* and *The Claim Jumpers*."

X. NEW BOHEMIAS

Two or three years ago an architect of talent and imagination looked upon certain ugly and sordid brick buildings hard by Longacre Square and saw possibilities. "Give me a free hand," he said to the representatives of the great estate that owned the property, "And at a cost that will not be excessive I will convert all this into a bachelor apartment that will reproduce a bit of the London that we like best to think about, the London of the Inner Temple or of the Albany." He achieved all that he had promised. But, unwisely, he did not stop there. Looking upon his work he found it good, and was moved to write about it. With a fine rhetorical flourish he painted his "Westover Court" as another Albany, a quiet and almost remote living place for men who desire to be in the heart of the busy life and the amusement centres of the metropolis. Then, of the Albany that runs from Vigo Street to Piccadilly he went on rashly to say: "Among those who lived

there were Lord Byron, Lord Macaulay, Thackeray, and Gladstone. Conan Doyle naturally had no more fitting residence for Sherlock Holmes." Of course it was E. W. Hornung's Raffles, and not Sherlock Holmes, with whom the Albany is associated, and countless drab London squares lie between Piccadilly and Holmes's rooms in Upper Baker Street. But for all that the atmosphere that the architect sought is in Westover Court, and upon that atmosphere Owen Johnson drew for one of his most vivid pictures of the city in *Making Money*.

Bojo and March had left the Great White Way behind them and turned down a squalid side street with tenelements in the dark distances. Before two green pillars they stopped, and through a long, irregular monastic hall flooded with mellow lights and sudden arches, found their way into an oasis of quiet and green things. "Ali Baba Court" is what Marsh called it in his enthusiasm.

In the heart of the noisiest, vilest, most brutal struggle of the city lay this little bit of the Old World, decked in green plots, with vine-covered fountain and a stone Cupid perched on tiptoe, and above a group of dream trees filling the lucent yellow and green enclosure with a miraculous foliage. Lights blazed in a score of windows above them, while at four mediæval entrances, of curved doorways under sloping green aprons, the suffused glow of iron lanterns seemed like distant signals lost in a fog. Above the low roofs high against the blue-black sky the giant city came peeping down upon them from the regimented globes of fire on the Astor roof. A milky flag drifted lazily across an aigrette of steam. To the right, the top of the *Times Tower*, divorced from all the ugliness at its feet, rose like an historic campanile played about by timid stars. Over the roof-tops the hum of the city, never stilled, turned like a great wheel, incessantly, with faint, detached sounds pleasantly audible; a bell; a truck moving like a shrieking shell; the impertinent honk of taxis; urchins on wheels; the shattering rush of distant iron bodies tearing through

the air; an extra cried on a shriller note; the ever-recurring pipe of a police whistle compelling order in the confusion; fog horns from the river, and underneath something more elusive and confused, the churning of great human masses passing and re-passing.

It is to a building, or a jumble of buildings, far different, but not less curious, that Mr. Johnson turns in the introductory chapter of his new serial, *The Woman Gives*. At that intersection of Broadway and Columbus Avenue where the grumbling subway and the roaring Elevated meet at Lincoln Square stands what Mr. Johnson calls "Teagan's Arcade," but what the Pilgrim prefers to think of as "The Castle of a Million Intrigues." It covers a block, bisected by an arcade, and rising six capacious stories in the form of an enormous H. Without, the Square, a charming place of contending human

tides, where "the Italians had installed their fruit shops and their groceries; the French their florists and delicatessen shops; the Jews their clothing bazaars; the Germans their jewellers and their shoe stores; the Irish their saloons and restaurants." Within mystery—mystery in the dimness of the passageways, in the countless exits which lead through tunnels or over roof top bridges to adjoining structures, in the glazed doors on which are read strange names and stranger occupations. "It was a place," writes the author, "where no questions were asked and no advice permitted; where, if you found a man wandering in the long draughty corridors, you piloted him to his room and put him to bed and did not seek to reform him in the morning. This was its etiquette." The backyard of a new Bohemia, "Teagan's Arcade." "The Castle of a Million Intrigues."



ONE OF THE EXITS THAT LEAD OVER THE ROOF TOPS IN "THE CASTLE OF A MILLION INTRIGUES"

IN FICTION'S PLAYGROUND

BY GRACE ISABEL COLBRON

WHERE is the dividing line between adult and juvenile fiction? Which question suggests another. At what age, allowing for individual differences, does the youthful mind turn from books written especially for it and desire the great works of literature which are written for men and women, youths and maidens alike?

There has been considerable discussion recently in literary magazines and in literary departments of daily newspapers, about the lack of consideration given juvenile fiction. And the bulk of the discussion hinged, if we may judge by examples cited, on the fiction written for young people in their teens. There is a reason for this. The newer ideals of education have practically eliminated the child under ten as a reader. He can be given picture books, and stories are told to him by parents and teachers, thus leaving the choice of books to them. But after ten, the youth or maiden enters the reading public as an individuality to be considered and thus far the consideration given has been of a rather peculiar sort. Opinions as to the tastes of these young people have differed as widely as there are numbers of authors with stories to write and publishers with books to publish, particularly in the Christmas season. And very few of

them seem to have thought that possibly, after all, the young mind in the teens might be ripe for a handling of the problems of life as the great minds of all ages have handled them.

In looking over the fiction offered each successive Christmas time for readers in their teens an interesting train of thought suggests itself. Some of the books for boys and girls are so very like what was popular adult fiction a decade ago, that it leads to the conclusion that possibly adult fiction is changing and writers who will not change now label their books as juveniles that they may still be sure of their public! There is much that is good in this change which has so gradually come about. The eternal "heart interest" is not the only interest in fiction nowadays. For the change in the taste of readers which has crowded it out of adult fiction has sent it wandering off into space. It is easily recognised by any writer that the usual sort of "heart interest" would not be appropriate for juvenile fiction. The growing mind has something practical about it as well as something far-reaching in its imaginative trend where imagination is present. There are so many other interests in life beside the heart interest. Space is lacking here to follow up these thoughts although they might lead to interesting discoveries and interesting conclusions.

But our readers have already seen—at least we hope they have guessed by now—that in our Christmas article of this season we intend to lay the most stress on juvenile fiction offered for the consideration of young readers from ten or twelve years up. We admit that like a great many other people connected with the literary world, we have rather neglected this branch of late to linger over the fascinating Christmas gifts of-

OLD FRIENDS IN NEW DRESS

The Water Babies. By Charles Kingsley. Illustrations by W. Heath Robinson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Little Women. By Louisa M. Alcott. Illustrations by Jessie Willcox Smith. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates. By Mary Mapes Dodge. Illustrations by George Wharton Edwards. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Heidi. By Johanna Spyri. Translated by Elizabeth P. Stork. Illustrations by Maria Kirk. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

fered younger children in Fairy Tale and Animal Story, in charm of illustration and daintiness of outer garb. Such books, too, fill a large space in all Christmas criticism. But this year we are coming first to the older children and want to linger a while with them to find out from them if possible what they really like.

Or, to be quite honest, we are going to tell them here what we think they will like and leave it to them to put us in the wrong or not.

First of all, however, we will linger a while with some old friends, who have come to us in fine new dress this year. And these old friends are among the very best of the season's offerings. There is no really great book among the juveniles this year, but there are new editions of two really great books and of several others which have proved their enduring qualities. Our gratitude is first due for the charming new edition of Kingsley's *Water Babies*. This is one of those books which may in the long run prove more interesting to grown-ups than to children and yet what child has ever failed to feel the charm of it and the thrill of Tommy's many adventures underseas? It is wonderful to know what all these weird and peculiar crea-

tures are of whom we occasionally catch a glimpse when they swim to the surface of the water, or which we see in an aquarium. And the charming illustrations by W. Heath Robinson have brought all this water-life into our horizon so vividly that we feel intimately acquainted with the gentlemanly lobster, the wicked old otter, and other of our friends in the book. For the sake of them many a young reader will skip some passages of gentle satire on political and social conditions and will want to have the book as proudest possession in his library. And another deathless favourite, *Little Women*, comes to us in a luxurious gilt-edged binding with illustrations by Jessie Willcox Smith. All of which is justly due a book without which no home is complete. Reading it over now there is a dainty little old-fashioned touch about it, not as ancient as old lavender, but like something from the days when our mothers were young, a differing attitude toward the young girl, and a differing attitude on the part of the young girl toward life. The insidious charm of the book makes one question, while under its spell, whether the change along this particular line has been a change that is entirely for the good.

BOYS' BOOKS

Left Tackle Thayer. By Ralph Henry Barbour. Illustrations by Charles M. Relyea. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Secret Play. By Ralph Henry Barbour. Illustrations by Norman P. Rockwell. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Fair Play. By Hawley Williams. Illustrations by George Avison. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Against Odds. By William Heyliger. Illustrations by W. W. Clarke. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Deal Woods. By Latta Griswold. Illustrations by W. L. Bower. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Sandy's Pal. By Gardner Hunting. New York and London: Harper and Brothers.

Joe Manning. By Irving Williams. Illustrations by W. J. Shettsline. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

In Camp on Bass Island. By Paul G. Tomlinson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Boy Scouts of Snow Shoe Lodge. By Rupert S. Holland. Illustrations by Will Thomson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Dave Porter at Bear Camp. By Edward Stratemeyer. Illustrations by Walter Rogers. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.

The Trail Boys of the Plains. By Jay Winthrop Allen. Illustrations by Walter Rogers. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Trail of Black Hawk. By Paul G. Tomlinson. Illustrations by D. Hutchinson. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Gold Seekers of '49. By Edwin L. Sabin. Illustrations by Charles E. Meister. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

In the Great Wild North. By D. Lange. Illustrations by W. L. Howes. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.

An Army Boy in Alaska. By Capt. C. E. Kilbourne. Illustrations by R. L. Boyer. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Company.

Hans Brinker in his gorgeous new garb, with illustrations like the tulip beds of old Holland, comes as a welcome friend, and the new and very excellent translation of Johanna Spyri's classic of peasant childhood, *Heidi*, may be classed as a book we are glad to see. It is a book that should be known here better; the humanity and democracy of the simple story never fail of their appeal.

But to come back to our boys and girls and to the feast which is labelled and marked as their very own. To one who has followed juvenile fiction for the past decade this department of it has shown possibly more change than any other line. The whole character of boys' and girls' books is changing, and changing very rapidly the last three or four years. The range of subject is broadening and the attitude of the writer toward his readers, as well as the attitude of the young protagonists of the stories toward life, is very different from what it was a few years ago in any except the really high class books. It is the change of the standard even in mediocre works that is after all of the most importance. Great books have always been good books, but when the rank and file of any sort of fiction shows an appreciable raise in value, it is a thing to be noted with satisfaction. In both girls' and boys' books of this year

there is a splendid straightforward common-sense and an honesty of treatment which is most commendable. There is no really great book in either class this year, but the general standard is very high.

It shall not be "ladies first," but boys first here, as a reviewer is human and this particular reviewer is greatly prejudiced in favour of boys' books. We have many different types of boys' books this year, the usual crop of school and college stories, stories of *Just Life*, stories of out-of-doors as it forms part of the boy's life of work or pleasure, Indian stories, Western stories, and War stories, not to forget the always entrancing sea stories. There are four or five school stories asking for our consideration this year. As usual in these books the American schoolboy's life is one long, delightful round of football or baseball interests, varied occasionally by track team work. Once in a while we catch glimpses of the fact that the boys do something else in school except play ball and that some studying is required of them as well as merely brawn and muscle. But after all these stories are fresh and wholesome, they teach the lesson of clean manliness, and they lay an emphasis on the fact that to be a good loser may be as great a victory, in sport as in life, as to be a winner. Also they

GIRLS' BOOKS

Jack Straw, Lighthouse Builder. By Irving Crump. Illustrations by Leslie Crump. New York: R. M. McBride Company.

The Boy with the U. S. Life Savers. By Francis Rolt Wheeler. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.

Prisoners of War. By Everett Tomlinson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company.

Two American Boys in the War Zone. By L. Worthington Green. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company.

The Hosts of the Air. By Joseph Alsheler. Illustrations by Charles Wrenn. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The Belgians to the Front. By Colonel James Fiske. Illustrations by E. A. Furman. Akron, Ohio: Saalfeld Publishing Company.

Clearing the Seas. By Donal Hamilton Haines. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Testing of Janice Day. By Helen Beecher Long. Illustrations by Corrinne Turner. New York: Sully and Kleinteich.

Lotta Embury's Career. By Elia W. Peattie. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company.

The Nowadays Girls in the Adirondacks. By Gertrude Calvert Hall. Illustrations by E. C. Caswell. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Patty's Romance. By Carolyn Wells. Illustrations by E. C. Caswell. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Jean Cabot at the House with the Blue Shutters. By Gertrude F. Scott. Illustrations by Arthur O. Scott. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.

Winona of the Camp Fire. By Margaret Widdemer. Illustrations by Charles E. Meister. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

preach the economic truth of community interest and the sinking of the individual in the group for the greatest good of the greatest number. There is in some of them furthermore, a delightful touch of humour which has not hitherto been a factor of this sort of literature. In Ralph Henry Barbour's *Left Tackle Thayer*, for instance, there is as delicious a character in Amory Munson Byrd, whom his schoolmates call "Amy," as any novel of the present season can show. We really wish somebody would follow up Amy's career and make a grown-up story about him. In *The Secret Play*, Fudge Shaw, the aspiring novelist, is also a very amusing personage whom we would like to know better.

Fair Play, by William Hawley, points a commendable lesson in democracy, taught by his schoolmates to a boy who thought too well of himself. Their brutal honesty cleared away the dross in time, as they showed themselves capable of appreciating his really good points. This also, as all on our list, is a wholesome, clean boys' book, which will find many grateful readers.

Mr. William Heyliger, whose this season's offering is entitled *Against Odds*, has had a good deal to say in public recently about the scant courtesy accorded juvenile fiction in general, and boys' books in particular, in the literary

magazines. We agree with Mr. Heyliger and are certainly doing our best to clear ourselves of his reproaches. But there are certain things to consider, and one is that of a restricted public. Many boys who might enjoy Mr. Heyliger's excellent books, also enjoy adult fiction equally well and read many of the great classics, and yet it is these boys who offer the only real public for Mr. Heyliger's special sort of books. It is not possible, in the scheme of the average literary department or literary magazine, to give very great consideration to books which appeal to a minority of the reading public. *Against Odds* is a good story with a good moral and plenty of thrilling as well as plausible incidents. While it does not contain the delightful humour of the Barbour books, it offers some slight novelty in that it concerns itself with baseball instead of football. In some respects, of course, this is to its disadvantage as a Christmas book. Christmas books come out in the football season when the interest in that game is at fever heat in the school and the college world. However, Mr. Heyliger's book can be re-read with great pleasure in the spring when the eleven has put its togs in camphor, and aspiring schoolboys begin to save their pennies to buy tickets for the World's Series. Furthermore, Mr. Heyliger's story is

Two Little Women. By Carolyn Wells. Illustrations by E. C. Caswell. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Helen and the Fifth Cousins. By Beth Bradford Gilchrist. Illustrations by Ada C. Williamson. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Company.

Jane Stuart of Rivercroft. By Grace M. Remick. Illustrations by Ada Williamson. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Company.

The Boarded-up House. By Augusta H. Seaman. Illustrations by Clyde Squires. New York: The Century Company.

Faith Palmer in Washington. By Lazelle T. Woolley. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Company.

Peg o' the Ring. By Emilie Benson Knipe and Arthur A. Knipe. New York: The Century Company.

A Maid of '76. By Emilie Benson Knipe and Arthur A. Knipe. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A Little Maid of Narragansett Bay. By Alice Turner Curtis. Illustrations by Wuanita Smith. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Company.

Beth Anne Herself. By Pemberton Ginther. Illustrations by Author. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Company.

Polly Comes to Woodbine. By George E. Walsh. Illustrations by F. Liley Young. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.

The Three Gays. By Ethel C. Brown. Illustrations by Grace G. Kelley. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Company.

A Real Cinderella. By Nina Rhoades. Illustrations by Elizabeth Withington. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.

Dorothy Dainty at Crestville. By Amy Brooks. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.

Surprise Island. By James H. Kennedy. New York: Harper and Brothers.

honest and sincere, the best quality a book for young readers can have.

There is somehow an elusive quality of difference about the "Deal" books by Latta Griswold, an indefinable something that throws them out in contrast to others of the same type. *Deal Woods*, the latest in the series, shows this quality very strongly, particularly in the character of the young hero Victor Orofino. It is not only because Victor is a hyphenated American, who is really an Italian prince; the boy himself is very real in all his conflicting qualities, his unusual distinctive personality which remains untouched even by the levelling influence of a big boys' school.

When we leave the school stories to go into other fields, we find a most delightful little book entitled *Sandy's Pal*, by Gardner Hunting. It is a refreshing story of just life, of the queer but not impossible incidents by which the son of a well-to-do father becomes an office boy before he knows it and finds that he likes the business world so much that it is hard to persuade him to go back to school when winter comes. Bob

Sands, and his pal, Larry Start, are very real boys, and Spin, the Collie dog, is so real and so delightful that the reader gasps in dismay, with a most delightfully real thrill of horror, at the danger that several times threatens this wonderful dog. *Joe Manning* is an honest little tale with a touch of very modern and rather thrilling adventure.

Of the books on out-of-door play life, the best is *The Boy Scouts of Snow Shoe Lodge*, which describes a winter vacation in the Adirondacks. Here, too, a thrill comes through perfectly plausible adventures which we admit do not usually happen to boys on winter vacations but which might happen. And they are so interesting that we are willing to give them the benefit of the doubt.

The Trail of Black Hawk, by Paul Tomlinson, and *In the Great Wild North*, by D. Lange, awaken the history of the earlier days of the great Northwestern frontier, when the vanguard of the encroaching white race came in contact with the Indian warriors fighting for their homes. Mr. Lange's book does not deal as much with Indian warfare

INTERESTING THO' INSTRUCTING

Smugglers' Island. By Clarissa H. Kneeland. Illustrations by Wallace Goldsmith. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company.

The Story of Leather. By Sara Ware Bassett. Illustrations by C. P. Gray. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Company.

The Fun of Cooking. By Caroline French Benton. Illustrations by Sarah K. Smith. New York: The Century Company.

The Amateur Carpenter. By A. Hyatt Verill. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Home-Made Toys for Boys and Girls. By A. Neely Hall. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.

The Junior Parish. By Herbert W. Lathe. The American Tract Society.

The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. By Jacqueline Overton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Child's Book of American Biography. By Mary Stoyell Stimpson. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Heroic Deeds of American Sailors. By Albert F. Blaisdell and Francis K. Ball. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Places Young Americans Want to Know. By Everett Tomlinson. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

In Victorian Time. By Edith L. Elias. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

FAIRY TALES AND ANIMAL STORIES

Fairy Tales Every Child Should Know. Edited by Hamilton Wright Mabie. Illustrations by Mary Hamilton Frye. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Shoe and Stocking Stories. By Elinor Mordaunt. Illustrations by Harold Sichel. New York: John Lane and Company.

The Kingdom of the Winding Road. By Cornelia Meigs. Illustrations by Grace White. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Really Truly Fairy Stories. By Helen S. Woodruff. Illustrations by Griselda McClure. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Wishing Fairies. By Madge A. Biggam. Illustrations by Fanny Y. Cory. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Every Day Fairy Book. By Anna Alice Chapin. Illustrations by Jessie Willcox Smith. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Who's Who in the Land of Nod. By Sarah S. Vanderbilt. Illustrations by Ruby Winckler. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company.

as does the other, although the subject is touched upon. It gives us instead a most interesting and accurate picture of the hardships borne by the isolated pioneer in the great Northern wilds.

The Gold Seekers of '49 shows us the days of the Great Stampede for the newly discovered gold fields of California. Two boy chums in St. Louis make the journey to the gold fields with their fathers, Charlie Adams by the Isthmus route and Billy Walker by emigrant train overland. The story follows Charlie in his varying adventures by sea and land and we glimpse the rough-and-tumble haste of those exciting days, the fevered life of the mushroom Coast towns when wild speculation of all sorts drew men's thoughts from productive work and where wages for the most menial labour rose to dizzy heights because of the unlimited opportunity offered by free natural resources. These days were a lesson in fundamental economics which it is well that our growing boys should heed. Mr. Sabin's story is thrilling enough to please any boy besides, and the background will interest him fully as much as does the plot. Captain Kilbourne in his book, *An Army Boy in Alaska*, has "written down" to a public of lads in their teens. He has made a book which is good enough in its way, in its authentic pictures of the life in that far distant corner of our great country. But, recurring hereby to our remarks in the beginning of this article, this is one of the cases where a better piece of work might have been done with the superb central figure (not the hero, but the most interesting man in the book) whom this writer has sacri-

ficed to what he thinks his audience would like. It is safe to assert that boys old enough to enjoy the book anyway would enjoy still more what any one of a half a dozen writers that could be named would make out of the figure of Ralph Ralston, the superman, born in a New York slum and finding in Alaska the space his nature needed for its development. All boys who love the sea will like *Jack Straw*, and Dr. Rolt-Wheeler's spirited description of the adventures of *The Boy with the U. S. Life Savers*. They are equally useful in their accuracy on important subjects and, what is more, they are equally full of splendid thrills.

It was to be expected that the boys' fiction of this year should reflect some echoes of the Great War. The best of the books that deal with this is Joseph Altsheler's *The Hosts of the Air*. With great tact and a clever grasping of the situation this practised writer has chosen to make a romantic tale of the adventures of a young American which puts the Ruritania type of novel quite in the shade. Because, you see, as Mr. Altsheler puts it, the turning backward of civilisation which this war means makes everything possible. And so we have a beautiful lady carried off by a mediæval prince, and a gallant knight posing as stable boy to rescue her, and besides which we have aeroplanes, high powered motor cars and wireless telegraphy and spies and shells bursting in the trenches and about everything else that the most exacting reader of romantic stories of adventure could desire. Also it is very well written and, what is best of all, there is not a single note of bit-

POGANY NURSERY BOOKS SERIES

Little Mother Goose.

The Children in Japan, verses by Grace Bartruse.

The Gingerbread Man, rhymes by Leonard Fable.

Pictures by Willy Pogany. New York: McBride, Nast and Company.

The Sleepy-Song Book. Music by H. A. Campbell. Words by Eugene Field, May Byron, and Florence Campbell. Pictures by Anne Anderson. New York: McBride, Nast and Company.

A Child's Stamp Book of Old Verses. Pictures by Jessie Willcox Smith. New York: Duffield and Company.

The Scissors Book. By William Ludlum. New York: G. P. Putnam Sons.

The Dot Circus. By Clifford L. Sherman. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company.

Indian Why Stories. By Frank B. Linderman. Illustrations by Charles M. Russell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Little Folks of Animal Land. By Harry Whittier Frees. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.

terness, of race or national hatred in it. This good point is characteristic of the juvenile war fiction of this season, we are glad to state. The writers have evidently tried to give the point of view of the men who are doing the fighting, who have no hatred but only a great respect and a great sympathy for their so-called enemies. It is greatly encouraging to find this spirit reflected in fiction which some boys, we hope, will read more often than they will read the newspapers with their burden of narrow-minded hate.

But our girls have been kept waiting long enough to hear what special offering we have for them this year. In books for girls even more than in books for boys the new spirit makes itself felt. Quite logical, too, as the new spirit is making itself felt in the lives of girls even more than in that of boys. If we are to judge the books that have come to us this year at Christmas time as typical of the new trend in fiction for girls, then we may say that the writers of girls' books have at last caught up to the girls of to-day. There is in most of the books on our list an acknowledgment of the fact that the average American young girl is just as fond of outdoor sports as her brother and in many cases just as clever at them, that she is just

as eager for adventure and that she has a charmingly artless disregard of the fact that there are any limitations on her actions by reason of her sex. The girls' books of to-day are full of the life of out-of-doors, are full of adventures which are very similar to the adventure in the books for boys, and those of them which appeal to older girls show a fine sense of the new responsibilities that are coming to women, old and young, in this twentieth century.

A good example of this is shown in *Lotta Embury's Career*, by Elia Peattie. This is a fine, wholesome book, pointing the incontestable truth, acknowledged in life but not always in fiction, that even a young girl would like to plan out her life and do something that meant something. The tragedy of the disappointed artist, Aunt Catherine, who hoped that Lotta might become a great musician, is a very appealing story and Lotta's common sense realisation of the fact that her talents lie along more prosaic lines bring the story very much up to date. But alas—and yet it's nice, too—at the very end we have a little glimpse of the possibility that Lotta will give up the work in the store which pleases her so and will give up her own individuality as well to follow that nice boy Roland Root to a far distant coun-

Six Little Ducklings. By Katharine Pyle. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Strange Story of Mr. Dog and Mr. Bear. By Mabel Fuller Blodgett. Illustrations by L. J. Bridgman. New York: The Century Company.

Tommy and the Wishing Stone. By Thornton W. Burgess. Illustrations by Harrison Cady. New York: The Century Company.

Old Mother West Wind "Why" Stories. By Thornton W. Burgess. Illustrations by J. Harrison Cady. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Bedtime Stories.

The Adventures of Sammy Jay.

The Adventures of Chatterer the Red Squirrel.

By Thornton W. Burgess. Illustrated by Harrison Cady. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Bunny Rabbit's Diary. By Mary F. Blaisdell. Illustrations by George Kerr. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Adventures of Mollie, Waddy, and Tony. By Paul Waitt. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Bunnikins Bunnies' Christmas Tree. By Edith B. Davidson. Illustrations by Clara E. Atwood. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company.

Nanette Goes to Visit Her Grandmother. By Josephine Scribner Gates. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company.

PLAYS FOR LITTLE ONES TO ACT

The Pig Brother Play Book. By Laura E. Richards. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Puppet Princess; or, The Heart That Squeaked. By Augusta Stevenson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company.

Puck in Petticoats. By Grace E. Richardson. Akron, Ohio: Saalfeld Publishing Company.

A Book of Handy Plays for Girls. By Dorothy Cleather. Akron, Ohio: Saalfeld Publishing Company.

A few years ago such books as *The Testing of Janice Day*, *The Nowadays Girls in the Adirondacks*, *Jean Cabot at the House with the Blue Shutters*, and *Patty's Romance* would have been considered adult fiction. Janice Day and Jean Cabot might be found not uninteresting heroines by women past their teens even now. They are good, strong, and wholesome books which girls of various ages will enjoy. Miss Wells's perennial Patty is, as always, distressingly well-dressed. In fact in this latest book it is a great comfort to read of the days passed by Patty as the kidnapper's victim, when she is obliged to wear coarse underclothing and an ugly print wrapper. It makes her seem more human somehow.

Winona of the Camp Fire is indeed a new sort of book for girls from twelve to sixteen. It shows them out-of-doors, camping, hiking, and doing all sorts of things which hitherto were supposed to have been the privilege of their brothers. The book is so wholesome, so hearty, so full of clean and vigorous fun—the episode of the cat clearing-house and the selling of the camp-made goods are two instances—that it can be heartily recommended to any one who wishes to give a present of lasting value to a young girl. Another exciting book is *The Boarded-up House*, a detective story in which two enterprising young girls and a large and self-satisfied cat play important parts. The reader has an hour of delicious breathlessness while Joyce, Cynthia, and Goliath are investigating the house which was long closed and yet furnished even to the most intimate belongings of its former owners. They try to figure out the story of the house and do some pretty good amateur detective work, but we and they are equally surprised at the real story of the Collingwood family and how they came to go away in such a hurry.

Helen and the Fifth Cousins, and *Jane Stuart at Rivercroft*, are two jolly books bubbling over with young people and fun and yet there is in each an under-current of life's burdens which gives

them a strength that aids rather than harms the gayness. Early days of our country's history and how a young girl may play a leading part in it, is told in the three books *Peg O' the Ring*, *A Maid of '76*, and *A Little Maid of Narragansett Bay*. For real little girls *Beth Anne Herself*, *Polly Comes to Woodbine*, and *Surprise Island* will give satisfaction beyond a doubt.

There is a sort of book of which we have several excellent examples this season which is instructing but which, gratifying to state, is also interesting. *Smuggler's Island*, by Clarissa H. Kneeland, is a very fascinating example of this sort of book. It is a modern *Swiss Family Robinson* and tells the story of a family of young people, with a girl of eighteen as the eldest, marooned on an island off the Mexican coast. It is a lesson in what can be done by those who have grown up in civilisation, when none of civilisation's aids are at hand. *The Story of Leather* tells of the making of leather into shape for all its uses to-day, but it tells also of the making of a man out of a spoiled rich man's son. We fear some of the writers of school-boy stories will not look with favour on this rich man's attitude toward his son's

EVERYTHING ELSE

Children's Book of Thanksgiving Stories. Edited by Asa Don Dickinson. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Christmas in Legend and Story. Edited by Elva S. Smith and Alice Hazeltine. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.

Tell-Me-Why Stories About Colour and Sound. By C. H. Claudy. Illustrations by Thomas Wrenn. New York: McBride, Nast and Company.

The Apple Tree Sprite. By Margaret W. Morley. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company.

Kisington Town. By Abby Farwell Brown. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Home Book of Verse for Young Folks. Selected and arranged by Burton E. Stevenson. Decorations by Willy Pogany. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Saalfeld's Annual. Akron, Ohio: Saalfeld Publishing Company.

When Christmas Comes Around. Stories by Priscilla Underwood. Pictures by Jessie Willcox Smith. New York: Duffield and Company.

baseball triumphs. *The Fun of Cooking* mingles all sorts of useful food recipes with a jolly story of what a group of young people can do. The other books on this list are every one of them excellent in their way, so that extended mention need only be given to the *Life of Robert Louis Stevenson*, by Jacqueline Overton. It is fitting indeed that the romantic incidents in the life of this Prince of Romanticists should be told to girls and boys who in a very few years will find Stevenson's works a gold mine of delight.

We have lingered so long with young people in their teens that we have little space left, beyond the listing of them, for books of fairy tales and animal stories. There are not as many fairy tales this year. The beautiful book *Fairy Tales Every Child Should Know*, edited by Hamilton Wright Mabie, retells some old favourites. New stories, which may or may not be all new, but which are delightfully told and delightfully illustrated, are to be found in the *Shoe and Stocking Stories*, by Elinor Mor-daunt. The author wisely let the five-year-old to whom the stories were told while he was learning to dress himself, advise her as to points here and there and so her stories have something of the genuine ring of older legends which have been handed down from one narrator to another and revised by each succeeding audience.

The Kingdom of the Winding Road is another charming story of fact and fancy with a hint of modern problems amid the dreams which have no age, which were and always will be. *Who's Who in the Land of Nod* is a quaint and delightful conceit which will give the kiddies something to do themselves when they have to guess which of the names of their well-known fairy-tale friends fits in the story made around the delightful illustrations by Ruby Winckler. The map of the Land of Nod with the Sandman's Garden and the Witch's Cottage in Sherwood Forest is so fascinating that many an imaginative grown-up would like to wander there in

sleep and meet Chicken Licken at the Crossroads, go to Mother Hubbard's Zoo, or do any of the fascinating things that sleepy kiddies do when they have this book to help them.

In the animal stories we find two or three novelties, first of all *The Indian Why Stories*, by Frank Linderman, whose name in Indian has a syllable or two less than the name of the illustrator, Mr. Russell, but whose work in the retelling of these fine and quaint old myths is as good as that of Mr. Russell in the pictures. *The Little Folks of Animal Land* is indeed a novelty, for it consists of a series of photographs of adorable kittens and puppies in all sorts of attitudes and situations. A little story prefaces each picture, but the main part of the book is the photographs, which are some of the most charming successes of Mr. Frees, whose work in this most difficult of all photography is already famous. *The Scissors Book* and *The Dot Circus* give eager little hands welcome occupation, although it is a pity that in *The Scissors Book* some of the subjects to be cut out are not at all appropriate or even interesting to children young enough to care for the work.

An important part of new educational methods for little children is in what is called "playing a story." To meet this growing demand there are a number of plays for children among this year's Christmas books. Particularly good are *The Pig Brother Play Book*, by Laura E. Richards, and the *Puppet Princess*, by Augusta Stevenson. In the left-over group which we have entitled "Everything Else," there are some very good collections of stories and poems, a couple of charming little original stories (by which we mean new ones), *The Apple Tree Sprite*, by Margaret Morley, and *Kisington Town*, by Abby Farwell Brown. There is one book which we have put in this group, which we might have put anywhere along the list because it belongs almost anywhere and appeals to almost any one who likes a good book. This is the *Tell-Me-Why Stories About Colour and Sound*, by C. H. Claudy,

whose *Tell-Me-Why Stories About Animals* was one of the most delightful of last year's offerings. We are glad indeed to meet again that Human Question Mark, the irrepressible Carlie-boy and to have Old Pops spin him some

more delightful yarns about all manner of things. Again Old Pops disclaims any originality of scientific discovery but he tells all sorts of scientific facts in a way that will charm all children and many grown-ups, too.

SOME NOVELS OF THE MONTH*

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

"THE BENT TWIG"

To readers possessed of discrimination, Dorothy Canfield became an interesting personality upon the publication of *The Squirrel-Cage* a couple of years ago, and more recently the collection of short stories under the title of *Hillsboro People* revealed still another side of a promising and versatile talent. Yet, although the promise was there, the fulfilment in the shape of *The Bent Twig* is none the less a rather big surprise, for it is unmistakably a book of a different and higher order of workmanship. It impresses one chiefly with a sense of its durability, as being one of the books we so seldom meet which will wear well, books that it is a pleasure to take down from the shelf at intervals and read over again, in part or in whole. Like many books that are really alive in the best sense, *The Bent Twig* when analysed is quite simple in structure; it is merely the chronicle of a young girl's life from early childhood until as a young woman she solves one by one life's bigger prob-

lems and comes to a clear and wise understanding of herself. The formula is an old one, and naturally so; for one of the first instincts of a story-teller is to revert to early memories and embroider them, weaving in a certain measure of autobiography and family portraiture. Theoretically, it may not result in the best technique; but beyond question it does at times give us something better, and that is a vitality, a richness, an intimate sense of human fellowship that comes only from a book which has been truly and poignantly lived by the author. All of which may be cordially admitted as holding true of *The Bent Twig*. It is a wise and comprehending story, probing with sympathetic and indulgent touch the early ideas and emotions of an unusually complex nature. Sylvia Marshall and her younger brother and sister are experiments in that method of education which consists mainly in throwing upon the child the responsibility of making its own decisions. A dangerous method in most cases; but Sylvia was fortunate in having an exceptional home, and in growing up in a rarely unworldly atmosphere, where the dominant keynote of life was that wealth, luxury, social functions are among the least important things, as compared with truth, duty, and a sense of beauty in nature and in art. The setting of the story is a town in the Middle West; Professor Marshall, Sylvia's father, holds the chair of economics in the local co-educational college, and incidentally has solved the problem of bringing up a large family on two thou-

**The Bent Twig*. By Dorothy Canfield. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Bird's Fountain. By Bettina von Hutten. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The Hope of the House. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

H. R. By Edwin Lefevre. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Police!!! By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

These Twain. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Gray Dawn. By Stewart Edward White. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

sand a year, and having a comfortable reserve fund besides. And the miracle by which he accomplishes this is due solely to Barbara, Sylvia's mother, one of the best and truest and most thoroughly real types of American womanhood to be met with in the fiction of the last ten years. As Sylvia, at the age of eight, puts it, "mother is always *right*, and father isn't; but father always *understands*, and mother doesn't." Father could understand, because the dominant part of Sylvia's nature, the traits of character destined to lead her into trouble, all came from him; but that early conviction that mother was always right remained as a corner-stone upon which in the course of years the young girl moulded herself into the sort of woman that her mother, had she lived, would have been proud of. In looking back over this book, one realises that it is not only very real, but also quite symmetrical. It does not leave the impression of a series of episodes, but rather of that unbroken continuity which is life itself. Natural and inevitable changes take place; disillusion comes, and sickness and death,—and yet never once does the question come to mind, "why did the author make them do so and so, instead of otherwise?" No, the impression left is one of inevitability, something no more to be altered or evaded than a death notice in the daily paper. And to produce that sort of impression is rather a fine kind of art. Furthermore, the author's own outlook upon life is eminently sane and normal. Her handling of those delicate questions of a young girl's awakening to the physical facts of life, the rude shock of certain revelations, the natural revolt, the gradual readjustment, are all handled with a brave out-spokenness and a wise understanding that make the book not only the work of an artist, but also, in the best sense of that much overworked term, a human document.

"THE HOPE OF THE HOUSE"

In this, their latest volume, the Castles have put some of their most careful

work, and unquestionably certain episodes inspired by the pathos and horrors of the present war do grip the reader with some poignancy. And yet the general impression left when the final page is turned is that it is rather hysterical and quite unconvincing. It is not a piece of literary architecture, but rather the sort of block house that a child piles up at random. Indeed, a suspicion persists that the first part was a story begun some time ago and laid aside, until the outbreak of the war suggested a new and wholly different method of development. Here, in brief, is the outline of the story as it now stands: David Owen, on the eve of entering the university, learns that his father's death has left him wellnigh penniless, that the old family estate of Treowen is heavily mortgaged, and that the one way out, as his legal advisor sees it, is to sell. David thinks the matter over and refuses. Not to sell means years of sacrifice and exile; he must turn, not gentleman-farmer, but farmer in reality, cutting himself off from social intercourse, labouring in the fields beside his men, slowly wringing from the soil the shillings that eventually will pay off the family debt. And all this he undertakes for the sake of his little brother Johnny, who some day will have the old estate and wife and children, the hope of which David himself renounces. All of which is very fine, but rather futile, when we learn that ten years later, just as the last shilling of the mortgage is lifted, the estate contains a rich vein of coal and David is a millionaire and free to return to the old social life for which he no longer cares. David's first awakening, the first quickening of his pulse in ten years is when he meets Peggy, the girl whom Johnny soon expects to marry,—the girl who bestows upon him the name that follows him through the story, "Johnny's Brother." The first appearance of Peggy, with her exuberant joy of living, her unconventionality, her open and unashamed affection for Johnny, form one of the pleasantest passages in the volume; and so there is all the more reason

for feeling annoyed when we discover that neither Peggy nor Johnny plays an important part in the story. War suddenly breaks out and both brothers enlist and within a few weeks David returns badly wounded and Johnny is reported dead. The father's death, the years of toil, the discovery of the coal mine, Johnny's betrothal, Peggy's joyousness, all this could have been wiped off the slate, and the real story the Castles had to tell would not be essentially altered. Among a band of wretched Belgian refugees is a young girl, who up to a few days before had been the "little countess," the spoiled darling of an old and aristocratic family. Then one night the Germans came, the castle was pillaged, the girl's mother and sister seized, and she herself barely rescued by an old family servant. What horrible sights she witnessed we never know, because in a certain sense the girl is frozen and cannot talk, excepting in veiled hints: "the worst was the things I did not see, —at the corner of a street a horrible heap, covered by some sheets, and on the sheets was blood; I didn't see beneath the sheets,—but I can't forget." Vivianne, for that is the young girl's name, was, like Peggy, soon to have been married; but at the outbreak of the war her lover was in Venice, finishing an opera; and in reply to her urgent appeals to him to return and fight for his country, he says that he cannot, because his music is of more importance to him than Belgium. To Vivianne this disloyalty is worse than Belgium's martyrdom, worse than the death of her family, worse than the nameless outrages suffered by her mother and sister. It is this disloyalty that has frozen her heart, and left her with a lasting horror of man,—a horror that forms the the keynote to the latter half of the book, because David's rôle, from the moment he meets her, is to overcome that horror, and to teach her that there is at least one man in the world who is loyal and clean-minded and tender. All of which is handled in the customary Castle manner,—although at best Vivianne remains

to the end a rather artificial creation. And the net impression left is that nothing would be simpler than to pull down this building-block structure, and pile up the pieces in an entirely different way; at least three stories, each more symmetrical, could be constructed from the raw material.

"BIRD'S FOUNTAIN"

Bird's Fountain, by Bettina von Hutton, is a new harping on an old, familiar theme, yet so well done that one pardons the triteness of the central idea. It is based upon the hackneyed triangle of a beautiful wife in love with nothing but her own beauty; a slow-witted husband whom she cannot conceive of as loving her any more than she can of loving him; and the interloper, professional seducer of women, who first awakens her to a suspicion that she has a heart. It is the manner in which the situation is visualised, the incisive, epigrammatic, almost cruel insistence with which the woman is vivisected that makes the volume readable. We are first introduced to Mrs. Claudsley Dorset in the Grey Room where, under the deft manipulation of Seraphine her maid, she is undergoing the daily cult of her own beauty. It is very cleverly done, and by its subtle suggestion, its salient touches, its skilful reticence, it leaves a distinct sense of real charm, a feeling that we know personally this small but exquisite woman whom one admirer has christened the "little Tanagra lady." But from the time that she meets Archie Hood and feels her pulses quicken, Amy Dorset's serene satisfaction with her own beauty is at an end. She is haunted by the inevitable "*enfin seule hour*" beyond which Captain Hood's imagination does not go, "whereas her imagination, poor, little, undeveloped growth that it was, struggled on in clouds of bewilderment and helplessness. While he was thinking of kisses, she was months ahead considering the horrors of her divorce." The weak side to the story is that the outcome is a bit too obvious rather early in the game. The reader soon discovers

that Claudsley Dorset happens to be genuinely in love with his wife, so much so that he will let her go if the other man can make her happier than he. And when Amy Dorset is about to have her own way, she makes the discovery that although it is Captain Hood who awakened her, the man that she really has loved all the time without knowing it is her own husband. All of which is quite in accord with the conventional lines laid down in the text books on "How to Write Stories." But the merry game of flirtation, with the male pursuing and the quarry eluding, is quite deftly and entertainingly depicted.

"H. R."

One feels quite sure of one fact, after reading *H.R.*, and that is that Mr. Edwin Lefevre must have enjoyed himself hugely throughout the task of writing it. Otherwise it would have been impossible to spread the contagion of a like enjoyment to the reader. The quickest way to convey an idea of the story's substance is to say that it deals with the great American game of bluff raised to the Nth power. Imagine a plodding bank clerk on eight hundred a year suddenly awakening one day to a sense of the treadmill life stretching greyly before him, demanding a substantial raise of salary, and upon being promptly discharged, drawing a long breath of relief and deciding that a man can become what he thinks he can, that boldness is its own reward, and the born leader of men is the one who stretches out his hand and takes what he wants. Hendrik Rutgers makes his memorable start with the brilliant idea of unionising the sandwich men of New York City and making himself their "boss." To attempt to retell the farce comedy that ensues from the simple process of making use of such raw material to its full value would be as futile as to try to reduce to narrative form the gyrations of a Catherine Wheel. Suffice it to say that the book is a display of pyrotechnics from start to finish. And scattered through its pages are little flashes of

irony, epigrammatic asides that seem to clamour to be quoted. For instance:

His speech had quotable phrases. A country that once cast the biggest vote in its history for the square deal, that makes millions of dollars out of asking you if you see that hump, and from promising you to do the rest if you push the button, and boasts of the thorn that made a rose famous, is bound to be governed by phrases. The only exceptions are the Ten Commandments. They are quotable, but not memorable.

But to say more would be to rob the prospective reader of a part of what is in store for him. Of course, if you happen to be devoid of a certain sense of humour, you will probably toss the volume impatiently aside, with no idea of what you are missing. But if you like a fantasia played in variations on the theme of the colossal power of publicity, the stream of golden wealth that flows in a mountain tide from even the humble sandwich-board, when its advertising is directed by a Napoleonic brain, then by all means read *H. R.* It is to be recommended as a good tonic for the blues.

"POLICE!!!"

The series of extravaganzas that make up the latest volume by Mr. Robert Chambers, with its scarehead title of *Police!!!*, and its quite unashamed bathing-suit lady on the cover, leaves the impression that the author is sardonically laughing at his characters, his readers and the world at large. The time was when Mr. Chambers had a peculiar gift for the uncanny; he could send little furtive creeps all the way up your spine and down again; he could distil virgin gold into loathsome, slimy, creeping shapes that would haunt you with the persistence of a delirium; or he could at will convey the charm of elusive, elfin shapes, airy, butterfly beings bridging the chasm of the unknown. All this he has apparently lost. Whatever he purposed doing in relating the mythical adventures of Professor Smith, of the Bronx Zoological Park, one thing is cer-

tain: that they miss fire. He may have meant them as horror stories, but they fail to horrify; he may have meant merely to mystify, but the mystery is ineffective; or perhaps his ambition did not extend beyond farce comedy, but if so, it is too heavy-handed to be really amusing. Take, for instance, "The Ladies of the Lake": two professors, masquerading as guides, escort an Amazonian band of elderly suffragettes into the wilds of Alaska, and there discover a small lake five miles deep, whose unfathomed waters contain a hitherto undiscovered species of minnow the size of a sperm whale. These giant fish have a habit of rising to the surface at nightfall and leaping high in the air, with a roar like Niagara, to feed on the myriads of bats that flit above the water. Well, one evening when the suffragettes indiscreetly venture out for a row at twilight, a playful flap of a giant tail sends the boat skyward and the ladies meet the fate of Jonah. The whole thing is too overdrawn to hold you; it isn't convincing, it isn't creepy, it isn't even funny. "Un Peu d'Amour" comes a little nearer to being a success in its own line. The professor discovers, in some remote, unspecified locality, a wonderful crater from which fumes constantly rise; and when he cautiously creeps down the inner slope, he sees that the fumes arise from a ring of flame, half-way down, and that below the ring the bottom of the crater is smooth and sandy, without smoke or fire. Moreover, in the flames, scores of little ferret-like creatures disport themselves, in salamander fashion, and when he succeeds in catching one with his naked hand, he finds it cold, with a glacial coldness that numbs his body. It is all quite elfish and fanciful, and leads you to the point of wishing it might be true,—and then suddenly Mr. Chambers rudely awakens you by weaving in a monstrous yarn about a giant earthworm a mile or so in length, that set the hills and valleys rocking as it squirms its titanic way under ground, burying crater and firing ring and salamanders under a vast cata-

clysm. Like all the other stories in the volume, it leaves you with an exasperated sense of having been hoaxed.

"THESE TWAIN"

These Twain is the long promised volume with which Mr. Arnold Bennett was to round out the trilogy begun with *Clayhanger* and somewhat disappointingly continued in *Hilda Lessways*. It is pardonable, after the lapse of years, if one takes up a sequel with a certain degree of reluctance, doubting whether memory has retained enough of the essential threads to make the narrative clear. In the present case, however, any such apprehension is uncalled for. We are, to be sure, following the later development of Hilda and Edwin Clayhanger, subsequent to their marriage; yet all earlier episodes, although they may shed some side-lights, are really unessential to an appreciation of what is in substance a probing, insistent, remorselessly intimate study of modern marriage. The familiar background of Mr. Bennett's more serious novels, the *Five Towns*, is still with us; the curious, diverting local types move in and out of the pages with the same effective comic relief; but all this is kept more in the background than usual; it is, so Mr. Bennett wants us to realise, quite subsidiary. The story deals with just two human beings, just "These Twain," and the outside world is of interest only in so far as they help or retard the slow process of readjustment that must take place in the life of every married pair. Wedlock, as Mr. Bennett sees it, is a sort of prolonged duel: "It's each for himself in marriage, after all." It is a relation based on impulse, passion, sex hostility and illogic, yet with big possibilities for lasting happiness. At times the book is quite surprising for its keenness, the depth of its penetration. Such, for instance, is the following summing-up of Hilda's love for her husband:

She thought she knew him, but she was always making discoveries in this branch of knowledge. Now and then she was so

bewildered by discoveries that she came to wonder why she had married him, and why people do marry—really! The fact was that she had married him for the look in his eyes. It was a sad look, and beyond that it could not be described. Also, a little, she had married him for his bright, untidy hair, and for that short oblique shake of the head which with him meant a greeting or an affirmation. She had not married him for his sentiments nor for his goodness of heart. Some points in him she did not like. He had a tendency to colds, and she hated him whenever he had a cold. She often detested his terrible tidiness, though it was a convenient failing. More and more she herself wilfully enjoyed being untidy, as her mother had been untidy. . . And to think that her mother's untidiness used to annoy her! On the other hand she found pleasure in humouring Edwin's crotchettiness in regard to the details of a meal. She did not like his way of walking, which was ungainly, nor his way of standing, which was infirm. She preferred him to be seated. She could not but regret his irresolution, and his love of ease. However, the look in his eyes was paramount, because she was in love with him.

Passages of this sort, and they are frequent, make the book a significant one; but none the less it suffers from lack of self-restraint. There is too much of it, too much that is irrelevant, too much that is repetition. "In marriage it is each one for himself, after all," is the leading motive throughout, and it would have taken far less than five hundred and forty-three pages to prepare us for Hilda's final complacent variation of it, "it's each for himself, and I've got my own way!"

"THE GRAY DAWN"

In *The Gray Dawn* Mr. Stewart Edward White has not so much tried to tell a story as to paint an epoch, the turbulent days of the early fifties in California. Undeniably he has done a good piece of work; the strange, motley, heterogeneous crowd moves past us with the vividness of a motion picture: the

rough garbed miners, cotton-clad Chinese, gorgeous Spaniards, as curious and discordant a social mixture as ever presented anywhere on earth. The lawlessness of the period, the laxity of standards, social, commercial, and political, the universal spirit of gambling, the swift quarrels and hastily fired shots,—all these elements intermingle to give colour and reality to Mr. White's portrayal. He gets the atmosphere beyond question; the book is saturated with it, redolent of it. But the individual lives whose destinies make up the somewhat loose and disjointed narrative-interest lack in a measure the requisite compelling power to hold our attention. There are Milton Keith and his pretty but rather weak little wife Nan, the man so taken up with law and politics and get-rich-quick schemes that he sadly neglects the woman, who from sheer boredom drifts into a flirtation that on her part is obviously never going to become serious. Then there are Arthur Morrell, an English adventurer, and his vicious wife, Mimi,—or perhaps she isn't his wife, after all,—who, failing to win Milton as a lover, seeks vengeance by luring Nan into danger. And still again, there are John Sherwood, a professional gambler, and his wife Patsy, who are not considered quite respectable, but prove to be about the only decent, warm-hearted, likeable characters in the story. No, it is idle to pretend that the reader will become seriously excited about the individual characters, even when the abducted heroine shrieks piercingly as she struggles in the villain's grasp, and the frantic husband drives his stalwart shoulder through the splintered panels of the door just in the nick of time,—for of course in melodrama things always do happen in the nick of time, or else the story would get hopelessly out of control. But as a picture of San Francisco in the days of the gold fever and the Vigilantes and the volunteer fire companies *The Gray Dawn* is distinctly worth while, it bears the hall-mark of truth,

SOME NOVELS—LIGHT AND OTHERWISE *

BY PHILIP G. HUBERT, JR.

"MARY ADAMS, you're a fool!" So begins Mr. Thomas Dixon's *The Foolish Virgin*, on the first page of which we find a list of the chief "characters of the story," leading off with "Mary Adams, an old-fashioned girl." If this Mary Adams is Mr. Dixon's idea of an old-fashioned girl, his modern girl must indeed defy description. The person who exclaims in the first line of the book, "Mary Adams, you're a fool!" is more than right. Mary is not only a fool but a double-dyed idiot who deserves all the misery she finds. She is represented as a little school teacher, the pink of propriety, the flower of New England culture, so steeped in convention that when her best friend wants her to pose as a madonna to oblige a great artist, she declines. "Pose for an artist! I'd as soon think of rushing stark-naked through Twenty-third Street at noon!" Yet the very next day Mary allows a

young fellow who looks like a prize-fighter to scrape acquaintance with her at the library when he asks help in finding a book. She accepts his invitation to stroll in Central Park and though he begins every sentence with "Gee!" and calls her "Kid" before he has known her an hour, she goes off with him the next morning upon an all-day motor car trip and enjoys every minute of it. The young man is a product of the city gutters, illiterate, vulgar, energetic, commonplace. His language is the slang of the streets, his highest ambition to get money and make a splurge. Art, books, music are nothing to him. He never says a word that shows him to be more than a highly unpleasant young animal. Yet, because of his exuberant vitality—there is no other apparent reason—little Mary, the flower of New England culture, spends her days and nights in dreaming of him. They race around the country in his car, for he has a car, having made some valuable inventions, as he explains. At the end of six weeks of this life they are married. They go to his mother's home in North Carolina for the honeymoon and there Mary discovers the truth. Her husband is a noted burglar. His old mother, a she-devil, tries to murder him for the gold he displays and almost succeeds. While he recovers—a matter of many months—Mary goes to the neighbouring home of a worthy physician, where her baby is born. Jim, the burglar, is so overcome by his bout with death that he reforms and having sent back his ill-gotten gold, is ready to welcome Mary and her child to a cottage where we are to suppose that they live for ever after in peace and contentment. By rights and all probability and to point a fitting moral, Mary should have ended in the poor-house and Jim in jail. Such an

*The Foolish Virgin. By Thomas Dixon. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The Heart of Philura. By Florence Morse Kingsley. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Aunt Jane. By Jeannette Lee. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Yellow Dove. By George Gibbs. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Straight Down the Crooked Lane. By Bertha Runkle. New York: The Century Company.

Jean of the Lazy A. By B. M. Bower. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Spragge's Canyon. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Passionate Crime. By E. Temple Thurston. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

What a Man Wills. By Mrs. George De Horne Vaizey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Dual Alliance. By Marjorie Benton Cooke. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Around Old Chester. By Margaret DeLand. New York: Harper and Brothers.

ending might have saved the book from a little of its absurdity—if anything could.

It is a big jump from *The Foolish Virgin* to *The Heart of Philura*, by Mrs. Florence Morse Kingsley. The author sketches one more incident in the life of a heroine well known to her readers. This time Miss Philura finds a mystery close at hand—a mysterious young woman who apparently hates her supposed husband, her mother, and all belonging to her. There is a baby in course of time which Miss Philura mothers as her own until the girl comes back with her husband, this time her real husband, and Miss Philura murmurs as she gives it up: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away." And the love story, woven in with the main theme, ends happily, Miss Philura acting as guardian angel in both. The pictures of rural life, with its village gossip, with its joys and sorrows of simple folk are cleverly done. One sketch of a perplexed woman is especially delightful. She was the third wife of a man who had the bad taste to have the crayon portraits of his two former wives hanging in his "settin' room." This was more than Number Three could stand. So, in his absence upon a business trip, she banished them to the attic and inserted in their place some gorgeous chromos got in exchange for soap-wrappers. They represented red-cheeked beauties in low-necked gowns. When the husband returned he looked long at the new beauties. He seemed to be puzzled, but pleased. Every day he looked longer and longer at them while he murmured: "I never realised they was half so good-looking." And as he glanced at his wife he was too evidently making comparisons not to her advantage. When his admiration for the newcomers could no longer be borne she burned them up and put back the old portraits. That cured him of gazing by the hour at the wall and sighing like a love-sick calf.

Another woman of the guardian angel type is depicted in *Aunt Jane*, by Mrs.

Jennette Lee. She is a wonderful woman, this Aunt Jane, only forty-five and yet the mainspring of a big hospital, a woman who knows all the patients and all about them, a disciplinarian of whom even the doctors stand in awe. Like all good women Aunt Jane loves a romance, and when she finds that her best and prettiest nurse is in love with a worthy young man, she does all she can to help along the case. She is so busy over it that she fails to see that her millionaire patient has fallen in love with her; but when she asks him for a cheque for a new wing to the hospital and he gives it upon condition that she will nurse him and no one else after that, she cannot say no. Mrs. Lee must have taken a nurse's course to have learned so much of the lights and shadows in a city hospital.

Adventure of the breathless sort is the subject matter of *The Yellow Dove*, in which Mr. George Gibbs shows what may happen to people who get mixed up in the present European entanglement. His heroine, Doris, an American girl working as a Red Cross nurse in London, cannot understand why the Honourable Cyril Hammersley, an athlete and all-around sportsman, hangs around drawing-rooms instead of wearing khaki in the trenches, and tells him so. His answer is that he is afraid. But Hammersley is in reality a hero enlisted in the secret service and accomplishing, by means of his giant Taube, *The Yellow Dove*, marvels that require nerves of iron and the bravery of a lion. His wit is matched against that of Germany's best spies. The plot grows thick when Doris, who gets mixed up in Cyril's affairs, is abducted by the Germans and carried off to Belgium. Cyril goes, too, in his Taube and of course flies off with her to the English lines, she piloting the machine while he lies wounded at her side. Much of the story sounds like burlesque, but for those readers who want a thrill on every page it will doubtless prove a fascinating tale.

Of course adventure is not missing from Bertha Runkle's *Straight Down*

the Crooked Lane. It may not be quite clear why Ogden Valentine left for parts unknown when a big diamond disappeared. It seems that he imagined his wife would be accused of theft and he disappeared in order to take the blame. He turns up years afterwards as a mule-driver in Manila, and the mystery is cleared up, more or less. Whether or not the diamond was real or paste, whether or not some of the characters are rascals or honest men; whether or not the villains get their deserts in the end are puzzles that keep the reader guessing, which perhaps is what the author intended.

Jean of the Lazy A should also have a place with the books of adventure, for Jean is a young woman who keeps things moving. She is the divinity of a Western ranch who wants money to get her father out of jail. He has been convicted of a crime of which he is innocent. Jean, as the best rider and lariat-thrower in the State, joins a moving-picture company and does such "stunts" before the camera that her salary mounts by leaps and bounds. She risks her life to such purpose that the truth is discovered and her father freed. The author gives a good account of the way in which thrilling moving-picture acts are staged.

Mr. Vachell's *Spragge's Canyon* is in an entirely different vein from his *Quinneys'* of last year, but none the less an interesting book. The hero, George Spragge, is a fine young fellow whose horizon ends with his ranch. He should make his mother happy by marrying Samantha, who is as good as gold and has always loved him. But he meets a city girl and is lost. He could read the character of men fast enough, as witness this contemptuous summing up of one worthless young man who visits the ranch: "He pints a moral. Our cities is full of jest sech men, sorter nickel-in-the-slot machines. They hev ther uses. I'd be the last ter deny it. But the most of 'em end on the dumpheap. Nature scraps 'em!" But when he meets Hazel Goodrich, with her city

frills and pretty, kittenish ways, it is all up with him. His mother invites Hazel to spend a month at the ranch so that her shallowness may become apparent even to George. And George's eyes are opened at last, although not until after Hazel has made the Canyon a miserable place for everybody. Mr. Vachell has put to good use his experiences as rancher and prospector. The love of these people for their lonely home, their perfect certainty that ranch life is the only life, is almost pathetic. One can imagine the battle between such people and a city doll.

A capital picture of rural Ireland and its peasantry is to be found in E. Temple Thurston's *The Passionate Crime*. The one who tells the story finds in London a small book of poems by one Anthony Sorel, a young Irishman who, years ago, murdered the girl he was supposed to love and paid for his crime on the gallows. Something in the book leads him to suspect that beneath the tragedy lay a romance of extraordinary quality. He goes to Ireland to fathom the mystery and spends months with peasants who might be supposed to know the secret. The poetic mysticism of Irish life, its pathos, its humour are set forth in admirable style.

What a Man Wills, by Mrs. Vaizey, tells how a number of men and women achieved their ambitions or failed to do so. Over the fire one New Year's night each one of the party tells his or her wishes. One wants adventure, one money, one love, one work, one happiness, and so on. A chapter is devoted to each, telling the story, and fifteen years later, the same party, with some defections due to death, meet when the author, in the person of the hostess, draws the moral. There have been some tragedies and some comedies. Among the latter the most amusing is that of the man who wished for danger. His humdrum clerk's life had left him hungry for adventure with a spice of peril. So his friends get up a plot through which he is led to believe himself en-

tangled with a band of bloodthirsty anarchists. When he draws the ballot that orders him to blow up the London gas-tanks his love of danger is more than satisfied.

Miss Cooke's *The Dual Alliance* is a short and fanciful story of a popular actress who, tired of life, agrees to marry a rising politician for six months instead of committing suicide. If, at the end of the six months she still prefers suicide, he is to help her make a dignified exit. Of course love comes and there is no thought of suicide when the story ends. It is highly fanciful and utterly impossible, but rather cleverly done.

Around Old Chester gives us, in Mrs. Deland's delightful way, another instal-

ment of tales in which Dr. Lavendar acts as the philosopher and the friend of all kinds of people. Some of the stories are a little more farcical than usual for Mrs. Deland. As, for instance, the first one of the book, "Turn About," in which a young man gets himself accepted by the aunt when he proposes for her niece and is too scared to back out when the lady tells that while there is a difference in their ages, she will marry and make him happy. And she does—marry him. Meanwhile his uncle, who has insisted upon his making this unfortunate proposal, marries the niece, which is capping insult with injury. There are half a dozen stories in the volume, each one of which has its own charm of quiet humour.

FROM THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL BAG

I

A letter from Boston, Massachusetts:

Some years ago, while Mr. Joseph H. Choate was in England, a newspaper item went around to the effect that he was asked who he would prefer to be, were he not himself, and that his answer was, "Mrs. Choate's second husband." It has always seemed to me that that answer was a world beater, and that the question might be laid on the shelf, disposed of forever. The November Bookman contains a mental photograph of John Hay, written by himself in 1873, in which the question is given the same answer. Have you any information indicating that these answers were wholly independent of each other, or that Mr. Hay's was so well known that Mr. Choate was to be understood as quoting, or that the story as applied to the latter was a myth? No other hypothesis occurs to me, as Mr. Choate would never have been willing to plagiarise, nor did he ever need to.

While the witticism is one that has probably suggested itself to many men, we have usually heard it ascribed to Mr. Choate.

II

A letter dated from West One Hundred and Fifteenth Street, New York City:

While studying the life of J. W. Riley and in particular while examining articles about him in *The Bookman*, I found in Vol. 38, page 100 (October, 1913), the estimate that Riley had received about \$500 a word for his "An Old Sweetheart of Mine." I have made a calculation and find that eighteen stanzas multiplied by forty words per stanza (approximate average) and again multiplied by \$500 per word gives the astonishing amount of \$360,000! I can hardly believe my own figures. Can there be an error? Say \$500 per line instead of per word? Can you give me any more light on this interesting statement?

The estimate of five hundred dollars a word for "An Old Sweetheart of Mine" came to us from Mr. Riley's publishers. They should be able to speak with authority.

III

From Austin, Chicago:

Tell us something in the Mail Bag or Chronicle and Comment about David Grayson. I have seen nothing in print about him (?), but I do not see everything. I was told by one who claims to be of the *cognoscenti* that D. G. is a manifestation of Ida Tarbell, but I do claim sufficient analytical skill to "check up" on that statement. But the personality, it seems to me, is worth a paragraph or two in *The Bookman*.

The matter of "David Grayson's" anonymity was taken up in the December BOOKMAN. The "cognoscenti" may be convinced that "David Grayson" is Miss Ida M. Tarbell. But "David Grayson," Miss Tarbell, and a number of other persons know otherwise. As our correspondent suggests the personality is certainly worth a paragraph or two. Some day we hope to be at liberty to print these paragraphs.

IV

A correspondent from Los Angeles writes:

In *The Bookman's Mail Bag* in the September number I noticed that you give a list of the six greatest English novelists of the present day. Why, oh why, did you omit H. G. Wells and Joseph Conrad even from the list of possible candidates for the last three places? I can understand a prejudice against H. G. Wells, but Conrad seems too purely an artist to arouse anything of that sort. Wells's latest, *The Research Magnificent*, is particularly worth while. *The Nation* called the hero, Benham, "a sublime ass"—I wonder if you have as little in common with that sheet as I—and Wells.

Pass Wells and Conrad.

V

From Canandaigua, New York:

I saw a reference in *The Bookman* of October, 1914. I think it was to a war poem by Rudyard Kipling. I am anxious to obtain a copy of the poem. Would you do me the favour of letting me know in what periodical it was?

We are under the impression that the poem in question appeared originally in the *London Times* and that it was reprinted, in part at least, in the *New York Times*.

VI

From Boston, Massachusetts:

The undersigned, a reader of some regularity for a number of years, desires to ask THE BOOKMAN if there may be any way of readily finding reviews of books previously published. I ask the information as an assistance in compiling a list of educational books and if there might be some means of seeing the reviews published about the time the books appeared, it would help considerably and probably make unnecessary the reading of many of the books themselves. It occurred to me that possibly there might be some index of reviews to which you might be able to direct me. Any information you could give me either about reviews published in THE BOOKMAN or elsewhere would be very greatly appreciated.

Our correspondent can probably find all the information required in *The Book Review Digest*, edited by Clara Elizabeth Fanning, with descriptive notes written by Mary Katherine Reely, and published by the H. W. Wilson Company of White Plains, New York, and New York City. The tenth annual cumulation, issued this year, covers the book reviews of 1914.

VII

To THE BOOKMAN's Mail Bag:

May I add one name to my list of books that endure, in my article "Choosing the Children's Library" in the October BOOKMAN? By some oversight I forgot that delightful classic *Hans Brinker or the Silver Skates*, by Mary Mapes Dodge, which has brought pleasure to many a young reader. I mention it now with apologies. Should any readers notice other omission and wish to say so, I will be very glad either to apologise for my forgetfulness, as now, or to explain why the omission was made.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

VIII

In the October BOOKMAN there appeared an article from Mr. George Bronson-Howard entitled "Arnold Bennett as a Melodramatist." To certain points in this article Mr. Matthew White takes exception in the following letter:

While appreciating the good intentions of Mr. George Bronson-Howard in according me the honor of discovering Arnold Bennett for American magazine readers, I must take exception to certain statements in his article entitled "Arnold Bennett as a Melodramatist," in THE BOOKMAN for October. I recall chatting with Mr. Bronson-Howard about *The Grand Babylon Hotel*, but am quite positive that I never gave him to understand that we paid nothing for the American serial rights. The story ran in *The Argosy* from July, 1901, to February, 1902, and our records show that it was paid for, as was everything else in the magazine, at the standard rates then prevailing.

As to Mr. Bronson-Howard's remark that it is surprising a story of Mr. Arnold Bennett's should be found in *The Argosy*, I beg leave to remind him that Mr. Bennett is by no means alone among well-known writers who first reached the public through the pages of *The Argosy*. He stands in company with William Hamilton Osborne, Upton Sinclair, George Randolph Chester, Elmer L. Reizenstein, and one of his own early productions, a short story called "The Beautiful Madness," may be found in the table of contents for March, 1907.

Another misconception of Mr. Bronson-Howard I should like to correct—*The Argosy* ceased to cater to juvenile readers many years before *The Grand Babylon Hotel* ran in its pages. It had already, in fact, presented to American readers in serial form such stories as *God's Prisoner*, by John Oxenham; *The Phantom Army*, by Max Pemberton, and *By Right of Sword*, by Arthur W. Marchmont.

IX

In THE BOOKMAN for October there appeared a paragraph beginning "In all Scotland and in all England there is no monument or memorial of any kind

to Robert Louis Stevenson." If ever again we are inclined to pride of spirit we shall remember that paragraph. For from north, south, east, and west, the protests have come. Here are extracts from some of these letters. The lady from Canton, Missouri, begins with the usual "I was surprised to see," and goes on to ask, "Is not St. Gaudens's beautiful bas-relief of Stevenson in St. Giles Cathedral in Edinburgh entitled to be called a memorial?" Couched in substantially the same words comes the postcard shaft of sarcasm from Greencastle, Indiana. "Having been accustomed to accept THE BOOKMAN as authority" is the opening thrust of the lady from Platteville, Wisconsin. The additional information that the St. Giles Memorial was presented by Americans is offered in a letter from somewhere or other. We have lost the envelope, and the communication is without date line. That letter, too, bears a feminine signature. The lady from Sandusky, Ohio, is pleased to say some very amiable words about the magazine. But she does not allow us to forget the existence of St. Giles Cathedral, Edinburgh. Listen to the voice (still feminine) from Sonoma, California. "In reading your October issue I have just come across the statement that." We know that it is there, dear lady, so why rub it in by the further information that it is "in a sitting posture on his couch, and inscribed above with the words of his prayer." Others have apparently forgotten to say that the bas relief is in bronze. But that point has not escaped the attention of the lady from South Rochester, New York. Then from—but haven't we already eaten quite enough humble pie?

X

A letter from Fredericksburg, Texas, with a Teutonic signature reads as follows:

In a German paper printed in St. Louis I found the translation of an American poem from the *Harper's Weekly*, dated 18th May, 1863, of England's Neutrality.

I should like to know if at the time the hatred in the northern States against England was so bad or if it is only a make-up of the German papers. Should it not be possible for you to bring it in *THE BOOK-MAN*?

We exonerate German papers of "make-up." Throughout the years of the Civil War there was a great deal of hostility toward England in the North, and this hostility was in many ways justified. If our correspondent writes merely for literary information we refer him to Thackeray's "On Half a Loaf" in the *Roundabout Papers*, which presents the other side of a case which is now purely historical. If the question has any other significance—well, since those American women and children were sent to their deaths in the Irish Sea we have been in no mood to bandy arguments.

XI

Here is a letter from Mr. Harold MacGrath which should have been presented in these pages long ago.

When you think you've got the oldest inhabitant on exhibition, along comes some one just a "leettle" older. In your March number you printed an article called "The Mantle of Eugene Field." The point in discussion was "who came next" in the column business. Maybe I did. But 'Gene was wearing his mantle himself at that time, and so I make no claim to that "illustrious flannel." In 1890-91 I ran a desultory column in *The Chicago Evening Mail* (long defunct) Wednesdays and Saturdays, a column made up of verses, quips, commentaries, and a comic picture called "The Mail's Kodak," by an artist named Lادن-دورف, the idea for which I generally furnished. Sometimes Frank Pixley, the librettist, who was editorial man, contributed, and occasionally Ben King dropped in. To me it was extra work without pay, as my regular job was reporting the fashion notes over at "Central." In 1894 I opened up a regular "14-inch" affair and bombarded the Syracuse inhabitants from the editorial page of the *Syracuse Post-Standard* under the

caption of "Our Own Funny Man." I used that frank caption in order that the Syracuse public might not be led into the mistake of thinking it an obituary "colyum." I became a real professional humourist. Verses, quips, and sketches I couldn't sell to Tom Masson I used in my column, and Tom would afterward use 'em in his advertising pages. Somehow I never could understand Masson's policy. In 1897 I went over to the *Syracuse Herald* with my column and remained there until 1901, when I became——(deleted by the censor). It's difficult at my age (also deleted by the censor) to confess that once I was a professional humourist, but I couldn't permit this thing to go unchallenged. During those ten years, those 3650 odd days, I wrote something like five thousand lyrics. There is one braver thing to confess: none of these verses ever got into covers. The feather in my hat is still upstanding.

XII

The following letter from Buffalo, New York, is referred to Mrs. Kelly:

Since that militant suffragists evacuated the front pages of the daily papers before the onset of the world-war, hand grenades in a mail bag have been something of an anachronism. Nevertheless, I am impelled by Mrs. Florence Finch Kelly's defense of "American Style in American Fiction" in your May number to come forward as one of the home critics pictured by her as engaged in "laying about them" with these destructive weapons.

To make a further draft upon military metaphor, Mrs. Kelly is in the position of a commander gallantly attempting to hold a weak position against superior forces. She is to be congratulated upon the ingenuity and tenacity of her defense, but—

The key to her defense is the contention that the American novelist is primarily interested in the action of his tale, whereas his British contemporary's main concern is with character, and the American is right in using his method in interpreting American life. The distinction is well made, but it is just one of the accusations of the home critic aforementioned that the American

novelist does not interpret American life except in its superficial aspects. In her article Mrs. Kelly mentions by name the American novelists, presumably those whom she considers most representative and distinguished. Unfortunately, those whose work is most marked by distinction—Mrs. Wharton, Mrs. Deland, Mrs. Watts—are admitted by the author to be least remarkable for the "Americanism" of their style. By inference, one may suppose the writers farthest removed from these in manner and method—Samuel Merwin, Louis Joseph Vance, Rex Beach, and Jack London—to have the quality in its highest degree. Heaven help us! If these are to be the expositors of American life and ideals let us unworthy expatriate ourselves in the dull pages of Galsworthy, Maxwell, Marriott, Dawson, Gilbert Cannan, W. L. George, James Stephens, and their countrymen, where we shall find a monotony enlivened only by association with people who are genuinely and interestingly alive, despite the deplorable lack of "action" in their careers.

We shall, perhaps, still read Mrs. Wharton, for she is "alien . . . to almost everything in her native land that is really American"; we shall read Mrs. Deland if she does not preach at us too hard; we shall read Owen Wister when he writes another book like *The Virginian*; and Mrs. Watts while she continues to give us such interpretations of American life as *The Tenant* and *The Legacy* (I have not yet read *The Rise of Jennie Cushing*). But when we want further spiritual expression of ourselves we shall pass by the tales "as complex, as perfectly made, as finished, as trim, and as swift as a high-powered automobile"—and more obviously manufactured as a business proposition—and seek for it in such places as the autobiography of Miss Jane Addams, *The Promised Land*, and the *Letters of a Woman Homesteader*. There is more spiritual expression of American life in the last-named book than in all the high-powered automobile tales written since the invasion of literature by that useful but unspiritual creation, and more real live people to know, to like, to live and adventure with.

XIII

Certain statements in Mr. Ralph Armstrong's paper on "Bayard Taylor's Romance" in the November BOOKMAN have elicited a letter of protest from that part of Pennsylvania with which the article had to do. Without comment we print the letter of protest and Mr. Armstrong's reply.

A recent article in THE BOOKMAN on "Bayard Taylor's Romance" is so full of mistakes that at least one member of the community of Kennett Square wants to enter a protest. Two of the pictures are wrong. One of these, "The Fireman's Auditorium," which houses a bank and a movie picture hall, contains no bank. The bank is housed next door in a beautiful granite building. The Fireman's Auditorium is really a civic center. Here on Sunday evenings, in a fine room that holds eight hundred people, you can still hear advocates of peace and temperance, though the author says "Peace and temperance have been forgotten largely in Kennett Square." Of course, they have movies twice a week. Why not?

The able author, Mr. Armstrong, seems to have been under the impression that our new temperance inn, Unicorn Inn, is the old one of Taylor's story of Kennett. No; that was torn down years ago and a fine business block built on its site. Cedarcroft is north, not west, of Kennett. The cedars were here when Taylor was born, and not planted by him.

Again I quote, "The change is largely in personnel, a new people congregate on the streets, new proprietors tend the stores, and new farmers till the surrounding fields. Many of these are negroes from the Southern States." I know of no farms owned by negroes in this neighborhood.

Again, "But to the new element the name of Bayard Taylor is virtually unknown. They have little time for the things that have gone before and less time for a literature that is not up-to-date." The last week in September Kennett Square celebrated its sixtieth anniversary as a borough. *The Story of Kennett*, dramatized, was given three times, by local talent, in the same

Fireman's Auditorium to crowded houses, and was so popular that it is to be repeated by the same players in West Chester, the county seat of Chester County. A beautiful pageant lasting four hours was given by local talent to an audience of two thousand as one feature, and, wonder of wonders, in this ignorant community, six hundred people gathered at Cedarcroft school at ten o'clock on a Saturday morning to listen to a most scholarly address on Bayard Taylor by Hamilton Wright Mabie!

Mr. Armstrong's reply follows:

The information from which I drew my conclusions as to the change in personnel in Kennett Square was obtained in interviews with a number of citizens, including several store-keepers and a clergyman. That it was misleading then in reference to the tavern and the cedar trees convinces me more than ever that I was right in the point I made about the new element there knowing very little about Bayard Taylor.

The correspondent may be correct in protesting that Cedarcroft is north and not west of the village, and that the Fireman's Auditorium contains no bank, but I believe he has made these lamentable errors the basis for too sweeping criticism. If he

knows no negroes who "own" farms in the neighbourhood, I respectfully suggest that he drive about the country, where he will most assuredly find many of them "tilling" the fields, just as I said. One such farm occupied by negroes lies only about a mile north of Cedarcroft. Furthermore, I cannot see how any impartial observer could walk down the main street of Kennett Square, say, on Saturday night or Sunday, without understanding the point I made as to the character of the new element, which is *new*, though not necessarily *ignorant*, as the correspondent inferred from my paper.

My idea was that the people of Kennett have done away with the fashions of the past, and the fact that they have had an anniversary celebration and a suffrage pageant, and that they have meetings in the Fireman's Auditorium, is not conclusive to my mind that times have not changed greatly from what they were when Taylor wrote:

" . . . and now, the serious people
Solemnly gather to hear some itinerant
speaker
Talking of Temperance, Peace, or the
Rights of Suffrage for Women."

(Signed) RALPH ARMSTRONG.

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A travel record combined with a study of the religious beliefs and customs of the people of India.

Jesus the Christ. A Study of the Messiah and His Mission According to Holy Scriptures, both Ancient and Modern. By James E. Talmage. Salt Lake City: Published by The Church.

A study of the life of Christ from the Mormon point of view.

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The Old Testament in the Light of To-day. A Study in Moral Development. By William Frederic Badè. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.75 net.

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The Mikado; Institution and Person. A Study of the Internal Political Forces of Japan. By William Elliot Griffis. Princeton: Princeton University Press. \$1.50 net.

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Partners of the Forest Rail. By C. H. Claudy. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

Boy and girl adventures in the Canadian forests and among Indians.

Still More Russian Picture Tales. By Valery Carrick. New York: Longmans, Green, & Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

Translations of Russian nursery tales and verses.

The Story-Teller. By Maud Lindsay. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

Fanciful short stories for little children.

T. Haviland Hicks, Sophomore. By J. Raymond Elderdice. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.

Life and adventure at college, with emphasis upon the gayer side of its life.

The Tale of Tibby and Tabby. By Ada M. Skinner. New York: Duffield & Company.

The adventures of two kittens told in simple language for little children's reading.

Ten Great Adventurers. By Kate Dickinson Sweetser. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

The lives and adventures of some world-famous explorers.

Uncle Wiggily Longears: Complete in Two Parts. By Howard R. Garis. New York: R. F. Fenno & Company. Illustrated.

A story of the Rabbit family and its many adventures, told for very little folks.

Ver Beck's Bears in Mother Goose Land. By Hanna Rion and Frank Ver Beck. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

Verses and pictures about bears for little children.

History

Brissot de Warville: A Study in the History of the French Revolution. By Eloise Ellery. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.75 net.

One of a collection of volumes published in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of Vassar.

The Civilisation of Babylonia and Assyria. Its Remains, Language, History, Religion, Commerce, Law, Art, and Literature. By Morris Jastrow, Jr. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. \$6.00 net.

A study and interpretation of the material that has been dug up from the mounds beneath which the cities of ancient Babylonia and Assyria lay buried.

The Military Unpreparedness of the United States. A History of the American Land Forces from Colonial Times until June 1, 1915. By Frederic Louis Huidekoper, with an Introduction by Major General Leonard Wood. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$4.00.

Geography, Travel and Description

English Ancestral Homes of Noted Americans. By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.00 net.

The homelands of a number of our great American leaders described against the background of the early English life that produced them. An itinerary gives the tourist an opportunity to visit American shrines in England.

The Famous Cities of Ireland. By Stephen Gwynn. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated.

Physical characteristics, atmosphere and historical associations.

Highways and Byways of New England. Including the States of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Vermont and Maine. By Clifton Johnson. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

Characteristic, picturesque, and historically attractive places described for the tourist.

Kipling's India. By Arley Munson. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

The India of Kipling in picture and description. Made up from articles which originally appeared as a serial in *THE BOOKMAN*.

Biography, Genealogy

Acres of Diamonds. By Russell H. Conwell. His Life and Achievements by Robert Shackleton. With an Autobiog-

graphical Note. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.00 net.
 Russell H. Conwell's life and teachings. Rudyard Kipling. By John Palmer. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 50 cents net.

A critical estimate and a biography.

Life of Viscount Bolingbroke. By Arthur Hassall. New York: Longmans, Green, & Company. \$1.20 net.

Bolingbroke's biography is closely connected with the political and social movements of the first half of the eighteenth century—a point of view emphasised in this volume.

The Life of Clara Barton. By Percy H. Epler. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$2.50.

Largely derived from her diaries, correspondence and reports of lectures and addresses. Her whole life is discussed from her childhood, through the Civil War, the Spanish War and up to her death in 1912.

Memories and Anecdotes. By Kate Sanborn. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.75 net.

The author's retrospect—remembrances of many famous literary people.

Nature Books

Wild Flowers of the North American Mountains. By Julia W. Henshaw. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.

A text-book, classified according to colour.

The Garden Blue Book. A Manual of the Perennial Garden. By Leicester B. Holland. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. \$3.50 net.

A reference book containing practical information about two hundred hardy perennials.

Feminism

Feminism in Germany and Scandinavia. By Katharine Anthony. New York: Henry Holt & Company. \$1.25 net.

With emphasis upon the movement for maternity protection, and a consideration of the problem of illegitimacy in these countries.

The Ways of Woman. By Ida M. Tarbell. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.00.

An effort to reach and describe the fundamental ways of woman that persist even in the new world of machines and systems, with a discussion of the relation to society of the common and normal pursuits of women.

The Woman Movement. By A. L. McCrimmon. Philadelphia: The Griffith & Rowland Press. \$1.00 net.

Its history and a discussion of the various phases of the movement.

General Works, Miscellaneous

America at Work. By Joseph Husband. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.00 net.

Brief impressions of a few of the more startling phases of our industrial life.

The Art of the Story-Teller. By Marie L. Shedlock. New York: D. Appleton & Company. \$1.50 net.

Observations and suggestions on story-telling, especially for children.

The Commencement Manual. By Edith F. A. U. Painton. Chicago: T. S. Denison & Company. \$1.25.

A selection of addresses, sermons, class poems, songs, college yells, programmes, etc., as a practical aid for those interested.

For Better Relations with Our Latin American Neighbours. A Journey to South America. By Robert Bacon. Washington: Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Division of Interchange and Education. Publication No. 7.

The report of the author's journey to South America. With an appendix containing speeches and essays by distinguished South Americans on the same subject.

The Magic of Jewels and Charms. By George Frederick Kunz. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. \$5.00 net.

Superstitions and astrological lore connected with the history of precious stones.

National Floodmarks. Week by Week Observations as Seen by *Collier's*. Edited by Mark Sullivan. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.50 net.

Editorials from *Collier's* on topics of current interest in American life.

The Nearing Case. The Limitation of Academic Freedom at the University of Pennsylvania by the act of the Board of Trustees, June 14, 1915. A Brief of Facts and Opinions Prepared by Lightner Witmer. New York: B. W. Huebsch. 50 cents net.

A collection of contemporary discussions of the dismissal of Scott Nearing as Professor of Economics at the University of Pennsylvania.

The Path of Peace. The Most Helpful Thoughts of the World's Greatest Writers Pointing the Way to Contentment and Happiness and Arranged for Easy Reading and Ready Reference. Compiled and Edited by Beverley R. Potter. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. \$1.50 net.

A selection of advice from the thought of writers of all ages.

(Continued on page 624)

THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of November and the first of December:

FICTION		
CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York (Uptown)...	Felix O'Day	Eltham House
New York (Downtown)	God's Man	The Landloper
Albany, N. Y.....	Beltane the Smith	Dear Enemy
Atlanta, Ga.....	Dear Enemy	Justice
Baltimore, Md.....	Felix O'Day	Dear Enemy
Boston, Mass.....	Felix O'Day	"K"
Boston, Mass.....	Beltane the Smith	Michael O'Halloran
Chicago, Ill.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	Dick Devereux	The Crimson Gondola
Cleveland, O.....	Felix O'Day	The Freeland
Des Moines, Ia.....	Dear Enemy	Michael O'Halloran
Indianapolis, Ind.....	Michael O'Halloran	The Research Magnificent
Kansas City, Mo.....	Beltane the Smith	"K"
Los Angeles, Cal.....	Dear Enemy	The Money Master
Louisville, Ky.....	Sunlight Patch	Me
Memphis, Tenn.....	Michael O'Halloran	The Story of Julia Page
Milwaukee, Wis.....	Michael O'Halloran	A Far Country
New Orleans, La.....	Dear Enemy	The Heart of the Sunset
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	Michael O'Halloran	Felix O'Day
Portland, Me.....	Felix O'Day	Michael O'Halloran
Portland, Ore.....	Michael O'Halloran	The Heart of the Sunset
Providence, R. I.....	Felix O'Day	The Gray Dawn
Rochester, N. Y.....	Felix O'Day	Michael O'Halloran
St. Louis, Mo.....	Pollyanna Grows Up	Michael O'Halloran
St. Louis, Mo.....	"K"	Prudence of the Parsonage
St. Paul, Minn.....	Michael O'Halloran	Dear Enemy
San Antonio, Tex.....	"K"	The Heart of the Sunset
San Francisco, Cal....	The Gray Dawn	The Story of Julia Page
Seattle, Wash.....	The Gray Dawn	Beltane the Smith
Spokane, Wash.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Toronto, Ont.....	Michael O'Halloran	The Money Master
Utica, N. Y.....	"K"	Thankful's Inheritance
Waco, Tex.....	A Far Country.	Michael O'Halloran
Worcester, Mass.....	Michael O'Halloran	Beltane the Smith

(Continued)

FICTION			
3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Sally	Homo Sapiens	These Twain	Research Magnificent
Eltham House	Heart of the Sunset	"K"	The Genius
The Golden Slipper	These Twain	The Lost Prince	The Star Rover
Felix O'Day	"K"	The Heart of the Sunset	Shadows of Flames
Michael O'Halloran	Amarilly of Clothes Line Alley	Research Magnificent	Beltane the Smith
Research Magnificent	Beltane the Smith	Dear Enemy	The Gray Dawn
The Bent Twig	The Fortunes of Garin	"Burkeses Amy"	Felix O'Day
Dear Enemy	The Heart of the Sunset	Pollyanna Grows Up	A Far Country
The Heart of the Sunset	Michael O'Halloran	Mr. Bingle	The Promise
Dear Enemy	The Gray Dawn	Beltane the Smith	Michael O'Halloran
Prudence of the Parsonage	The Heart of the Sunset	Felix O'Day	"K"
The Gray Dawn	Dear Enemy	The Money Master	Felix O'Day
Dear Enemy	Felix O'Day	Research Magnificent	The Gray Dawn
The Song of the Lark	Of Human Bondage	The Story of Julia Page	Making Money
"K"	Mr. Bingle	Felix O'Day	The Heart of the Sunset
"K"	Felix O'Day	A Far Country	The Lovable Meddler
Beltane the Smith	The Money Master	Mr. Bingle	The Gray Dawn
"K"	Michael O'Halloran	Contrary Mary	Research Magnificent
Dear Enemy	The Story of Julia Page	Felix O'Day	A Far Country
"K"	The Money Master	Ruggles of Red Gap	Dear Enemy
The Fortunes of Garin	Beltane the Smith	The Money Master	The Gray Dawn
The Money Master	A Far Country	Pollyanna Grows Up	Felix O'Day
Dear Enemy	Research Magnificent	Beltane the Smith	The Lost Prince
Beltane the Smith	A Far Country	The Rainbow Trail	Dear Enemy
"K"	The Genius	The Money Master	The Story of Julia Page
The Heart of the Sunset	The Rainbow Trail	Michael O'Halloran	Around Old Chester
Felix O'Day	The Gray Dawn	The Heart of the Sunset	"K"
Jaffery	The Rainbow Trail	The Money Master	Mr. Bingle
Dear Enemy	Michael O'Halloran	The Genius	Felix O'Day
Felix O'Day	Dear Enemy	Michael O'Halloran	The Rim of the Desert
The Story of Julia Page	Dear Enemy	Me	Felix O'Day
The Lost Prince	"K"	A Far Country	The Story of Julia Page
Beltane the Smith	Dear Enemy	The Fortunes of Garin	The Money Master
The Heart of the Sunset	The Fortunes of Garin	Beltane the Smith	The Story of Julia Page
Then I'll Come Back to You	The Promise	A Far Country	Straight Down the Crooked Lane

Our Boyhood Thrills and Other Cartoons. By Webster. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.00 net.

A collection of the author's cartoons that have appeared in the newspapers.

The Pillar of Fire: A Profane Baccalaureate. By Seymour Deming. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. \$1.00 net. In the nature of a satire on the college question.

Quaint and Historic Forts of North America. By John Martin Hammond. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. \$5.00 net.

The romantic and historical interest of the early forts.

Quilts: Their Story and How to Make Them. By Marie D. Webster. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.

Their history and methods of manufacture to-day.

Raffia Basketry as a Fine Art. By Gertrude Porter Ashley and Mildred Porter Ashley. Deerfield: Published by the Authors. Illustrated.

A handbook of practical instructions in the making of raffia baskets.

Sunlit Days. Compiled by Florence Hobart Perin. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. \$1.00 net.

Selections for every day in the year, chosen with a view to spiritual inspiration.

Through College on Nothing a Year. Literally Recorded from a Student's Story. By Christian Gauss. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00 net.

The experiences of a young man who worked his way through college.

Under the Red Cross Flag at Home and Abroad. By Mabel T. Boardman. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

The complete history of the American Red Cross activities, with special emphasis on the work in the European War. The organization, its needs, hopes, and possibilities are also dwelt upon.

The Work of Our Hands: A Study of Occupations for Invalids. By J. Herbert Hall and Mertice M. C. Buck. New York: Moffat Yard & Company. \$1.50 net.

A discussion of the benefits of work for those who are suffering from nervous or mental ailments as well as the physically handicapped.

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

The Life of John Hay. Thayer.

Eat and Grow Thin. Thompson.

I Accuse! (J'Accuse!) Anon.

The Pentecost of Calamity. Wister.

When a Man Comes to Himself. Wilson.

My Year of the Great War. Palmer.

The Hilltop on the Marne. Aldrich.

Spoon River Anthology. Masters.

France at War. Kipling.

Socialised Germany. Howe.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 623 and 624) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives	10
" " " 2d " " " "	8
" " " 3d " " " "	7
" " " 4th " " " "	6
" " " 5th " " " "	5
" " " 6th " " " "	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

POINTS

1. Michael O'Halloran. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35..... 197
2. Felix O'Day. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.35 146
3. Dear Enemy. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.30 142
4. "K." Rinehart. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35 130
5. Beltane the Smith. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50..... 98
6. The Heart of the Sunset. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35 77

New and Forthcoming Macmillan Novels

Mary S. Watts' New Novel

The Rudder

By the author of "Nathan Burke," "The Rise of Jennie Cushing," etc.

Mrs. Watts' new novel introduces a woman as the principal character; an intelligent, well-bred, socially well-placed young woman, who touches life in many places. The story is unfailingly interesting, told with that charm of manner, that knowledge of human nature, that humor that have always been found in its author's writing. *Ready March 15*

THOSE ABOUT TRENCH

By Edwin Herbert Lewis

A novel of ideas, saturated with the spirit of modern science, intensely alive and packed with many strange adventures. Dr. Trench and those about him are the most interesting people that have appeared in fiction in many a day.

Ready February 16. \$1.35

THE ABYSS

By Nathan Kussy

The vivid story of the life of a Jewish lad in the underworld. Written with the power of "Les Miserables" and proclaiming a new novelist of indisputable ability.

Ready March 8. \$1.50

THE SHEPHERD OF THE NORTH

By Richard Aumerle Maher

An intensely dramatic novel with a most ingenious plot in which a big-brained, big-hearted American Bishop is the hero.

Ready March 22. \$1.35

GOD'S PUPPETS

By William Allen White

Intimate studies of life at first hand, revealing Mr. White's genius in handling the short story form.

Ready March 15. \$1.25

THE LITTLE LADY OF THE BIG HOUSE

By Jack London

The story of a woman whose life is shaped by a great love. Jack London has done few finer things than this account of Paula Forrest's life and the problem she was forced to face when she met Evan Graham.

Ready April 5. \$1.50

THE BELFRY

By May Sinclair

In this brilliant and swiftly moving story May Sinclair pictures a group of curiously assorted characters with a life-likeness that is almost uncanny. The story comes close to the present time and finds its climax in scenes of the great war.

Ready March 9. \$1.35

CAM CLARKE

By John H. Walsh

The story of a real, live boy, his companions and their escapades, told with a rare sense of humor and understanding.

Ready February 23. \$1.35

I POSE

By Stella Benson

The Gardener loves the Suffragette. Together they start out on a remarkable journey, the one posing as a vagabond, the other as a Desperate Woman. A thoroughly amusing and original novel.

\$1.25

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, Publishers, NEW YORK

reer is dramatic history. To the United States he first came in 1873, and here he was so well received that he returned repeatedly. Twenty or twenty-five years ago there was published in this country a book called *Leaves from the Autobiography of Tommaso Salvini*. It



SALVINI AS ICILIO IN THE "VIRGINIE" OF ALFIERI

is now out of print. In it will be found some very vivid impressions of the roving days in many lands.

...

At the age of sixteen Salvini had left Modina, and was in Naples, a member of the Royal Florentine Company. Those were the days of Bohemia and of hardship. His annual salary was twenty-four hundred francs, and half of it had to be put aside for the payment of his debts. He lived at a boarding-house, where he paid two francs and

a half a day for his bed and dinner, having for breakfast a small piece of bread dipped in the juice of a melon. The ring in the company of players was so well organised that the newcomer had few opportunities to distinguish himself. The year 1845 was a most unhappy one for him, abounding in moral and material sacrifices. The remembrance of the important parts which he used to play with his master and of the spontaneous and gratifying favour accorded by the public was constantly before him, and the contrast made his new position seem all the more humiliating. He grew peevish and rebellious, and secretly cherished thoughts of revenge. He planned to return when all the old and mouldy material of that company should have disappeared and to put to shame the artists who hoped for his failure.

...

Those were turbulent days politically. For a time young Salvini laid aside the buskin for the musket. He was enrolled in the Eighth Roman Battalion, and under Garibaldi helped in the futile defence of Rome. When he resumed acting, the censorship of the stage was rigid to the point of absurdity. The players had to contend with very serious difficulties in observing the innumerable erasures and substitutions which the censors made in the lines. The words "God," "Redeemer," "Madonna," "angel," "saint," "pontiff," "purple," "monsignor," "priest," were forbidden. "Religion," "republic," "unity," "French," "Jesuit," "Tartuffe," "foreigner," "patriot," were equally in the Index. The colours green, white, and red were prohibited. Yellow and black, and yellow and white were also forbidden. Flowers thrown on the stage must not show any of those colours prominently, and if it chanced that one actress had white and green in her dress another who wore red ribbon must not come near her. If the actors transgressed they were not punished with a simple warning, but with days of arrest, and with fines

which varied in amount according to the gravity of the offence.

• • •

Salvini's first presentation in the United States, when he came here in 1873, was *Othello*. After New York he visited a number of American cities, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Washington, and Boston. In Boston he became intimately acquainted with Longfellow, who talked to him in the pure Tuscan. After a return to New York Salvini travelled to Albany, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Toledo, Detroit, Chicago, and finally to New Orleans. He reached the Crescent City at Carnival time, and, in a mass procession in which all nations were represented, he was revolted and offended to see Italy figuring as Pope Pius IX giving his benediction to a band of brigands, who, with their daggers in their teeth, were kneeling at the Holy Father's feet. So great was his disgust at this travesty, which he ascribed to the suggestion of some renegade as well as to the ignorance of the carnival committee, that he was moved to publish, over his signature, a letter of protest in which he said:

Italy for true Italians should be represented by Victor Emmanuel, by Gioberti, Cavour, and Garibaldi. Every good Italian must repel, protest against, and despise this insult offered to a nation which, by its antique traditions, and by its recent deeds, deserves the respect and the admiration of the civilised world; and we are sure of finding an echo of adhesion to this sentiment among the American people, which is accustomed to render homage and justice to all that is noble and generous.

• • •

Ten years ago, in an article in this magazine on the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, Mr. Edward W. Townsend told the story of a reception given by that organisation to Salvini. On the train going to San Francisco the actor met a musician member of the club. Having a letter to the club and learning that his car mate was a member, Salvini

told of his own early Bohemian days, recalling a beloved companion of his youth who had written a serenade and dedicated it to Salvini. The tragedian hummed the tune, and became a bit sentimental over the memories it evoked;



TOMMASO SALVINI AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-NINE

early days of struggle, of dear friendships—

Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans! while the musician, unobserved, wrote the notes of the serenade on his cuff. In due time the reception to Salvini was given; three hundred members sat at a horseshoe-shaped table, under a dome from which depended what seemed to

be an enormous globe of flowers and trailing vines. Hercules, Jupiter, Venus, Apollo, fauns, satyrs, peeped out from leafy coverts upon a glorious field of the State's flower, the golden eschscholtzia, into which was woven in purple blooms, "Salve Salvini!" To a march composed for the occasion the members entered, the lights were lowered and attendants bearing flambeaux ushered in Salvini, escorted by officials robed in crimson; the music changed to a solemn chant sung by a concealed chorus, during which Salvini—who had but a musty notion of Bohemian ceremonies—reverently bowed his head, thinking the chant had a religious significance, and happily too unfamiliar with English to know that the concluding line was "And don't you forget it!" Lights being raised, dinner was served, each course to appropriate music, the barons of beef, for example, being produced on the shoulders of white-capped cooks entering to a stately march. Besides the music incidental to the service there were many other numbers, the one most perplexing to the guest being a chorus roared and boomed by the joyous three hundred, in which, to the tune of "The Lord High Executioner," the guest was welcomed thus:

Salvini! Salvini!

To Bohemia's halls we welcome thee!
with libretto Italian lines for the soloists.

• • •

When Salvini had listened to a few such lines as "Una Voce poco far," or "Di Provenza, la mar," he began to understand the situation if not the relevancy of the phrases, and roared with laughter. After that, at a private signal, general conversation gradually ceased until Salvini and an Italian-speaking member alone were conversing. Then from a screened balcony the sweetest voiced tenor in the club began softly to sing. Salvini's attention gradually strayed from his companion, and he looked about him as one uncertain whether he hears a familiar sound or dreams it. The singer's voice rose

louder and louder until Salvini jumped to his feet with a sobbing "Dio mio!" and threw kisses to the unseen singer, who, of course, was singing the serenade written for Salvini by the friend of his youth. At the appropriate time for the punch, lights were again lowered and a company of Bohemians robed like monks entered chanting, marched to the table enclosure, uplifted their hands to the seeming globe of flowers, which mysteriously descended, disclosing itself to be a punch bowl, now aglow with the burning beverage, which the monks proceeded to serve. Salvini had promised some friends to join them at supper that night at one o'clock. It was five in the morning when he left the club, bidding good-bye to a couple of hundred members and joining in their enthusiastic shouts of

Una Voce poco far—

By a set of curious chances—

Di Provenza, la mar—

On his own recognisances!

• • •

There has been something of an attempt during the past two or three months to revive interest

A Bunner in the work of Henry
Revival Cuyler Bunner, and the
suggestion has been made

that a uniform edition of his fiction and verse would have a fair chance of success. This we are inclined to doubt, although the doubt does not imply any questioning of Bunner's talent and invention. But it was an audience somewhat different from the audience of to-day for which he wrote from the time of the establishment of the English edition of *Puck* until his death in 1896. Bunner writing to-day would certainly be in the first flight of American storytellers. But the method of the short tale has changed, and from the point of view of 1916 the work of some of the men of the late seventies and early eighties seems positively archaic. Nevertheless, Bunner, whether his books appear in new dress or not, is not likely soon to be forgotten. There was too

much sturdy merit in his novels, *The Midge*, and *The Story of a New York House*; too much vigour and surprise in his *Short Sixes* and *More Short Sixes*; too much charm in the light verses he dashed off with such facility. Above all he was something of a personality.

• • •

A short time after Mr. Bunner's death there appeared in *THE BOOK-MAN* an appreciation of the man and his work written by Laurence Hutton. In the later years the two men were on terms of the greatest intimacy. But there had been a time when they would have nothing to do with each other. It was a case of reciprocal Dr. Fell. "We did not like each other, and we neither of us could tell the reason why," said Mr. Hutton. "We met constantly at the theatres—we were both enthusiastic 'first nighters'—but we never looked at each other if we could help it, and, of course, we never spoke. We had many friends and acquaintances in common, and very often we escaped an introduction by the merest chance, or by the most elaborate mutual avoidance. He always thought of me, when he permitted himself to think of me, as 'Play-bill Hutton' because of my interest in, and my collection of, theatre programmes. And I never allowed myself to think of him at all. The reason why I cannot imagine now. At last, one night we were thrown violently at each other. It was in 1878, at a large reception. I knew almost nobody. Bunner knew everybody. He saw my situation, which was trying—an outsider among a large party of intimates—and too loyal to his hosts, and instinctively too much of a gentleman to see a man neglected in that house, or a stranger in any house wandering about forlorn and alone, he came up and asked me if I would smoke a cigarette and take a glass of sherry in the dining-room."

• • •

After that there never was a break or a shadow of a break in their friendship. They went to the theatre together, they were members together of the Authors'

Club, of the International Copyright League, of The Kinsmen; and in common they had many tastes and interests. "He read me in advance," recorded Mr. Hutton, "all the poems afterwards collected together as the *Airs from Arcady*. We talked for hours over "Love in Old Clothes," the best, perhaps, of his tales, and a little bit of work which cost him infinite care and thought and labour. He was then helping to establish the edition of *Puck* in English, and working hard at it. He was very quick of insight, and remarkably ready of utterance and expression even in verse. I remember stepping one day into the *Puck* office, then in a cross street off lower Broadway, to lunch with him by appointment. As we were going out of the editorial rooms the printer's devil entered with a process-picture of a commonplace young woman, to illustrate which Bunner was asked to contribute a "stickful" of text—and at once. He lighted a fresh cigarette, stepped up to somebody else's desk, and, more rapidly than I could have copied them out, set down sixteen or twenty rhythmical lines which would scan and would parse, and were very fair "poetry"—as such things go. He did not sign them; and he said lightly that that was an everyday occurrence and of no moment.

• • •

One of the most touching and pathetic incidents in Bunner's career was the story of his Lost Joke. "It was in the old days of our Westmoreland café life, when, in my absence, Bunner found but one man at the table—a fellow of a peculiarly clear mind. He asked Bunner some simple question, as 'Did you come up-town in the Fourth Avenue or Sixth Avenue Line?' To which Bunner replied in an equally commonplace way, as, 'No, I walked.' Bunner, at the end of many years, could remember neither the question nor the answer nor the nature of them; but the words he uttered, whatever they may have been, were received with shouts of laughter. Bunner did not know why, and he never knew why. He saw nothing funny in

them—at that time or later. And he entirely forgot what they were and what prompted them. But his interlocutor pronounced it the best thing that Bunner had ever said, and he laughed over it until he wept, and then he laughed again. It was to him the acme of humorous expression. He was too diffident to repeat it, whatever it was, because he thought that Bunner said it intentionally, and wanted him to say it in his turn, and so, somehow, commit himself; and he never told it; and he is dead; and Bunner never discovered the joke on his own account. He was very miserable at the thought that his most sublime effort of wit was unrecognised by himself, and went into the ear of the only man who ever heard it and who ever appreciated it, and was kept forever from Bunner and the rest of the world. And poor Bunner could not ever think what it was about.

• • •

The publication of *An Autobiography*, by Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau, gives to the world all the essential facts in the life of this grim fighter of tuberculosis. Dr. Trudeau, though afflicted with the disease in his early twenties, went into the fight not only for his own life, but for the lives of all who might be blighted in this way. He was the founder of Saranac Lake Sanatorium and the first exponent in this country of the radical open air treatment for consumption. Appropriately, his autobiography is dedicated to the one who was his constant companion in the battle which finally vanquished him, but from which he wrested, through his medical research, the lives of thousands of others.

Dedicated

To My Dear Wife

Ever at my side

Ever Cheerful and Helpful and Helpful

Through These Long Years

During which

"Pleasure and Pain

Have followed each other

Like sunshine and rain"

Another interesting touch in the book is the foreword which refers to that very distinguished resident of Saranac Lake who was the direct antithesis of Dr. Trudeau in thought, manner, and ability—Robert Louis Stevenson. Fate strangely intermingled the destinies of these two men and Dr. Trudeau died only a few days before the erection of the memorial to Stevenson. Dr. Trudeau's last public utterance was one of satisfaction over the recognition that the little town had given to R. L. S. The foreword above mentioned is as follows:

Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton, in his review of Mr. Graham Balfour's *Life of Robert Louis Stevenson*, says: "When Robert Louis Stevenson was a little boy, Mr. Graham Balfour tells us, he once made the following remark to his mother: 'Mother, I've drawn a man. Shall I draw his soul now?' The only biography that is really possible is autobiography. To recount the actions of another man is not biography, it is zoology, the noting down of the habits of a new and outlandish animal. It may fill ten volumes with anecdotes, without once touching upon his life. It has 'drawed a man', but it has now 'drawed' his soul."

• • •

One of the most interesting parts of Dr. Trudeau's biography, at least to persons somewhat bookishly inclined, is the chapter devoted to Robert Louis Stevenson. In this chapter Dr. Trudeau gives the inscriptions which Stevenson put in the various volumes of his works which he presented to Dr. Trudeau and family. In *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* he had written:

Trudeau was all the winter at my side;
I never spied the nose of Mr. Hyde.

To Mrs. Trudeau he had dedicated *The Dynamiter* in these words:

As both my wife and I composed the thing;
Let's place it under Mrs. Trudeau's wing.

To Dr. Trudeau's daughter, *Virginibus Puerisque*, in these words:

I have no art to please a lady's mind,
Here's the least acid spot,
Miss Trudeau, of the lot.
If you'd just try this volume, 'twould be
kind!

To the baby (Francis), *A Child's
Garden of Verse*, in these words:

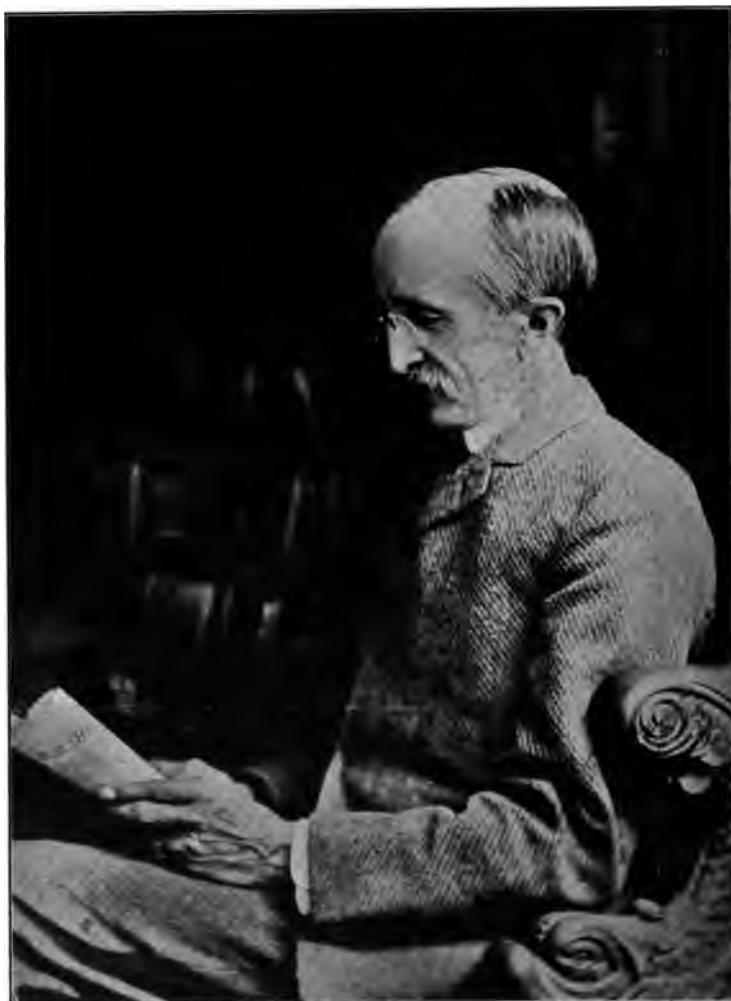
To win your lady (if alas, it may be),
Let's couple this one with the name of Baby!

And to Nig, *Memories and Portraits*,
in these words:

Greeting to all your household, small and
big,
In this one instance, not forgetting—Nig!

. . .

BOOKMAN readers who remember
Clayton Hamilton's papers, "On the
Trail of Stevenson," published a little
over a year ago will find in Dr. Tru-
deau's own words some of the identical
incidents which Mr. Hamilton describes
from the viewpoint of the biographer.
One incident especially is quoted from
Dr. Trudeau's book:



DR. EDWARD LIVINGSTON TRUDEAU



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS — MAXIMILIAN FOSTER, AUTHOR OF "RICH MAN, POOR MAN"

Mr. Stevenson and I had many interesting and at times heated discussions by the fireplace in the sitting-room. It was really a great privilege to meet him in this informal way, and even if we didn't always agree, the impression of his striking personality, his keen insight into life, his wondrous idealism, his nimble intellect and his inimitable vocabulary in conversation, has grown on me more and more as the years roll by. It is hardly to be wondered at that we did not agree on many topics, for our interests and our points of view on many subjects were utterly at variance. My life interests were bound up in the study of facts, and in the Laboratory I bowed daily to the majesty of fact, wherever it might lead. Mr. Stevenson's view was to ignore or avoid as much as possible unpleasant facts, and live in a beautiful, strenuous, and idea world of fancy. He didn't care to go to the Sanatorium with me or see the Laboratory because to him these were unpleasant things. He evidently felt this, for after he had written *The Lantern Bearers*, I got him one day into the Laboratory, from which he escaped at the first opportunity with the words, "Trudeau, your light may be very

bright to you, but to me it smells of oil like the Devil!"

• • •

In describing the same incident, Mr. Hamilton in the Stevenson papers, now published in book form, says:

Louis was merely disgusted and annoyed. "Trudeau," said he, "you are carrying a lantern at your belt, but the oil has a most objectionable smell."

The doctor told me this with humour; but it did not seem to me so funny when I thought about it afterward. At present I remember an eager, active-minded man, sitting anchored in a lounging chair and muffled among furs; talking with that tense voice of the achieving dreamer; at home in life, though exiled from its laughing and delightful commonplaces; cheerful and alert, though slowly dying; young, clear-eyed, and still enthusiastic, although already ancient in endurance; lying invalided while his City of the Sick grows yearly to greater prominence among the pines; fighting with an easy



COLONEL ROOSEVELT AND DR. J. A. ZAHM GOING OVER THEIR PLANS DURING THE SOUTH AMERICAN TRIP WHICH IS DESCRIBED IN DR. ZAHM'S "THROUGH SOUTH AMERICA'S SOUTHLANDS"

smile the death that has so long besieged him to the end that others after him, afflicted similarly, may not die. And the best of our tricky and trivial achievements, in setting words together dwindle in my mind to indistinction beside the labours and the spirit of this man.

...

Apparently the spring book season for 1916 is to have several biographies. One which is in the course of preparation is that of Booker T. Washington, which finishes the story started in his autobiography *Up from Slavery*. The autobiography was the story of a struggle forward and for education. The biography entitled, *Booker T. Washington, The Builder of a Civilisation*, will be the story of the man's life as an educator and leader of his race. The authors of this book are Lyman Beecher Stowe and Emmet J. Scott, the latter one of the faculty at



F. TENNYSON JESSE. MISS JESSE IS A GRAND-NIECE OF LORD TENNYSON, AND IS THE AUTHOR OF "THE MILKY WAY" AND "BEGGARS ON HORSEBACK." A PLAY BASED ON HER STORY, "THE BLACK MASK," WAS PRESENTED IN NEW YORK TWO YEARS AGO



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS—MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS, AUTHOR OF "OVER PARADISE RIDGE"

Tuskegee and for years Dr. Washington's secretary and trusted lieutenant. Most of the material was gathered by Mr. Scott during Dr. Washington's life.

...

The organisation of Tuskegee is described in the opening chapters of the book as follows:

It came about that in the year 1880, in Macon County, Alabama, a certain ex-confederate Colonel conceived the idea that if he could secure the negro vote he could beat his rival and win the seat he coveted in the State Legislature. Accordingly, the Colonel went to the leading negro in the town of Tuskegee and asked him what he could do to secure the negro vote, for negroes then voted in Alabama without restriction. This man, Lewis Adams, by name, himself an ex-slave, promptly replied that the thing his race most wanted was education and that if he (the Colonel) would agree to work for the passage of a bill appropriat-



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS—RUPERT HUGHES, AUTHOR OF "CROPPED WINGS"

ing money for the maintenance of an industrial school for negroes he, Adams, would help to get for him the negro vote and the election. This bargain between an ex-slaveholder and an ex-slave was made and faithfully observed on both sides with the result that the following year the Legislature of Alabama appropriated \$2,000 a year for the establishment of a normal and industrial school for negroes in the town of Tuskegee. On the recommendation of General Armstrong of Hampton Institute, a young coloured man, Booker T. Washington, a recent graduate and a teacher at the Institute, was called from there to take charge of this landless, buildingless, teacherless and studentless institution of learning.

This move turned out to be a fatal mistake in the political career of the Colonel. The appellation of "nigger lover" kept him ever after firmly wedged in his political grave. Thus, by the same stroke, was the career of an ex-slaveholder wrecked and that of an ex-slave made. This political blunder of an obscure office-seeker has given to education one of its great formative institutions, to the negro race its greatest leader, and to America one of its greatest citizens.

Returning from a review of troops near Washington (in the autumn of 1861), Julia Ward Howe's carriage was surrounded and delayed by the marching regiments: she and her companions sang, to beguile the tedium of the way, the war songs which every one was singing in those days; among them—

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave.

His soul is marching on!

The soldiers liking this, cried, "Good for you!", and took up the chorus with its rhythmic swing. "Mrs. Howe," said Mr. Clarke, "why do you not write some good words for that stirring tune?" "I have often wished to do so!" she replied. Waking in the grey of the next morning, as she lay waiting for the dawn, the words came to her.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord—

She lay perfectly still. Line by line, stanza by stanza, the words came sweeping on with the rhythm of marching feet, pauseless, resistless. She saw the long



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS—JOSEPH CONRAD AT HIS ESSEX (ENGLAND) HOME

lines swinging into place before her eyes, heard the voice of the nation speaking through her lips. She waited till the voice was silent, till the last line was ended; then sprang from bed, and groping for pen and paper, scrawled in the grey twilight the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." She was used to writing thus; verses often came to her at night, and must be scribbled in the dark for fear of waking the baby; she crept back to bed, and as she fell asleep she said to herself, "I like this better than most things I have written." In the morning, while recalling the incident, she found she had forgotten the words.

• • •

The poem was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February, 1862. "It was somewhat praised," she says, "on its appearance, but the vicissitudes of the war so engrossed public attention that small heed was taken of literary matters. . . . I knew and was content to know, that the poem soon found its way to the camps, as I heard from time to time of

its being sung in chorus by the soldiers." She did not, however, realise how rapidly the hymn made its way, nor how strong a hold it took upon the people. It was "sung, chanted, recited, and used in exhortation and prayer on the eve of battle." It was printed in newspapers, in army hymn-books, on broadsides; it was the word of the hour, and the Union armies marched to its swing. Among the singers of the "Battle Hymn" was Chaplain McCabe, the fighting chaplain of the 122d Ohio Volunteer Infantry. He read the poem in the *Atlantic*, and was so struck with it that he committed it to memory before rising from his chair. He took it with him to the front, and in due time to Libby Prison, whither he was sent after being captured at Winchester. Here, in the great bare room where hundreds of Northern soldiers were herded together, came one night a rumour of disaster to the Union arms. A great battle, their jailers told them; a great Confederate victory. Sadly the Northern men gathered together

in groups, sitting or lying on the floor, talking in low tones, wondering how, where, why. Suddenly, one of the negroes who brought food for the prisoners stooped in passing and whispered to one of the sorrowful groups. The news was false: there had, indeed, been a great battle, but the Union army had won, the Confederates were defeated and scattered. Like a flame the word flashed through the prison. Men leaped to their feet, shouted, embraced one another in a frenzy of joy and triumph;

and Chaplain McCabe, standing in the middle of the room, lifted up his great voice and sang aloud,

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord!

Every voice took up the chorus, and Libby Prison rang with the shout of "Glory, glory, hallelujah!" The victory was that of Gettysburg. When, some time after, McCabe was released from prison, he told in Washington, before a great audience of loyal people,



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF ELLEN GLASGOW

the story of his war-time experiences; and when he came to that night in Libby Prison, he sang the "Battle Hymn" once more. The effect was magical: people shouted, wept, and sang, all together; and when the song was ended, above the tumult of applause was heard the voice of Abraham Lincoln, exclaiming, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, "Sing it again!"

• • •

Robert H. McLaughlin, who wrote *The Eternal Magdalene*, is a young Cleveland man, until recently the manager of The Colonial Theatre in that city. He has written several plays, some of which have been produced locally. Among these was *Demi-Tasse*, a dramatic one-act piece shown two years ago with Miss May Buckley and Jack Halliday in the principal rôles. *The Sixth Commandment*, which enjoyed a country-wide tour, has never played there.



ROBERT H. MCLAUGHLIN, AUTHOR OF "THE ETERNAL MAGDALENE"



RUSSELL H. CONWELL, AUTHOR OF "ACRES OF DIAMONDS"

"Nothing in Tolstoy's life is so interesting to me as the circumstances of his death, his flight Tolstoy's Flight from home to the monastery, his perishing on a wayside station like some aged pilgrim on the way to Jerusalem." So writes Stephen Graham in *The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary*. "The story is such a beautiful, pathetic, touching one that the station of Astapovo may well be an object of pilgrimage for people who can feel in themselves the poignancies of life, and who are interested in the destinies of mankind." It is a little station on a by line. "In the waiting room are peasants in rags, in sheep skins, in old blouses, peasants sleeping on forms, bundles on the floor, heaps of bundles, tied up sacks, ancient green trunks. On one side of the room is a grandfather's clock, on the other is a little wooden chapel with ikons and votive candles. From the clock to the chapel runs a long linoleum covered bar and on the ikon side of it are scores of



HENRY KITTELL WEBSTER, AUTHOR OF "THE
REAL ADVENTURE"

fresh loaves, while on the clock side are vodka and wine. On the top of the clock burns a paraffin lamp. There is praying and disputing and tea drinking, children crying, bundles, boxes, pointsmen with dim lanterns, a mouldy looking gendarme, and it is five o'clock in the morning."

...

"Out of the lingering train they brought Tolstoy into just such a room and to such a scene. 'They brought him through here,' says the heavy bearded man behind the bar, 'and they put him first in the woman's room and then took him to a room in the station master's house.' The man behind the bar has trained his whiskers to look like those of Tolstoy, and is vain enough to ask me: 'Did you not take me for Tolstoy's double? Some are frightened when they see me and think I am Tolstoy's ghost. Am I not like him?' A gruff, astonishing old fellow, this double of Tolstoy. A strange coincidence that Tolstoy should die at his station. He is heavy, awkward, unpleasant looking, like a Guy Fawkes effigy of Tolstoy; and as you watch him cross the

waiting room it seems as if his hair might fall off and prove to be a wig, and as if one might pull his beard and whiskers away. But he is quite obliging to me, and shows me the marble tablet in the station master's wooden wall, and directs me to the room in which everything stands just as it did then, which is being preserved so for all time—if Time spares Tolstoy's memory."

...

"The first I ever heard of Tolstoy was the discrediting whisper, 'his wife banks his money; everything is in his wife's name.' And later on when I came to Russia, coupled with national pride in Leo Nikolaevitch was always the rumour: 'when he wants to go to Moscow he travels first class; he does not go on foot as he advises others to



STEPHEN GRAHAM

do. He counsels us to live simply while he himself lives in style at Yasnaya Polyana. He disbelieves in doctors, but when the least thing is the matter with him doctors are in attendance.' I suppose no one really put these things in the balance against Tolstoy's sincerity—unless, perhaps, it was Tolstoy himself. Tolstoy was evidently heavily oppressed by the worldly life in which he seemed to share and which he seemed to countenance. It was mirrored in his soul as the everyday reflection of life, the luxury, feasting, drinking, trivial conversation, and vulgar pride of his home. Some time in his life, perhaps several times, Tolstoy must have been on the point of running away. In order to make his personal life correspond to his teaching, it would have been necessary

to give up his wife and family and the life they insisted on living. He ought to have gone out into the wilderness and become a hermit or a pilgrim. So he would have made his personality and doctrine into one great snow-crowned mountain and holy landmark in the national life of Russia."

• • •

A glimpse of Edwin Booth during his tour of Germany is given in Poultney Bigelow's *Prussian Memories*. Booth knew no German, and he acted with Germans who knew no English—but spoke the German text in response to his English. "Nor was the German translation always the same, for Shakespeare is to the German poet what Homer and Horace have



POULTNEY BIGELOW, AUTHOR OF "PRUSSIAN MEMORIES"

been to the metrical pundits of England. Booth, moreover, never gave a rehearsal; and a strange company of German actors would face their Shylock or their Othello for the first time, and within a few minutes thereafter Booth would be seeking in English the life of a German Antonio or strangling the gutturals of a Teutonic Desdemona, the while cursing her with British expletives. Never has the world perhaps witnessed so magnificent a triumph of professional knowledge, dramatic genius, and uniformity of stage drilling as this combination of Edwin Booth acting in every notable town of Germany from Hamburg to Vienna; having no company of his own, but enjoying in each theatre the cordial welcome of brother-actors to whom the lines of Shakespeare were so much a part of their life that they could follow its spirit even when expressed by foreign words, just as a child can understand the Lord's Prayer or the Ten Commandments in any tongue."

...

"Interest in the study and observation of that intensely human document, the mind of a child,"

A Foreword writes Frances Hodgson Burnett in the foreword to the new edition of *The One I Knew Best Of All*, "has without doubt developed greatly since this particular record was published twenty-two years ago. The strong line of demarcation between childhood and maturity has, in the minds of logical observers, gradually obliterated itself. A man of forty and a man of four are no longer separated by a gulf so immense as to suggest a doubt as to whether the two creatures can really belong to the same race. The Unconsidered Trifle of six or ten years who was once merely regarded as either comic, adorable, fantastic, tiresome, or intolerable has—it has finally been remarked—as many mental processes as oneself. The curious and reflective have begun to find this sometimes startling, but always more or less illuminating."

"*The One I Knew Best Of All* par-took of the nature of an experiment and assumed the form of a very simple record. After its publication I was interested to receive letters from people worlds apart in the matter of nationality and surroundings, yet each one saying, in effect, 'I felt as if I were reading of my own childhood.' These same words being written by a man whose boyhood had been spent in Scotland, a woman who had been born on a Virginia plantation in the days of slavery, and another whose first eighteen years had been lived in an Italian city—I took as proof that I had not been wrong in stating in my preface to the book that the Small Person was only one of hundreds of thousands of other small persons and differed from them only in as far as she had more or less imagination. She had spent her childhood in a smoky factory town in the North of England, and yet the record of her small feelings and sentiments had awakened familiar memories in the minds of human beings whose lives had passed in totally differing atmospheres and circumstances. What I myself find suggestive and recognise every day of my life is that the characteristics of the Small Person—her emotions, her faults, her strength, her raptures, her dislikes—have accompanied through a lifetime the individual she was—in the 'Back Garden of Eden'—preparing to become. I see very little change in her. She has accumulated more facts and knows more of the relative sizes of things, but she does to-day exactly the *kind* of thing she would have done in nursery days if life could then have called upon her to confront the conditions it now presents. I could not say that I consider her much wiser."

...

In the course of *Gold*, Mr. Stewart Edward White naturally had much to say of the various political figures of California in the early pioneer days. Of one man who played a part in the State's history he said nothing positively un-

**The Retort
Crushing**

pleasant, but was obliged to bring out the fact that he had been a person of no particular strength or importance. A short time after the appearance of the book Mr. White received a vituperative letter from a descendant of the man in question. The descendant announced that he intended to hold the author personally responsible for all that had been written. Mr. White replied soothingly, suggesting that his correspondent had

better first hold responsible Josiah Royce, Bancroft, and other historians, further pointing out that a morning in the Sacramento library would prove that no injustice had been done. Back came the crushing retort: "I care not what the pages of history may say. I am an exponent of the old Southern chivalry, and have nothing but contempt for the *canaille*."



"COCK O' THE WALK"—ACT III

"Bellchamber appears before the bishops; and, by artistically telling an elaborate lie, he convinces their lordships that Sir Augustus is a gentleman above reproach."

THE LONG RUN IN THE THEATRE

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

WE have become so accustomed to the long run in recent years that we are likely to forget that this factor in the conduct of the theatre was utterly unknown until the last half century. Euripides often wrote a play which was intended to be acted only once, and then contentedly went home and wrote another; yet many of his tragedies are likely to be remembered longer than *Within the Law*. When Shakespeare first produced *Hamlet* at the Globe Theatre in 1602, we may be certain that he never expected it to be played so many as a hundred times—not a hundred times consecutively, but a hundred

times in all, before it was finally discarded and forgotten. Molière never even thought of running a single comedy throughout a season, however popular the comedy might be. In theatrical memoirs of the eighteenth century, we often read of a tragedy that took the town by storm and was acted for as many as ten consecutive nights, or of a comedy that proved itself so popular that it had to be repeated no less than twenty times during the course of the year. So recently as 1863, in our own country of America, Lester Wallack's *Rosedale*, which broke all pre-existent records for popularity, was acted only

one hundred and twenty-five times during the first twelve months of its career. Yet nowadays, in New York, a play is commonly regarded as a failure unless it runs at once for at least a hundred consecutive performances.

The development of the long run in the last fifty years has been undoubtedly determined by the growth of modern cities to a population of more than a million; it seems, in consequence, a natural phenomenon; but our present familiarity with the long run should not lead us to neglect to ask whether a system which permits *Peg o' My Heart* to run consecutively for three years is really more salutary to the drama than the system which inspired the composition of such plays as *Othello*, *Le Misanthrope*, and *The School for Scandal*.

Nobody denies that the long run is a bad thing for the actors, except for the fact that they are thereby assured of continuous employment at a stated salary. It is a bad thing for the "star" performers, because any histrionic composition is likely to become perfunctory if it is repeated for more than a hundred consecutive exhibitions; but it is a much more devastating thing for the minor actors, who—condemned to spend a year in repeating inconsiderable "bits"—miss the needed opportunity for experience and training in a wide variety of parts.

From the financial point of view, the long run is a good thing for the author, since it permits him to make a fortune from a single play—a consummation that was never possible at any previous period in the history of the drama. Thomas Heywood, a successful Elizabethan playwright, was paid three pounds for his best play, *A Woman Killed With Kindness*; and, allowing for the increase in the purchasing power of money in the last three hundred years, this sum would now amount to about seventy-five dollars. On the other hand, it may reasonably be conjectured that Mr. Roi Cooper Megrue will earn at least one hundred thousand dollars with *Under Cover*,—a play which, de-

spite its many merits, is not likely to be remembered for three centuries.

But, though the theatre is now—as Robert Louis Stevenson remarked—a "gold-mine" for the author, the long run is disadvantageous to the dramatist from another—and perhaps a more important—point of view. Under our present system, the author is condemned to try for a long run, whether he wants to or not; for scarcely any manager is willing to produce a play that does not seem likely to run for at least a hundred nights. To seize an illustration from the analogous art of the novel, our present system in the theatre condemns all our authors to emulate Harold Bell Wright or Gene Stratton-Porter, and forbids them absolutely to emulate George Meredith or Henry James.

Whether or not the long run is a good thing for the manager is a question more difficult to answer. Under our present system, the average manager produces five new plays in the course of a season. He hopes that one of these may run a year; and he expects, from the profits of this one production—whichever it may be—to liquidate the losses of the other four, and thus to finish the year on the right side of the ledger. Any play which does not, almost immediately, show signs of settling down for an entire season's run, is summarily discarded within a period that varies from two weeks to six weeks from the date of the original performance.

This system—to borrow an analogy from the game of roulette—is similar to the system of backing five successive single numbers and hoping that one of them may win, instead of playing more safely with a series of five even chances on the red and black. One of the most intelligent of our American theatrical managers said recently to the present writer, "Our theatre business is not a business at all; it is only a gamble." The main trouble with the business of our theatre at the present time is that it is utterly unbusinesslike.

There are two ways of embarking on

a money-making enterprise. One way—the sound, commercial way—is to manufacture one hundred articles and to sell them at a profit of two dollars each. The other way—the dangerous and gambling way—is to manufacture one hundred articles, to sell one of them at a profit of four hundred dollars, and to sell the other ninety-nine at a loss of two dollars each. From the first of these hypothetical transactions, the businessman will earn a profit of two hundred dollars; from the second, he will earn a profit of two hundred and two dollars; but everybody will agree that the first transaction is “business” and that the second is “only a gamble.”

If our theatre business at the present day is “only a gamble,” it is because our managers have made it so, by trying always for long runs. The main trouble with our commercial managers appears to be that they are not sufficiently commercial. They try, over and over again, to hit upon “the one best bet,” instead of investing their money more conservatively.

Let us imagine for a moment that all the publishers in America, with two or three exceptions, should decide to-morrow never to print another book outside that field of fiction that is always expected to be “popular.” Let us suppose, also, that each of our publishers should decide to issue five novels in the course of the next twelve months, in the hope that one of the five might achieve a sale of one hundred thousand copies; and let us imagine, further, that if any of the novels so issued should seem, within the first month of its career, to be unlikely to attain an ultimate sale of one hundred thousand copies, the publishers should determine to remove it summarily from circulation, destroy the plates, and burn the manuscript. Every author would protest at once that all the publishers had gone insane; and the reading public would clamour loudly against the discontinuance of all books of poetry, biography, history, criticism, scholarship, and science. Yet this hypothetical and almost unimaginable situa-

tion in the world of books is precisely the situation that confronts our dramatic authors at the present time in the world of plays. They must write a “best seller” or nothing: they must write a play that seems likely to run a year, or they must not write a play at all.

When every manuscript is judged by its likelihood to achieve a season's run, it follows that many great manuscripts must be rejected. Of such a piece as *The Weavers* of Gerhart Hauptmann, our gambling American managers have been saying for twenty years, “It's a great play, of course; but there isn't a cent of money in it.” What they mean, really, is that there isn't a hundred thousand dollars in it; but the distinction remains unapparent to the gambling mind. *The Weavers* has lately been produced at an abandoned theatre in New York; it has run for two months, and it has paid its way: but this sort of success has come to seem a sort of failure to the mind that is fixed forever on a season's run. Why bet at all—the gamblers seem to say—unless you have a chance of winning thirty-five for one? But anybody who has ever systematically played roulette will be likely to protest that “that way madness lies.”

There are many great plays which might be produced for one month at a total cost of twenty thousand dollars—including all the necessary expenses both of the proprietor of the theatre and of the proprietor of the production—and which, during that period, would be certain to attract to the box-office at least twenty-two thousand dollars. A surplus of two thousand dollars in a single month is considered a very good profit in any other business; but, in the gamble of the theatre, our managers persist in losing many times that sum in the hope of ultimately winning one hundred thousand dollars at a single cast.

What we really need is a system which will permit our managers to present a play for six weeks only, with the expectation of reaping a reasonable profit of not less than ten per cent. on



"LITERATURE"

"A delicious satire of what people who have never written books conceive to be 'the literary temperament'."



"THE HONORABLE LOVER"

"Alberto exercises all his tact to bring about a reconciliation between Manina and her husband; and he ultimately succeeds in making permanent the *status quo*."



"WHIMS"

"The Comte de Chavigny has become estranged from his young wife, la Comtesse; but they are brought together by the clever machinations of an experienced woman of the world, Madame de L ry."



"THE WEAVERS"—ACT II

"The second act shows the hardships suffered by the weavers in their daily lives."



"MAJOR BARBARA"—ACT II

The Salvation Army procession. "This act would still be dramatically interesting if it were shorn of its author's brilliant verbiage."



"THE GREAT LOVER"—ACT I

"Particularly effective is the scene in the first act, when the manager's office is invaded by a polyglot company of singers, each bent on urging some special grievance against the general conduct of the opera-house."

each production, but with no intention of running any single play throughout an entire season. This sound and businesslike and sensible system has been adopted, for the current season, by Miss Grace George, Mr. Emanuel Reicher, and the Washington Square Players: and it is reassuring to record that the productions that have been offered to the public by these managers have been—when all things are considered—the most interesting productions of the year.

“MAJOR BARBARA”

When Miss George assumed direction of The Playhouse at the outset of the season, she assembled a well-selected company and announced her intention to produce from six to ten good plays during the course of the year. She has already exhibited *The New York Idea*, *The Liars*, and *Major Barbara*. All three of these plays are examples of that peculiarly intelligent type of entertainment that is known as High Comedy. None of the three could be expected, at this time, to run a year; yet all three have been commercially successful, because they were put up for a limited number of performances. At the moment when this article was written, *Major Barbara* was crowding the theatre every night; yet Miss George had already begun rehearsals of the next item on her programme.

By adhering to her original plan, and by resisting the temptation to relapse into a long run of *Major Barbara*, Miss George is building up a repertory of permanently interesting plays. She is also building up a *clientèle*, that may be depended on to support her productions in the future. Already the most intelligent theatre-goers in New York have made three visits to the Playhouse; and, under the present system, they will return to the box-office three or four times more before Miss George's season ends. On the other hand, if she had chosen to take a gambling chance on a wishy-washy play and had succeeded in running it throughout the season, judicious theatre-goers would have seen her only

once during the course of the year. It seems, on the whole, more business-like for an actress to play to a limited public that will come to see her half a dozen times than to play to a larger public that will come to see her only once. This is, perhaps, the chief advantage of the short run system from the purely commercial point of view.

Mr. Bernard Shaw's *Major Barbara* was first produced in London in 1905, and has been published in this country for ten years. Since any American manager might have produced it at any time in the last decade, it must be assumed that all of them decided that *Major Barbara* was one of those interesting pieces “without a cent of money in them.” For this reason, the commercial success of Miss George's presentation of the play is all the more gratifying.

Major Barbara shows Mr. Shaw neither at his best nor at his worst; but, both in its defects and in its merits, it is thoroughly characteristic of his method. Mr. Shaw's work is a “criticism of life” in the narrow sense of the word, and not in the broad and general sense which Matthew Arnold intended when he coined his famous phrase. Mr. Shaw's talent is critical, rather than creative; he is an analyst, not a synthesist; he takes the elements of human life quite skilfully apart, but he cannot put the elements of human life together. His characters are not living human beings, but brilliant essayists who give expression to Mr. Shaw's critical opinion of them. What he shows us is not life, but a delightfully intelligent commentary on it.

There is one good act in *Major Barbara*,—the second; that is to say, this act would still be dramatically interesting if it were shorn of its author's brilliant verbiage. The rest of the play is made up of witty conversation,—the sort of conversation that is entertaining for a while, but grows tiresome after half an hour. It is for this reason only that the last act is less interesting than the first; for, by the time the last act

comes, the average auditor has grown weary of wit and begins to long for a little human nature.

"THE WEAVERS"

When *The Weavers* of Gerhart Hauptmann was first produced in Berlin in 1892, it created a sensation which made its author famous through the world. So early as 1895, the play was acted in the German language at the Irving Place Theatre in New York. Twenty years have since elapsed, during which our American managers have stubbornly stuck to the opinion that "there wasn't a cent of money in it." We owe our present privilege of seeing it acted in the English language only to the accident of the war, which has required the eminent German actor and stage-director, Emanuel Reicher, to seek in the United States a temporary field for his activities.

Mr. Reicher has produced *The Weavers* very well. He has trained a large company of comparatively unknown actors to give a performance that is exceedingly impressive. No other theatre having been available for one of the most famous plays of modern times, Mr. Reicher has exhibited his production in the Garden,—a theatre that has long stood empty because nobody would go to it. *The Weavers* has already run for six weeks; and it has paid its way.

The play is so well known that it is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that *The Weavers*, when Hauptmann, at the age of thirty, launched it in Berlin, was unique in form,—or, rather, in its formlessness. The play has no beginning and no ending; it has no hero and no heroine; it has no love-interest; it avoids all the arts and artifices of the theatre. The subject is the gradual gathering of the revolt of the weavers of Silesia against their employers, in the period of the eighteen-forties. This subject is exhibited in five successive pictures, which betray no predetermined narrative relation to each other. The first act shows the oppression of the

weavers by their employers; the second act shows the hardships suffered by the weavers in their daily lives; the third act shows the insurrection of the weavers beginning in a tavern; the fourth act shows the weavers invading the comfortable homes of their employers; and the fifth act shows the weavers shot down by the armed forces of the government. Throughout these five acts, the only protagonist of the drama is the mob,—the mob that gradually grows conscious of itself and proceeds to do things that, though ill-advised and futile, are yet, somehow, mystically right. Individuals emerge only for a moment and then melt backward into the all-embracing crowd. The whole struggle shows the formlessness, and also shows the vastitude, of life. No other play has ever seemed so natural.

THE WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS

The periodical productions of the Washington Square Players at the Bandbox Theatre are growing more and more interesting. Their second bill for the current season is, on the whole, the best that they have shown. It is made up of four Comparative Comedies,—four one-act plays selected from the dramatic output of Austria, America, Italy, and France. Each of these comedies is adequately acted, and all of them are beautifully framed. In the important detail of scenic decoration, the Washington Square Players have already easily surpassed nearly all of the producing managers on Broadway. They have no money, and they can't afford to gamble; but they know how to beautify the stage with art.

Arthur Schnitzler's *Literature* is already fairly well known in America. It is a delicious satire of what people who have never written books conceive to be "the literary temperament." Gilbert and Margaret have experienced a period of passionate cohesion, and have subsequently parted, to think back upon it separately. Gilbert writes a novel, and reprints verbatim his own love letters and those of Margaret. Margaret

also writes a novel, and reprints verbatim her own love letters and those of Gilbert. A comparison of the two volumes would, therefore, destroy the anonymity of both authors and create a public scandal. This catastrophe, however, is averted by a summary suppression of Margaret's book; and the wealthy man she is about to marry reads the novel of his rival without suspecting the source of its material.

Miss Alice Gerstenberg, the young American playwright whose tactful dramatisation of *Alice in Wonderland* attracted favourable notice a year ago, conceived a very original idea for her one-act comedy entitled *Overtures*. She exhibited two women at a tea-table exchanging the amiable insincerities of polite conversation; but behind each of these women stood a shrouded figure which represented her real self and which punctuated the current conversation with unexpected outbursts of sincerity.

In *The Honorable Lover*, by Roberto Bracco, the hero, named Alberto, is enjoying an illicit love-affair with Manina, who is the wife of his best friend, Federico. Alberto himself is married to Rosetta, who regards him as a model husband. Everything is going well until Manina makes up her mind that she ought to divorce her husband in order that she may be able to marry her lover. But this is the one thing that her lover does not want. Alberto, therefore, exercises all his tact to bring about a reconciliation between Manina and her husband; and he ultimately succeeds in making permanent the *status quo*.

Whims, by Alfred de Musset, is very light and slight,—a sort of playful triviality. The Comte de Chavigny has become estranged from his young wife, la Comtesse; but they are brought together by the clever machinations of an experienced woman of the world, Madame de Léry. Alfred de Musset was not essentially a dramatist; but he was a keen-winged lyric song-bird who sometimes soared above the theatre and dropped a moulted feather on the stage.

"THE GREAT LOVER"

The Great Lover, by Leo Ditrichstein and Frederic and Fanny Hatton, is a play that has obviously been designed to achieve a season's run; and it will attain this consummation on its merits as an entertainment. It takes the spectator behind the scenes in a metropolitan opera-house, and introduces him to that romantic and preposterously artificial world in which great singers strut and fret.

The hero, Jean Paurel, is exhibited at the climacteric of his career, both as a great singer and as a great lover. He loses his voice during a performance of *Don Giovanni*, and is perforce supplanted by a younger singer; and this younger rival also supplants him in the affections of the young soprano who is the latest and the greatest of his loves. This motive is, of course, familiar on the stage; but it is always effective, and it is rendered more so, in the present case, than usual by the finished performance of Mr. Ditrichstein. The play has been admirably staged by Mr. Sam Forrest. Particularly effective is the scene in the first act, when the manager's office is invaded by a polyglot company of singers, each bent on urging some special grievance against the general conduct of the opera-house.

"COCK O' THE WALK"

In *Cock o' the Walk*, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, by the exercise of his extraordinary skill, has managed to fill a pattern of four acts with material which, in the hands of an ordinary playwright, would have sufficed only for a single act. The play, of course, is thin in substance; but it is cleverly manipulated, and the dialogue is written with a winning humour.

Sir Augustus Conyers, the manager of the Berkeley Theatre in London, is arranging with a committee of four bishops to make a special production of *Hamlet* in the celebration of the tercentenary of the death of Shakespeare. He is pursued by a silly *matinée-girl*; and, when she throws herself into his arms,

he cannot resist a momentary temptation to kiss her. The girl's father, hearing of this incident, puts the worst construction on it, and protests to the four bishops that Sir Augustus is not worthy to participate with them in a national celebration. The only person who can clear the manager of the Berkeley Theatre of evil intention is a broken down old actor named Anthony Bellchamber, who happened to be an eyewitness of the questionable kissing. Bellchamber appears before the bishops; and, by artistically telling an elaborate lie, he convinces their lordships that Sir Augustus is a gentleman above reproach. As the price of this service, Bellchamber demands of Sir Augustus that, at the tercentenary celebration, the latter shall

produce not *Hamlet* but *Othello*, with Bellchamber in the part of the Moor and the manager in the part of Iago. In the final scene, which is dated April 23, 1916, Bellchamber is shown in the habiliments of Othello, about to go upon the stage and to achieve the great ambition of his life by acting this leading part in London.

This play was conceived as a satire on the conduct of the London stage in recent years; and many subtle points which are missed by an American audience would be welcomed with a quick response of recognition by the habitual occupants of the London stalls. It is by no means a great play; but it affords convincing evidence at many points that it was written by a great playwright.

WHAT IS A NOVEL?

A SYMPOSIUM BY

JAMES LANE ALLEN, ROBERT W. CHAMBERS, CONINGSBY DAWSON, MARGARET DELAND, DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER, HAMLIN GARLAND, W. L. GEORGE, ELLEN GLASGOW, ROBERT GRANT, WILL N. HARBEN, ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS, ROBERT HERRICK, RUPERT HUGHES, BASIL KING, EDWIN LEFEVRE, W. J. LOCKE, SIDNEY McCALL, BRANDER MATTHEWS, SAMUEL MERWIN, KATHLEEN NORRIS, E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM, ELEANOR H. PORTER, ALICE HEGAN RICE, BERTHA RUNKLE, BOOTH TARKINGTON, HUGH WALPOLE, HARRY LEON WILSON

BY JAMES LANE ALLEN

PROFESSOR PHELPS'S definition is very brief. It is as follows:

I should define a high-class novel in five words—a good story well told.

Brief as the definition is, it is not brief enough. Two of the five words have no meaning in the definition and therefore no place in it. They are the words "well told."

For what is a story, what is any story? A story is something told. Even if it exists only in its first stage of merely being imagined, still it exists in the mind that has imagined it as told there—told

in the imagination. There are, of course, no such things in life, like entities in nature, as stories—prior to their being told. It is solely their telling that brings them into being. If, then, a story is something told, what is a good story? A good story is a story good in its material and good in its form, good in its idea and good in its art, good in its substance and good in its telling. It is never a good story if good only in either of these two essentials, and it is only a good story if good in both. Therefore a good story is always a story well told and there is no such possible thing as a good story that is not well told. There-

fore the words "well told" in Professor Phelps's definition have already been enunciated in the word "good" and when explicitly repeated merely repeat themselves and say nothing. So that if he really wishes his definition to stand as a serious definition, it stands comprised within three words: "A high-class novel is a good story."

But, you say, is there no such thing as a good story badly told? No; there is no such thing as a good story badly told. You contradict yourself in your very speech and your question embodies an unthinkable proposition. You may no more speak of a good story as badly told than you may speak of a well shaped person as mis-shapen. But, you may insist more positively, is there no such thing as a splendid *sitter* poorly painted? Is there no such thing as great music wretchedly played? Is there no such thing as a beautiful song abominably sung? There certainly is, and so is there such a thing, for instance, as a good story abominably read. But the point is that, while there is such a thing as a splendid *sitter* poorly painted, there is no such thing as a splendid *portrait* poorly painted. The point is that there is no such thing as great music wretchedly composed. The point is there is no such thing as a beautiful song abominably written. The splendid painting is *in* the splendid portrait, the great composition is *in* the great music, the beautiful composition is *in* the beautiful song. And so good telling is *in* the good story, and separate from good telling there is no such possible thing as any good story whatsoever.

When the critic, having read a book, tosses it aside and writes, as he often does, that the author had a good story but told it badly, or did not know how to tell it, or ruined it in the telling, what he can mean is only this: that he, the critic, has found in the author's book material for a good story, which the author failed to make into a good story, but which he, the critic, has in his own imagination made into a good story—so he thinks! But now there are two sto-

ries: there is the author's story in the book and there is the critic's "good story" in his own mind; but this "good story" in the critic's mind, as he imagines it, is not the story that the author "told badly." That the critic should ever write in this way of an author is one of the triumphs of the critic's inexact thinking or of not thinking at all—his rusty privilege upon occasion.

This objection to Professor Phelps's definition originates within the terms of the definition itself: it means too little. The objection obviously to be urged against it, not with reference to its terms, but with reference to its meaning, is that it means too much. Suppose we quit the universities and the school-men and go out into the plain simple open country where things are concrete and being concrete define themselves more clearly. Suppose that a dairyman were asked to define a high-grade milk-cow and should give it as his definition that a high-grade milk-cow was a good milker well milked! In the first place, would any information result from the definition? And in the second place, might not the neighbour of the dairyman, who kept goats instead of cows, insist that the definition was a diversion of the truth, inasmuch as all his she-goats were good milkers well milked? Any day, on any American farm, may not any one hear a litter of young pigs asseverating with Baconian insistence upon right thinking that the definition applies to their mothers—good milkers well milked? On any fine spring day, on any green hillside, may not young lambs with their soft intelligences be heard remonstrating with the giver of definitions, that he temper the wind of his words to the admirable and amenable maternal ewes—good milkers well milked?

In other words, if a high-class novel is merely a good story well told, so are thousands of short-stories in the literature of the world "good stories well told." So in fables and in romances are there "good stories well told." So in ballads are there "good stories well

told." So in the drama are there "good stories well told." So in epic poetry are there "good stories well told." But how does the definition set the novels which are "good stories" apart from those other "good stories"? Not at all. Yet none of them is a novel.

Perhaps in any final sense it is impossible to define The Novel—not any particular class of novel, but The Novel as an ideal attainable type of literature—for the reason that a definition is exact and The Novel is inexact. A definition is like a crystal and The Novel is like a growth. At bottom, we cannot define anything; we can only discover and state how a thing defines itself. The Novel may not as yet have completed its definition; or if it has done so, the critic may not as yet have grasped the whole fact and invented the formula for stating what the completed definition is.

Nevertheless, we persist in trying to define The Novel and we do well thus to persist.

Offering it for what it may be worth, I herewith give an unsatisfactory definition.

✓ *The Novel is a long artistic prose work of the creative imagination which, by the use of ideas lying within the experience of mankind, attains its desired effect of arousing great and varied emotion.*

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

It seems to me that the definition by Professor Phelps is perfect. In fact, I may compare it to one of those Lewis Carroll definitions, because it is all-inclusive and may be separated into component words, shaken vigorously, and may then mean almost anything. Any one of your serious and earnest readers can take this phrase, separate it into individual pearls, shake violently in a cocktail shaker, and produce any of the following blends:

A good story well told is a novel.

A novel, well told, is a good story.

A novel is a good story, well told.

Well told, a novel is a good story.

A good novel is a well told story.

A story, well told— But this is Lewis Carroll; and intellectual inebriation lies that way. Yes, the portentous pronouncement of Professor William Lyon Phelps is all-inclusive. Thank God, we know, now, what a novel really is, and the European war may proceed.

BY CONINGSBY DAWSON

"A high-class novel is a good story well told." I find the definition inadequate. The same might be said of a high-class drama or a high-class epic. Professor Phelps lays an undue stress on the value of narrative when he makes the story-element of a novel of paramount importance. No novel was ever read or remembered chiefly for its story; doubtless it was very largely read and remembered because it was well told. But beyond the story and the method of its telling there is a finer quality which causes it to be read and remembered: the truth and justice of its criticism of life.

—A novel reveals an attitude toward existence—an attitude which is realized in prose through a group of personalities placed against the background of an imaginary setting. In the best novels the background blends with and emphasizes the comedy and tragedy of those personalities. In every novel that I recall it is the attitude toward life that counts—the story is secondary.

Who remembers the sequence and details of action in *Henry Esmond*? Professor Phelps inclines to rank it as the greatest work of fiction in the English language. What one remembers is the varying baseness and nobility of the characters—in fact, the way they handle life and are handled by it, and the philosophical conclusions at which they arrive in the working out of their problems.

The prescription for a novel—"a good story well told"—is too trifling. It allots to the novel the status of an entertainer, whereas increasingly novels are taking the place of prophets and preachers, and setting the ethical standards for

nations. People go to novels to-day for guidance—to bolster their courage, fortify their religion, to learn how their love-affairs should be conducted—in a word, to learn how to live rightly.

This accounts for the growth of realism during the last decade; the terrible earnestness and magnificent effort after truth which are found in the works of H. G. Wells are a sufficient example. The questions which men and women are eternally asking are "Why are we here? And what shall we do with ourselves now we are here?" These are the questions which all novelists with ideals are trying to answer. Any spinner of yarns with a literary aptitude is capable of "a good and well-told story." That is not sufficient. It never was sufficient. Novels which have survived have had somewhere in their making a sterner purpose. The first English novel set the standard—I mean *The Pilgrim's Progress*.

The modern novelist is an investigator in the laboratory of existence. He had usurped to a large extent the functions of the preachers, teachers, reformers of previous ages by presenting to the public the result of his researches in a form which is readily understandable. His business is to guess at the forces which govern wide areas of human destiny by drawing conclusions from the small section of life which comes under his personal observation.

BY MARGARET DELAND

I cannot agree with Professor Phelps's admirably laconic definition that "a novel is a good story well told," because that would bar out a large number of books which are not good stories, nor are they well told; yet which, for want of some better word, have to be called novels. How would it do to say that a novel is:

"A long story, written for the purpose of entertainment."

It may fail of its purpose (it frequently does!); it may confuse "entertainment" with propaganda—look at the Purpose novel! it may aspire to be

a sermon—and be written, not to amuse the world, but to improve it, so that morality, which ought never to be anything but a by-product of Art, swamps Art completely! But if it is a long story, written to entertain, it may, it seems to me, be called a novel.

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

One reason why criticism has never become an exact science is that there exists for it no Academy, no Supreme Court to define precisely its terms and phrases. Critics may lay down the law, but every reader feels free to interpret it according to his own tastes and prejudices. Therefore, while I agree heartily that "a good story, well told," is an excellent definition of the novel, I feel moved to suggest that the standard of interpretation be a high one. To different tastes a "good story" may mean anything from broadswords and clattering hoofs, to Maeterlinck's old man dreaming in his arm chair; and my fear is that many people will seize on Professor Phelps's phrase as an excuse for admiring novels which I am sure he does not mean to admit under the terms of his definition.

At least my own personal feeling is that there are some novels, a good many of them, in fact, which are commonly called "good stories" well told, but which are not worth either writing or reading. This is because, it seems to me, a real novel must have for its foundation a particular variety of good story. It is not enough that it be ingenious, or exciting, or unusual. It should be deeply dyed, through and through, every thread of it with the color of humanity. Now, as humanity is infinitely various, so these stories need bear little superficial resemblance to each other. Humanity is not by any means always intense, or dramatic, or emotional; sometimes it is idyllic and dreamy, sometimes it is sidesplittingly funny, sometimes it is brisk and business-like. But it is always human, and so should novels be.

But so they are not always, by any means. I can illustrate my point by referring to that most rudimentary form

of story, the humorous anecdote, beloved by all Americans, myself included. Here are a few which seem to me to show the essential difference between "good stories" that are fit for novels and those which are not. I choose them especially because they are well-worn and familiar. The first is that of the prostrate and tragically sea-sick lady, with the equally prostrate gentleman's head in her lap. In answer to the steward's inquiry about her husband she faintly replies, "He's not my husband. I never saw him before." Everybody has heard that story, and yet the mention of it brings a reminiscent smile to the lips of anybody who has ever been sea-sick. The story, brief as it is, sums up and epitomizes all the sensations of a very vivid, though not very important, human experience.

My second anecdote tells of the Irishman who, while crossing the golf links was hit in the head by a golf-ball. "I shouted 'fore!'" explained the offending player, "When I say 'fore' it means I'm going to play and you may get hit if you don't watch out." To which the Irishman answered, "Well, when I say 'foive' it means I'm going to hit you in the eye, FOIVE!" Being very hospitable to all funny stories, I shouted with amusement the first time I heard that joke; but before I had time even to repeat it to the home circle, I perceived its essential artificiality, the fact that it was patently manufactured, and the fact that it depended upon nothing real in human nature beyond the threadbare convention that all Irishmen are irascible. By the time I could repeat it, it was no longer funny to me. And yet it deserves to rank with "good stories" of a certain kind.

Another variety of "good story" which does not by any means lose its savour by repetition is that familiar one of the chorus-girl who said she couldn't think of anything to give Mame for a Christmas present, and in answer to the suggestion that her friend might like a book, replied casually, "Lord, no, that wouldn't do! Mame's *got* a book already." I don't understand that story

to be literally true, but it is sufficiently well invented to paint the girl's mental habits with a clearness that many chapters of description could hardly achieve.

The last, and to my notion, by far the best of the anecdotes which have come into my mind as illustrations, is told about all sorts of characters: English private soldiers, old ladies at a *pension*, American tourists,—and it fits them all. "What do you call that, waiter?" asks the tourist, holding up his breakfast roll. "*Pain*," says the garçon, and the tourist roars with laughter. "And what does Monsieur call it?" inquires the Frenchman, and when he in turn laughs at the strange word "bread," the tourist breaks in solemnly, "But it is *bread*, you know!" This not only paints the Anglo-Saxon tourist, but to a thoughtful mind, it paints an inimitable portrait of all of us, whether we be touring in another country, or in another person's life. It shows us so vividly that we almost bark our shins over it, the wall which lies between us and the point of view of our fellowmen. As we laugh, it brings home to us the utter unreason and guileless egotism of many of our strictures on other people's actions; it sends a penetrating shaft of derisive light upon many of our standards.

Now my reading of Professor Phelps's definition would allow me to put a great many novels which are usually considered "good stories well told," into the pigeon-hole marked "Irishman FOIVE" under the general heading of "not worth while." Those are the novels which are "good stories" and nothing more, even when they are well told; stories the entire interest of which depends upon what is going to happen next, not on how it is going to affect the people of the tale; stories of adventure where the "adventures" are solely violent external events; stories where the love-making is conventionally drawn and prettily coloured; stories which once read, lose all substance and form and become as distressingly dead and limp in the hand as a three-days-caught-trout. They do serve to pass the time for many

people; but I wonder if the general health of the nation might not be better if tired people were given, instead of the latest "good story" of this type, a frankly physical sedative, a chemical in a bottle, which would calm them through their stomachs and not through their brains. Brains are, on the whole, I should say, more important than stomachs and occasionally it seems odd to me that opiates between covers should be freely sold, indeed pressed upon purchasers by all the crafty devices of the advertising agent, while the sale of opiates in pills or powders is strictly regulated by law. It seems rather a pity to call upon the profession of letters to do what used to be done by counting to a thousand, or keeping track of imaginary sheep jumping over a gate.

If this sounds testy and irritable, let it be remembered that I have no animosity against the flimsiness of the anecdote. It takes but a moment, and very little energy, to tell or hear about the made-up Irishman. But when one thinks of the amount of effort necessary to write even the most careless novel, and the length of time it takes even for the most accomplished skimmer to glance through it, it seems worth while to raise an occasional protest against having that effort and time spent on a hollow story with no bones or sinew in it. The quality which does well enough for an anecdote, does not seem substantial enough for a novel, just as dry twigs answer for a picnic fire, but will not warm the house in January.

Besides, the habit of turning to such novels for recreation is based on a fumbling ignorance of better possibilities, which is always annoying to witness. A novel does not need to belong to the "Irishman Foive" type of unhuman, artificial sentimentalised, manufactured fable, to be amusing and entertaining enough to take the place of solitaire or knitting. The most foolish novel ever written is no better for that purpose than the witty *Dolly Dialogues*, or *Buried Alive*, or *The White Company*, or *The Beloved Vagabond*, or *The*

Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard, or *Innocents Abroad*.

These represent, to my mind, the type of novel which would go in the sea-sick-lady pigeonhole, not at all "grippingly vital" as the book-advertisements are so fond of saying, but amusing and entertaining because they show one or two of the lighter sides of real things; because real people live in them, not very intensely, but genuinely; people who are human, however small the segment shown may be. What the sea-sick lady said is true only as regards people who happen to be very sea-sick: *Innocents Abroad* bears on nothing more universal than the contact of a crude, fresh mind with tradition. But most of us have been sea-sick at some time or other, most of us have wondered if there really is anything in Giotto's frescoes or in the Divine Comedy to make such a fuss about. We feel ourselves more or less inside the story by virtue of something inside ourselves. And we have had some light thrown on the workings of our own machine.

Professor Phelps says truly that many so-called novels nowadays are only rambling accounts of the lives of uninteresting characters. And yet in those, if they are sincere, even in the dullest of them, I find something of the same quality which tingles through the remark, "Oh, no, she's got a book already." I mean that they give me a glimpse into another person's way of life, and there is no more exciting and fascinating sight in the world, no matter who the person is. I was not aware until I heard that joke that I had the slightest interest in the mental processes of people like Mame; but now I see that I had no interest, simply because I was too ignorant of them to guess what they are like. That little joke has knocked a hole out of the book-lined walls which surround my life, and the life of my ancestors and my friends, a hole through which I delightedly peer at an entire new order of human beings, as unaware of me as I had been of them; my blood-kin, and yet somehow

living, moving and having their full-blooded being without an element which, with a naïvely unconscious narrowness, I had considered essential.

Greater in degree and completeness is the initiation given me by what is sometimes scornfully called the "story-of-a-life-novel." If it is sincere: if the life in which it centres is a real life or a life which conceivably might be real,—not merely a fantastic creation made up out of the whole-cloth of the author's imagination, it cannot possibly be dull. The author's bungling descriptions and philosophisings may be dull, the characters may seem dull, but I have only to look under the crust of poor workmanship to find them intensely interesting; for, of course, there is no such thing in life as an uninteresting character. Such works when they are well done, rank almost with the best, and when they are badly done, I pick out the best spots and am grateful for them.

I have saved for the last the, "but it is bread," novels, those which instantly and vividly impress you with a sense of fascinating reality and at the same time glow with a light in which you can, forever after, make more sense out of the formidable lump of reality which happens to be your own life. Not only am I amused by that American tourist, but I understand from him as I never did before, why my grandmother thinks it wicked to play cards. I hear her convincing herself simply by repeating "It is wicked to play cards." And as I laugh at this application of the joke, I feel an uneasy questioning of the age-old belief in the sacredness of private property. "Why has a man a right to a hundred million dollars if he can make them?" The heartfelt simplicity and security of the old answer, "Because his money is *his*," is shaken and stirred; and that soil, upturned and stirred is fitter than ever before for the growth of new ideas, which are all that keep us alive.

Such insight and inspiration, infinitely magnified is what I get out of the sort of novel which seems to me to

come up to Professor Phelps's definition. It is a perfectly fused combination of a belief in the literal truth of a novel together with a better understanding by means of it, of everything else. That is what I found, and will always find to my dying day, in *Peace and War*, in *Jean Christophe*, in *Vanity Fair*, in *Clayhanger*, in *Madame Bovary*, in *The Karamazof Brothers*, in *The Ambassadors*, in the *Mill on the Floss*. Each of these has a "good story," that is, a story not only interesting but deeply significant of human life. Each is "well told," that is, so told that the significance is inevitably taken in by the reader. Each presents truthfully the literal facts of life, but so arranged by the author, that, consciously or not, the reader feels that he, too, may glimpse some dimly-seen but orderly pattern in the welter of literal facts which make up his own life.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND

Professor Phelps is not only an authority, he is a specialist in fiction, and any word of his should be carefully weighed, nevertheless it seems to me that the definition you quote is too general. To me the novel means something more than a story well told—it is a story with a sociologic background—a study of manners and customs as well as a story.

Knowing Professor Phelps as well as I do, I feel sure that in this definition he was only putting out the most general answer to the question, for the moment we begin to apply it, we are puzzled. *Ivanhoe* is a story well told, but then so is "A Piece of String." *Silas Lapham* is my idea of a novel, so is *The Old Wives' Tale*, for in each of these stories is a study of manners and customs.

The romance is a story wherein the background is subordinated or arranged to allow free play to the action—and may be long or short, but the novel means an extended study. However, all this is rather profitless, for all the authorities permit themselves individual definitions and classifications and I

am willing to grant Professor Phelps his conclusion if only he will not disturb mine!

BY W. L. GEORGE

I do not disagree with Professor Phelps as to "What is a Novel," providing we mean the same thing by "good" story. If he means something entertaining and no more, such as *The Cardinal's Snuffbox*, he means too little, but I suspect that a "good" story is for him a story revealing the personality of the writer, concerned with people who are real and living, with an actual environment or a common problem.

But for my part I want more and should say that a good novel is "A truthful story well told." I mean by this that for a novel to be worth while the characters must be entirely revealed, their fineness and their hatefulness; that they must not be idealised; that the questions which preoccupy them must not be hidden away because sympathy might be obliterated for them. I have no use for novels when the hero resembles the average subject of a biography, where he is peerless and inhuman. Just as in a biography, say of Lincoln, I want to be told he drank or beat his wife if he did (which I do not know) quite as much as that he saved his country. I want the truth about the fictional people.

Please believe that because I like *Anna Karénina* I do not want all heroines to be unfaithful or hysterical. No, but I do object to the flower-like heroine who never used a swear word or envied her sister's hat.

I ask of the novelist that he shall see his people pass every side, *Bel Ami* dashing and unscrupulous. Becky Sharp, tender and cruel; I have no use for brave little Queed, to perfect to be true, or for the painfully chaste heroes of Mr. Jack London and the bounding broncho on the trail, or the strong, silent man of English fiction. I want true people, with their mixture of good and evil, true towns, which are neither all East Side or all Fifth Avenue. I

want the novelist to sit on Olympus like a god and without passion to judge little humanity—while managing to love it still.

BY ELLEN GLASGOW

What is a good story? My neighbour confides to me that she could not finish *The Old Wives' Tale* because "there is no story in it"; but, to my judgment, this novel without a story is the most interesting work of prose fiction written in our generation. To my neighbour, who, by the way, is a very intelligent person, only the unusual is worthy of print, while to my simpler taste, a sincere transcript of ordinary life is more exciting than melodrama. *Treasure Island* is a good story well told, but it is not really a novel; *Anna Karénina*—the greatest novel ever written in any language—is scarcely a good story; and it is just here, I think, that the crisp definition of Dr. Phelps crumbles to pieces.

That master of realism, Henry Fielding, was far more than a gifted spinner of tales; he was the greatest imaginative historian, not only of his age, but of English literature. The plots in his books are buried beneath his vital criticism of life; and it is this criticism of life that makes his work an immortal heritage of English letters. For great fiction is great truth telling, and the true novel is not merely "a good story well told"—it is history illumined by imagination.

BY ROBERT GRANT

Professor Phelps's definition is certainly true to this extent, that a novel must be first of all "a good story well told." If his implication be that when it is more than this, it ceases to be a novel, I should take issue with him. Yet I doubt if we should disagree. A novel with a purpose becomes a tract when the purpose is so obtruded that the reader dwells on the theme rather than on the characters, and the novelist who blends sociology with fiction must create flesh and blood or fail as an ar-

tist. If Professor Phelps's definition be a caveat to philosophy in disguise (a red rag to the sensibilities of some critics), it would crown *Treasure Island*, that entrancing mere story of adventure which I never weary of reading, and taboo *Middlemarch*, that masterly excursion in soul anatomy. I select *Middlemarch* because I am aware that some people are bored by it. Yet to me the tap, tap of blind Pew's walking stick and the engaging villainy of long John Silver are no more consonant with Simon Pure fiction than the prolix domestic troubles of Lydgate and Rosamond Vincy or the moral obliquities of Bulstrode. I should quarrel with a definition which would extol a mere story to the exclusion of one that aims also to be a medium for ideas. Unquestionably the pre-requisite of any novel is that it should divert and beguile; but with this assured, the term "novel" applies equally well to a romance or to a cross section from real life which stimulates opinion. And so I have no doubt Professor Phelps intended.

BY WILL N. HARBEN

Professor Phelps in his admirable paper says: "I should define a high-class novel in five words—a *good story well told*." No fault, as I see it, can be found with this definition, for it very compactly covers the ground taken by Professor Phelps. However, it strikes me that he would have given us more to dispute over if he had gone further. A high-class bale of hay might be defined in five words as *some good hay well packed*, but it would still be only a high-class bale of hay, and there might be hungry horses and ambitious farmers who would like to see a bale of hay choice enough to take the "blue ribbon" at a State fair. So I am wondering how Professor Phelps, or any other authority in such matters, would define a novel of the very highest imaginable class, or, in other words, an ideally perfect novel. Tolstoy's thought-compelling idea of what literary art should be leads one to hope that some future genius, more skil-

ful even than this master himself, may write a novel that will be more to art and humanity than merely "*a good story well told*."

BY ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS

With respect to Professor Phelps's definition, it is both too narrow and too broad. Too narrow because a bad story ill told may none the less be a novel—who will deny that? Too broad because not every story, even though good and well told, is a novel. "Short Stories" are not novels, and I don't think that "Animal Stories" are. I suggest—"A fictitious narrative comprising a number of interrelated situations, by means of which human life, manners and feelings are exhibited."

BY ROBERT HERRICK

The definition of a novel as "a good story well told" seems to me too futile for profitable discussion. Definitions usually are playthings for schoolmasters, but this one is peculiarly meaningless. What is "good"? What is a "story"? What is a "Good story"? What is "well told"? One could get as many answers to all these queries as there are types of minds and temperaments in the world. Personally I don't care what a piece of literature is called as long as it gives me a heightened sense of life, which Professor Phelps's definition certainly does not. Anything further that I might have to say on the subject would run into a general discussion of the novel, which I should prefer to make quite independently of the proposed definition.

BY RUPERT HUGHES

It is a fine thing to have scholarship and get over it. The people who never got over it are those who never quite get it. It strikes in and festers like a measles unable to break out.

I know that Professor William Lyon Phelps has had higher scholarship, for I was with him in the graduate department at Yale when he was exposed to it. Just when he recovered I don't know,

but it took me a long time to recuperate.

I still suffer from a dark and secret addiction to scholarly things and cherish a little private altar where I pay worship to the classics and the more abstruse themes of the moderns. But I try to keep my fiction hand from finding what books my left hand pulls from the shelf.

In spite of all I can do, however, learning will creep into my stories. At times my face pulls long and college words and sophomoric solemnities corrupt the text. But I try, I honestly try, to quell the craving, and I incessantly remind myself, "Remember the cap and bells. Pick up the bauble, and be human for the humans."

As Professor Phelps says, there is a pathetic demand for entertainment, and the novelists keep feeding textbooks to people who cry for storybooks.

But there is also a pitiful snobbery among the more serious critics and it needs a man of awe-inspiring knowledge like Phelps to emphasize the dignity of the story-teller.

It is so much easier to be solemn than to be tender; it is much easier to trace photographs than to paint portraits; it is so much easier to report the details of existence than to wreath them into garlands of festival or funeral beauty; it is so much easier to be garrulous than to be interesting; it is so much easier to wield trite Latinities than vivid monosyllables; to be obscure or stupid than luminous and entertaining! But few of the critics realise it and because the best artist agonises to conceal his art, they think he lacks it.

There are countless ways of exploiting humanity through fiction. One is that of the scientist, another that of the lecturer, another that of the doctrinaire, another that of the critic of life; the rarest and hardest is that of the artist. To be any of these effectively is fine, but to be an artist of life is more—more—well it is at least more artistic than any of the others.

One man will come home from the

battle of Neuve Chappelle and moralise everybody to sleep with his infernal statistics and his dull details. Another will come home from a prayer meeting and bring with him humour and pathos and well-observed gestures that give the recital thrill and importance.

I am now trying to read a highly recommended novel full of beautiful pages, significant details, deep realities, vivifying touches, the meditations of a fine soul. Every bit of it wins my homage, yet when I lay it down, nothing drags me back to it. I forget its existence till I happen on the book itself again.

The author has put in everything but the story. It is a poor story greatly told. It is an excellent analysis of a few imaginary people. It is hardly a novel at all.

Novels exist of every variety from the "poor story poorly told," through the "good story well told," to the "great story greatly told." This last is the rarity of rarities. Hardly anybody, even among the great, has attained it more than once.

Meanwhile, it is fine to see a man of learning warning the writers and the readers that entertainment is a prime function of the novel. Many of the more dismal reviewers regard it as an almost unpardonable vice though it is eternally made evident that posterity chooses from each generation its charm-ers and lets its preachers die.

BY BASIL KING

Among the many efforts to define the novel—which is, to some extent, the attempt to formulate the volatile or catch the elusive—I find that of your distinguished essayist as good as any other, as far as it goes. A novel is certainly a good story well told. And yet the definition itself needs definition, since it brings one promptly to the questions: "When is a good story well told?" and "What is a good story?" For answers to these natural inquiries Professor Phelps leaves one entirely to implication.

By implication one gathers that he considers nothing a good story but one that interests *him*, and no story well told but that by which he personally has been entertained. There are, however, more tastes than one, however catholic that one may be. Not to go beyond the instances he has cited, there must be some hundreds of thousands of readers for whom *The Inside of the Cup* and *The Fruit of the Tree* exactly fulfil the conditions he lays down. Of the enormous numbers who read Mr. Churchill's book—probably to be reckoned in millions—it is safe to say that the immense majority did so for the story and for a certain phase of intellectual entertainment. With the entertainment they were apparently so well satisfied that they made it the talk of the country for a good many months. The religious elements in the book were familiar to practically everyone; what was novel was the story of the way in which a particular man dealt with them, and of how they dealt with him. In this story Professor Phelps was apparently not interested; but other people were. Is there any valid reason why the book which is a good story well told to some should be classed as a treatise simply because there are others who find it tiresome?

The same query may be raised with regard to Mr. Phelps's other illustration. The question as to whether or not the end may be hastened in the case of a hopeless and slowly dying sufferer is as old as the history of anæsthetics. There must be few persons who have not at one time or another turned it over in their minds. In *The Fruit of the Tree* Mrs. Wharton propounded nothing new in either medicine or morals. She told the story of a man and a woman for whom that which is but an academic theme for most of us became a living issue. For large numbers of readers it was a *good* story; and since it was Mrs. Wharton's it goes without saying that it was well told. To displace it from its rank among novels and call it a treatise on medicine

is no more just than it would be to characterise *Barchester Towers* and *Henry Esmond*—which Mr. Phelps names with admiration, though everyone would not be of his opinion—as treatises on the English clergy and on the reign of Queen Anne.

I hold no brief for either Mrs. Wharton's book or Mr. Churchill's. My object is to enter a humble protest against the tendency of certain writers about books—and not least some of those who write in *THE BOOKMAN*—to bound the field and the liberties of the novel by their own individual tastes. A good story may surely be told about anyone or anything—within the limits of decency. Its background may lie in medicine or religion as reasonably as in politics or war. Among the "earnest seekers after amusement," whose multitude Mr. Phelps describes as "pathetic," there is very kind of taste. Why, then, should there not be every kind of writer and every kind of novel, with a welcome to each example of each variety to contribute to the whole? Since the whole must necessarily be composite why go to the trouble of casting out anyone—even if it is only Mr. Churchill, Mrs. Wharton, and Mrs. Humphrey Ward?

After all, the question harks back to the public. It is the public who form the body of "earnest seekers after amusement," and if they continue to buy a certain book at the rate of five hundred copies a day for months after its publication—I give Mr. Phelps's figures—we may depend upon it that they are getting what they want. What they want, we may be equally sure, is not religious instruction from *The Inside of the Cup*, nor medical information from *The Fruit of the Tree*, nor political tips from *The Marriage of William Ashe*. If Mr. Phelps's pathetic multitude spent good money in large amounts for all three of these books, and presumably advised their friends and neighbours to do the same, we may take it for granted that the aim was other than edification. They were looking for *novels*—for good stories well told—for good stories

well told about conditions or questions with which they were familiar or as to which they had some curiosity—and it is not too great an assumption to suppose that they found them. Like your distinguished essayist I take these works not for their own sakes, but merely as examples of a class which the writer about books is inclined to discredit—labelling them didactic, or fixing on them some other terrific word, and so hanging the dog because of first giving him a bad name.

But the earnest seekers after amusement seem to think otherwise.

BY EDWIN LEFEVRE

The definition of a novel as “a good story well told” means nothing. Coming from a man like Professor Phelps it is absurd. It doesn’t define. A good story well told need not necessarily be a novel. A romance to be a good romance should be a good story well told. But a Romance is not a Novel, because a Romance need be no more than a sort of grown up fairy tale. A novel must deal with real people. It must depict actual life. Even Flaubert who gave us *Madame Bovary* could not give us an historical novel in *Salambo*. Is *Ivanhoe* a Novel? If it is, then *Anna Karénina*, the greatest of all novels, is not a novel at all. If *The Rise of Silas Lapham* is a novel—and most of us believe it is a very good one—then *The Count of Monte Cristo* is not, yet *Monte Cristo* is a very good story, very well told.

BY W. J. LOCKE

I should modify Professor Phelps’s definition of the novel by saying that “A novel is a story told.” A *good* novel is a good story well told. At any rate the story is the essence of the matter.

Many years ago when I was just beginning, I had the privilege of meeting for the first time, our revered chief, Mr. Thomas Hardy, who was good enough to talk about the craft. I remember him saying, “There are a lot of clever young men writing nowadays, but how many of them *have a story to tell?*” Those

words, “the story to tell” I have tried to use ever since as a touchstone to all my work.

When one comes to the way of telling the story, one is beyond the bounds of mere definition. The way is the instinctive way of the individual human spirit, which is the way of art.

BY SIDNEY MCCALL

Professor Phelps, in five words, “A good story well told.”

At first reading the statement that a novel is “a good story well told,” from its comprehensive brevity, appears to be quite unassailable; yet no less a writer than its author finds himself led into further definitions, in order to make clear just what he means by the word “novel.” Once he exclaims, “Definitions are dangerous!”

Now it is just here where I find myself keenly in accord. I have a progressive and cumulative dread of rigid definitions. They come too closely within the province of “generalities,” of which the brilliant French writer said, “No generalisation can be completely and absolutely true—not even this one.”

In the elaboration of his article Professor Phelps has given us delightful thoughts. “Your realist is a homeopath”—“Novels should save us from ourselves by taking us into a refreshingly different world”—“The novelist remoulds the sorry scheme of things nearer to the heart’s desire.”

This last phrase, though in no sense a definition, seems to me to touch the deepest and most intimate purpose of the imaginative writer of fiction. To reconstruct—regenerate—plant seeds and watch them grow—bring clean air and sunshine into damp places—these instinctive longings are part of the spirit of our race. The new psychologists call it “wish-fulfillment.” For children it is a sudden vision of the fairy-god-mother, or a dream come true—but for old Omar and the novelists—at least the novelists I care for, and of whose kind I want to be—it is just as Professor Phelps has said—the remoulding of

a sorry scheme of things nearer to the heart's desire.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

Professor Phelps's definition of a novel as "a good story well told" is to me quite acceptable. It is perhaps as satisfactory a definition as can be made. But it is not the only definition that I should find satisfactory. In the sciences precision of definition is not only possible but necessary. In the arts it is quite impossible; for art is nourished by the personal equation that science seeks to exclude.

BY SAMUEL MERWIN

It seems to me that Professor Phelps's definition of the novel as "a good story well told" is precisely meaningless. If it is accurate, then a symphony is just an enjoyable piece of orchestral music, a sonnet is merely a good poem, a portrait is any sort of a picture. Now a portrait is not a hunt picture or a landscape. A gavotte is not a symphony, a sonnet is not a blank verse drama. And if the terminology of a craft is to have any precise meaning among the craftsmen concerned, a romance is a "story," not a novel.

Among the thoughtful fiction writers of my acquaintance the word novel implies a pretty definite literary form. It implies the sober (though, of course, not necessarily unhumorous) study of human characters in their contrasts and relations to one another and in the common relation to the "story" that grows directly and naturally out of these contrasts and relationships. The point at which your plot artificer or your romancer steps in and so arranges the "story" that it begins to trim and mould the characters is the point at which the work ceases to be a novel. In fact, Professor Phelps's phrase seems to me to be a pretty good definition of the romance as such and in just the sense in which it is *not* a novel as I understand our present feeling for the word.

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

The definition of a novel as a "good

story well told" is anything but satisfying to me, although I can find no similarly brief and trenchant phrase with which to replace it. But I know that some of my favourite novels are poor stories well told, or good stories poorly told, or even poor stories poorly told, or in some cases not even stories at all!

Where is the "good story" in *Cranford*, in *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, in *The Way of All Flesh* and the *Call of the Wild* and *Kim* and *Klaus Hinrich Baas*? Is none of these a novel? I chose them at random from a shelf of favourites. Not one of them has a "good story," in the sense that, given their various meagre plots as a foundation, one writer in a million could have used the same. Are *Molly Make-believe*, *Bambi*, *Daddy-Long-Legs*, and *The Melting of Molly* (for example) novels? These are all good stories well told, all exceptionally popular. Yet somehow they do not seem to be really-truly novels. And what of Dreiser's books, which according to the critics are bad stories badly told? Undeniably they are novels; very significant and important novels in the eyes of a great many persons who ought to know.

It would seem to me that a novel might better be described as a serious prose attempt to portray, in a realistic manner, and develop naturally, the lives and characters of imaginary human persons. This seems, to me at least, to separate the wheat from the chaff a little more definitely; we are not left with the inevitable decision that *In the Bishop's Carriage* is a better story, better told, than *The Old Wives' Tale* or *Widcomb Fair*.

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Professor Phelps's definition of a novel as "a good story well told," read without any explanation or context is naturally inadequate. A fact which the student of fiction is too often tempted to ignore is that the storyteller and the novelist are persons apart, each possessing some of the other's gifts as a matter of necessity, but each aiming at a

different ideal in a different manner. To the work produced by the former, the definition you quote might well apply. The novelist, pure and simple, on the other hand, is a subtler person, the surgeon of fiction, using his story, often enough thin and inadequate merely as an excuse for the dissection, analysis and beatific contemplation of the temperaments, tendencies, foibles and greatness of human nature. Probably no one of correct literary taste could be found who would not proclaim *The Egoist* a fine novel. Very few, on the other hand, would count the story one worth telling. The fact that a good story, even though well told, might yet lack the essentials of the ideal novel; whilst a novel which contained a psychological study of human life in every way admirable and illuminating, might still be woven around an indifferent story. Professor Phelps's definition is well enough in its way, but too sweeping and too narrow for standardisation.

BY ELEANOR H. PORTER

It seems ungracious—to pick five words out of Professor Phelps's delightful and scholarly essay, and hold them under the microscope of criticism. And yet—"A good story well told" is his definition of a high-class novel.

Very excellent so far as it goes; but—

The Honourable Chauncey Depew is responsible for many "a good story well told"; but I do not find that *Who's Who* accuses him of being responsible for any novels!

Seriously, I believe that every novel should be a good story—a *story* (not a treatise on politics, religion, or sociology), and that it should be well told. At the same time, I believe that any subject—politics, religion, bees, or bonnets—may be introduced into the novel (and not kill it) so long as the enthusiasm regarding the politics, religion, bees, or bonnets is displayed *unconsciously* by the characters working out the plot of the story, and not *consciously* by the author. To my mind, just here is the whole difference between a novel

that is a good *story*, and one that is a treatise or tract wearing the mask of fiction.

And this brings us squarely up against the words "good story"; and behind those words lies a whole world of difference of opinion. "A rattling good story" to James, the business man, may weary Paul, the scholar, to distraction. And what is "too sweet for anything" to Mary, who loves the movies, may be sickening to Patricia, who prefers Shaw or Ibsen. Yet all four books may be good stories well told—good novels.

Professor Phelps says that "The number of people who are seeking in the welter of contemporary books to find 'good stories'—stories that shall at once be interesting, charming, clever, decent, and that shall not be treatises on politics, religion, or sociology—the number of such earnest seekers after amusement is pathetic."

I can only repeat that what may "amuse" one may bore another. And, after all, may it not be, to some extent, a case of James and Paul and Mary and Patricia (and Professor Phelps himself?) quarrelling as to what is—a good story?

BY ALICE HEGAN RICE

Professor Phelps's definition of the novel does not seem to me sufficiently distinctive. "A good story well told," might apply with equal truth to a joke, an anecdote, or a short story. Without going into the mooted question as to whether a novel is a chronicle of manners, in contra-distinction to "a romance" I should say that a novel is a more or less elaborate interpretation of life, giving the impression of reality.

BY BERTHA RUNKLE

To arrive at what is a novel, let us dispose of what isn't. A tract, religious or sociological, is not a novel. Though propaganda can be "mighty interesting reading," a thin rivulet of story, log-jammed with the author's dogmata, is not a novel. Nor on the other hand

does an ingenious scenario suffice. The Novel with a Purpose and the Novel with no purpose but to keep the reader gasping, though the one have no plot and the other be plot alone; though the one by all solemnity, the other all smartness—these two are rooted in the same error. In both, the story commandeers the characters, and is not the inevitable record of their Life and Adventures.

When the characters compel the events, not the events the characters, the novel is a good novel, whether the action be as placid as in the *Chronicles of Barse*, or as tumultuous as in *The Three Musketeers*.

Professor Phelps's epigrammatic definition presupposes, of course, this elementary test, and, thus based, seems to me as true as it is clever.

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

You say that Professor Phelps's definition of the novel is arousing discussion and criticism. It arouses neither in my own placable bosom. One may think of a dozen other definitions without in any way damaging that of Professor Phelps's. I offer one, not in competition, but as a rather idle variation upon the theme: A novel is a thought about human life; a thought which can be fully expressed only by means of a plausible fictitious narrative, written by an artist who understands language. You see, this is liberal enough to cover the people who have novels in their heads, but never write 'em.

BY HUGH WALPOLE

As to whether Professor William Lyon Phelps's statement "A novel is a good story well told" is a fair one or no, I would say that, in my opinion, such a definition only pushes the matter one degree back. What does Professor Phelps mean by his term "A good story?" Is *Une Vie* a good story, is *Tristram Shandy* a good story, is *The Vicar of Wakefield* a good story? If he means that a novel to be a good novel must have a striking and manufactured plot then I would object

strongly to his definition. Such a statement brings us back to the old struggle with regard to the novel as to whether the inventor should think first of his fable to which he afterwards fixes his characters and from their interaction provide his narrative.

I believe that in the past, present or future the novel, if it is to be a good novel, must rest mainly upon the vitality of its characters. If the author is able to introduce us to a Dr. Primrose, an Emma Bovary, a Raskolnikov, a Clara Middleton, the tiniest detail concerning them provides us with our "good story."

What, as pure narrative, could be more thrilling than the birth of young Tristram Shandy or the performance of *Lucia* attended by Emma Bovary. If Professor Phelps is using "good story" in the more elementary sense then he omits from his definition the greatest masterpieces of all language. It will, I suppose, be admitted that the novel of to-day depends for its interest almost entirely upon the internal psychology, the reaction of character upon character, or the revelation of some fundamental idea through the action of character. This is all well enough if the revelation of character is attained by such methods, but if only vague and abstract psychology is our reward then we are more impatient with the failure than we were with the ill-success of the old school of external action. *There* at least we had something for our money—now only too often we pay our pennies, are led into a fog and left there.

But, whether it be the old school or the new, the test of the good novel is what it ever has been—character, and again character, and yet again—character.

BY HARRY LEON WILSON

There are novels that are not good stories well told. I have just read one.

There are good stories well told that are not novels. I heard one at a club bar the other day.

But what of it? Why the excitement? If I must quarrel with Profes-

sor Phelps it won't be over the way he defines the novel. Let us be on to what he says of it after he has it defined. I have never heard that the proof of the pudding is in the definition of it. To wish a closer definition of what we roughly call the novel is a mark of the born fuss-monger—even one capable of using that horrendous locution “fictitious prose narrative.”

THE ADVANCE OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

PART V

The greatest decade in English fiction—hunting in couples—Dickens—his popularity in Russia—Thackeray the sentimentalist—George Eliot—which is her best novel?—Anthony Trollope and his twentieth century reincarnation—few great women novelists—the Brontë sisters—smouldering passion—invention and imagination—Wilkie Collins—Conan Doyle—superiority of Americans in the short story—Irving, Poe, Hawthorne, Harte, O. Henry—contemporary Russian masters of the short story—reticence and dignity in American art.

PERHAPS the greatest decade in the history of the English Novel was the period between 1850 and 1860 inclusive. The list of titles is more impressive than and comment thereupon. *David Copperfield, Bleak House, Little Dorrit, A Tale of Two Cities, Great Expectations, Pendennis, Esmond, The Newcomes, The Virginians, Scenes of Clerical Life, Adam Bede, The Mill on the Floss, Alton Locke, Hypatia, Westward Ho, Peg Woffington, Christie Johnstone, It is Never Too Late to Mend, The Cloister and the Hearth, The Warden, Barchester Towers, Doctor Thorne, The Woman in White, Vilette, The Professor, Tom Brown's School Days, John Halifax, The Ordeal of Richard Feverel, The Scarlet Letter, House of the Seven Gables, Blithedale Romance, The Marble Faun, Uncle Tom's Cabin.* In order to find a parallel to such a rapid production of masterpieces in English literature, we should have to go back to the best days of the Elizabethan drama. The Mid-Victorian publishers lived in the golden age: and their regular announcements—which make interesting reading in the advertising pages of old weeklies—must have aroused golden anticipations.

In one hundred years from *Clarissa, Tom Jones, and Roderick Random*, the novel had advanced to full maturity, with the complexity and technique that accompany the complete development of any form of art.

Great writers often come in pairs, and hunt the public in couples. Richardson and Fielding, Scott and Jane Austen, Dickens and Thackeray, Hardy and Meredith, Tennyson and Browning, Goethe and Schiller, Turgenev and Tolstoi, Ibsen and Björnson, Hauptmann and Sudermann—to mention only some of the modern instances. A good thing this twinning seems to be for literature; genius echoes genius, and each rival spurs the other to his best.

Scott died in 1832; and within four years Englishmen were reading *Pickwick Papers*, the inspired writing of a new novelist, who had two great qualities absent in Sir Walter—humour and humanitarianism. Never was a man more kind to individuals than the great Scot; but his professional work resembles a long picture gallery, whereas the novels of Dickens make one glorified stump speech, abounding in sympathy for the outcasts, and shining with fun. No voice like this had ever been heard in

English Literature; and for thirty years after his death, his silence was almost audible, till he returned to earth and dwelt among us as William De Morgan.

Of all British novelists, none has been more purely creative than Dickens; his tears flow from the great source, the sentimental novel of the eighteenth century, the only link between him and Sterne; but the pathos of Dickens is what the twentieth century finds least admirable in his work. He regarded his own childhood with considerable and justifiable self-pity; but his unfathomable tenderness is shown with especial force toward all children. The sufferings of little boys and girls made to him an irresistible appeal; and he felt that the death of a child was the most tragic event in nature, as Poe thought the death of a young girl the most poetically and romantically beautiful. Dickens insisted on the inherent dignity of childhood—a dignity constantly outraged both by the selfishness and by the condescension of adults.

Although Dickens had an enormous influence on the literature of the Continent, the only foreign novelist who resembled him both in genius and in temperament was Dostoevski. The title of one of the latter's stories, *The Insulted and Injured*, might almost be taken as the subject of the complete works of both writers. Both had suffered terribly in earliest youth; both knew the city slums; both knew the very worst of which humanity is capable; both loved humanity with a love that survived every experience; both were profoundly spiritual, intensely religious, and thoroughly optimistic. For the great artists who have known suffering and privation are more often optimists than those whose lives have been carefully sheltered. The game of life seems to be more enjoyed by those who play it than by those who look on.

Tolstoy and Dostoevski read Dickens with eagerness and profit. Dickens has been and is to-day more popular in Russia than any other English novelist; the common people feel their kinship to him

in the touch of nature. In one of the Siberian provincial jails, where records are always kept of the prisoners' reading, the library minutes for 1914 are interesting. Of British authors in Russian translations, Dickens was called for 192 times; Scott, 98; Wells, 53; Wilde, 44; Kipling, 41; Shakespeare, 33.

In the history of British fiction, Dickens fills the biggest place, contributed the largest number of permanently interesting characters, owed less to other authors than any other novelist, and would be the one I should keep if all but one had to perish. No other writer has made so great a contribution to the greatest happiness of the greatest number; and while it is possible to contemplate the history of the novel minus any other author, we simply cannot get along without Dickens. The extraordinary succession of masterpieces that he produced with hardly any lapses for thirty years put the whole world hopelessly in his debt. He was the most creative and the least critical of all our writers of fiction; he attempted no formal essays; his *American Notes* ought not to have been written, and his *Child's History of England* would have blighted the reputation of a lesser man. It is absurd to call his characters mere caricatures: he turned the powerful searchlight of his mind into many dark places, and his persons stand out against the background in a conspicuous glare. But if these people are not real, why is it that all observers since 1840 are continually pointing out persons who "look like characters from Dickens"?

Although the middle of the nineteenth century saw the Novel playing successfully the rôle of life's interpreter, nearly every prominent writer felt bound to produce one historical romance. Dickens lacked everything but imagination in this field, and to me *A Tale of Two Cities* is the poorest of all his stories, with the one exception of *Little Dorrit*. As soon as he had shaken himself free from it, he wrote one of the best novels in English literature—*Great Expectations*; even as Stevenson, flinging aside

St. Ives, produced the unfinished masterpiece, *Weir of Hermiston*. George Eliot also failed; when all is said, *Romola* is a work of construction rather than creation, more ponderous than splendid. And as a study of moral decay, it is not so impressive as Mr. Howells's *Modern Instance*. Charles Reade was so successful, however, that *The Cloister and the Hearth* is worth all the rest of his works put together—I wonder if he realised before he died how immensely better it is? And it seems now, as if *Westward Ho* would outlast the more sensational and formerly more popular *Hypatia*. For Charles Kingsley was an Elizabethan by nature, and was more at home with the seadogs of Devonshire than in a joint debate with Newman. It remained for Thackeray to write the best historical romance in our language, *Esmond*.

This book is almost entirely free from Thackeray's worst faults: his sentimentalism, his diffuseness, his personal intrusions on the stage. The story is told in the first person, which shut out the author: it was published as a whole in book form instead of being dragged out in monthly numbers; and it is a narrative so full of passion—real passions, love, jealousy, lust, revenge,—that there is no room for anything less vital. He wrote *Esmond* at white heat in a short time, and the manuscript shows few corrections. I like it best because it contains the best of Thackeray—and the best of Thackeray has not been surpassed in English fiction.

Thackeray's mind was more critical than that of Dickens: he was a natural-born critic, parodist, burlesquer, commentator. He walked the garden of this world and his novels—except *Esmond*—are gigantic commentaries on what he saw. Never was a writer less of a cynic and satirist than Thackeray; no doubt, like many people, he thought he was very severe; but as a matter of fact, he was a sentimentalist and a preacher, who loved humanity, saw its follies with the sharp sight of the humourist, and wished all the time that he

could say something to make his readers profit by his personally conducted tours.

He was a chivalrous, magnanimous, tender-hearted, essentially noble character; no English novelist has ever better deserved the grand old name of gentleman. He confessed his sins against art like a man. "Perhaps of all the novel-spinners now extant, the present speaker is the most addicted to preaching. Does he not stop perpetually in his story and begin to preach to you?" He really missed the point of the objection to this practice. It is not that we are eager to hear what happened next and want no interruption: it is that these interruptions destroy the illusion, and are, from the artistic point of view, deplorably insincere. For this reason, I find *The Newcomes* an unreadable book. He wrote it frankly for cash, and said so.

Of the three great mid-Victorians, George Eliot was less rich in natural endowment than either Dickens or Thackeray, but wrote with more soberness of mind. She said she was neither pessimist nor optimist, but called herself a meliorist. Be this as it may, her books were all written in shadow, and have none of the abounding cheerfulness of Dickens, nor the lambent humour of Thackeray. Her humour, of which she had a plenty, was grave and ironical; no one has better depicted middle-aged women who combine vacuity of intellect with venomous selfishness. In fact I think no novelist has ever better depicted the unloveliness and corroding force of selfishness.

In true human pathos, her *Scenes of Clerical Life* were a revelation in English literature. What an enormous contrast between these depths of tragedy and the eighteenth century pools of sentiment! The restraint shown by the author emphasised the dignity of suffering. And one has only to compare young Maggie Tulliver with Little Nell to see George Eliot at her best and Dickens at his worst. The constant attrition under which Maggie suffered is more painfully real to us than Nell's

melodramatic and elaborate preparations for the tomb.

The Mill on the Floss leaves the tricks of realism and enters the field of reality. It is a noble, permanent example of the psychological novel, which had been started by Richardson. It would be difficult to find outside of Turgenev any love scenes in fiction which combine less carnality with more passion than the scenes between Stephen and Maggie. And it is not surprising that Turgenev admired this book. For once upon a time three men, Mr. George H. Lewes, Professor Boyesen of Columbia, and the Russian Turgenev were engaged in a warm discussion as to which one of George Eliot's novels was the best. Mr. Lewes declared for *Daniel Deronda*, the husband naturally thinking her latest was her finest; Professor Boyesen voted for *Middlemarch*, as being richest in content; but the great Russian, who valued correct analysis and profound sincerity above all other qualities in fiction, gave his opinion for *The Mill on the Floss*. I think Time is on his side.

George Eliot's last novel, *Daniel Deronda*, is over-weighted with opinion and propaganda, and is visibly sinking beneath the surface of literature. I wish I knew how many people had read it through in 1915! She wrote no more novels, and I do not think she could have written another. The best scenes in this book are the terrifying conversations between Grandcourt and Gwendolen, which I have always suspected were inspired by Browning's poem, *My Last Duchess*. The refinement of cruelty is so truthfully portrayed that one shudders as if present at a scene of torture.

Anthony Trollope's *Autobiography* is more interesting than any of his stories, and much more improbable. There has never existed a less pretentious artist. He tells us exactly how his work was done, and we know nothing whatever about it. He said he would not be read in the twentieth century, but he is; even the enormous amount of his production—I saw an edition in eighty-eight volumes—has not swamped his reputation.

Hawthorne's criticism of him accounts for his permanence; his novels are just like life, some of them being so dull that we fly to other books. No one would dare call Trollope a genius, and he would have ridiculed such an appellation. It is rather singular that this uninspired Englishman, in a grey business suit, is so much more conspicuous in the history of fiction than many gesticulating sensationalists like Hall Caine; and it will be food for reflection if he should eventually outlast so brilliant a dandy as Bulwer-Lytton.

Anthony Trollope has had a curious and altogether charming reincarnation in the twentieth century in the person of Archibald Marshall, whose novels may be confidently recommended to admirers of *Barchester Towers*. Where does Mr. Marshall get that skill—absent from English literature since Trollope's death—of representing ordinary events and ordinary characters, not one of whom is wholly good or wholly bad, in a way that makes the reader follow with tense interest, unwilling to skip a word? The trilogy of the Clinton family, and *Exton Manor*, *The Greatest of These*, *The Old Order Changeth* are good stories well told—I for one wish they were twice as long. These books have not got the "punch," nor any "red blood," nor any lubricity or vulgarity. Strangest of all qualities, they are filled with charming, decent, well-bred, kindly, absolutely human people, so that to read these novels is like visiting in a good home. Instead of being forced to associate with dull, coarse, dirty loafers, whom one would not pick for acquaintances in every day life, the reader is brought into contact with extremely attractive men and women. No one ought to quarrel with Mr. Marshall for his principle of choice—since readers and critics who prefer to spend their time in the slums, in the antiseptically safe way of realistic fiction, have constant and abundant opportunity to do so. I think that it is more difficult to write any one of Mr. Marshall's novels than it is to produce the vast majority

of tales dealing with criminals and abnormal villains. And our contemporary Trollope is really "true to life"; for the world does actually contain some persons whom it is a pleasure to meet.

It is a rather curious fact that in the history of fiction in all languages, only two women have risen to the first rank—Jane Austen and George Eliot. This is the more odd because the art of the novel is to a certain extent imitative and critical, not nearly so purely creative as the art of musical composition, where no women of genius have ever appeared. Although not to be compared with the two names I have mentioned, the three Brontë sisters have nevertheless an apparently unassailable place of their own in English literature. Anne now shines only by reflected light; few read *Agnes Grey*, and none would read it were she not the sister of Charlotte and Emily. The latter had perhaps the greatest natural endowment of the three; and *Wuthering Heights*, while more hysterical than historical in its treatment of human nature, has at any rate the strength of delirium. It was written by one who had passed, like old Dr. Donne, through the straits of fever—*per fretum febris*. It is short-sighted criticism that wonders at the mental range of passion of a girl shut up in dreary loneliness; her capacity for expression is what is remarkable, her passionate intensity exactly what one might expect from such stifling repression. It is ridiculous to believe that a woman's passions are passive and not active; that she is unaware of them until some man appears on the scene; or that even then her love is the love of reciprocation, that cannot be roused independently of purposeful masculine attention. Such ideas may make a fancy virginal picture pleasing to some persons, but they are exactly contrary to the facts of human nature. The recent publication of Charlotte's love-letters ought to open the eyes of the blind; but then, if they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.

Emily's narrow bodily existence fanned the flames in her soul; and she could have counted herself a king of infinite space, had she not had bad dreams.

Charlotte Brontë used in her novels her Yorkshire and her Continental experiences; but chiefly when she wrote, she looked into her heart, as is indeed the way with most novelists of distinction. Most novels are really autobiographies, and did we know as much about the external and spiritual life of all writers of fiction as we do of Tolstoi's, I think we should find often an equally faithful following of experience, though with less genius for recording it. Charlotte and her sister Emily wrote novels of revolt, expressing the hatred of that conventionality submitted to by so many women with such inner dissenting repugnance; for conventionality is such a tyranny that its bonds often become galling to women, every one of whom has the love of adventure in her heart; the desire for some thrilling excursion of the soul. Men of desperate valour seem to appeal to women more than those who are wise and prudent. No woman can endure a man who has too much caution. The little school-mistress in *Quality Street* loved the "dashing" officer—loved him and no other.

The fiery energy of Charlotte Brontë caused *Jane Eyre* to attract as much attention as a conflagration; it blazes still. She is a torch in literature rather than a fixed star. After she is extinguished the world will still be reading *Pride and Prejudice* and *Silas Marner*. To turn even now from *Jane Eyre* to these books is like passing from a vivid dream to reality.

Professor Brander Matthews has somewhere or other called attention to the distinction between invention and imagination, showing that while we may admire the cleverness of great inventive ingenuity, and while this gift may bestow upon its author immense temporary vogue, it does not, never has, and cannot place him with the immortal gods. A story ought to be the foundation of a novel; but a novel does not be-

come immortal through a good plot. An excellent illustration of this is seen if one places side by side Wilkie Collins and George Eliot. As an inventor and manipulator of plot intricacies, we knew not the equal of Collins till Conan Doyle appeared. *The Woman in White*, *Armada*, *The Moonstone*—marvellous, indeed, is the construction of these books. I sometimes think I have never seen a plot anywhere that rivalled in successful complexity the plot of *The Moonstone*. Suppose a good talker were to attempt to amuse and excite an audience by telling in his own fashion the outline of a famous novel—think of the contrast for such a purpose illustrated by *The Moonstone* and *The Mill on the Floss*! Yet there is not the slightest doubt that the latter is so much greater in literature that the two cannot even be named together. Collins was amazingly clever; each of his stories was an enigma, a delightful puzzle offered to the public. They brought him a vast number of readers and no fame—for Collins has no real fame; he hardly belongs to literature at all, except as a striking example of the school of mystery and horror. He felt himself that he was only an entertainer, and he made an effort to write a "purpose" novel, which he accomplished in *Man and Wife*, an attack upon college athletics and the marriage laws; but the only interest of this book is in its ingenuity. Critics would no more place Collins on a level with George Eliot, no, nor with Anthony Trollope, than they would rank on the platform a sleight-of-hand magician with Daniel Webster.

The wonderful mystery-criminal tales, dressed out in such gorgeous style by Poe, were developed prodigiously by Collins, who in our day has been almost obliterated from view by Conan Doyle. It would be difficult to exaggerate the popularity of this author. Sherlock Holmes is at this moment one of the best-known fictitious characters that has ever been created. And he is known in all languages, he has appeared on the stage in all countries. The Russians and

the Japanese know their lean detective as well as the English. And yet, despite this universal vogue, despite our pleasure in these blood-curdling tales, despite our gratitude to the author for so many hours of delightful bewilderment, no one takes Conan Doyle seriously. I have never seen any attempt at a critical estimate of his place in contemporary literature. What would happen to the critic who should rank him among the great British novelists, or associate him in letters with another living Englishman, Thomas Hardy?

Such a state of things arouses reflection. It is clear that there must be something besides cleverness, even diabolical cleverness, to win anything like permanent fame.

In a comparison between British and American novelists—whether one takes the nineteenth or the twentieth century—the patriotic American would suffer actual pain, were it not that the more patriotic a person is the more incapable he is of seeing the truth. Love is blind, love of country stone-blind. But however harsh the contrast in the domain of the novel, there is a special province where America has actually excelled England. This is seen in the production of the Short Story, a species of art quite different, as has been pointed out, from the story that is short. *Silas Marner* is a story that is short, but not a Short Story; *The Gold Bug* is a Short Story. Our first humourist, Washington Irving, occasionally attained unto perfection in this difficult field. For in *Rip Van Winkle* and in *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* his narrative is so good and his technique so perfect that the world has agreed to regard these two as imperishable classics. Irving's pathos seems thin and flat to-day, and many of his meditative musings are staled by custom; but his humour, quite English rather than American, is genuine, and a marvellous preservative.

A world-genius followed Irving—Edgar Allan Poe. Poe's tales of mystery, in comparison with Cooper's tales of adventure, illustrate the analogy of the

lyric and the epic. This analogy will not usually hold good; because the lyric represents one mood and is usually subjective, whereas Guy de Maupassant's short stories, for example, represent a variety of moods and are as near objectivity as it was possible for their gifted author to make them. But Poe was really a lyrical poet by nature; and the best of his short stories are almost perfect examples of prose lyrics. This becomes instantly apparent in reading *The Fall of the House of Usher* and (my own favourite) *Ligeia*. The sombre mood prevails, and rises to an agonising climax exactly as Tennyson's meditative rapture reaches a climax of passion in *Tears, Idle Tears*. The perfection of Poe's art, joined with the thrilling suspense of his plots, made him a world-figure, a fruitful influence in all countries. No foreign writer has reached the level of Poe's best work in the analysis of the passion he made his specialty—fear.

This level, however, is not the highest level. That was reached by Hawthorne, whose moral grasp of the realities of life gave to his short stories a firmer foundation and a broader and more lasting appeal. For while I have never outgrown Poe, I find that many others have, if they are telling the truth about it; it is impossible for any one to outgrow Hawthorne. The difference between Poe and Hawthorne is the difference between the uncanny and the spiritual; in human emotion, it is the difference between realism and reality. Poe makes our flesh creep with sensations; Hawthorne penetrates into the depths of our souls. Hawthorne used only the smallest fraction of his material; and to understand his method and his aim, it is necessary to read only *Ethan Brand*.

Bret Harte was another master of the short story, and a germinal writer as well. He found more gold in California than any of the miners, and he had a private mint of his own, by which he made it current coin, good wherever the soul of man is precious. His two

best tales, *The Luck of Roaring Camp* and *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*, are as vivid now as then; their drama and their pathos are real, approaching the line of melodrama and sentimentality without once stepping over.

In North Carolina they have just erected a statue to "O. Henry." He was a profoundly sincere artist, as is shown, not only in his finished work, but in his private correspondence. His worst defect was a fear and hatred of conventionality; he had such mortal terror of stock phrases, that as some one has said, he wrote no English at all—he wrote the dot, dash, telegraphic style. Yet leaving aside all his perversities and his whimsicalities, and the poorer part of his work where the desire to be original is more manifest than any valuable result of it, there remains a sufficient number of transcripts from life and interpretations of it to give him abiding fame. There is a humorous tenderness in *The Whirligig of Life*, and profound ethical passion in *A Blackjack Bargainer*. A highly intelligent though unfavourable criticism of Porter that came to me in a private letter—I wish it might be printed—condemns him for the vagaries of his plots, which remind my correspondent of the quite serious criticism he read in a Philadelphia newspaper, which spoke of "the interesting but hardly credible adventures of Ulysses." Now hyperbole is the great American failing; and Porter was so out and out American that this disease of art raised blotches on his work. Yet his best emphasis is placed where it belongs.

No writer of distinction has, I think, been more closely identified with the short story in English than O. Henry. Irving, Poe, Hawthorne, Bret Harte, Stevenson, Kipling attained fame in other fields; but although Porter had his mind fully made up to launch what he hoped would be the great American novel, the veto of death intervened, and the many volumes of his "complete works" are made up of brevities. The essential truthfulness of his art is what gave his work immediate recognition,

and accounts for his rise from journalism to literature. There is poignancy in his pathos; desolation in his tragedy; and his extraordinary humour is full of those sudden surprises that give us delight. Uncritical readers have never been so deeply impressed with O. Henry as have the professional, jaded critics, weary of the old trick a thousand times repeated, who found in his writings a freshness and originality amounting to genius.

Among the thousands of short stories written by lesser Americans than the five mentioned above, two by Richard Harding Davis will certainly be read for many years to come—*Gallagher*, the wonderful boy who "beat the town," and *The Bar Sinister*, which seems already to have won its way into the select canine classics of the world.

Russia, a country that has taught the world more about realistic novels than any other, and which has supplied the world with the best illustrations of the art, has also been preëminent for the last hundred years in the short story, her later writers achieving their highest fame in this field. Pushkin, the founder of modern Russian literature, is the originator, as seen in his "other harmony" of prose; Gogol's *Overcoat* had more influence on succeeding writers than any other work; Turgenev's *Sportsman's Sketches* are beautiful specimens and exerted a powerful moral influence as well; Tolstoi's short stories are among the best ever written, inspired by the New Testament parables, which are themselves incomparable, the absolute despair of modern art; after Tolstoi, the most notable master of the short story in Russian is Chekhov, whose influence is just beginning to be felt in America; and if any one feels any doubt as to the superiority of the modern Russians, one should read Garshin's *Four Days*, Andreev's *Silence*, Gorki's *Twenty-six Men and a Girl*, and Artsybashev's *Nina*. Every Russian novelist of distinction has written admirable short stories except Dostoevski. As the American defect is humorous exaggeration, so the Russian defect is tragic ex-

aggeration—it might be a wholesome corrective for each nation to study the best art of the other. Unfortunately, though quite naturally, the only American short stories that are really popular in Russia are the evil dreams of Edgar Allan Poe.

Although we have no young Americans who can compare with Andreev, Artsybashev, Gorki, Kuprin, there is one respect in which American short stories and indeed all American fiction in general show superiority to the Russian; and I am fully aware that what I regard as our chief merit is precisely the thing for which we are most stridently condemned. I mean our reserve in depicting the passion of sex. We have been scourged for this not only by foreign writers, but by many of our "advanced" journalists; it is incidentally well to remember that not one of these American men and women who ridicule the work of Mr. Howells and Mr. James has ever written anything that approaches it in literary distinction. We ought not to be ashamed of the American reverence before the mystery of passion; we ought to regard it with pride. We have scarcely any outrageously indecent authors, whose work, common enough in Europe, bears about the same relation to true art that a boy's morbid sketches on fences bear to Michel Angelo's frescoes. Indecency is not necessarily sincerity. Instead of omitting the *motif* of passion in art, instead of ignorance, timidity, or prudishness, our American reticence really indicates a better appreciation of its tremendous force. For, as Henry James, our greatest critic, has pointed out, the silence of the American before the mysteries of passion shows more reverence than profuse and detailed exhibitions. It shows more reverence, more understanding, and more dignity.

Our American literature is sadly in need of improvement, but we shall not improve by imitating the only thing in Continental literature which takes no talent to copy. Changing the trumps will not help us nearly so much as more skill in playing the game.

A SPANISH ESTIMATE OF KIPLING

By WILHELMUS JONIUS

At the time of Kipling's visit to the United States he was taken ill in New York. The English and American newspapers published "extras" which the newsboys cried as containing the "latest news of Rudyard Kipling." The German Emperor wrote inquiring as to his health, and called him the "Glory of the Saxon race," which at that time the Kaiser considered as common to both English and Germans. While Kipling's illness lasted, the nations of the globe were in a state of feverish excitement.

Such is the rather bald Spanish sizing up at this late day of one of the chapters most familiar to Americans in the life of "that new star which rose in the East," who, perhaps more than all others, has welded the English race throughout the world. Better late than never, and so the *mañana* intellect of the Spaniard continues his eulogy. The point of view is interesting, if not new or particularly original. It is the point of view of one who lives in the sun, Kipling's own really great passion; only once did he desert his colors, and that was when he sang: "I am sick of endless sunshine and blossom-burdened bough."

Of late years, when the fogs of winter have settled down over *brumeuse Angleterre*, where he has made his home since he left the Vermont hills, he has travelled southward each year to the land of the sun, never forgetting for a moment departing from his own—which prefaced his recently published papers on Egypt:

Parsons in pulpits, taxpayers in pews,
Kings on your thrones you know as well
as me
We've only one virginity to lose,
And where we lost it there our hearts
will be.

Hear, then, what our Spanish critic has to say:

"Kipling's popularity, which, in order

to be understood in all its significance, can be said to be equivalent to that of a "torero" or bullfighter, in Spain, was because of his conquest of literature. At the time Kipling was thirty-four years of age, he was paid for his articles and stories at the rate of a shilling per word, and had come already to know the aureole which envelops authors whose works transform themselves from the realm of literary fiction into symbols and epitomes of a race. Rudyard Kipling was soon ambling down that laurel-shaded path at whose end Glory stands smiling.

"Born in the year 1865, in Bombay, he was the son of John Lockwood Kipling, an artist of note, who directed the School of Fine Arts in Bombay, and the Museum of Lahore. His childhood was passed amid the surroundings of the wonders of the Indies, the enamel-blue sky, sacred rivers and lakes whose waters reflect idolatrous temples, jungles full of quaint noises and mysteries. . . .

"His soul adapted itself to two distinct rhythms which later were destined to dispute prominence in his literature—the exuberant, luminous force of the Indies, impregnated with perfumes, dazzling with light, and all the lofty frigidity, the white tyranny of the British Colonial Armies. Already his first verses, *Departmental Ditties*, pointed toward his future destiny, like an arrow, vibrating on the string of the bow, leaving an almost visible trail in the air which subsequent *flechas* might follow.

"Rudyard Kipling began to write when he was seventeen—for newspapers, knowing intuitively that books would come afterward. Those were the years of prentice training which led to his ultimately acquired style. He trained his brain and hand as an athlete trains his muscles. It is perhaps on this score that some one has claimed Kipling to rep-

resent the truly modern type of author, a species between journalist and author, the newspaper writer and artist, he who in clear words expresses profound ideas or conveys complicated symbols by simple terms, one who interests the public by his descriptions of happenings which appear to be those of real life, but are really creations of his fancy. Though he may not know it, we possibly have here in Spain a direct dis-

ciple of Kipling, one who portrays his physical and nearly unique spiritual aspect—Predencio Iglesias Hermida.

"In his eighteenth year Kipling became sub-editor of one of the most important Indian dailies, the *Lahore Civil and Military Gazette*. In its pages were found for the first time those marvellous portrayals of soldiers and natives which afterwards were to appear in *Plain Tales from the Hills*, and



With Jones

AS KIPLING LOOKS TO SPANISH EYES

which, like an eulogy of a subsequent inverse value, reminded one of Lever, the Irish portrayer of life.

"*Plain Tales* was soon followed by other books, all written in full juvenility. Rudyard Kipling had to conquer the intellectual dominion of his native country before his thirtieth year. At twenty-two he published, as I have said, *Plain Tales from the Hills*; from twenty-three to twenty-five the *History of the Gadsbys*, and here commences the series of admirable tales, the most representative of his art, some of which, as *The Most Beautiful Story of the World*,* *The Man Who Wanted to Be King*,† and *Soldiers Three*, reach the most profound psychological depths. In his twenty-sixth year his first novel, *The Light That Failed*, was written. This effort, strange and original, does not suggest any recollection of other literature, but leaves a furrow in the spirit, like the wake of a skiff with a keel sharper than an ax.

"Finally, in 1894, when Kipling was twenty-nine, there appeared *The Jungle Book*, and shortly afterwards *The Second Jungle Book*, which found a warm reception everywhere. I can hardly say if this *Libro de la Selva* is the best of Kipling's works, but it certainly is the most popular. Possibly some of his anterior or posterior works may have been thought better, but this is the one which has been most nearly universally translated. Probably the characteristic imperialism of Kipling's temperament is not here as pronounced as in others of his works, but that matters not. *El Libro de la Selva* was created for eternity, and bids fair to go echoing down the shades of time when the motives of his other books are less understood than to-day.

"In this ensemble of legendary poems, savage and significant, impregnated with a rudimentary and vigorous philosophy tasting of blood, penetrating the brains like strong sunlight and gripping us like the massy entangled fauna

of the Indian jungle holds back our pace, Humanity is symbolised in Animality. As in the transmitted and enduring books of the Far East, the symbol is everything. In these tales the protagonists are wild beasts. There is only one man, their brother, Mowgli, who from them and through them learns doctrines of energy and nobility of spirit forgotten by men.

"Kipling, as a result of his environment, could but feel, fatally, the vertigo of imperialism, that minister of physical force inductive of the collective crimes masked behind war. In *Stalky and Company* his heroes are three virile schoolboys, ungovernable, ferocious, and quarrelsome, the future makers of nations and their laws. For Kipling debility is a disgrace; force is the only prime virtue for the individual, machine or Empire. His *Recessional*, the hymn of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, cheered and inebriated the English people more than their national drink menu. To him the Boers owe the spilling of blood on their fructiferous and humble farmlands. When Kipling arrives at the gates of Paradise, or Hell, he will not be, like the hero Tomlinson, repelled for lack of his past acts. The protagonists of *Soldiers Three*, Ortheris, Mulvaney, and Learoyd, are fragments of Kipling himself . . .

"Is it necessary to recall that Kipling was a cousin of Burne Jones, and that in his infancy, when in London, he knew William Morris, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Ruskin, already old, all of them, and more than ever in love with Preraphaelistic idealism?

"Is it necessary to recall that this lofty man, exalted by imperialistic barbarity, carries his name Rudyard like a flower of romanticism and sentimentality, like the evocation of jewelled Rudyard Lake in Staffordshire, where John Lockwood Kipling wooed the fair English maiden who was to become the mother of the author of *The Jungle Book*? Why try to reconcile two such opposites as his sentiments and associations?"

* "The Finest Story in the World."

† "The Man Who Would Be King."

THE NEW WORLD AND THE COLLEGE WOMAN

CONTRIBUTIONS BY WOMEN COLLEGE GRADUATES WHO HAVE ADVENTURED
IN THE MODERN WORK-A-DAY WORLD AND FOUND THEIR PLACES THERE

EDITED BY HELEN J. FERRIS

An ever increasing number of college women find themselves at Commencement equipped with an elaborate education and an abundant vitality together with a sense of social duty. The problem of an outlet for their activities is becoming of vital importance to educators and the world at large. Here is a large group of the best blood and brains of the land—what opportunities does our liberal age place before it? The aim of this series of papers is to answer this question practically by women who have actually and successfully solved it. The papers are edited by Miss Helen J. Ferris, a graduate of Vassar, now connected with the welfare work of John Wanamaker's New York store.

I—A PAGEANT OF COLLEGE WOMEN

By Ella McCaleb, Dean of Vassar

IN these days of scenic representation one can hardly avoid thinking of groups of people in pageant or processional form, and so in turning our attention to the past, present, and future occupations of college women, it is easy to imagine the thousands of graduates as moving in a procession with various emblems and various steps.

Among the first to appear are those who march under the banners marked "teacher," "preceptress," "principal," forming about one-half of the whole number, and walking in both the single and the married group. The married group is always the larger. There is now and then a farmer, a writer, a missionary, a matron of a reformatory, an artist, and occasionally one sees a woman, somewhat older, with a newish sort of headdress indicating that she has been recognised as an officer by some advanced school board or charity organisation or business firm. These marchers seem to move with sober gait, perhaps a trifle awkwardly now and then as if an unaccustomed weight of responsibility and a newness to public recognition brought self-consciousness. But if

there is something of the sturdiness and sobriety of the pioneer, there is also to be seen the joyous and uplifted mien of those to whom college has opened up the beauty and delight of a wider outlook, and to whom it has given a sense of greater freedom in the ordering of their own lives.

Here is a group of those who have but recently been singing across the campus

The great world waits for us now,
Waits till we're through with our learning
how,

not realising to the discouraging point that the welcome from the waiting world is broad and general; that while it stands with open arms, it is not every one about whom these arms will promptly close with a detaining gesture. The eager and impetuous spirit of these young graduates makes irregular the lines, but it is a brave and promising band that represents many occupations. We observe those who are engaged in proven fields, and those who are more or less experimenting as managers of tea houses, editors, professional shoppers, assistants in research work, in hospital social service work, and welfare work among large bodies of employees, and

so forth. Some have calm faces as if they felt they were in the right places, but more have a somewhat anxious look suggesting that they have not chosen their work but have undertaken what was available. A goodly number are wearing the badge of the organiser, the sub-title covering clubs of all kinds:—Camp Fire Girls, city betterment, study, travel, bridge, suffrage, Red Cross, cooking, and everything else that is groupable. All move on with a certain pride in their strength and a cheerful faith in their ability to help in all the greater concerns of mankind.

When in imagination the later group passes before the reviewing stand, the spectators are impressed by the variety of occupations represented and by the greater freedom and steadiness of the marchers. The gay strains produced by the early college groups from the drum, triangle, and the paper-covered comb have come through many stages to the excellent music of the bands of women musicians that enliven the procession. Perhaps this helps to show growth in the ability to work together as well as in a knowledge of music. They move as if accustomed to their varied responsibilities, with an assurance borne of completed experimentation. There is less of the nervous, harassed look that marks the face of her who does everything she possibly can instead of devoting herself to one field of endeavour. There in that coming army, representing all of the so-called learned professions, may be seen more than at present of those who have found that the teachers of boys and girls can subordinate the fatiguing side of the work in their enthusiasm for the opportunity to help mould and develop young lives. They are well dressed and comfortable looking, too, these teacher women, as if their work had come to be appreciated as of real value to the community. We note especially those who are achieving success and distinction in solving the many problems, private and public, in both urban and rural life, relating to homes and the care of children. (A Vassar graduate has just been placed

at the head of the Bureau of Mothers' Pensions in Pennsylvania.) There are all the workers of to-day with much larger groups of architects and interior decorators, public officials, managers of hotels and great stores, dealers in property, inventors (though one cannot clearly read on the badges the names of the inventions), gardeners, in fact representatives of whatever may be done by trained minds in sound bodies. They have learned the wisdom of right living, of conserving their strength and energy for the sake of efficiency, so that employers no longer prefer boys and men because they are more apt to work regularly and endure strain.

As we turn away after the endlessly varied procession, we ask ourselves what it is that makes so many of these women wanted in schools, churches, civic and business life. What power have they in common? It is not training for specific work, for the college does not offer courses that are intended to affect primarily the student's wage-earning capacity, but such as make for her general efficiency as a woman.

In common with all students in good colleges, they have the opportunity to learn to face the truth, to concentrate, to find and weigh facts and evidence, to bring together results into a completed whole, and to present these results in convincing form. But also they gain from the college life and extra-curriculum activities valuable training which is in the opinion of some parents the *essential* good. Many a fond mother has confided to the college office her desire to have her daughter shielded from much study but to be given every chance to enjoy and profit by "the life." And much must be gained by this experience of living in a college community. There is the idea and the practice of democracy where a young woman finds her place on her own merits. She learns in the many-sided student activities to do team work and to coöperate; to respect the rights of others, and even to tolerate patiently their idiosyncrasies. There is a fine element of training in the neces-

sity of meeting regularly certain engagements "in all sorts of weather." Then there is the abundant good fellowship that enriches life, broadens the sympathies, and retards the coming of old age.

All of this tells in the equipment of the young graduate who goes out to take her place as part of the larger and less homogeneous world, and it leads to a vision of work that needs to be done, of a larger life dominated by spiritual values, and to a certain poise that enables the young woman to adjust her forces and ability to a task whether she takes it up from a hatred of idle days and ways, or the insistent claim of self-support, or the spirit of altruistic service. She is apt to feel that with a good foundation of knowledge of principles, she may safely be original in her plans and her building, and that all "work ennobles."

II—THE BUSINESS OF PLAY

By Mathilde Vossler, Director of Recreation, Civic League, Bennington, Vermont

"The business of play—Pouf! only a paradox!" exclaims the Old-Fashioned Moralist with a shrug.

"Not so!" replies the Modern Materialist. "In these advanced days it even pays to play!"

And so it does. More and more are our thoughtful City Fathers coming to realise that it is an economical business policy of civic administration to pay workers to teach their citizens how to play, if for no other reason than as a preventative measure for that very prevalent modern and usually fatal malady of Americanitis. Dry statistics are unnecessary to prove to even the most sceptical about this business of play, that the number of city play-grounds, increasing annually, furnish a vast field for trained workers as well as for a great corps of self-supporting or experience-seeking undergraduate students. But there is a comparatively new field in all-the-year-around recreation work which is beginning to call upon our energetic,

social-spirited, trained college graduates and that is the fascinating field of community development. The task of adequately organising and regulating the leisure time of an entire community, of bringing together old and young, rich and poor, in true democratic fellowship and harmony, and through it all, of inspiring this community of mixed races and varied social traditions with communal loyalty and a civic consciousness may sound like a stupendous undertaking to any prospective Recreation Secretary—but what a field for real social service and accomplishment!

One such a Community is Bennington, Vermont, yea even in conservative New England and the same Bennington of early Revolutionary renown. It enjoys the modern distinction of being the first small town, that is of less than 10,000 inhabitants, to undertake a recreational programme as a remedy for its social conditions.

Six years ago, a young girl coming home from college—and it was Vassar—caught the vision of what might be accomplished. Her first attempt was to produce a pageant of the early history of this town, so rich in colonial tradition. In such a manner all the different elements were brought together in a common appreciation of their community for the first time. Then a Civic League was formed among a group of wide-awake young women, for the purpose of studying local conditions. A survey showed that while the religious and educational phases of the town's life were being cared for by the churches and schools, there was no provision for the physical side. Accordingly a play ground was started for the children in the summer. The next step was to hire an all-the-year-around worker to conduct additional recreation work in the winter. From its modest beginning in 1910 the work of the Bennington Civic League has now grown to large proportions and is receiving recognition as a model system among small towns.

The play ground, which is exceptionally well equipped for the size of the

town, still forms the basis for the summer activities. Base-ball Leagues for men and boys; Tennis Tournaments for girls, boys, and business men; Volley-ball Matches; Track Meets; Children's Parties; Handwork Instruction; Story Telling are some of the activities which are promoted. During the past summer, a handsome concrete pavilion and field house was built in order to increase the scope of activities and make evening work possible.

During the winter gymnasium classes for all the school children are held after school hours. Basket-ball clubs with an inter-community schedule are conducted for high school girls and employed girls. Social Dancing Classes with instruction in the modern dances have been found overwhelmingly popular and they have been important factors in regulating the social life of the village through helping to raise the tone of the public dances as well. Dramatic, First Aid to the Injured, Cooking, and



MISS MARY EMOGENE HAZELTINE, WHO WRITES OF "OPPORTUNITIES FOR COLLEGE WOMEN IN LIBRARY WORK"



DEAN MCCALED OF VASSAR, WHO WRITES OF "A PAGEANT OF COLLEGE WOMEN"

Sewing Classes have all been furthered by the League.

However, the features which have been most productive in cultivating the communal spirit in Bennington have been the Community Celebrations. Every national holiday is observed in a fitting manner by all the population together. Fourth of July, Battle of Bennington Anniversary, and Labour Day lend themselves to an especially patriotic observance. A programme of athletic events keep both old and young busy during the afternoon. Then in the evening the whole populace adjourns to the play ground to hear a band concert and watch the fireworks. There usually is provided some special feature like Industrial Moving Pictures or a Peace Pageant or a Bon-fire. One Labour Day an allegorical festival, written by local talent, was given. The various nationalities entered in America's wake

into the New World where they came seeking Freedom and Happiness. Then Labour entered and spoiled their care-free life, leaving them downcast and over-burdened. Finally, redemption came in the form of the Spirit of Play, who broke the spell of Labour. America then rose and united Labour and Play and all were once more wholesomely happy.

What could be more festive and in keeping with the spirit of the occasion than a Halloween Masquerade Carnival

spectacle. In an open square, which had been appropriately decorated, the band halted and gave a concert for the grown-ups while the youngsters repaired to the playground and gymnasium for refreshments and games. Aside from the enjoyment furnished to both spectators and participants, the affair somehow gives an outlet for all the superfluous energy of youth at this particular season and the town is remarkably free from all acts of rowdyism.

Perhaps the two most anticipated oc-



THE COMMUNITY SLEIGHRIDE

for all the young people of the town? The King and Queen of Halloween Sprites with ghostly retinue, preceded by a mounted cavalcade of Headless Horsemen and various floats and followed by bands of witches, goblins, ghosts, Indians, Black Cats, Mephistopheles, Owls, and so forth, marched down the principal streets to the time of weird music produced by a ghostly band. The streets, illumined by coloured fire and lined on both sides with crowds of gay and laughing spectators together with the gorgeously costumed paraders in the centre, presented a most festive

casions of the year are the annual auto and sleigh rides when all the children in town are provided with a free ride and given refreshments. The sleighs or autos, as the case may be, are donated by generous citizens. Last winter 1,200 children rode in a procession of fifty-two sleighs, headed by the town dignitaries and accompanied by a big brass band. For many children these are the only rides during the year. However, it is just as much of an occasion for those children who may be unfortunate enough to be brought to school each morning by a liveried servant, for what normal child



WEAVERS' DANCE. IN THE FESTIVAL OF PLAY AND LABOUR

is there who could resist the joyous excitement of riding with such a happy throng?

At Christmas Time, especially, the communal fellowship in Bennington seems to crystallise. Last year, when

economic conditions were uncertain, the Civic League was instrumental in uniting various organisations into a Community Giving Christmas. A Christmas Headquarters was established where all the children's letters to Santa Claus



HALLOWEEN GHOST PARADE. (THE CIVIC LEAGUE)



WINDOW LOANED THE PUBLIC LIBRARY FOR A WEEK OF PUBLICITY BY PUBLIC SPIRITED MERCHANTS

were read and investigated. Then the excess of the wealthy was solicited to supply the need of the poor. The following extract from an article in the local paper tells its own story:

In two days the requests for shoes ran well over a hundred. From where would they come? They came in pairs and half dozens from families where they were outgrown, and then from the merchants came whole cases of new ones of assorted sizes. . . . From garrets and trunks came clothing in abundance, a steady stream of it, outgrown but in good condition. . . . Coal and wood were donated by some of the dealers. . . . A farmer came in with a half dozen chickens. . . . Filling the long tables of the Headquarters from end to end were rows upon rows of toys packed closely together. . . . From one generous house came twenty-five pounds of candy and stockings to hold it. This was used up in one day, but the very minute it ran out a thirty pound pail was miraculously supplied from some spontaneous source. It is estimated that if all the things were bought new they would

represent a value of over \$2,000. Over \$300 was expended in money, all of which went for clothing and shoes but \$10. In all 486 children were reached in 183 families.

If there was a single unhappy family in Bennington last Christmas Day it was not the fault of the Santa Claus Committee and its assistants. During the holiday week, parties were held for all the children with a big cotillion for the older people. Then a public Christmas tree, lighted by myriads of coloured lights and bearing aloft the illumined sign, "Love One Another," was erected in the public square. A fitting programme of music and carols was held Christmas afternoon, the whole town attending *en masse*.

The following proclamation, signed by the village president, which was posted about the town to invite the populace to the Christmas tree, perhaps shows the spirit of the season more conclusively than anything else:

For nineteen hundred and fourteen years the spirit of Christmas has increased in the



WINDOW LOANED THE PUBLIC LIBRARY FOR A WEEK OF PUBLICITY BY PUBLIC SPIRITED MERCHANTS

world, breaking the barriers of apathy and misunderstanding and welding closer the hearts of men. Begun in a stable in Palestine, the chorus of joy and thanksgiving has swelled until in no community of the Christian world is the Christmas Spirit voiceless.

In Bennington this year we have special cause to remember the Nativity and to celebrate its inauguration of brotherly love with carols of praise. In a time of great strife and bloodshed, when the significance of Christmas is banished from half the earth, we have found it in abundance in our community and have reached hands of helpfulness across the sea to aid those in distress. To all of our own number for whom Christmas held no promise of happiness we are bringing Christmas cheer. Churches, fraternal organizations, and those of no creed or affiliation are bound closer together in Bennington this year than ever before, through this great spirit of Christmas. It is fitting that at this time we express our com-

mon joy for what we have and what we could give by uniting in songs of thanksgiving.

The whyfor of all this narrative is merely to show what a few college girls have accomplished in one small town. But such accomplishment is within the ability of every earnest and consecrated college graduate. The field for paid workers is a growing one as well as a new one. Each worker may be a pioneer in her own field and map out as constructive a programme as she will, and certainly no more fascinating or worth while line of work is to be found in the whole wide field of social service.

III—OPPORTUNITIES FOR COLLEGE WOMEN IN LIBRARY WORK

By Mary Emogene Hazeltime, Preceptor, Library School of the University of Wisconsin

Library work is newer than teaching and older than social service. Standing

as it does between the social vocations and teaching, the fact that it partakes of the nature of both and is at once both social and educational constitutes its broad appeal. It seems to be characteristically a woman's work, as are so many of the vocations that have grown out of the needs of this new century.

A definite date marks the beginning of the modern library movement, 1876, when the American Library Association

rural library extension, which will eventually place a book in the hands of every farm dweller.

The important factor in this new movement is the librarian, trained for the service, with liberal mind and vision, able to direct affairs, filled with the new spirit of brotherhood, eager to make the world of books serviceable in the lives of people. More than three-fourths of these librarians are women,



THE PUBLIC LIBRARY DEPOSITS BOOKS IN FIRE STATIONS

was organised. The new movement grew rapidly, until now, forty years from its inception, the public library system is as much a matter of course in practically every city as is the public school system. It is supported as willingly and as intelligently by the taxpayers as are the schools, because it is recognised not only as a help to children in forming the reading habit, but also as a continuation school, affording educational opportunities to adults. Further, life in hundreds of villages is made more cosmopolitan because of the public library, while the latest development is

already widely successful in the work, with yet larger opportunities for helpfulness and greater possibilities for professional advancement in the future. What is this field that offers so much to the new woman?

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

There is first, the loud call of the public library. (1) The chief librarian in such cities as Portland, Oregon; Minneapolis; Sioux City, Iowa; Evansville, Indiana; Dayton, Ohio; East Orange, New Jersey; Hartford, Connecticut; Brookline, Massachusetts,



A TYPICAL LIBRARY SCHOOL ROOM



HIGH SCHOOL PUPILS LEARN THE CONNECTION BETWEEN BOOKS AND LESSONS, BOOKS AND LIFE IN A WELL ORGANIZED HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY



SATURDAY MORNING IN THE CHILDREN'S ROOM



TEACHING HIGH SCHOOL PUPILS TO USE BOOKS AS TOOLS

holds a position involving executive and administrative ability of a high order. Her duties include the making and spending of a budget, building up a staff of workers numbering from ten to fifty or more assistants, organising the departments of the library with all their details, and extending the work to a system of branches, with necessary buildings, equipment, and staff. There are few positions for women in the country of greater importance or demanding larger powers and stronger personality than such as these.

(2) The heads of departments in public libraries, such as reference, catalogue, periodical, order, loan, public documents, branches, school coöperation, and so forth, fill responsible positions. Such departments require especially those librarians who have added experience to training, and who excel in technique and in the ability to apply it. Other departments are not less exacting in their requirements, some in scholarship and technique, while others demand administrative ability, or literary appreciation, or a large social consciousness.

(3) The position of children's librarian is one of the most far-reaching of missions. Special training, a thorough knowledge of children's literature, and a genuine love of children and belief in them, are the requirements for entering upon this phase of the work. In the large cities the children's librarian is essentially a social worker, especially in the poorer districts, on the playgrounds, and in the park houses, where library stations are maintained for the children. Through the children's department story-telling has come again into its own, as a link between the child and the book. The demand for children's librarians seems never to be filled—more and more workers are needed to recruit the ranks—and who would hesitate, hearing the call, to be the one to bring the joy of fairies and giants, of heroes and queens, of adventure and romance, of character and achievement, into the lives of boys and girls!

(4) The branch librarian for the city

system holds a position carrying with it the same responsibilities as the librarianship in a small city, though in different combination, and offering opportunity for intelligent activity under the supervision of a wise chief-librarian or superintendent of branches, and calling for team work with others.

(5) The librarian in the small city or in the village secures unusual chances for growth and for the development of initiative. Here is an excellent place for the trained worker to find herself and begin a career.

(6) Librarians must all have assistants, and there are many satisfactory positions, affording again excellent opportunities for inexperienced trained workers with sure promotion on "making good."

THE REFERENCE WORKER

There is in the second place the scholarly appeal of the reference library. (1) A college or university library worker has a most ideal position, either as librarian, cataloguer, head of the reference, serial, order, or other departments, or as general assistant. (2) A normal school librarian or assistant is to be envied since, like the college librarian, she works in a scholarly atmosphere, while (3) the high school librarian is just coming into her own, for these libraries, long latent, or neglected, are now rapidly developing and offering most desirable positions. Here, too, is a new, almost unworked field, with possibilities for original work during the next decade. (4) There is the great field of reference work itself, centering in college and other institutional libraries, in reference departments of city libraries, and in State libraries. This work is the very foundation of some of the greatest libraries of the country, such as The Newberry Library and The John Crerar Library of Chicago, the Wisconsin Historical Library, and The Library of Congress.

In the final analysis probably the strongest appeal of library work is its scholarly, reference side. It demands

the best of preparation, for in places where scholars work or are in training, only those as thoroughly educated and trained can understand and meet their needs. In a high school library, the librarian must be as well fitted for her work as are the teachers for theirs, since their problems are hers.

LIBRARIES AS BUSINESS AIDS

There is in the third place the library in a business house, put in by business men who believe that efficiency and books go hand in hand. The new profession of business librarian, calling loudly to modern women, urges them to train themselves to be ready for calls from mercantile houses, public service corporations, and large engineering companies; from civic departments or business branches of public libraries; from various State and Federal departments, and from mail order houses which often combine a welfare department with the library.

The work in such specialised libraries involves the gathering of material concerning the business, cataloguing, indexing, filing it; indexing and digesting the correspondence and finally—and this is the intent of it all—making this valuable and unusual reference material useful not only to the house, but to its extensive clientèle. Such positions are only now developing and offer great possibilities for the future. Preparation for positions in business libraries involves technical training in cataloguing, indexing, and filing, and some knowledge of the special subject that underlies the business, be it electricity, chemistry, political science, or what you will.

BUILDING NEW LIBRARIES

There is in the fourth place the splendid service of library extension. Almost every State has its official library commission, as it has a tax commission, or a department of education. The library commission advances the cause of libraries among the people and supervises their administration. Since the first State commission in 1890, commission

work has so advanced that it requires skilled and experienced workers. These positions demand a knowledge of library methods, administration, architecture, book wisdom, and the constant tactful use of it all as library promoters, library organisers, library lecturers in charge of travelling libraries, in short as library experts. A commission worker has the State as her field, and serves not only its librarians and library trustees as her patrons, but, through them, the needs of all their patrons.

In library extension the woman worker will find a vocation which will more than any other broaden her outlook; in it she can reach more lives than in almost any other single profession. She carries a book to the remotest resident in an isolated community, helps in running down the most puzzling questions asked in a city library, gives aid to trustees in budget problems, criticises the annual magazine subscription list of the poorly equipped librarian, operates, in fact, a clearing house of human knowledge.

TEACHERS OF LIBRARIANS

There are, in the fifth place, teachers needed for the ten library schools, and for the heads of the apprentice classes in large libraries that train their own assistants. Here is rare opportunity for women with library training and liberal experience who have also teaching ability.

TRAINING

A word further should be added about the training for library work, which is built on the vision, devotion, and ability of its founders. All entering the calling now must be library school graduates or must offer equivalent preparation. In turn the entrance requirements of the schools are rigid as to education and personality. Two are graduate schools (with a course of two years); the others (with a year's course) prefer college graduates, putting their requirements so high that only the exceptional non-college graduate can meet them, and ac-

cepting only those who respond to a high personality test.

As to library salaries, it may be said in general that they are satisfactory, considering that the profession is a new one and has had its way to make. It can be added that salaries are improving and coming to be commensurate with the requirements. Roughly, they range from a minimum of \$720 a year for the inexperienced library school graduate, to \$1,200, \$1,500, even \$2,000 or more for the advanced positions.

The field for women in library work is wide, the opportunity for personal growth and professional advancement almost unlimited. The demand for trained workers is yet, and will continue to be, far greater than the supply. The wonder is that this field has not been discovered by more women, for it embraces not alone books and methods, but business, and social work, and people, and human interests. To enter it means a larger vision for the world, a daily joy in the doing.

WHAT THE DAY'S WORK MEANS TO ME

BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON

I HAVE wondered sometimes what the day really would mean to me if I had not been born with this rotten spot in my brain which almost unceasingly conceives and compels the putting forth of that abnormal product called fiction. As I am not domestic, care little for society save by fits and starts and at long intervals, regard shops merely as the dépôts where necessary articles may be obtained, love clothes only in the abstract (as a part of the shifting beauty and pageantry of life) and hate the recurrent hours I am forced to spend with tailor and dressmaker (for I abominate freaks and dowds), and as I feel no burning desire to reform the world, nor suffer from that form of sub-hysteria which expresses itself in successive fads, I suppose I should have become a sort of combined student and traveller. Of course I might not have taken the same consuming interest in life if I had not been able to write about it, and aimless travelling after novelty that is unrecapturable sometimes palls. No doubt the adventurous streak which has given me a writing career somewhat out of the common, sending me into so many different "fields," would have found some sort of outlet. Perhaps I should have been an explorer, a burglar, a secret service person, an Emma McChesney, a Cora

Pearl, or an I. W. W. I dare not dwell upon the numerous fates from which my writing faculty has snatched me. As a matter of fact the professional writers of even the most thrilling fiction "live" very incidentally indeed; they have little time for anything but work.

I fancy few people without any sort of artistic gift can appreciate just how adventurous within certain limits the artistic career may be—is—and how much intrepidity of spirit it requires after the courage of ignorance and novelty has run its course.

I suppose dramatists have the most harrowing experiences, but even we novelists and writers of tales, which we are able to compose and finish at our leisure, behind locked doors, with no overlordship whatever from too commercial and often ignorant managers and producers, have a thorny path from first to last. Young writers are more than likely to fall into the hands of dishonest publishers (although not now so much as before the organization of the Authors' Society in England and the Authors' League of America; or the critics, who like the rest of the world, are hostile to anything new and strange, dismay them (I gave the critics spasms for years. Now, however, although I have not reformed, they are used to me;

moreover, the number of authors with independent minds is increasing every year).

These conditions, to say nothing of a succession of failures, or half-failures, the haunting vision of a permanently indifferent public, and the cold disapproval of those conservative powers that dominate the courts of all art, have driven many a young writer of talent (to leave the devotees of other arts out of this homily) back to the tranquil shades of private life unless forced by poverty to remain in the inhospitable arena. These, of course, are lacking in the true spirit of adventure, to say nothing of that peculiar form of courage that spurs it; and, in truth, with this lack, they are far better out of the race than in it. There are a hundred and one malignant forces that fight steadily in the pathway of any artist who persists, and they seldom take a rest. To possess a gift of any sort and to exercise it is to excite the antagonism of life itself. Those that survive show a smooth front, but behind is a hedge of thorns decorated profusely with remnants.

Nor does the moment ever come when a writer can say: "Now I can rest on my laurels. I'll go on repeating myself in order to keep my income at par and my name recurrently before the public, but the time has passed for the old effort." That order of cerebration merely means that native inertia has gradually crept ahead of its classic rival, energy, and that the backward slide toward oblivion has begun. No writer in full possession of his powers, and his original ambitions and ideals, ever attempts to fool himself or his public. True, the best he has done may give him a permanent position in his art, but to add to that position or even to maintain it, he must begin life again with every book, feel the same deathless interest and curiosity; and that means fighting until his body dies. (The talents need never die, according to brain experts like Freud, for the brain, unlike the body, improves physiologically with the years, if properly nourished by

unvitiating blood and guarded by regular habits; and if undevastated by a microbous disease.)

Here is the point: It is the fighters that survive, little as the public may see of the battle or even of the scars. Given the strong impulse which forces that mysterious dislocation of particles in the brain to ripen exotic fruit, plus courage and the fighting spirit, and not only can no hostile force or combination of forces crowd an artist out of the race, but, when his spirit of adventure has been thoroughly aroused, and has passed even once through the fiery rain, he welcomes the stimulation of the disappointments, anxieties, enemies, spells of bad luck, attacks malicious and just, and even misses them during the equally inevitable seasons of peace.

In a word any artistic career is one long adventure, mentally and exteriorly. Even the novelist, who, I am inclined to think, has the best of it, owing to the long periods of seclusion he is able to command, and during which he lives the most satisfactory of all lives, that of the imagination; and to his practical immunity from autocratic interference; has all the extrinsic excitement he wants after the book is launched and his publishers are not doing for his latest masterpiece more than mortal publisher ever did before, or the critics are not saying that it is the most significant work that has yet appeared in our literature, or the public manifests a disgusting preference for the simultaneous work of another author heartily despised.

Moreover, there is no question that as soon as an author "arrives" his opportunities of seeing life increase, for he meets hundreds of people, through their own initiative, to whom he would have made no appeal if he had not himself appealed through his printed work to the best in their minds or the worst in their mental vanity box. Phase after phase of life and human nature open up to him as naturally as if he were an explorer preceded by a brass band or runners distributing largesse. Many women fall in love with men authors, no mat-

ter how hideous, and a few men fall in love with certain women writers in spite of the intellectual handicap.

Joking aside, good looks and magnetism are almost as valuable an asset for the woman writer of serious fiction as for the actress. If in addition she has the tact to suppress her secret sense of superiority over any man that walks, she is enabled to delve far more deeply into human nature, receives many more opportunities to study life at first hand, than the typical bluestocking; who, unless phenomenally gifted and blessed with immediate recognition loses courage, if only because compelled to admit to herself that her knowledge of life and of men in particular must be derived from the printed page. A beautiful or fascinating woman born with the group of writing brain-cells may receive terrific blows from life and generally does (for men can hurt like the devil), but I doubt if her work ever shows the sourness and bitter cynicism or the icy aloofness which so often lowers the value of the femininely overlooked.

My advice to women writers whom men stolidly refuse to educate even in the sacred cause of art is to spend a year or two on a newspaper. There, between the city editor, who is human nature unadorned, clever and ruthless reporters bursting with knowledge of life, and the infinite variety of types she will meet in the course of her daily work, she will learn almost as much as if her womanly gifts were able to serve her intellectual. She will get the nonsense knocked out of her vocabulary at the very outset of her career (by the city editor), and learn the first principles of composition while still anonymous. Such an experience is the best possible preparation for any writing career.

Of the real adventure of writing I have barely hinted, so hard is it to formulate. It is of the mind only; intensely, secretively confined within the walls of the brain; active only when the imagination is at work. One begins a novel with a motive (the French word *motif* is better), a character, or characters,

and a *mise-en-scène*, that have been clamouring for some time but are still unformulated, and plunges in; writing anything for days to tone up the mental muscle after its interval of inaction, and to get hold of the characters. Then one begins all over again and simultaneously the adventure begins. If the story is to be a novel, i. e. faithful to life, then, while the writer must be thoroughly familiar with the phase of life he has started out to depict, and the characters that are to illustrate it, still if he pretended to know just what they would do, say three chapters hence, or just how life was to treat them, he would confess himself a mere factorian, advertise himself as second rate, no matter what his charms of style or drama. The novel, like life itself, must be a succession of reactions; all incidents, even those apparently arbitrary, peculiar to the people portrayed. Hence the constant sense of adventure, the expectancy, the apprehension, the intense interest in the characters. It is for this reason that a novel never can have the perfection of form so simple to the expert dramatist, short-story writer, or romanticist. In the novel the subject determines the form, dominates it in fact. Often when a novelist finishes a long and complex book he wonders how on earth he did it, and if he shall ever be able to do it again. He could not, if he attempted to formulate a set of rules. The only hope lies in fitting yourself for your work by a sufficient mastery of material, an infinite patience, plus a love of mental adventure, and then plunge in and let the thing write itself.

All this is a more or less necessary preliminary to "what my day means to me" (as per request by the editor). When I have a book on hand I rarely go out at night, that I may be able to rise early and feel fresh for a long morning of work. Out of this form of work I have always derived more pleasure and satisfaction than from anything else in life. If I do not attempt a more popular form of fiction, or to turn out two or three books a year, it is because I

cannot conceive of anything the increased income could buy that would give me more pleasure than the four or five hours work I put in every morning throughout the greater part of the year; to say nothing of an hour or two in the afternoon when well steamed up. And although I compose very rapidly when fairly started I write every book three times, which alone would preclude more than one long novel every sixteen months or so. The sudden descent of millions would make no difference in my habits, any more than they would have altered my choice of a career at the start; but I shall always be thankful that I was able to develop my literary faculty without the terrible handicap of poverty, with its anxieties, hiatuses, and depletions. When artists survive out of that barbarous experience, which should have disappeared with the eighteenth century, and reach the top, it is not because of the poverty of their youth but in spite of it. Far from being a stimulus, poverty is far more often an extinguisher, and no one can pretend to compute the amount of promising talent that it has held its damnable wake over. I have never been conscious of brain fog in my life, or of paralyzing fear, and this should be the record of every man and woman upon whom any gift, no matter how simple or embryonic at the outset (peculiarly the case with the novelist, who is rarely precocious), has been bestowed. Gifts are entrusted for use not waste, for pleasure not misery. There should be a state fund for all young writers whom a competent committee pronounced worthy of assistance, and they should be staked for at least five years. Why Andrew Carnegie has not applied a few of his spent eighty millions—or is it eight hundred? It is impossible to think in anything but billions since the war began—to this purpose can be explained only by a total lack of imagination in that practical Scotch mind. No gambling with the abstract for him. However, no doubt, it is as well. Half the fun of writing

would be gone if we all had to dedicate for the first five years to Carnegie. What a crop!

Nevertheless, if he ever feels disposed that way I recommend him to the Authors' League for advice. Since sitting at its council board once a week I have become much impressed with the fact that the successful male author, at least, of to-day, is no longer a congenital idiot as regards business. But all these still-young men who look like the managing directors of some highly prosperous corporation, began life with the same disheartening struggle, and represent the survivals. To eliminate the struggle for others is one of the main objects of the League, but a million or two would help the good work along.

Two things that have made my own literary career so adventurous are, first, a perpetual demand in my writing tract for variety, which leads me to take long journeys and dwell in out of the way places for the sake of observing new types and phases of life at first hand; second, a student habit that incites me, with what to most people would seem a disproportionate enthusiasm, to any course of reading for which the *motif* of the new book offers an excuse; and that is one of the greatest of mental adventures: a technical work on copper may be more romantic for the moment than *The Arabian Nights*.

People admire you tremendously when you cross a continent and settle down in a strange place in order that your novel shall be first-rate current history, and exclaim with awe: "My, how you do work!" Little they know that you take any excuse to carry a new idea to a new place and find an entirely new and practically unforeseen set of mental adventures; moreover, you are to have your unborn book all to yourself. Mark Twain once said that it was rubbish to accuse creative writers of "work," that every new book was an orgie. Certainly it is like going off on a honeymoon in which you have everything your own way. It is merely a traditional

commonplace that it takes two to make a honeymoon. The party of the second part is almost sure to spoil it.

Far be it from me to give the impression that I awake at five or thereabouts, leap from my bed, take a cold plunge, and then fly to my writing table with crowding scenes clamouring for instant release. Alas! far from it. First, I hate to get up. Then I read the newspapers as an excuse for delay. Then I take a hot bath and reluctantly dress. Then I glare at the table, answer letters, wander about the house, drink another cup of tea, invent any and every excuse for delay, and all the time subconsciously longing to be at work. The Imp of the Perverse reigns in all of us, and that is the way mine acts. Finally something in this same subconscious region gives me a violent shove and I find myself at work and quite ready to annihilate anybody that should interrupt me.

Before the war I travelled between books, then settled down to write in Europe, or in California, or some new quarter of the United States. This long separation from Europe has taught me that New York offers practically everything in life, and I intend to live in it for the rest of mine, with very brief visits to that Europe which will never be the same to any of us again. To enjoy oneself in it for a generation to come would be an insult to the dead.

During the many hours when I am not at work I amuse myself very well—and steadily refuse to give my left-over energies to reforming anything, from politics to the drama. There are tens of thousands of admirable women giving their best in laudable attempts to reform this stubborn old world; they don't need me, and I wish to heaven they would let me alone. To give a certain amount of our time and thought just now to helping in some way the unfortunates of Europe is a duty no one can ignore; but that is an abnormal as well as a temporary set of conditions that has nothing to do with the ordering of an

artist's life. The reformers of the world don't need us, and we should deserve to fail in the particular art with which nature has aligned us, if we permitted ourselves to be drawn into this or that sociological current no matter how worthy. In fact, if we did yield to all the pressure put upon us as soon as we make a name which people engaged in all sorts of admirable schemes for the improvement of the race, think worth while to annex, together with a few hours daily of our time, we'd slip behind so rapidly in our personal careers that our "names" would soon become negligible, and would be cast aside by these keen-scented leaders in favor of a more conservative and still productive rival. Life is not long enough, or rather the day is not, for the multiplication of your chosen life work by the impositions of passionate faddists. And, out of working hours, I, for one, want relaxation. Work for work's sake does not appeal to me at all. As between an epoch-making suffrage campaign—for instance—and a frivolous hour with clever friends (not high-brows, damn them; they poison you with bad food and talk on stilts), a good play, or even the movies when too languid to read or talk—well, I have yet to campaign; although, heaven knows I'd like to see suffrage triumphant. The women deserve it, and it would be the best thing that ever happened to the world. But when these ardent leaders express indignation with writers for not dropping their work and devoting their energies to The Cause they should reflect that every time a woman achieves an honourable position in any art—or in anything else that commands the attention of the world—she is advancing the cause of woman, and advancing it very definitely. In fact, I should say she did the cause far more good than any five hundred clericals, no matter how efficient, whose work she no doubt would do execrably. So it is wise to leave these women where they belong. Posters are yet to be despised.

THE NEW YORK OF THE NOVELISTS

A NEW PILGRIMAGE

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

PART VI. THE CITY REMOTE AND THE CITY BEYOND

I. SOME SUBURBS OF FICTION

THIS is the season of the year when the composite heroine of the latest novel of New York life bearing the imprint of the Robert W. Chambers-Richard Harding Davis-Rex Beach-Gouverneur Morris-Owen Johnson-Rupert Hughes Company is busy superintending the packing of many trunks. What is going inside those trunks is a matter between the heroine and her maid, and is a subject which no man will have the temerity to attempt to discuss. The composite hero is sending his man out to Ardsley, or Apawamis, for the clubs that have been left in the locker room or in the care of Fergus McDivot, or whatever may be the name of the resident professional. In the course of the next few days there will be much telephoning, telegraphing, and cabling—for reservations by the Seaboard Air Line or the Atlantic Coast Line to Palm Beach, for deck staterooms on the *Saratoga* or some one of the boats of the United Fruit, for accommodations at the Sevilla or Inglaterra of Havana, the Colonial of Nassau, or the Princess or Hamilton of Bermuda. Then the hour will come when the chill dampness of the New York February will be left behind, and the flirtation and intrigue of the world of make-believe will be transported from palm garden to palm grove, from Fifth Avenue and Broadway to the Prado and Malecon, or to the man made jungle that lies between Lake Worth and the ocean, or to the shores of the Bay of Biscayne, or to the winding, limestone roads of the Bermudas. Of course we must not lose sight entirely of another type of New York hero, personified, for example, in "Soapy" of O. Henry's "The Cop and

the Anthem." Very likely several weeks have already passed since "Soapy" was moodily contemplating the brightly lighted plate glass windows and the inviting restaurants of the City of Too Many Caliphs, meditating upon just what violation of the law would insure his deportation to the hospitable purlicues of Blackwell's Island, which was his Palm Beach and Riviera for the winter months. Or of another heroine, Maggie, who works behind the hosiery counter in "The Biggest Store," and whose southern horizon ends at the lake which separates Asbury Park from Ocean Grove.

But the days will pass swiftly. The sun that looks down impartially upon the bay, the Battery, the Bowery, and Broadway, will wax warmer. April will see the line of bric-a-brac-laden, Victrola-record-laden, parasol-laden, golf-club-laden motor cars belonging to the Chambers-Davis-Beach-Morris-Johnson-Hughes Company hero and heroine rolling along the Boston Post Road, or over the Queensborough Bridge, or up the Weehawken grade. This will be the advance guard of the migration to the city beyond. The great estates of fiction, whether they happen to be in the Bernardsville region of New Jersey, or at Tuxedo, or Greenwich, or on Long Island, or capping tall hills that look down upon the Hudson River, will be rolling wide their gates. The stay at home reader will no longer be obliged to send his imagination a thousand miles southward in pursuit of the ladies and gentlemen of his particular favourite novel of the fleeting moment. Once more the tea parties and week end parties of romance will be near at hand.

The outdoor life in its fullest develop-

ment may be regarded as something belonging essentially to our own generation; but the suburb is as old as fiction itself. To confine attention to those books and authors which have been most frequently introduced for purposes of allusion in the course of this series of papers. Before *Oliver Twist* was introduced to the foul alleys about Great Saffron Hill and to Fagin's den he had

passed through Barnet, that suburb to the north of London, and there made the acquaintance of the Artful Dodger. The members of the Pickwick Club were much less at home in Fleet Street or Cornhill than they were in certain delightful inns and fields of the environs. *Barnaby Rudge* is less a tale of the city itself than it is of the May-pole Tavern. What Thackerayan can forget the little



Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York

MRS. LIBERTY. "MADE BY A DAGO AND PRESENTED TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE ON BEHALF OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT FOR THE PURPOSE OF WELCOMING IRISH IMMIGRANTS INTO THE DUTCH CITY OF NEW YORK." O. HENRY'S "THE LADY HIGHER UP"

dinners that the Marquis of Steyne was in the habit of giving at Greenwich, or the evening there when George Warrington scored Sir Barnes Newcome, and the latter changed his opinion of the Vicomte de Florac when he learned that the Frenchman might call himself the Prince of Montcontour if he so wished? The London of Henry Esmond is the

every direction, through every city gate, Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan urged their horses. It was to a monastery at Noisy that D'Artagnan, hunting for Aramis, trailed Bazin; it was to St. Germain that he conveyed the boy king and the Queen mother in the stormy days of the Fronde. It was in the anteroom of the palace at Ver-



Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York

THE CITY OF JOYS, TAWDRY AND SUBLIME. "HE SAW NO LONGER A RABBLE, BUT HIS BROTHERS SEEKING THE IDEAL." O. HENRY'S "BRICKDUST ROW"

heart of the city to-day. But in the last years of Queen Anne it was as much a suburb as Roslyn is in its relation to Manhattan. The duelling ground where Frank Esmond fell by the sword of the ill-omened Mohun entailed a journey from the city proper to the city beyond. The first line of the long series of novels dealing with the musketeers of Dumas introduced a suburb, and throughout the length of *The Three Musketeers*, *Twenty Years After*, and *The Vicomte de Bragelonne*, the old Paris of tortuous streets is subordinate to its environs. In

sailles that he waited on the whim of the king grown to manhood; it was at Rueil that, in company with Porthos, he stumbled upon the treasure catacombs of Mazarin. And no less active than those iron horsemen in the penetration of the outlying districts of Lutetia was the hero of the earlier Valois series, the incomparable Chicot. No matter what his individual period or what the time of which he writes, the Parisian novelist has always heard the call of the green fields that lie beyond the fortifications. For him the springtime Seine winds inviting-

ly by St. Cloud, Malmaison, and Boujival. Take Maupassant. The river was in his blood, and that passion was reflected in countless tales of its moods, its currents, its gayeties, and its ennui. There is a whole book given over to these adventures beyond the wall, *Les Dimanches d'un Bourgeois de Paris*. Daudet's *Sappho* is regarded as a tale of Paris streets and studios, but the greater scenes are played out at Chaville in the little house near the railway station where Jean Gaussin and Fanny Le Grand lived in close proximity to the Hettemas, and in the forest of Bas-Meudon.

II. THE WATER SIDE

While one of the motor cars to which allusion has been made in a previous chapter is waiting before the ferry house at West Forty-second Street and the North River, preparatory to its climb of the Weehawken slope and its journey to Normandy Hill in Morristown, from the incoming boat lurches a character from the pages of O. Henry. His attire—but for the detail let that be left to the pen of Porter. Suffice to say that it is bucolic in the extreme, and



THE FERRY AT WEST FORTY-SECOND STREET. O. HENRY'S "THE POET AND THE PEASANT"

that in the carpet bag in his hand there is a large sum of money. He invites every danger, he courts every pitfall. But the wolves of the city will have none of him, or his wealth. His dress proclaims his rustic simplicity a little too loudly. The roll of bills that he flaunts before the eyes of strangers must be counterfeit. Perhaps he is an agent of Mulberry Street in disguise. At that the make-up is much too thick to be artistic. In the course of a day's wandering he sees a great light. The homespun is discarded and there appears a newcomer, dressed, to the superficial eye at least, like any one of several hundred thousand New Yorkers. But with that transformation vanishes the security that had been born of suspicion.

So no more of the misadventures of Jabez Bulltongue of Locust Valley, Ulster County, who invaded Little Old Noisyville-on-the-Hudson with his corduroys, his wisp of hay, and the nine hundred and fifty dollars that had been his share of grandmother's farm. Doubtless investigation would discover the originals of "Bunco Harry" and of the particular side street grog-



DE WITT CLINTON PARK. O. HENRY'S "VANITY AND SOME SABLES"



IRVING BACHELLER'S HOME IN RIVERSIDE, CONNECTICUT. RIVERSIDE HAS MANY POINTS OF RESEMBLANCE TO THE POINTVIEW OF MR. BACHELLER'S "KEEPING UP WITH LIZZIE" AND "CHARGE IT"

gery where Jabez left his valise for safe-keeping. In a former paper of the series there was allusion to the saloon of "The Lost Blend," an establishment identified from without as one at the corner of Irving Place and Eighteenth Street. For final corroboration the Pilgrim recently ventured within. There, on the sober side of the bar, was, to the life, the white jacketed attendant of the tale. And, like the hero of "The Lost Blend," he answered to the name of "Con." "Do I remember Mr. Porter? Surest thing you know. He told me he had put me into some of his stories. But I ain't never read none of them yet." Later the O. Henry trail will lead to Coney Island; but so far as Manhattan is concerned it ends along the water front. In *Cabbages and Kings* that trail first appeared. There was a picture of two men sitting on a stringer of a North River pier while a steamer from the tropics was unloading bananas and oranges. One of the men was O'Day, who had formerly been with the Columbia Detective Agency. In a moment of depression and confidence he told his

companion of the mistake that had brought him to his unenviable condition, and incidentally cleared up for the reader the mystery that throughout the book had obscured the marriage of Frank Goodwin and the lady known in Coralio as Isabel Guilbert.

At the old Iron Steamboat landing at Twenty-second Street and the North River, a landing which ceased to exist only a few years ago, Tobin ("Tobin's Palm") left the Coney Island boat on which, in the course of an hour's travel, he had encountered so many astonishing adventures. At Twenty-second Street and Ninth Avenue, where he stopped to gaze at the moon over the Elevated Railroad, he fell in with the crooked-nosed man, a meeting that had been mysteriously foreseen by Madame Zozo, the wonderful palmist of the Nile, in her enchanted chicken coop at Dreamland or Luna Park. Over one of the several West Twenty-third Street ferries, bound for the Rocky Mountains ("The Memoirs of a Yellow Dog"), travel the long down trodden but now insurgent husband and the runaway



Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York
THE LIGHT HOUSE AT BARNEGAT. F. HOPKINSON SMITH'S "THE TIDES OF BARNEGAT"

canine, the latter joyfully answering to the name of "Pete," instead of the cloying "Lovey." In "Vanity and Some Sables" there was specific mention of DeWitt Clinton Park, which will be found at Fifty-second Street and the North River. The park was a haunt of Kid Brady and the stove pipe gang. "The Stove Pipe sub-district," O. Henry informs us, "is a narrow and natural extension of the familiar district known as Hell's Kitchen. The Stove Pipe strip of town runs along Eleventh and Twelfth Avenues on the river, and bends a hard and sooty elbow around little, homeless DeWitt Clinton Park."

III. ROADS TO THE NORTH

In diverse ways in the trail lead the roads to the north. There are other allusions before we leave the Island of Manhattan at Spuyten Duyvil to follow the Hudson, or cross into Westchester, or wind along the waters of Long Island Sound. At the corner of Lexington

Avenue and Eighty-first Street there is a modern apartment house. In the year 1868 the site was occupied by a shanty on a stony hill. It was in that shanty that the parents of Joe Blaine of James Oppenheim's *The Nine Tenths* went to live. The health of his father, a Civil War veteran, made a home in the country a necessity, and in that remote land his mother felt that they were making a clearing in the western wilderness. There Joe was born in 1872, and in his boyhood, he saw Yorkville spring up, "a rubber stamp neighbourhood, of which each street was a brownstone duplicate of the next." The years passed, and still Eighty-first Street continued to play its part in Joe's life. In a brownstone boarding-house west of Lexington Avenue he and his mother went to live. Then came the night when in company with Myra Craig he witnessed the terrible fire in the loft building in Eighty-second Street near Second Avenue, the fire which swept away his printery. Some forty blocks farther north, in an

apartment over a drug store at the corner of Lenox Avenue and One Hundred and Eighteenth Street, was the real home of Abe and Rosie Potash, of Mr. Montague Glass's stories. In the play that home was placed in Lexington Avenue.

A New York house had much to do with the writing of Mr. Allen's *A Heroine in Bronze*. The man who has



THE HOUSE IN FIFTY-FOURTH STREET OUT OF WHICH GREW JAMES LANE ALLEN'S "A HEROINE IN BRONZE"

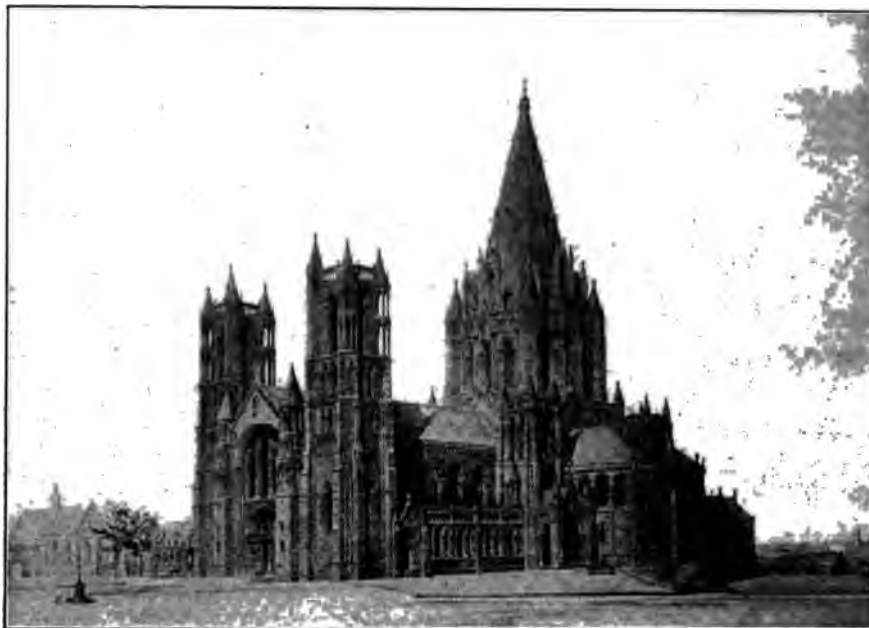
interpreted so vividly the moods of the Kentucky fields, whose birthday has been made a holiday for the school children of the Blue Grass State, has also, of recent years, come to a very intimate knowledge of the city of his adoption. One day, in the course of a walk down Fifth Avenue and into the adjoining side streets, he came upon a house that suggested a story. The house was on West Fifty-fourth Street, nearly opposite the University Club. Again and again Mr. Allen returned to study it, and with every visit the projected tale grew in his brain. At this period, curiously enough, the fact that some material

family inhabited the house, meant nothing to him. That was unimportant and unessential. He was in that mood of creation that had moved Balzac curtly to dismiss discussion of certain Parisians of his time with the remark, "But let us talk of people who really exist, I want to tell you about my Cæsar Birotteau and the perfume he has just invented." In the course of time *A Heroine in Bronze* was finished. Then came the reaction. The author looked upon the house and saw it as an habitation; no longer merely as a part of his story. Perhaps it would be wise to find out who was its owner; who were its inmates. Chance, or, call it the Imp of the Perverse if you will, might have guided his hand. Something in the story might parallel too closely episodes or situations in the lives of those who dwelt in the house. For the first time Mr. Allen learned that the residence was the home of John D. Rockefeller.

Turn to the West. Mr. Allen's new story, *A Cathedral Singer*, introduces the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, "standing there on a high rock under the northern sky above the long wash of the untroubled sea, above the wash of the troubled waves of men"; St. Luke's Hospital, "cathedral of our ruins, of our sufferings, and of our dust, near the cathedral of our souls."

Across the block to the south is situated a shed-like two-story building with dormer-windows and a crumpled, three-sided roof, the studios of the National Academy of Design, and under that low, brittle skylight youth toils over the shapes and colours of the earth's visible vanishing paradise in the shadow of the cathedral which promises an unseen, an eternal one.

At the rear of the cathedral, across the roadway, stands a low stone wall. Beyond the wall the earth sinks down a precipice to a green valley bottom far below. Out here is a rugged slope of rock and verdure and forest growth which brings upon the scene an ancient presence, nature—nature, the Elysian Fields of the art school, the potter's field of the hospital, the harvest field of the church.



Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York
THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE. JAMES LANE ALLEN'S "A CATHEDRAL SINGER"



Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York
MORNINGSIDE PARK. JAMES LANE ALLEN'S "A CATHEDRAL SINGER"

Past the foot of this strip of nature, which fronts the dawn and is called Morningside Park, a thoroughfare stretches northward and southward, level and wide and smooth. Over it the two opposite-moving streams of the city's traffic and travel push headlong. Beyond this thoroughfare an embankment of houses shoves its mass before the eyes, and behind the embankment the city stretches across flats where human beings are as thick as river reeds.

typical "box stoop" house, which suggested to Sinclair Lewis in *The Trail of the Hawk* the striking clan contrast between this quarter and the rest of the city. This section has been described as a kind of "No-Man's Land," in which the inhabitants may be regarded neither as old New Yorkers, nor as the frankly emancipated citizens of Harlem. West End Avenue has been called a social Alsatia, not a swashbuckling, roaring,



FORT WASHINGTON PARK. RUPERT HUGHES'S "EMPTY POCKETS"

Thus within close reach humanity is here; the cathedral, the hospital, the art school, a broad highway along which, with their hearthfires flickering under their tents of stone, camp fire's restless, light-hearted, heavy-hearted Gipsies.

But before Morningside is reached, by turning into one of the side streets of the west eighties you can find the actual structure that moved Will Irwin to the writing of *The House of Mystery*. In one of the nineties, between West End Avenue and Riverside Drive, is the

Bohemian Alsatia like that depicted by Sir Walter Scott, but rather a smug Alsatia into which families have crept as a place of refuge against the time when they will really belong. Beyond is a vast district which is the Bloomsbury or the Clapham Junction, and where the people are the *petites gens* of New York.

But on to the north. In the shadow of the old Jumel Mansion, itself rich in associations with fiction as well as history, are the Polo Grounds, and the tat-

tered vacant lot that was once known as Manhattan Field. Twenty years ago many a short-story writer turned to the latter for a brief description of the annual Yale-Princeton football game that was then held there, and the coaching parade that preceded it. At the Polo Grounds stop for a moment with Harry Leon Wilson's "Bunker Bean" on that eventful afternoon, when, for two hours, while Giants and Pirates clashed in diamond strife, there was no longer a Bean, a Breede, and a Flapper, but "three merged souls in three volatile bodies, three voices that blended in cheers or execration." Farther to the north, keeping along the city's western side, is Fort Washington Park, introduced in Rupert Hughes's *Empty Pockets*. Beyond are what Kipling once called "the Hudson's unkempt banks." But we shall follow that trail only so far as Dobbs Ferry, and that far for the purpose of a word about the house associated with Richard Harding Davis's Royal Macklin and his cousin Beatrice. It was the house in which was bound up so much of Royal's boyhood, and the house to which he returned after the months of storm, and stress, and fever in Honduras. It was there, behind the curtains drawn against the wintry sky, he read Laguerre's cablegram, and in vision saw the swarming harbour of Marseilles, the swaggering Turcos in their scarlet breeches, and from every ship's mast the tri-colour of France. And with that vision he forgot home ties and the affection of those nearest to him. His was the roving, soldier-of-fortune blood of the Macklins, and he had heard the call.

IV. THE COSMOPOLITAN CITY

On the city's eastern brink, overlooking Blackwell's Island and Hunter's Point, is Beekman Place, which the late Henry Harland discovered some twenty years ago, and used in the autobiographical *Grandison Mather*, and in *As It Was Written*, *The Yoke of the Thorah*, *Mrs. Peixada*, and the other tales written under the pen name

of Sidney Lusk. Recently George Bronson-Howard has been re-discovering it, and finding in it a background for some of the scenes of *God's Man*. He enriches it with an additional "c," calling it Beeckman Place, and adorning it with a little square that is not there, a



BEEKMAN PLACE. GEORGE BRONSON-HOWARD'S
"GOD'S MAN"

little imaginary centre square of elm trees surrounded by an iron railing. But there is the river, with its red and green lights at night, and the backyards running down to the water, with landing stages to hook up a boat. And in Beeckman Place, in the tale, is the house of a retired rigging maker, a Londoner, who liked to believe that he was in Wapping Old Stairs, his birthplace—and who, by a little play of the imagination, could see the East India Docks, and the wharves of Rotherhithe and the murky waters of the Thames winding their way towards Graves End.

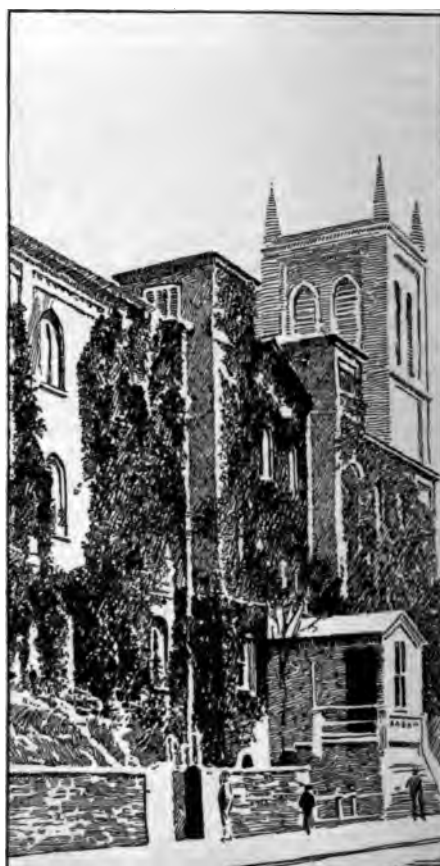
For in the great city there are corners, streets, structures that reflect the cosmopolitanism of New York's human



THE COSMOPOLITAN CITY. PARIS



THE COSMOPOLITAN CITY. VENICE



THE COSMOPOLITAN CITY. LONDON

ingredients. Even complete neighbourhoods that might have been transplanted from Old World cities may here and there be found. There is a legend of a Frenchman, suffering from *nostalgie du pays*, who, on the occasional days of fog, was in the habit of pacing to and fro the length of the Madison Square Garden Arcade that runs along Twenty-sixth Street and Madison Avenue. In fancy he was walking in the Rue de Rivoli. Under one of the arches of the Williamsburg Bridge there is a bit of old Spain. No corner of Havana, of Caracas, or of Mexico City has more the flavour of Seville. Go up to a comparatively modern West Side block in the fifties and you will find the long, vine-covered building shadowed by a beautiful Gothic tower. It is a transplanted section of the older London. Though rather over decorated and embellished with too many carvings, much of the new architecture of upper Broadway and on the Riverside Drive aims to reproduce the effect of the modern Lutetia in the streets about the Arc de Triomphe and the Champs de Mars. In one of the forties, not far from Fifth Avenue, there is a building modelled on a palace of the Grand Canal of Venice. On the Drive Provincial France is seen in a reproduction of the Chateau de Chenonceau, framed by beautiful lawns, overlooking the Hudson. The Italian spirit has been reflected in certain buildings to be found in the neighbourhood of Gramercy Park. Several corners in this section might be set down in the residential parts of Milan without disturbing the picture. On upper West End Avenue complete blocks of houses hold an effect of Antwerp. The New York of squatter occupancy is now nearly a thing of the past, but even to-day one may find an occasional hut on a rock which suggests southwestern Ireland; while in the western part of Greenwich Village, close to the water front, there is a narrow lane, without sidewalks, and paved with rough stones, which to the eye has every aspect of an alley way in London's Whitechapel.

V. MORE ROADS TO THE NORTH

In the early days of his career as a writing man the late F. Hopkinson Smith discovered Laguerre's, "that most delightful of French inns," on the banks of the Bronx, and told of its quaint old world atmosphere in the tales which made up *A Day at Laguerre's and Other Stories*. He went back to it again at the very end of his life, in the last novel that he wrote, the novel



COSMOPOLITAN NEW YORK. A LONDON SLUM

which did not appear in book form until several months after the author's death. The reader who sees the old inn as it is to-day must remember that *Felix O'Day* is a book of the New York of ten years ago. To Laguerre's, for a delightful day's outing, the two old painters of the Studio Building take Felix and Masie. It was a familiar haunt to them; there they often lunched and painted, and on the occasion in question, Sam, being a familiar on the premises, first pre-empted a summer house covered with vines, already tinged by the touches of autumn's fingers, and then insisted in a loud voice on chairs and table cloths.

From Laguerre's find the way somehow over to the Boston Post Road, preferably pursuing the trail to the southeast for a brief glimpse at what little remains of Poe's cottage at Fordham, and then passing the Zoological Gardens and coming to the turn at Pelham Parkway. It was somewhere along here that the young man with the white hair driving his car overtook the boy scout of the Richard Harding Davis story, a chance meeting fraught with worldwide results. Somewhere in the same neighbourhood, though probably on one of the thoroughfares leading to the west, was the sinister road house that played a part in the same author's "The Frame-Up." Crossing the broad stone bridge near the city limits the waters of the bay are seen dancing in the sunshine. They conjure up memories of a tale by Gouverneur Morris called, if the Pilgrim is not mistaken, "A Perfect Gentleman of Pelham Bay." A little farther along the Post Road, on the left hand side, is a road house which was used by George Barr McCutcheon in *The Hollow of Her Hand*. It was a stopping place for certain of the characters on the journey between New York and "Southlook." The original of "Southlook" was the Sara Randall estate on the Sound between Port Chester and Greenwich. The name "Southlook" came from the fact that Mr. McCutcheon, at the time of the writing of *The Hollow of Her Hand* was living in a place known as "Westlook" at Kennebunkport, Maine. Incidentally Booth Tarkington has since spent two or three summers at "Westlook." From Greenwich go back into the Ridges that lie partly in New York and partly in Connecticut and you will find the scenes of Robert W. Chambers's *The Hidden Children*. The exact ridge is not Long Ridge, or High Ridge, but Pound Ridge. As Mr. Chambers is a historian as well as a novelist, everything in the tale has been made as accurate as care could make it. The scene is the scene of Carleton's Raid in the Revolutionary War when the British burned the town

and Major Lockwood's house. In most instances the names used are those of the actual persons of the period. *The Hidden Children* deals not only with the ridges, but also with Bedford, Northcastle, and Stamford. It touches also White Plains, where, by the way, there was laid a court room scene in Gertrude Atherton's *Patience Sparhawk and Her Times*.

Occasionally, in the course of the writing of these papers, the Pilgrim has been hampered rather than helped by those novelists whose trails he is trying to follow. A certain house, or city street, or suburban lane, has been identified as the scene of some particular tale or episode. The author, approached for corroboration, has conceded the shrewdness of the guess. "But," he has at times gone on to say, "perhaps it would be better not to put that down in print. So and so might not like it, or it might get me in trouble at the Trellis Club, or with the Gramercy Park Association, or the Greenwich Village Association." So before saying a word to Mr. Irving Bacheller about the particular town of that author's *Keeping Up with Lizzie* and *Charge It*, the Pilgrim jotted down his guess, basing his deductions on the pages of the printed book. That, he pointed out to Mr. Bacheller, relieved him of any possible charge of indiscretion or violation of confidence. The people of Pointview were the people of any Connecticut shore town in the matters of speech and deportment. As for the human nature of the story, that is pretty much the same everywhere. So the Pilgrim a little belligerently suggests that Pointview is Riverside, Connecticut, or a town very close to it. Chesterville is unquestionably Port Chester, New York, and the Byron Bridge of the tale the Byram Bridge over which the Boston Post Road crosses from the Middle States into New England.

VI. BROOKLYN

The old Wall Street Ferry was more convenient. But it is gone. So some

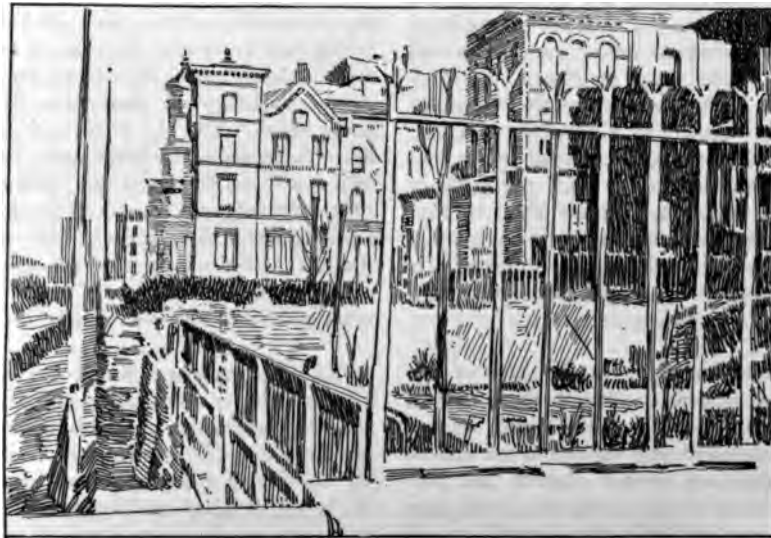
day cross by the Fulton Street Ferry, and, from the Brooklyn end, follow the street that, running southward, parallels the water front. Under foot rough cobblestones, and here and there a sea of mud. To the right great warehouses. Every hundred feet or so long tunnels, most of them arched, through which one catches glimpses of the waters of the East River. On the left smaller warehouses, of a drab colour, the kind of warehouses that one finds on the banks of the Thames. Then a saloon or two, more smaller warehouses, and then a kind of battlement, rising sheer, crested with a garden. For a time the street seems a street not only without an end or a turning, but without intercepting streets. You reach a point where, looking ahead and looking behind as far as the eye can see, there is no perceptible break in the walls that hem it in. It is as if you were to go on forever with no escape save by the retracing of the footsteps. Finally, when you come to the point where it is possible to climb to the heights above, you do so by means of a series of steps that lead up to Montague Terrace.

It was this strange neighbourhood, this contrast between the sordid street



THE GARDENS LOOKING TOWARD THE INNER BAY. ERNEST POOLE'S "THE HARBOUR"

below and the splendid residence above, that stood out with particular vividness in Ernest Poole's *The Harbour*. This series of papers is in no sense critical, yet there can be no harm in pointing out



THE GARDENS FROM MONTAGUE TERRACE. ERNEST POOLE'S "THE HARBOUR"



PIERREPOND PLACE. ERNEST POOLE'S "THE HARBOUR"

the enduring merits of that book—that is of the first half of the book—especially as it reflects as few other novels of New York have done a passing phase of the city's life and manners. And the strange part of it is that to Ernest Poole these scenes to which he laid so definite a claim came to him, not through inheritance, but by reason of a chance discovery. The story of the book is that of a boy to whose eyes the world unfolds in the form of New York harbour as it is seen from that part of Brooklyn known as Columbia Heights. Ever since he could remember he had looked down from the back windows of his home upon a harbour that to him was strange and terrible. He was glad that the house itself was up so high. Its front was on a sedate old street, and within it everything felt safe.

But from the porch at the back of our house you went three steps down to a long, narrow garden—at least the garden seemed long to me—and you walked to the end of the garden and peered through the ivy-covered bars of the fence, as I had done when I was so little that I could barely walk alone, you had the first mighty thrill of

your life. For you found that through a hole in the ivy you could see a shivery distance straight down through the air to a street below. You found that the two iron posts, one at either end of the fence, were warm when you touched them, had holes in the top, had smoke coming out—were chimneys! And slowly it dawned upon your mind that this garden of yours was nothing at all but the roof of a gray old building—which your nurse told you vaguely had been a "warehouse" long ago when the waters of the harbour had come 'way in to the street below. The old "wharves" had been down there, she said. What was a "wharf"? It was a "dock," she told me. And she said that a family of "dockers" lived in the building under our garden. They were all that was left in it now but "old junk." Who was Old Junk, a man or a woman? And what in the world were Dockers?

The composite Richard Harding Davis hero is invariably afflicted with homesickness when in lands remote, and with the wanderlust when he is at home. In the Hotel Continental or the Hotel Villa de France in Tangier he yearns for certain odours and noises of Fourteenth Street, just as Stanley Ortherris

yearned for the sights, and sounds, and smells of the Tottenham Court Road. Listening to the band playing on the Alameda of some Spanish-American city he dreams of the lights of the Rumson Road, or the Hudson as it appears from a house on the top of a hill in Dobbs Ferry. But once back again among the lights of Broadway his thoughts are all of Mediterranean ports and waving palm trees. McWilliams summed up the Davis hero at the end of *Soldiers of Fortune*. "There were three of us," he said to Clay, "and one got shot, and one got married, and the third—? You will grow fat, Clay, and live on Fifth Avenue and wear a high silk hat, and some day when you're sitting in your club you'll read a paragraph in a newspaper with a queer Spanish date-line to it, and this will all come back to you—this heat, and the palms, and the fever, and the days when you lived on plantains and we watched our trestles grow out across the cañons, and you'll be willing to give your hand to sleep in a hammock again, and to feel the sweat running down your back, and you'll want to chuck your gun up against your chin and shoot into a line of men and the policemen won't let you, and your wife won't let you. That's what your giving up. There it is. Take a good look at it. You'll never see it again."

So, too, after Honduranian adventure, Royal Macklin returns to New York, determined to settle down to a useful and monotonous existence. He will become Schwartz and Carboy's Mr. Macklin. Perhaps, in time, he may rise to the importance of calling the local conductors by their familiar names. "Bill, what was the matter with the 8.13 this morning?" But one day he crosses the East River for a visit to the Navy Yard, and returning in the winter evening, makes his way along the Brooklyn water front. Twinkling with thousands of lights. Over the wharves the names of strange and beautiful ports mocked at him from the sheds of the steamship lines. "Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, and the River Plata,"

"Guayaquil, Callao, and Santiago," "Cape Town, Dustan, and Lorenzo Marquez." At one wharf a steamer of the Red D line, just in from La Guayra, is making fast, and Macklin quickly creeps on board. For half an hour, talking Spanish to the captain, smelling the cargo, and sipping Jamaica rum, he is under the Southern Cross, and New York is three thousand miles astern.

VII. THE CITY OF JOYS, TAWDRY AND SUBLIME

"He no longer saw a rabble, but his brothers seeking the ideal." These words, in which O. Henry described the emotions of one Alexander Blinker, millionaire owner of certain New York tenement property known as "Brickdust Row," when, in the company of Florence, who trimmed hats in a millinery shop, he found the soul of the joys, tawdry, tinsel, yet sublime of Coney Island, might well be the epitaph on William Sidney Porter's tomb. It matters not what your station in life may be; or how varied your experiences may have been in the pursuit of adventure and pleasure. Some day, in the warm summer sunshine, make that journey in the company of Mazie, of "A Lick-penny Lover," or of Dennis Carnahan, of "The Greater Coney," or of Tobin, of "Tobin's Palm," and like Blinker, learn a lesson and see a light. From the end of a long pier you cross the gang plank, mount to an upper deck, and seize two camp stools. The boat slides away from her moorings, past the Battery, and out across the Upper Bay. The air is rent by the rival clamour of instrumental music and the voice of the waiter soliciting orders for drinks. To the left is Governor's Island, and to the right the Statue of Liberty. The latter you have contemplated, unmoved, a score of times. But see it now as O. Henry saw it in "The Lady Higher Up," no longer a mere symbol, but a woman, human and humanly envious, passing the time of day with her neighbours, Diana, of the Madison Square Tower. Made by a Dago and pre-

sented to the American people on behalf of the French Government for the purpose of welcoming Irish immigrants into the Dutch city of New York, Miss Liberty has acquired a fine Hibernian brogue, a brogue that for the moment is horsened on account of the peanut hulls left in her throat by the last boatload of tourists from Marietta, Ohio. Hers is a lonesome life, she complains, not to be compared with that of Miss Diana, who has the best job for a statue in the whole town with the Cat Show and the Horse Show, and the military tournaments when the privates "look grand as generals and the generals try to look grand as floor-walkers," and the Sportsman's Show, and above all, the French Ball, "where the original Cohens and the Robert Emmett Sangerbund Society dance the Highland fling with one another."

The Narrows are passed, there is a pleasurable chop to the sea, and soon the boat is made fast beneath the great towers and revolving wheels of the Island. It was on the new Coney that has risen, "like a Phoenix bird" that Dennis Carnahan expatiated ironically. "The old Bowery, where they used to take your tintype by force, and give you knockout drops before having your palm read, is now called the Wall Street of the Island. The wienerwurst stands are required by law to keep a news ticker in them; and the doughnuts are examined every four years by a retired steamboat inspector. The nigger man's head that was used by the old patrons to throw baseballs at is now illegal; and by order of the Police Commissioner the image of a man driving an automobile has been substituted. The reprehensible and degrading resorts that disgraced old Coney are said to be wiped out. The wiping-out process consists, of raising the price from ten cents to twenty-five cents, and having a blonde named Maudie to sell tickets instead of Micky, the Bowery Bite." Something of the flavours of strange cities and seas is there. Else how could Mazie, of "A Lickpenny Lover" have interpreted

the words of Irving Carter as she did? Shores where summer is eternal and the waves are always rippling, grand and lovely palaces and towers full of beautiful pictures and statues, streets of water, elephants of India, temples of the Hindoos and Brahmins, gardens of Japan, camel trains and chariot races of Persia, were in the promise that he held out. And Mazie thought she understood. "A cheap guy, who wanted me to marry him and go down to Coney Island for a wedding tour."

Like Alexander Blinker consider the temples, pagodas, and kiosks of popularised delights. Be trampled, hustled and crowded by the *hoi polloi*. Be bumped by basket parties and have your clothes candied by sticky children. Swallow the cheap cigar smoke blown into your face by insolent youth. Listen to the publicity gentlemen with megaphones, and the hideous blare of a thousand bands. Mingle with the mob, the multitude, the proletariat shrieking, struggling, hurrying, panting, hurling itself in incontinent frenzy, with unabashed abandon, into the ridiculous sham palaces of trumpery and tinsel pleasures. Then see Coney aright—no longer a mass of vulgarities seeking gross joys, but a hundred thousand true idealists. Perceive that though counterfeit and false are the garish joys of those spangled temples, deep under the gilt surface they offer saving and apposite balm and satisfaction to the restless human heart. Find here at least the husk of Romance, the empty but shining casque of Chivalry, the breath-catching though safe-guarded dip and flight of Adventure, the magic carpet that transports you to the realms of Fairyland. See no longer a rabble, but your brothers seeking the ideal.

VIII. THE NEW JERSEY TRAIL

This Pilgrimage has touched the shores of the Hudson, the old Boston Post Road, Westchester, and Long Island. But no discussion of the City Beyond would be complete that did not include New Jersey. "The joke State"

it has been called by its detractors. But a certain King George the Third did not find it so, nor the Hessian mercenaries loaned for the crushing of infant liberties. The War of the Revolution, fomented in New England, was fought out across the breast of New Jersey. Cambridge has her Oak, but Princeton and Trenton had their battles, battles that did so much to turn the tide. Through all the vital years there were the two armies facing each other; the forces of King George in Staten Island and the Jersey lowlands, the Continentals in the hills of the Blue Ridge range. And what history records, is reflected in the historical novels. There are Weir Mitchell's *Hugh Wynne*, and Paul Leicester Ford's *Janice Meredith*, and R. N. Stephen's *Philip Winwood*, and M. Imlay Taylor's *A Yankee Volunteer*, and J. O. Kaler's *Across the Delaware*, and J. A. Altsheler's *In Hostile Red*. Among the juveniles may be mentioned James Barnes's *For King or Country*, and G. A. Henty's *True to the Old Flag*, and E. T. Tomlinson's *Washington's Young Aids*, and *In the Camp of Cornwallis*.

Of the Atlantic Highlands J. Fenimore Cooper wrote in *Water Witch*, and about these Highlands were scenes of a rousing old tale of years ago, Admiral Porter's *Allan Dare* and *Robert le Diable*. To New Jersey the reader must go for the backgrounds of *Rudder Grange* and other of Frank R. Stockton's stories. From the great hotels of Lakewood venture a few miles into the strange country of the "pig people"

which was described by Herman Knickerbocker Vielé in *Myra of the Pines*. To the eastward is Point Pleasant, the Pleasantville of Charles Belmont Davis's *In Another Moment*. For the Natasqua River of the tale read the Manasquan. Northward are the lights along the ocean drive at Long Branch and up the Rumson Road, which Robert Clay pointed out in vision to Hope Langham in Richard Harding Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune*.

Then there is a university town, and a campus of Gothic towers and stately elms, clustering about a long building which was once the largest and most imposing in the Western Hemisphere. That building was there in the pre-revolutionary period in which Booth Tarkington laid his *Cherry*, that whimsical, fantastic tale of the erudite Mr. Sudgeberry, and the ribbons of Miss Sylvia Gray. It was in the heart and mind of Harkless, of *The Gentleman from Indiana*, as he sat on a fence rail and looked back over the seven years of unfulfilment. It was one of the bright memories of Felix Piers, of Stephen French Whitman's *Predetermined*. It stood for days in the life of the hero of Ernest Poole's *The Harbour*, it has stood for days in the lives of heroes of stories of Jesse Lynch Williams, of James Barnes, and of a score more. To the loyal it means the trophied past and a limitless future.

And when in dust these walls are laid
With reverence and awe
Another throng shall breathe our song.
In praise—

THE END

BAYARD TAYLOR: ADVENTURER. BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

In Bayard Taylor the spirit of the New World found a noble prototype; he believed that all things are possible to him who unweariedly seeks and strives. Over the world he was driven by a spirit of adventure which set him free from prejudice. Of the undaunted Taylor who, though often at the end of his resources and suffering from hunger and cold, walked, knapsack on back, through Scotland and England, from Leipzig to Vienna, across the Alps into Italy, to Florence and Rome, from Marseilles to Paris, Hamilton W. Mabie has written in a paper that is to appear in the March BOOKMAN.

SOME NOVELS OF THE MONTH*

BY RUPERT SCOTT

"THE STRANGERS' WEDDING"

WITH his latest novel, *The Strangers' Wedding*, Mr. W. L. George makes secure his claim to be ranked among writers who count. It represents another stride forward, as great as the one which separates *The Second Blooming* from the work he has done before. It also makes secure his claim to be ranked chief among the few writers who really understand that vital and most hampering factor in modern life, the influence of the Infinitely Little. It is something that the novelist who would paint a picture of the individual existences of to-day must absolutely take into account and yet few of them do. The most remarkable thing about the work of Mr. W. L. George is his absolute intimate comprehension of the strangle-hold which the superficialities and unessentials of life have upon the fate, upon not only the body but the very heart and soul of the average woman. That it is true to a certain extent of men's lives also, he has shown in this latest book, for here again it is the Infinitely Little, which looms so large in every day life,

*The Strangers' Wedding. By W. L. George. Boston: Little Brown and Company.

Pelle the Conqueror, the Great Struggle. By Martin Andersen Nexø. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The Boy With Wings. By Berta Ruck (Mrs. Oliver Onions). New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Eve Dorre. By Emily Vielé Strother. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Over Paradise Ridge. By Maria Thompson Daviess. New York and London: Harper and Brothers.

The Bronze Eagle. By Baroness Orczy. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Glorious Rascal. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. New York: John Lane Company.

The Star Rover. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company.

that makes a marriage impossible and comes near to wrecking two lives.

This is the tragedy that Mr. George depicts, only back of it, in this latest book, is something even bigger than in the best of his work before. It is a keener, clearer understanding of social tendencies, of economic conditions which for generations have formed these fettering habits for different classes so that they stare at each other over gulfs of misunderstanding, so that even the primal passion which makes the world go on, which draws man and woman together as sex beings, cannot bridge these gulfs when once its first ecstasy has been spent. There is another little tragedy in this book, too, a lesser one perhaps, but one that is sadly frequent. This is the tragedy of the man who thinks he can make a woman over to his liking just because she has caught his senses in a mesh of passion. He does not realise how deep into the roots of her being tradition and habit have gone, he does not realise how strong in his own life as well as in hers is the baneful influence of the Infinitely Little.

Roger Huncote, son of an officer in the Indian Service, Oxford trained, but sensitive mentally and spiritually in a way that neither his ancestry nor his schooling can explain, plunges too deeply into the pleasures of his class in his first hours of freedom after leaving college. This he hastily concludes to be typical of the life of his class and conceives a violent disgust for his own sort. Joined to this he has an inarticulate, undirected but very warm desire to "serve," to help in some way toward bettering social conditions for those who suffer most from things as they are. He plunges into settlement work, but all too soon becomes aware of the utter futility and the conscious or unconscious hypocrisy of that form of endeavour. His in-

sight has not given him anything else upon which to fix the inchoate gropings of his soul, so he stays on at the settlement. For meanwhile, to his own utter astonishment and somewhat to his disgust, he has fallen fervently in love with the daughter of a washer-woman. As he angrily puts it to himself, in the parlance of her class, "I'm mashed—completely and vulgarly mashed—that's what they call it."

Roger's newly-roused senses struggle with his feelings of social responsibility and he marries Sue Groby. A short dream of violent happiness and a slow awakening to a sense of the impossibility of it all make up the main substance of a book of unusual strength and completeness.

He did not understand, and she could not explain, so they confronted each other full of narrow determinations and dull obstinacies, erecting barriers where they wanted to build level crossings, unable to see each other's point of view because they were not conscious of their own. They were young, not deliciously but deplorably. They were even too young to be ready to give each other a chance to grow up.

Against a rich background full of figures, types or individuals that are clear and alive, the story of these two plays itself out. It is a book of unusual insight, wonderfully comprehending, interpreted in short, snappy sentences that are tantalisingly quotable. So real are the chief protagonists and many of the minor types that we have a slight feeling of disappointment at the unreality of the male and female of their own species to whom Sue and Roger eventually revert. Although this is perhaps the author's real intention: to make Theresa and Bert merely types instead of human beings.

"PELLE THE CONQUEROR"

Every now and then some distinguished work of Scandinavian literature finds its way in our own tongue to our own reading public. This happens in such an isolated fashion that it fails to

give the student of literature who reads only English the opportunity of really gauging the rather surprising development of present day Danish and Norwegian writing. We ought to be thankful, however, for what does happen and not quarrel with the how and when and wherefore. In this spirit we greet the third volume of *Pelle the Conqueror*, by Martin Andersen Nexø, one of the modern Danish writers. A word of sincere thanks is due the publishers for the production, in a translation of remarkable excellence, of a work so big in actual physical scope, so big also in the portrayal of an existence which is typical of thousands of other existences.

The former books have shown Pelle, the hero, as a boy on a farm, or as a youth in a provincial Danish town. This third volume, subtitled *The Great Struggle*, takes him to Copenhagen and plunges him into the depths of poverty which are characteristic of any big modern city of to-day. But the strength of body and the fresh aspiration of mind which are Pelle's inheritance from the freedom of his childhood and youth lead him quickly out of individual drudgery and misery to an active participation in the struggle which is the expression of growing class consciousness. He becomes a labour leader, his fresh enthusiasm and his oratorical ability making him a centre figure around which cluster and clash the longings of thousands. In the midst of it he finds the woman who is his mate and for a time, with that true conservatism which is essentially feminine, Ellen makes him forget the struggle while he revels in domesticity and daily work which provides the wherewithal to keep up the little home over which she presides so well. But his affection for a few individuals who have been kind to him in his unsuccessful days drags Pelle back into the struggle and again he takes the lead, becoming the centre figure in a great strike.

The book is written with that care, that completeness of workmanship, characteristic of modern Danish prose. There is an apparent jumping over im-

portant events to linger on details, a style which has been peculiarly Danish ever since J. P. Jacobsen impressed modern Danish literature with his vivid personality. Yet when we have finished the book we realise that nothing essential has been missed, that the mass of detail has only served to fill in the picture, more completely to add richness to its vivid colouring. The Ark, that weird and wonderful old tenement, is a setting truly Zolaesque, and truly Zolaesque is the description of the characters and the fates of the people who herd there like rabbits. Zola himself might have been proud to acknowledge the authorship of scenes as vivid as that of Hanne's death and the burning of the Ark.

"THE BOY WITH WINGS"

Berta Ruck, who is Mrs. Oliver Onions, has already attracted favourable attention to her self by the books that preceded her latest offering, *The Boy With Wings*. It cannot be truthfully said that this latest book shows any great advance over the excellence of the preceding one. But it is good enough to make us think that some day this writer will give us the really big work of which she seems capable. There is a freshness of presentation, an enthusiasm about life, and a pleasing directness of characterisation in Berta Ruck's work which offset the faults of a lack of proportion, a too great lingering over the unessential, and a misplacing of emphasis shown in all her books.

Aviation, man's conquest of the air, that most fascinating of all modern sports and modern enterprise, forms the background for a charming story of young love. As is natural for an English novel of to-day this story of man's greatest material advance glides naturally into the great shadow thrown by the world-catastrophe which has proved man's utter lack of spiritual advance, the present war. Gwenna Williams, a little Welsh girl, as delightfully lovable a heroine as any recent novel can show, falls in love with aviation and an aviator

at the same time. So completely is her attitude toward both mingled in her heart and soul that the reader does not know, any more than does Gwenna herself, whether she loves Paul because he is an Air-Man or whether she loves flying because it is Paul's business. The glory of young love in a young heart blends itself perfectly with that glorious thrill that comes to any imaginative soul when for the first time it sees through its eye-windows what seemed a prosaic ugly thing of canvas and steel suddenly leave the ground and soar aloft, becoming the soul of man cleaving the upper spaces. Beautifully indeed, are these two mixed and mingled. It is the best thing in the book, this description of Gwenna's love for the man and her delight in the life that is his. It is so good a thing that we can forgive the faults of the book for its sake. Also Gwenna is so deliciously feminine without being in the least saccharine. The plain facts of the story are very simple although ending in a tragedy which of itself is unusual although quite feasible. Gwenna has come to London from her Welsh village among the mountains, with a little income and a large enthusiasm for life. She takes an engagement as stenographer and typist, leaving it for a more fascinating one as secretary to the Aeroplane Lady, the head of an air-craft factory. But before this, Gwenna has already met Paul Dampier, the young aviator who has completely won her heart. It would be a simple little love story, the old story which is delightfully new to those living it out, did it not come about in the summer of 1914. The breaking out of the war forces them into a hasty marriage, but even then Paul is called away from the very altar. He comes back for a short honeymoon. The consummation of their love is so dear to Gwenna that she refuses to be parted from him again even against his own wishes. She takes his mechanician's place in his own new machine and together a hostile bullet ends their lives as the P. D. Q., Paul's other love, the plane which was his own dream, sinks

slowly into the waters of the English Channel.

It is a great pity that the writer spoiled the wonderful effect of this close by some quite unnecessary chapters which serve to bring a secondary love story to a satisfactory finish. They come as an anti-climax and point anew a lack of proportion which is a disappointment amid so much evident ability.

"EVE DORRE"

Eve Dorre is a disappointment. Of course we must admit that the extensive advertisement which has been given this book, the wide heralding of its "simplicity," would prove a heavy load for any story to carry. We all know the feeling we have when the heroine of a book or a play keeps insisting on her own simplicity and innocence. It is this feeling that the reading of *Eve Dorre* gives even a sincere critic who comes to it with the best of intentions. It talks itself, and its publishers talk for it, so frequently and so loudly about its artlessness, its innocence, and about the sweetness and the simplicity of its heroine, who is telling the story of her own life, that very little in it rings true. It does not convince somehow, it all seems laboured and heavy.

There are some moments in the early chapters, telling of Eve's childish amusements amid a happy-go-lucky sort of life, the description of her pets and her independence that are very charming, but they do not mitigate the disappointment with which the book as a whole fills us. The picture of Mrs. Dorre, her beauty, her vigour, her careless enjoyment of life and her dominant personality overshadowing in its selfishness even her love for her own children, is well drawn. So well drawn is it in fact that it might well be a portrait. But we feel also that this portrait has been cramped and distorted to fit it into the exigencies of a story in which another woman must fill the foreground. The result is that while we can see and feel Mrs. Dorre's personality as if we knew her in life, we do not feel in the least convinced that a

woman of this character, a woman of such abounding vigour who yet filled her life with nothing but amusements and pleasures, spending her leisure hours curled up on the sofa smoking cigarettes—a woman, in a word, who lived an absolutely animal existence—we cannot believe that such a woman would go through twenty years of widowhood, her most vigorous years of womanhood, without love. This tax on our credulity makes the whole early part of the story unconvincing.

Another thing which somehow makes it unconvincing is the attempt to connect it up with the present European war. If the story of *Eve Dorre* is to be merely, as its writer apparently intends it to be, the simple story of a woman's life, the development of a simple heart and mind through unusual surroundings in youth into a simple womanhood of conjugal and maternal affection—if it is to be this alone then it should have been placed anywhere at any time. It gives us a sort of jump when we really begin to lose ourselves in the story to find out that all these idyllic things happen right now. Again a lack of proportion that spoiled a painstaking even if unconvincing book.

"OVER PARADISE RIDGE"

Over Paradise Ridge does not deviate in any way from the unfailing recipe used by Maria Thompson Daviess in concocting her annual dish of fiction. But into this year's offering she has put something more of realness other than the mere superficial appeal, something fundamental that somehow makes us glad to enjoy the simple fare. Possibly it is because there is in this book a more intimate connection between the pleasant people, who are quite like what old-fashion story-book people ought to be, in Harpeth Valley, and the primal toil of tilling the soil and wresting from nature's heart her richness, than in any of the books before. This book is not merely the story of a charming and of course exquisitely beautiful young heroine with whom every male creature in

the book is in love—this is the usual Daviess recipe. It is also the story of a man who gave up his aspirations toward professional or business life and went back to farming, because he had to, but because also he was big enough to make the best of it and to realise that there is something wonderfully beautiful and inspiring in the primitive labour upon which the whole modern structure of civilisation rests.

This feeling which Sam Crittenden is able to express by reason of his developed mentality gives a deeper tone to the apparent superficiality of the book and makes its surface sweetness the sort of sweetness that one can enjoy without being ashamed of it. Betty's fondness for digging in the dirt no matter how muddy it makes her Paris clothes, redeems her from the impeachability of tidiness and attractiveness which has always been the worst fault of the Daviess heroine. There are, of course, as always, several very charming other men in this book and one of them is a poet and playwright who writes a really great play which is so fundamentally great that we mildly wonder at its being able to become a New York success. There are also one or two "grand old men," and one or two comic old men who say quotable things. One of them is the veterinary, Dr. Chubb, who is so pleased with his first ride in an automobile that he becomes a convert at once to modernity.

"Well, 'fore I die, I've saw a horse with steel innards and rid it," remarked the old doctor. "Machines is jest the common sense of God Almighty made up by men, 'stead er animals made up by Hisself."

There are a number of other quotable things in this book, but the reader is advised to seek them out for himself or herself. The book will afford a pleasant hour upon which we can look back with no regret.

"THE BRONZE EAGLE"

The usual combination of Walter Scott and Ouida which we are accus-

tomed to find over the signature of the Baroness Orczy is offered again in all its thrills in her newest book, *The Bronze Eagle*. It is a story of the Hundred Days, the short and exciting period that ended Napoleon's career. It takes up the adventures of *The Scarlet Pimpernel* and carries them on in France, in that whirl of madness that we now look back on as the period between Elba and Waterloo.

Of course there is a beautiful heroine, and of course she is beloved of three men, all young, all handsome, all quite the proper thing in heroes. And of course one of them is the villain, the other the disappointing hero who turns out a coward, and the third the inarticulate, noble soul, the strong, silent man who stands back, suffers, and loves, to win out at the end. And, of course, as is quite proper, he is an Englishman. Furthermore, it adds spice to a story, as long as it is this kind of a story, to find him although he is a gentleman talking of himself as "merely a tradesman," and being treated as such by the proud and haughty family of impoverished noblemen who surround Crystal de Chambray, the exquisite heroine.

Bobby Clyffurde—we do not learn where he gets that un-English name—is everything that the English hero of such a novel ought to be. But we wonder at the writer's great bravery, in the light of present events, at daring, in a book for English readers, to make one of her handsome Frenchmen really quite caddish and the other extremely selfish. It is quite unbrotherly—or perhaps we should say unsisterly in her case. However, both Victor de Marmont, the rich parvenu of the Napoleonic régime, and the Marquis Maurice de St. Genis of sixteen Royalist quarterings, are adorably handsome as a man apparently had to be if he would aspire to the love and the hand of Crystal de Chambray.

But in spite of all this superficiality, in spite of a style which is not antique enough to be interesting and never was convincing, there is a swing and a dash about this book which makes it possible

even for a modern-minded reader to finish it with a certain amount of enjoyment. He may not enjoy its kind but he must acknowledge that it is good of its kind. And the breathless rush and hurry of those days when once more one of the great personalities of history was enabled to make his impress upon the life of Europe are well interpreted. We feel the last revival of Napoleonic grandeur as vigorous and strong as is the last arousing of life in a consumptive before the moment of death. And we feel all the hours of that day on the field of Waterloo so vividly that we cannot help contrasting the battles of that time, when the individual's strength of body and mind really counted, with what is going on to-day over the same ground, where nothing counts except mathematics and patience to endure hardship. So that the Baroness Orczy can make even a modern reader think, which counts one to her credit.

"THE GLORIOUS RASCAL"

The attempt of most writers to reproduce for readers of to-day an age that is gone is rendered futile by the use of modern language. If we would feel ourselves transported not only superficially but spiritually into the past we must be able to think, as near as is possible, in terms of the thought of that day. A slavish imitation of period-language is just as bad as a slavish imitation of period-style in furniture, but we must get the essence, the spirit in either if the picture is to charm and to make us forget what awaits us when we pass the door of the room or when we close the book.

It is one of the great merits of Justin Huntley McCarthy that he has been able to do the thing. He has been able to reproduce in language quite comprehensible to readers of to-day all the charm and all the quaintness of a past age, so that we experience the harmonious sensation we must feel in a room which reproduces a period really well. The latest book *The Glorious Rascal*, is no exception. We go still further

back in the life of François Villon, in fact, we go as far back as François himself goes, beginning with his earliest childhood memory. From that first picture of the white fields outside the straggling street on the edge of the city, over which crawled the little black spots which the baby took to be cats but which the mother knew to be famished wolves on the wait for the straggler or delayed traveller, we follow through a succession of pictures of unvarying charm.

François as baby, François as boy going out himself for his fortune and finding it in the person of a relative hitherto unknown but sufficiently rich to afford him food and clothing and an education, lead up naturally to François, the youth, the impertinent page, ever ready with a verse or a lie. And the verse or the lie are as ready for another's service as they are for his own. It is his gratitude to the great nobleman Sire d'Estouteville who had made him his favourite page, that first brings François to the notice of the beautiful Lady Ambroise de Loré, who became his own calf love and the bright angel of all his dreams even though he dragged these dreams through the mire of debauch. He wins the Lady for his master and remains worshipful. Into this story comes the other one of a baby found in the snow on the night of the wolves, the night of François's first recollection. This baby was his childhood companion until little Huguette was taken away by her drunken foster-father. François finds her again as a dancer and strolling player hanging on the fringes of country fairs. Her resemblance to the Lady Ambroise plays an important part in the love story of this charming damsel and leads afterward to François's discovery of Huguette's real parentage.

All these facts and incidents are but a part of the general charm of a picture, or we might say of a poem which is of itself so pleasing that we linger over its words caring very little what their sense may be, so delighted are we with their sound. They have all the wholesome coarseness of that time, all

the rough-and-tumble humanity of a day when even those who wore velvet and ermine lived amid surroundings that would seem unendurably primitive to many of the socially humble of to-day. The thing is so complete that it is difficult even to find a line or a paragraph to quote. To be appreciated it must be enjoyed as a whole, and enjoyed it will be by all who read it.

"THE STAR ROVER"

The Star Rover is a new and interesting phase in Jack London's development, even if it does not offer a new theme in fiction. The following of the soul of a man through various physical incarnations has been done before and even in the treatment given it here there is just a hint of a well-known Kipling story. But there is a freshness about the doing of it which means true originality and a glamour and power in the writing which proves, to the satisfaction of his real admirers, that Jack London's pen has not grown weak.

The scope of the book is so big, there is such a bewildering mass of material gathered between its covers that it takes true art to leave several striking pictures in the reader's mind as he thinks it over later, and the myriad-figured canvas shrinks to its true proportion. Darrell Standing, a professor of Agronomics in California, murders a fellow professor and is sentenced to San Quentin for life. It is as a life prisoner, confined in a solitary cell and forced for days at a time to endure the torture of the strait-jacket, that Darrell Standing first introduces himself to us and tells us his wonderful story. Part of this story is a terrific arraignment of prison conditions in general and conditions in San Quentin in particular. And this part of the story would of itself undoubtedly make a sensation and call out much discussion, were it not that the American public and even American officials do not take Jack London the reformer, as

seriously as they take Jack London the story-teller.

Professor Standing, on a hint from a fellow prisoner, learns the trick of the Eastern fakirs in bringing about an actual death of the body under suffering while the mind goes free. While in the strait-jacket he calls up this simulacrum of death and his mind wanders back over former lives throughout the ages of civilisation and back beyond into prehistoric days, and further than the thought of any man except of him who has the poet's soul can range. Single lives, and lives typical of millions, are thrown up on the waves of incident to fall again into the thundering surf of the ages. Death in many forms, work of many kinds, joy of creating, joy of conquering man and element, and above all man's joy in woman, run like twisted threads through the web of this stupendous tale. Red, yellow, black and grey, purple and blue, are the twisted threads, but golden is the thread of love, golden the consciousness of what woman means to man. She cannot rise to the stars as he can, so the dreamer claims, her feet are ever earth-bound, . . .

She is close to the immediate and knows only the need of instant things . . . and yet, such is our alchemy compounded of the ages, woman works magic in our dreams and in our veins, so that more than dreams and far visions and the blood of life itself is woman to us, who as lovers truly say is more than the world. . . . Sometimes I think that the story of man is the story of the love of woman . . .

And yet in spite of its differing treatment the true theme of this book shows that Jack London's evolution is more an outer evolution than an inner one. It is still in his mind the blond superman who is supreme, who is a master of men, who even though he goes through the world in "unwise uncaringness" writes his name large on the tale of the centuries.

THE ESSAY RENASCENT

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

THE mere fact of the publishing of this baker's dozen of essays, the mere material body of them—which does not include all of those that have appeared during the last few weeks—that alone is a significant comment upon the rapid growth in America during recent years of interest in literature. A dozen years ago hardly an American publisher but would balk at the idea of bringing out a volume of essays. They said, one and all, that the American public was not interested in that form of literature and could not be persuaded to buy such books. Evidently the American public has either changed or developed its mind; or perhaps, like Mark Twain, having a great deal of mind it took it a long time to make it all up, and so when it finally decided to read essays it needed a good many to satisfy its delayed appetite.

Perhaps also the nature of the American essay has had something to do with its welcome. For it is indeed an essay "renascent," an old form baptised deep in the waters of the American spirit and coming up in a rebirth that gives to it new and vigorous life. It has been infused with the spirit of democracy and its voice is no longer addressed to the cultured, leisurely few, but to the man in the street, to all and sundry, and its discourse is of the life, the thought and the activities known to us all.

The English essay, especially in more recent years, except when it has been written by a few choice spirits, has been singularly aloof from the daily business of living. It has liked to deal with its subjects in leisurely, imaginative style. Its author has been prone to take his readers into still, secluded back waters of life and, shipping his oars, let their boat drift as it would while he mused and dreamed and prattled from one subject to another.

The American essay has changed all this. Whether it deals with literary criticism, with phases of life, with abstract matters, it is brisk and practical. It does little musing and less dreaming and if it prattles too much it gets no readers. Its author is either bodily or mentally or both in the midst of the busiest currents of life and he makes no pretense that he is sitting off by himself in large and gracious leisure. It is this fact, I think, that has given to the American essay its rebirth and its present promise of vigorous development. It has become a true voice speaking out of our daily lives about the matters that are of moment to us all.

"THE BREATH OF LIFE"

The dozen essays collected into this volume shows Mr. Burroughs—may we not call him Dean of American Essayists?—in characteristic mood as the man of letters gifted with both observation and imagination, whose mental processes are those of literature and philosophy, but whose interests are strongly scientific. He diagnoses his own case with accuracy when he says in his preface: "I am forced to conclude that my passion for all open-air life, though tinged and stimulated by science, is not a passion for pure science but for literature and philosophy." So when he addresses himself, as he does in all these essays, to the problem of the origin of life it goes without saying that the result will be as interesting and as satisfying to the lover of the art of words as to the inquirer after scientific truths.

Delightful reading these papers are, and at the same time they present a collocation of the views of modern scientists upon how life came into being. The mechanists and the vitalists, Mr. Burroughs marshalls them all together, quotes, compares, discusses and, by the

time he has brought his reader to the last page, he has presented a fairly complete exposition of the essential contentions of almost every prominent philosopher or scientist who during recent years has investigated and discussed this problem. And always one gets the literary touch, the instinct of the literary man to state things aptly and imaginatively. For instance: "Biological science has hunted the secret of vitality like a detective, and it has done some famous work; but it has not yet unraveled the mystery." In the essay entitled "A Bird of Passage" there is beautiful but at the same time exquisitely simple exposition of the small part that life, all vital existence, plays in the total scheme of things.

The volume comprises the ripest thought that Mr. Burroughs has evolved out of his long years of study and observation. And the way in which he has applied it to the contemplation of that ever fascinating question of whence have we come exemplifies our practical and serious use of the essay.

"ARISTOCRACY AND JUSTICE"

Previous volumes of Mr. More's "Shelburne Essays" have dealt for the most part, with literary matters. But in the eight essays that comprise this "Ninth Series" he is concerned with vital questions of modern life that affect the very basis of civilisation. His own

The Breath of Life. By John Burroughs. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Aristocracy and Justice. Shelburne Essays. Ninth Series. By Paul Elmer More. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Escape and Other Essays. By Arthur Christopher Benson. New York: The Century Company.

Vanishing Roads and Other Essays. By Richard Le Gallienne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Six French Poets. By Amy Lowell. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Greek Genius and Other Essays. By John Jay Chapman. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

More Jonathan Papers. By Elizabeth Woodbridge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

philosophy concerning those questions is definite, assured and deeply rooted. There is no manner of doubt in his mind as to its ability to face mankind in the right direction and keep it on the right track. One may not agree with Mr. More's philosophy which, in general, predicates the desirability of a leaders' class in public affairs and social direction, men of understanding and education who would rise to that eminence by virtue of their own fitness and who would stand together for the saving of society against the waves of popular clamour, ignorance and emotionalism—the elect against democracy. But, whether or not one holds with him, his closely reasoned argument, always lucid and graceful, is well worth reading for the sake of its intellectual stimulus. When current opinion sets strongly in one direction it is always a good mental exercise, and exercise almost essential to sound mental health, to swim against it now and then.

Some of the essays, such as those entitled "Natural Aristocracy," "Justice," "Property and Law," "Academic Leadership" deal with the nature of justice and of social progress and consider how these can be best obtained. "The New Morality" and "The Philosophy of the War" are keenly critical of that unquestioning acceptance of certain humanitarian ideas which he thinks modern society is prone to develop illogically and carry to an extreme.

Incense and Iconoclasm. By Charles Leonard Moore. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Ways of Woman. By Ida M. Tarbell. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Journeys to Bagdad. By Charles S. Brooks. Illustrated with Original Woodcuts by Allen Lewis. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press.

Just Human. By Frank Crane. New York: John Lane Company.

Riverside Uplift Series. Eight Titles. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Moral Obligation to be Intelligent and Other Essays. By John Erskine. New York: Duffield and Company.

"ESCAPE AND OTHER ESSAYS"

Personality one finds in Mr. Benson's collection of essays, an engaging quality that is quite unique and literary charm in marked degree. And also one could not wish for a better, more illuminating illustration than it gives of the distinction I have insisted upon in the introduction to this article between American and English essays. Mr. Benson writes about "Charm," "Sunset," "Villages," "Dreams," "Schooldays," "Authorship," and other subjects similarly withdrawn from the moil and toil of every day life. His method is to start in with some casual observation or comment which leads him on to farther consideration and, one thing suggesting another, he presently is far afield and perhaps dipping rather deeply into one or another phase of philosophy or absorbed in keen and discriminating literary criticism. Each essay is like a delightful after-dinner monologue amid surroundings that charm and dispose to pleasant meditation, with curtains closely drawn to shut out all interrupting thought messengers from the striving and struggling world outside. Mr. Benson explains in his introduction that the essays were written in those days of peace before the war that seem so long ago, but that he sends them forth now in the conviction that it is wise and wholesome to turn our thoughts sometimes away from the horrors and grim conflicts of the present to the ideals and mental habits of times of peace. But he adds that he does not mean by peace "an indolent life, lost in gentle reveries." "I mean," he says, "hard daily work, and mutual understanding, and lavish help, and the effort to reassure and console and uplift." He believes that even in times of peace there is "much fighting to be done," that peace should have plenty of its own conflicts—"conflicts against crime and disease and selfishness and greediness and cruelty."

"VANISHING ROADS"

It is very fitting—almost uncannily fitting—that Mr. Le Gallienne, who was born and lived his early life in Eng-

land and has spent the years of his literary career in the United States, should unite both English and American characteristics in the method and the manner of his essays. Like Mr. Benson, he is prone to make each paper a little journey upon which he starts in the most casual way imaginable, but in the course of which he is sure to visit unexpected countries of thought and imagination. It may land him, it is true, in lush and languorous fields of sentimental revery. But also it may take him into a virile discussion of "The Psychology of Gossip," glowing with righteous, wrathful scorn but never losing his customary grace of style and richness of background. Or the journey may bring the reader face to face with a poetic, romantic appreciation of the modern woman, compact of lovely images, fervid imagination, beatific rapture. Or journey's end may be a place like the paper on Walter Pater, a piece of that keenly analytic, richly furnished, illuminated literary criticism which comes near to being the best of all Mr. Le Gallienne's prose literary product. In "A Modern Saint Francis" he gives character value and episodic interest to the growing modern feeling about the slaughter of animals, while in "Bulls in China Shops," giving himself a start by means of some comments on the New York police, he advances to the voicing of some profound insight into the needs and manifestations of human nature and, also, of some curiously narrow and tory-fied views as to the desirable limitations to be put upon human interests and activities. But Mr. Le Gallienne's essays are, for the most part, characteristically American in that they rarely lose sight of the actual daily interests of his fellow-men. Even in their most imaginative moments they are not aloof from life. In intention, in feeling, in allusion they are constantly in touch with its swift and throbbing currents.

"SIX FRENCH POETS"

Amy Lowell's half dozen critical and biographical essays carry all through

them the signs of their genesis. Originally, she explains, they were delivered as lectures—they seem rather to have been informal talks—and she has retained throughout an unconventional, often colloquial, style of expression which gives to the whole work a surprising and somewhat puzzling air, so different is it from the more formal manner which has always been the hallmark of the essay. But perhaps Miss Lowell's purpose was to make the critical essay more democratic in manner and tone and to take from it all suggestion of being meant for the consumption of the elect of letters.

The six poets with whom she deals are Emile Verhaeren, whom she includes because, although a Belgian, he writes in French, Albert Samain, Remy de Goncourt, Henri de Regnier, Francis Jammes and Paul Fort. Her method is, after a brief introduction of the individual, to tell the story of his life and work, chronologically noting his achievements and quoting from and commenting upon his publications, thus carrying along the critical account of his career against a background of biographical outline. The quotations, which are quite copious, are in the original, but translations into English prose by the author are included in an appendix. Another appendix contains bibliographies of the works of each author and of books about him. Miss Lowell's critical discussion of her subjects is truly milk for babes; but she forestalls adverse criticism by disclaiming any attempt at exhaustive critical analysis and says that she has rather aimed at being suggestive and has tried merely to start on their way those who wish to know something of the poetic product of an era in France which the war has brought to an end.

"GREEK GENIUS"

Strongly marked in Mr. Chapman's essays is that characteristic shrewdness of the American intelligence which leads it straight to the heart of a matter and causes it to ask not, is this beautiful, is

this interesting, but, is it true and will it work. He begins with a series of essays which, starting from a general consideration of Greek genius, advance through studies of Euripides and characteristics of the Greek drama to critical examination, not at all complimentary in some of its conclusions, of German and English scholarship in Greek literature and life. This leads him to a comparison of Greek and Shakespearean drama, whence he proceeds to another series of essays dealing with Shakespeare's genius and influence and certain of his works. These, of course, have special interest just now in view of the Shakespeare tercentennial celebration and the revival of interest in Shakespearean literature. A long critical paper upon Balzac is wide ranging, rich in allusion, keen and discriminating in insight and shows that sturdy American common sense which demands that even the flights of imagination shall pay toll at the gates of human experience. A series of short essays under the general title "*La Vie Parisienne*" is staunchly American in its merciless dissection of those who travel or live abroad shamming a culture they do not possess.

Mr. Chapman writes with the ease, ability and force of the large-viewed thinker who has at his command the fruits of wide and varied study of books and of the world. He is tolerant of everything but sham and untruth and self-deception and at these he never loses a chance to jibe with good-natured and often brilliant irony.

"MORE JONATHAN PAPERS"

When *Jonathan Papers* was published three or four years ago it attracted at once the attention of the discriminating because of the breezy sanity of its philosophy, its pungent out-doorsiness, the puck-like spirit of fun that dodged in and out of its pages and the poetic appreciation of the beauty of nature with which it was permeated. This new collection of essays hardly equals the first in consequence, although it is, perhaps, even more entertaining.

Its quality is lighter, it is more concerned with frivolous affairs, its humours and fantasies skim lightsofely on gossamer wings. The nine essays are concerned with the doings of "Jonathan" and his wife—it is the wife who writes the narrative—when they go in the early spring to the New England farm where they stay until the late fall. But, although they seem to be engaged in doing real things upon this farm, it is their avocations about which she chiefly writes, the things they do when they are on personal enjoyment bent. She has also a delightful pen, full of humorous quirks and delicious little audacities, when she tells about their respective foibles. When she grows more serious she writes with sentiment, imagination and often with poetic feeling. And she has a magic touch in the translating into cold print of the lure of the out-doors.

"INCENSE AND ICONOCLASM"

The sub-title, "Studies in Literature," of Mr. Moore's book proclaims it to be devoted to the critical examination of products of the pen while its main title hints that the author intends both to praise and to blame. At once in these essays one feels the American mind at work with its characteristic directness and singleness of eye. The articles are all short, the three hundred and forty pages containing nearly forty titles, and in every one the author speaks his thought without excess verbiage, divagations into adjacent fields or interludes of imagination. Each one is packed with ideas so incitingly set forth that they arouse quick response of either agreement or dissent in the reader's mind. One may be, for instance, thoroughly skeptical as to the spirit of Napoleon and hence the fate of nations and the trend of civilisation having been much influenced by Macpherson's *Ossian* or as to Poe's having been a great thinker and having possessed an intellect resembling those of the early Greek and Hindu philosophers. But the author knows how so to state his idea, perhaps it is because

he expresses it so directly and incisively, as to make it strike fire of farther thought, no matter how much skepticism it encounters. Mr. Moore has deep and wide knowledge of English literature and his judgments show insights, appreciation and that mental quality, said to be characteristic of Americans, which we like to call level-headedness. And combined with these is that fullness of imaginative flavour without which just and readable literary criticism is impossible. Among the subjects of which he writes are "Modernity in Literature," "The Intoxication of Words," "The Master Note in Literature," "Literature, Music and Morals," "Arnold and Lowell," "The Old New Englanders and the Rest of Us," "The Fight for Free Raw Materials in Literature."

"THE WAYS OF WOMAN"

Ever capable and practical, Miss Tarbell is here, as usual, a veritable Martha among essayists. Her striking talent for "sizing up" a situation and setting forth the results of her scrutiny in lucid, terse, sincere English is manifest in the seven brief essays that fill this little volume of a hundred and thirty pages. Manifest also is her special response to the ethical implications of a problem or a situation. Not a little of the priestly mingles in Miss Tarbell's intellectual endowment, for her eyes are quick to spot the unjust and the immoral in human dealings, from the protective tariff and the methods of big business to the small affairs of daily life, and her mental fingers are nimble and sure in the untangling and making clear of the ethical thread in these every day problems. Her application of the moralities, both small and large, to her own sex have always been along the line of the neglected opportunities and unrecognised possibilities in the ordinary lives of women. In these essays, however, she takes rather the attitude of the defender of her sex and endeavours to show that woman, notwithstanding the criticisms modern conditions and tendencies have inspired against her, is still the same

woman she has always been. Sane, practical, clear-eyed and cool-headed, they ought to prove the much-needed corrective for some of the fantastic ideas that are in evidence nowadays.

"JOURNEYS TO BAGDAD"

The "Bagdad" of Mr. Brooks's title has a romantic rather than a geographic significance. It means anywhere that a truant fancy and a whimsical, unbridled imagination may have carried the author while he sat thinking beside his fire or writing at his desk. One moment his magic steed is nibbling such prosaic grass at the roadside as draymen pushing wooden cases down a shoot, a tinman mending a flue, a woodpile, or a grocer's wagon, when, presto! he is off like a flash and before you know it you are romancing in some Treasure Island afar off, the spacious times of Elizabeth or the sentimental ones of Anne, the mountains of the Valkyrie or the company of "that prince of mediæval plainclothes men, Ali Baba."

Mr. Brooks's essays are not lacking in the shrewd and practical touch with which the American intelligence is apt to go about any of its activities, even sitting by the fire and dreaming, while genial humour and witty turns of thought and phrase sparkle all through them. But in content, in manner, and in temper they are quite unlike the work of any other American essayist. And also, leisurely and unconcerned with practical affairs though they are, they are just as unlike the typical English essay. They are not at all aloof from daily life, often indeed in close and friendly touch with it, but they are compact of whimsical fancies, piquant ideas, errant trains of thought. The occasional use of mildly archaic diction adds to the illusion that his "journeys" are being taken in some region just outside the world which most of us live in too much. But he brings us back into it when he makes such remarks, after showing how "every age has importuned itself with words," as "This word efficiency, then, comes from our needs and not from our

accomplishments." It is a delightful book, a book to read when one wishes to have an hour quite different from any other hours, to cease being "an ocean liner plodding between known and monotonous ports," and become for a little while "a tramp ship cargoeed with strange stuffs and trafficking for lonely and unvisited shores."

Allen Lewis's quaint wood cuts demand a word of mention, so well done are they and so thoroughly in the spirit of the text. Only an artist of sensitive and pliant imagination could have made them in such harmony.

"JUST HUMAN"

The essay democratised to the last degree is to be found in Dr. Crane's book. His papers are marked strongly by both the faults and the virtues of democracy making itself articulate. They are very brief—which is not always a virtue of democracy voicing itself—each one filling only two or three pages and the whole book containing nearly a hundred essays. The style is pithy, sententious and forceful. There are no literary graces, no dallying with ornament. Dr. Crane strips his ideas to the buff and pitches them into the arena with their fists clenched. Bold, purposeful, masculine almost to aggressiveness, his short sentences rush along upon one another's heels. In subject and thought the essays are of the very popular sort, meant for the reading of the indiscriminate hundred thousand. The author is chiefly concerned with the commonplace affairs of every day life and he particularly enjoys discoursing upon the obvious. He is prone to skip rapidly along the surface of his subject and his observation is often inaccurate and his reasoning faulty. But his spirit is always warmly human and his democratic feeling is fundamental and comprehensive. With all their literary shortcomings, Dr. Crane's essays are, as he calls them in his title, "just human." And this is a part of his long definition of what he means by that phrase: "It means to love folks; to be drawn instinctively to any human being;

to have every man and woman tempt to acquaintanceship; to be touched with pity at all human misfortune; to try to find some points upon which we can agree with every one; to respect every human being and to despise none; to shrink from spoiling any man's ideal or hope; to shun power and control over people and seek to serve and help people, to value a human soul above all moralities, religions or laws; and to esteem life greater than all institutions."

"RIVERSIDE UPLIFT SERIES"

Let not the unfortunate and misleading title which its sponsors have seen fit to give to this excellent and interesting series of booklets frighten away any of those readers who like to happen upon intelligent observation and sound thought applied with literary art to matters that concern all thinking people. For is not the idea of being "uplifted" by any outside agency abhorrent to every mother's son and daughter of us? We much prefer, and fully purpose, to do our own uplifting, by means of our own bootstraps. But these tiny volumes, notwithstanding their fearsome herald, will not thrust a meddlesome finger into the operation, although whoever is engaged in it—and do not most of us fondly believe that we are?—will find them suggestive and enjoyable. They are little books, running from fifteen to seventy-five pages in length, each one containing a single essay which may have been originally a public address or a magazine article. Three of the eight titles which have been thus far published are by Professor George Herbert Palmer, of Harvard, of which *Trades and Professions* sets forth the idea that not the work itself but the spirit in which it is done measures the difference between those two categories; *The Glory of the Imperfect* contends that that which is still imperfect, unfinished, is the one thing of genuine interest in all the world; *Self-Cultivation in English* discusses the mastery of English as a tool and the reflex influence of such mastery upon the character. Dr. Charles W. Eliot's *The*

Cultivated Man defines its subject and considers the elements and means of cultivation afforded by the various branches of modern education. In *Why I Believe in Poverty* Edward Bok, editor of *The Ladies Home Journal*, describes his own boyhood and tells why he thinks "poverty is the richest experience that can come to a boy." *Whither?*, which is anonymous, surveys the modern trend of life with its clutching upon externals in comparison with the insistence formerly upon inner meanings and sees in the European war the logical outcome of modern materialism. Dr. George L. Walton's *Calm Yourself* is a vivacious and informing discussion of how to attain mental poise—what he himself calls "the unfret gizzard." *The Amateur Spirit*, by Professor Bliss Perry, of Harvard, makes an eloquent plea for the infusion of all work with the spirit of the amateur, of the man "who plays the great complicated absorbing game of life for the sake of the game, and not for his share of the gate money."

"THE MORAL OBLIGATION TO BE INTELLIGENT"

Professor Erskine's vision goes cleanly through the various strata of human life to find the moral quality at the basis of them all. But there is about it none of the stodginess which has been responsible for the somewhat low repute which, in certain circles, long ago fastened upon that view of the universe. Incisive and logical, he handles his argument with calm inexorableness, following it to its conclusion regardless of what heads it may hit. The four essays, although varying widely in subject, work out a central theme that is much the same in all, the moral lapse of which we are guilty if we do not use our intelligence to the full for all purposes. He finds that the Anglo-Saxon race has always been a little afraid of intelligence, inclined to consider it immoral and rather obsessed by the conviction that human beings must take their choice between being good and being clever. And he is

distinctly hopeful that the mixture of races in the United States will result in a higher appreciation of intellect. The initial essay, which gives title to the book, is quite the best of the four, although that on "The Mind of Shakespeare" is very satisfactory in the clear thinking and sound common sense it applies to the Shakespeare tradition. And in each one of the four there are

much brilliant and suggestive thinking and sententious comment and frequent play of wit. The very general distrust of ideas and contempt for intellectual matters that exist in this country make such an essay as "The Moral Obligation to be Intelligent" particularly welcome. It ought to be printed as a tract and scattered broadcast all over the land.

TO EACH HIS DREAM

BY RICHARD BURTON

With each his little, secret dream,
We wander in and out the years:
The things that are, the things that seem
Are mingled with our smiles and tears.

For some the clue is from the sky,
Others would find in mother-earth
The end and the beginning: lies
Are truth to some, and sorrow, mirth.

This one would win some dear-sought prize,
And that attain his heart's delight
Through love; some live in sacrifice
For the few hours 'twixt day and night.

Another looks beyond what Time
May tell, his dream men do not see:
Upborne by visionings sublime,
His gaze is on eternity.

But one and all walk lone, are led
By something deep within, the urge
Of action, and the finer bread
That feeds a spirit on the verge

Of perishing,—for Life is not
A scene without, but looks to where
Far in the soul, a sacred spot
Is kept for planning and for prayer.

Each hath his little, secret dream
And—be it glory or disgrace—
Lo, just beyond, a starry gleam
Throws back a wonder on each face!

PREPAREDNESS: A BIT OF FOLK PSYCHOLOGY*

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

I

I FEEL much more at my ease writing preparedness for *THE BOOKMAN* than I would for any other publication. Almost anywhere else I should have to deal with preparedness as a problem, a crisis, a burning issue, a controversy, at the very least. Whereas the thing that has most impressed itself on me in the course of a year's heavy reading in the literature of National Defence is preparedness not as a political or military problem but as a state of mind. I find myself more interested in the way the militarist or pacifist reacts to a situation than in the situation itself, more interested in his instincts and impulses than in his facts. That is why there is an opportunity in this magazine for taking up certain neglected phases of preparedness which would seem painfully academic to the heavier reviews and the militant monthlies, to whom I can offer little in the way of building programmes, total weight of broadsides, cruising radiuses, coal capacity, rifle practice, and ammunition supply.

Not that I regard such data as negligible. They are significant when true, and when they are not true they are still more significant as an index to the emo-

*The Military Unpreparedness of the United States. By Frederic Louis Huidekoper. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Military Obligation of Citizenship. By Major-General Leonard Wood. Princeton University Press.

Problems of Readjustment After the War. By Professors A. B. Hart, E. R. A. Seligman, F. H. Giddings, W. W. Willoughby, G. G. Wilson, E. R. Johnson, and Rear-Admiral Caspar F. Goodrich. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Economic Aspects of the War. By Edwin J. Clapp. New Haven: Yale University Press.

The Monroe Doctrine. By Albert Bushnell Hart. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

tional phenomena that underlie preparedness. I have seen estimates of the battleship strength of our fleet which may or may not indicate our ability to resist a German invasion, but which certainly do prove how badly frightened the writer was. I have seen maps showing the intrenched line held by the pitifully small American army under General Leonard Wood against the overwhelming forces under Von Hindenburg's command. The line stretches from the Canadian border to the Chesapeake and may give way at any moment forcing an American retreat toward Chicago by way of Buffalo. Such maps are not altogether convincing as an anticipation, but highly interesting as a nervous symptom. It would be superfluous to cite the heavy masses of statistics which show that Japan can build battle-cruisers three times as fast as we have had reason to believe, and that German transports can cross the Atlantic with perfectly amazing speed; Japanese shipwrights and German tramp steamers apparently propelled by the same high emotional tension that spurs on the compiler of the statistics in question.

There are writers whom it would be unjust to put into the same class with the more popular strategists and statisticians of preparedness. Their facts and figures cannot be questioned. The style shows no hysteria. They reason instead of seeing things in the dark. Yet underlying the fair presentation of facts we detect something of the same emotion which renders a just interpretation of facts impossible. The figures are right, the dates are right, the footnotes are beyond cavil, and the total impression is of an argument that has somehow avoided or overlooked the essential meaning of the story.

Into this class I would put Mr. Huidekoper's *Military Unpreparedness of*

But the difficulty is more apparent than real. Mr. Huidekoper is fairly justified in arguing that so far we have been lucky, but that a nation cannot go on trusting to luck. We would have lost the Revolutionary War if England had not been even more incompetent than we were. We did virtually lose the War of 1812, but somehow managed to get away with it. We won against Mexico, but against all the rules of military logic and fitness, all of which we violated. We saved the Union in 1865, but at terrible cost. We have never been confronted by a first-class power waging war with the terrible efficiency of to-day.

Why, then, have I said that Mr. Huidekoper's argument fails to deal with essentials? We can see why, if we turn to Major-General Wood's little book. It consists of three public addresses in which he restates the lessons deduced by Mr. Huidekoper, for whose volume incidentally, General Wood has written a preface. Let me quote a few sentences from General Wood's speeches:

We have as a nation neglected the lessons of the past wars, and have learned little from the example of the great military nations, and, as Emory Upton truthfully says, "Our general policy has followed closely that of China."

Military preparedness means the organisation of a nation—men, material and money—so that the full power of the nation may be promptly applied and continued at maximum strength for a considerable period of time.

And this from the preface to Major-General Wood's book by President Hibben of Princeton:

Let us as a nation learn the lesson of our own foolishness so that we may not multiply the mistakes or repeat the folly of those who have gone before us.

We may now proceed. President Hibben warns us against repeating the folly of those who have gone before us. General Wood wants us to learn from the example of the great military nations and to organise the full power of the nation for war. Mr. Huidekoper

does not say, in so many words, that the men who after every war in our history blithely sank back into sloppy inefficiency, were fools, but the implication is very clearly there. Now the thing I cannot get away from is the persistence of that criminally foolish habit of unpreparedness. What was it? Sheer ignorance? Indifference? Or, as a good many people assert a chronic Yankee Doodleism which assumed that we needn't arm for war because we are the greatest nation that ever came down the pike and can lick the world with one hand tied?

III

Probably there was a good deal of indifference and Fourth of July in our chronic unpreparedness. But there was also much more. Or we may call it all Fourth of July and Yankee Doodle, and yet be compelled to recognise that these are the essence of American history. When we see a nation in the course of a hundred and twenty years regularly scrambling through a war somehow, and automatically going back into unpreparedness "nine days after the conclusion of hostilities," we are bound to recognise that there is something here besides folly, carelessness, indifference. There must be a positive principle at work; a principle unformulated, unexpressed, but all the more impressive and real. The Revolution is won, somehow, and "Back to the farm" says Congress. The War of 1812 is muddled through; "Back to the farm and the factory" says Congress. The Civil War is over, the nation has been put through an agony of sacrifice, certainly sufficient to awaken the most indifferent, the most unintelligent of Congressmen, and "Back to the farm and the mine and the railroads of the West," says Congress. Call it folly if you will; but what is this folly that endures for a hundred and twenty years? Call it infatuation; but see how normally this madness functions.

The reason is, of course, that Fourth of July and Yankee Doodle, stripped of

its exaggerations, has been a very real thing in American history. Take away the fireworks and the long, black frock-coat of the patriot spellbinder and it still remains true that democracy meant something to those men "who have gone before us." President Hibben calls it folly, but it was really an ideal working itself out. General Wood deplores the fact that the men who have gone before did not learn from the example of the great military nations. Why should they have learned? They very sincerely thought of themselves as a protest and an example against the practices of the great military nations. Mr. Huidekoper believes that an efficient national defence can be conducted only by an army under the control of the Federal Government and if the States stand in the way so much the worse for them. Well, the American people thought enough of their States to wage a war of four years to test out the question of States versus Federal Government.

Now all this may seem rather far away from the present implications of preparedness. The men of the past may not have been fools. They may have been justified in their day and generation, and yet be a dangerous example for us; times and conditions have changed. This may or may not be so. It is a matter that must be seriously and thoroughly studied. But I am not debating Preparedness now, and the matter does not concern me. What does concern me is the state of mind of the historian, the university president and the Chief-of-Staff who with a wave of the hand, dispose of a national record nearly a century and a half long and affecting, when measured in latent strength, the most powerful nation on earth. It is all wrong, this past of ours, even if it has been a splendidly successful past. The child has grown, the patient has recovered, the pudding tastes fine, but it will never do.

Thus, as I see it, a great many people to-day are in the clutch of an emotion which distorts past, present and future, which destroys old values and sets

up standards that a year ago would have been received with derision and disgust. It seems to be the simplest thing in the world for President Hibben to speak of our past as a record of folly; for General Wood to regret that our past was not shaped on the model of the great military nations; for Mr. George W. Perkins to say that what we need is a Commander-in-Chief in the White House; for Mr. Roosevelt to speak of universal military service as the only hope of democracy; for Senator Chamberlain to say that the only way to national safety is through conscription. Only a few years ago it was a fuller democracy we were striving for, Social Justice, direct primaries, recall of judges, initiative and referendum—and now it is Conscription, and the example of the great military nations, and the full powers of this country directed toward preparation for war.

IV

"What American democracy needs," says Professor Hart in his chapter of the Appleton volume I have listed, "is simply to apply to its own defense the principles of organisation, expert service and efficiency which have made its railroads and mines and factories so productive." And in one sentence he misreads the spirit of our industrial history as the other gentlemen I have mentioned have misread its military history. I am not aware that our industries have prospered through organisation and expert service. It is within my memory that up to only the other day we were speaking of efficiency as the bitter need of the hour. It was pretty generally agreed that we were wealthy almost in spite of ourselves, in so far as real "management" of our national resources are concerned. We were rich because of our raw strength, our unlimited natural wealth and a fierce energy which is in the people. Our industrial policy has run parallel with our military policy. In both directions we have felt in ourselves the presence of such vast resources, that we were under no compulsion to adopt the

petty parsimonies and prudentialities of the peoples of Europe.

Does this mean that we must therefore go on playing the spendthrift? No. But it does raise the question what sudden fear is this that has made Professor Hart forget his history. Compared with Professor Hart's high state of nervous tension, the tone of Professor Clapp's *Economic Aspects of the War*, is refreshing. It is a rather sordid book. It chooses to study the world war, to the exclusion of the great human issues it involves, as a simple business situation from which it is America's concern to derive the greatest possible profit. Mr. Clapp wants us to exercise pressure on England as well as on Germany. He is not afraid of either or both. But the passionate advocate of preparedness is afraid of everybody he can think of.

Take Professor Hart again. His elaborate study, *The Monroe Doctrine*, ends with some "obvious deductions" of which the last and most important is this:

Even so peaceful a country as the United States, which desires no war and is bound to suffer heavily from any war in which she engages, whether victorious or defeated, may not have the choice. Peace can be maintained only by convincing Germany and Japan, which are the two powers most likely to be moved by an ambition to possess American territory.

I cannot enter into an elaborate discussion as to the probability of German or Japanese expansion in Latin America. But neither does Professor Hart argue the matter. In just fifteen words—"the two powers most likely to be moved by an ambition to possess American territory"—he calls up a great fear and switches the United States into a new life. Matching opinion against opinion I can only ask whether Professor Hart, as a historian studying the great war in Europe, really sees Germany entering on a period of territorial conquest without pausing to catch her breath? Is Professor Hart sure that Germany has won the war? And if she wins, is it to America that Germany will look, or

along the Bagdad road to the East upon which her heart has been set these twenty years and toward which the force of events is driving her?

Or Japan. To me it has always been a preposterous thing to suppose that Japan would come across five thousand miles of ocean to challenge the power of the United States reinforced by the power of the Latin Americans who, after all, want no foreign master. They do not want the Yankee to rule them but they surely do not want the Mikado to rule them. Yet all such evocations of Japan in America are based on the hypothesis that Peru would welcome the Japanese into Lima or Chile would welcome them into Valparaiso or Mexico into Magdalena Bay out of sheer spite for the Yankees.

But more than this. Conceding that Japan, driven by the needs of her expanding population, is bound to find an outlet for her energies, will it be America? If anything is certain in the evolution of international politics, it is certain that Japan has her eyes turned to the Asiatic mainland. She is in Korea and Manchuria. She has openly avowed her ambition to get her share out of the exploitation of China. What has Latin America to offer her compared with what Eastern Asia can give? And what are the respective risks for Japan?

It is not the historian in Professor Hart that writes like this. It is sheer emotion.

V

What are the separate elements that enter into this supercharged psychological condition which makes nothing of one hundred and forty years of national history, which reads the fears of the present into the growth of the past, which speaks so trippingly of national mobilisations, conscriptions, commanders-in-chief in the White House, as if all that men have lived and thought and said in America before August 1, 1914 were a delusion and a dream? Is it fear of Germany and Japan? Is it hatred of the Kaiser? Is it the feeling that we

ought really to have taken sides in the war and that we have stayed out because we were unprepared? All of these factors are present. It is not a mere coincidence that Mr. Roosevelt, who wants universal military service, thinks that we have played a shameful part with regard to Belgium; that Mr. Choate and President Eliot think we ought to be fighting by the side of Great Britain; that Senator Chamberlain, who wants conscription, comes from the Pacific Coast and presumably from under the shadow of Japan. A great many people have been frightened by Germany and at the same time hypnotised by Germany. Her showing in the land war has shaken our faith in democracy. In other words, the very first time democracy is put on its mettle it throws up the sponge. We have never been challenged by a first-class power, says General Wood. That means that democracy has not been subjected to a real test. Shall we wait for the test? No, says General Wood. We dare not.

But at bottom, I imagine, the fears of to-day as voiced in the repudiation of our democratic past are not the real explanation of our present *Neurosis Preparanda*. I find the main cause in our national psychology, in a characteristic weakness for being fascinated by the fad and the slogan of the moment. In the course of nearly ten years spent at a newspaper desk it has been my privilege and my trial to watch one formula after another flare up, sweep the country like wild-fire—and disappear. In philosophi-

cal terminology we are a nation of monists. We believe in a single principle, the principle, the formula, the fad, of the moment. Is it Eugenics? Is it Boy Scouts? Is it the Recall? Is it Commission Form of Municipal Government? Is it Conservation? Every sect and every interest seizes upon the new formula and into it reads its own meaning. As a result we have, not only the Conservation of forests, but the conservation of democracy, conservation of infant life, conservation of labour unions, conservation of America's merchant marine. Is it scientific management? Then it is the scientific management of forests, mines, government, schools, children, marriage, literature, play, saloons, what not.

This passion for the popular trademark is at work in the case of Preparedness. We need Preparedness for army and navy, but also, if you read the newspapers, preparedness in the factories, on the railroads, in the schools, in the courts, in Congress, in municipal government, in the prisons. We must prepare by building roads just as we had to build roads in the name of Conservation, prepare by building up a merchant marine, prepare by establishing rural credits, and wiping out hook-worm. And there is no denying it; when you do all those things you are preparing for a fuller and safer national life. But this kind of preparedness has been going on since the foolish men "who have gone before us" went into the Revolution unprepared and won. Only the label is new.

READERS' GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Psychology

The Freudian Wish, and Its Place in Ethics. By Edwin B. Holt. New York: Henry Holt & Company. \$1.25 net.
A discussion and review of the work of Sigmund Freud in its ethical aspect.

Philosophy

Man's Life of Purpose. By William C. Comstock. With a Foreword by Joseph A. Milburn. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.25 net.
The object of this book is said to be to "help to the understanding of the relation of man's work and life to the whole life of self."

Religion and Theology

The Apostles' Creed. By David James Burrell. New York: American Tract Society. \$1.00 net.
An analysis of *The Apostles' Creed*, section by section.

The Ethiopic Liturgy: Its Sources, Development, and Present Form. By Samuel A. B. Mercer. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Company.
The Hale Lectures, Series of 1914-15, delivered at the Western Theological Seminary, Chicago.

Every Day. By Edgar Whitaker Work. New York: American Tract Society. \$1.25 net.
A selection from *The Bible* with a short exposition for each day of the year.

First Things: A Baccalaureate Address. By Marion Le Roy Burton. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.
Delivered at Smith College on June 13th, 1915.

His Birthday. By Mary Ellen Chase. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Illustrated. 50 cents net.
A short story of the birth and boyhood of Jesus.

The Issues of Life. By Elwood Worcester. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. \$1.50 net.
In his introduction, the author defines his work as an attempt "to apply the principles of the Christian religion to the physical, moral and spiritual needs of men."

The Master Light: An Attempt to Read the Truth of Life. By W. Elsworth Lawson. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. \$1.00 net.

Religious questions discussed under such chapter heading as "The Master Light and the Christian Consciousness," "The Master Light and the Bible," "The Master Light and the Universe," etc.

Sermons on the International Sunday-School Lessons. For 1916. By the Monday Club. Forty-First Series. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. \$1.00 net.
A sermon for each week of the year.

Suggestions for Conducting a Church Class in Psycho-Therapy. By C. Bertram Runnalls. With an Introduction by Herman Page. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Company. 75 cents.
A handbook.

Sociology, Economics

The Crowd in Peace and War. By Martin Conway. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. \$1.75 net.
An attempt to deal in popular language with the relations of the individual to the crowd, and of crowds to one another.

Poverty the Challenge to the Church. By John Simpson Penman. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. \$1.00 net.
A discussion of the responsibility of the church in its relation to the problem of poverty.

Social Freedom: A Study of the Conflicts Between Social Classification and Personality. By Elsie Clews Parsons. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00 net.
A consideration of the several orders of group consciousness within society—the social barriers set up by age, sex, family, place, origin, etc.

Military and Naval

Naval Handbook as Bearing on National Defense and the European War. By Thomas Drayton Parker. San Francisco: John J. Newbegin. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.
A popular handbook designed to answer questions in connection with the war and with our defense problem.

European War

Colours of War. By R. C. Long. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.
A record of human experiences and impressions in the European War rather than great movements. The book deals chiefly with Russia and its armies.

Fighting France. From Dunkerque to Belfort. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

Mrs. Wharton records her own experiences and impressions at the front in France—in the trenches, among the soldiers, in the homes. There is a description of Paris, of the Argonne, of Lorraine, the Vosges, Alsace, and the north.

How Diplomats Make War. By A British Statesman. Introduction by Albert Jay Nock. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$1.50 net.

The author places the blame for the beginning and continuance of the European War on the ruling powers of the nations involved. He also takes a stand against "national preparedness."

Vive la France! By E. Alexander Powell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

The record of the author's second and third visits to the front. Among other things the book describes the bombardment of Dunkirk, the destruction of Soissons, the fighting on the Aisne, the invasion of Alsace, etc.

Education

A Beginner's Psychology. By Edward Bradford Titchener. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.00.

A practical text-book, with notes, references and an index of subjects.

The Meaning of Education: Contributions to a Philosophy of Education. By Nicholas Murray Butler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

A revised and enlarged edition of a book published in 1898. Two of the original chapters have been omitted, and many new ones added.

The Rise of English Literary Prose. By George Philip Krapp. New York: Oxford University Press. \$1.75.

This book covers the period beginning with the latter half of the fourteenth century and ending with the first quarter of the seventeenth century.

Science

Men of the Old Stone Age: Their Environment, Life and Art. By Henry Fairfield Osborn. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$5.00 net.

A discussion of human evolution, and a presentation of everything that has been discovered up to the present day regarding our prehistoric ancestors.

Art

Buddhist Art in Its Relation to Buddhist Ideals. With Special Reference to Bud-

dhism in Japan. Four Lectures Given at the Museum. By M. Anesaki. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company for the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. Illustrated. \$6.00 net.

In his preface the author states the object of these four lectures to be "to elucidate the ideas and ideals which inspired Buddhist artists, and to give some account of the legends which they illustrated."

Music

Handbook of the Operas. By Edith B. Ordway. New York: Sully & Kleinteich. 75 cents net.

Information concerning fifty of the leading operas. The class of the opera, date and place of the first production, names of composer and librettist, list of leading characters and their singing parts, are given for each opera.

The Opera Book. By Edith B. Ordway. New York: Sully & Kleinteich. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.

Descriptions of the operas played in New York, Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia during the past four years.

Essays, General Literature

America's Coming-of-Age. By Van Wyck Brooks. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$1.00 net.

Essays on American politics, art and business. The titles are "Highbrow" and "Lowbrow," "Our Poets," "The Precipitant," "Apotheosis of the 'Lowbrow,'" "The Sargasso Sea."

Biographical and Literary Studies. By Albert H. Currier. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. \$1.50 net.

Studies of the lives and works of St. Augustine, John Knox, George Herbert, and Thomas Fuller. There are also three essays on religious subjects.

Contemporary Belgian Literature. By Jethro Bithell. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The development of contemporary Belgian literature to the present day.

Conversations with Luther. Selections from recently published sources of the Table Talk. Translated and Edited by Preserved Smith and Herbert Percival Gallinger. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

With an introduction, bibliographical note and an index.

Friendship, Love and Marriage. By Edward Howard Griggs. New York: B. W. Huebsch. 50 cents net.

In *The Art of Life Series*. The topics are "The Problem of Personal Relationship," "The Seven Laws of Friendship," "Love and Marriage," "Divorce and Public Opinion," "The Solution in Personal Conduct."

Glimpses of the Cosmos. By Lester F. Ward. Volume IV. Period, 1885-1893. Age 44-52. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 net.

The volumes comprised in this series (of which there probably will be eight) contain the collected essays of Dr. Ward which have been published during a series of years.

Journeys to Bagdad. By Charles S. Brooks. New Haven: Yale University Press. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

A collection of whimsical essays, some of the titles, selected at random, being, "The Worst Edition of Shakespeare," "The Decline of Night Caps," "Hoop-skirts and Other Lively Matter," "The Chilly Presence of Hard-Headed Persons." The illustrations are from wood-cuts by Allen Lewis.

Poetry and Drama

An American Garland. Being a Collection of Ballads Relating to America. 1563-1759. Edited with Introduction and Notes by C. H. Firth. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. \$1.00 net.

Contemporary ballads relating to the discovery and colonisation of America.

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1915, and Year Book of American Poetry. Edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. New York: Gomme & Marshall. \$1.50 net.

A collection of the most notable verse that has appeared in the various magazines during the year 1915; also an index to all the verse published in magazines during the year.

Astray with Song and Fancy. By Edward Hicks Streeter Terry. Illustrated. Philadelphia: The Biddle Press.

A collection of short verse. Illustrated from photographs by John Wright Kirk.

Circe: A Dramatic Fantasy. By Isaac Flagg. Published by Author. Frontispiece.

A play in two acts. The scenes and characters are those of Greek mythology.

The Cloister: A Play in Four Acts. By Emile Verhaeren. Translated by Osman Edwards. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. 75 cents net.

In *The New Poetry Series*. A play of monastic life, first published in 1900.

Criminals: A One-Act Play About Marriage. By George Middleton. New York: B. W. Huebsch. 50 cents net. An intimate study of marriage.

Dollars and Sense. A Story in Four Acts. By Otto J. Kraemer and Lester W. Humphreys. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.00 net.

A comedy. The story of a San Fran-

cisco banker who loses everything in the fire and starts all over again, finally winning success.

The Dreamer and Other Poems. By Kenneth Rand. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. \$1.00 net.

A collection of miscellaneous verses. The book also includes *The Cliff of Tears: A Lyrical Drama in One Act*.

Evolution: A Fantasy. By Langdon Smith. With Correlative Poems, Selected and Edited by Laurens Maynard. Boston: John W. Luce & Company.

A collection of verse, by various authors, relating to evolution and reincarnation.

Gladys Klyne, and More Harmony. By Charles Lynch. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.00 net.

A love story told in verse.

The Immigrants: A Lyric Drama. By Percy Mackaye. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$1.00 net.

Presenting the problems and the interests of the immigrants to this country. There is an introduction by Frederic C. Howe, Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island.

Italy in Arms and Other Poems. By Clinton Scollard. New York: Gomme & Marshall. 75 cents.

Verses inspired by Italy.

Laurentian Lyrics and Other Poems. By Arthur S. Bourinot. Toronto: Copp, Clark Company.

Short verses, most of them dealing with the beauties of nature.

New Rubaiyat from a Southern Garden. By George Frederic Vielt. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company. 75 cents net.

An argument, in verse, for Faith against Reason.

Oxford Poetry. 1915. Edited by G. D. G. C. and T. W. E. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. 36 cents net. A collection of verse by various authors.

Poems. By Carl Spencer. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.50 net.

A collection of verse with a religious flavour.

Recreations. By J. T. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.50 net.

A collection of miscellaneous verses.

Songs of Brittany. *Chansons de Chex Nous* of Théodore Botrel, with an Introduction by Anatole Le Braz. Translated from the French by Elisabeth S. Dickerman. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.00 net.

A collection of the verses of the "Laureate of the Trenches."

Taps. By Franz Adam Beyerlein. Translated from the German by Charles Swickard. Boston: John W. Luce & Company.

A translation of the four-act anti-military play, which was first produced in Germany and Austria in 1901, and later in Paris, London and New York.

To Your Dog and to My Dog. Compiled by Lincoln Newton Kinnicutt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.00 net.

A collection of thirty-two poems by Scott, Kipling, Gilder, Matthew Arnold and others, to and about dogs.

Tempted in All Points. A Historical Play in Three Acts and Three Visions. By Ralph Hall Ferris. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.00 net.

A play of the early days of the Christian era.

Zeitkinder: A Play to Be Read. By Henry Jones Mulford. New York: Brentano's.

In a Prologue and three acts.

Fiction

Allward: A Story of Gypsy Life. By E. S. Stevens. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.35 net.

The hero, at thirty-two, finds himself free to indulge his passion for following the open road. During his wanderings he meets and falls in love with a gypsy girl.

Blind Sight. By B. Y. Benediall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.

The adventures of a poor clerk who acts as gentleman detective in the house of a wealthy London family, and who falls in love with the beautiful blind daughter.

The Book of Wonder: A Chronicle of Little Adventures at the Edge of the World. By Lord Dunsany. Boston: John W. Luce & Company.

Short, fanciful tales reprinted from *The Sketch* and *The Saturday Review*.

The Conqueror: A Dramatised Biography of Alexander Hamilton. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Frontispiece. \$1.50 net.

A new edition made from new plates, with a frontispiece portrait of Alexander Hamilton.

The Eternal Magdalene. By Robert H. McLaughlin. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.25 net.

A story of modern life based on a Biblical theme.

The Glory and the Dream. By Anna Preston. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$1.25 net.

A novel with Michael, a six-year-old Irish boy for a hero.

Gorham's Gold. By Eldee Keesing. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.35 net.

The story of a "self-made" man in the early days of the Alaska gold fields.

The Love Letters of a Mystic. By Alma Newton. New York: John Lane Company. Frontispiece.

A love story written in the form of letters from Capri.

Margaret Ives. By Eli Barber. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.35 net.

A love story telling of the influence of two men on the life of a young woman.

Mildew Manse. By Belle K. Maniates. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

The story of a large family who lived in an old ramshackle house.

Onesimus the Slave: A Romance of the Days of Nero. By Laurel M. Hoyt. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. \$1.35 net.

A story of love and adventure and of the persecution of the Christians in the days of Nero.

Pelle the Conqueror: The Great Struggle. By Martin Andersen Nexø. Translated by Bernard Miall. New York: Henry Holt & Company. \$1.40 net.

The third volume in the series of four that are to picture the life and career of a great modern Labour leader. The scenes are laid in Copenhagen.

Sadie Love. By Avery Hopwood. New York: John Lane Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.

The novelisation of a farce now being played in New York. The story of an exciting honeymoon.

"Speaking of Operations—" By Irvin S. Cobb. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. 50 cents net.

An extravaganza. The author tells of his experiences with doctors and his opinions of them.

The Strangers' Wedding. By W. L. George. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. \$1.35 net.

The story of a wealthy young man who takes up settlement work.

Tales by Polish Authors. By Henryk Sienkiewicz, Stefan Zeromski, Adam Szymanski, Wacław Sieroszewski. Translated by Elsie C. M. Benecke.

New York: Longmans, Green & Company. \$1.25 net.

The stories in this collection are "Bartek the Conqueror," by Henryk Sienkiewicz; "Twilight" and "Temptation," by Stefan Zeromski; "Srul—from Lubartow," by Adam Szymanski; and "In Autumn" and "In Sacrifice to the Gods," by Wacław Sieroszewski.

Juvenile

The American Boys' Book of Bugs, Butterflies and Beetles. By Dan Beard. Philadelphia: Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

A practical handbook for the making and care of a collection of insects.

The Bluebird's Garden. By Patten Beard. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

Short stories for little children, supposed to be told by a bluebird.

The Boy Scouts in a Trapper's Camp. By Thornton W. Burgess. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

The adventures of three Boy Scouts during a winter vacation spent in a trapper's camp.

Brave Deeds of Union Soldiers. By Samuel Scoville, Jr. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

Stories of bravery during the Civil War.

The Camp by Copper River. By Henry S. Spalding. New York: Benziger Brothers. Illustrated. 85 cents.

The story of a group of city boys who go into the Michigan forests on a camping trip.

The David Stories. By Emma C. Cram. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Illustrated. 50 cents net.

Stories about the many experiences of a little boy.

The Jolly Book for Boys and Girls. Selected, Edited and Arranged by Frances Jenkins Olcott and Amana Pendleton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

A selection from the literature of all countries of stories in which the idea of humor and fun predominates.

A Little Princess of the Stars and Stripes. By Aileen Cleveland Higgins. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

The summer adventures of a party of young people in a Nevada mining town. The story is told with the object of teaching active patriotism.

Mottoes My Children Love to Colour and Frame. New York: Lloyd Adams Noble. 15 cents.

Short mottoes and decorative pictures with simple instructions for doing the colour work.

Nancy Lee's Lookout. By Margaret Warde. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.

A story for girls. This is the third book in the *Nancy Lee Series*, and tells of the heroine's summer at the seashore.

On the Border with Andrew Jackson. By John T. McIntyre. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. 75 cents net.

In the *Buckskin Series* of books for boys. The heroes are two boys who joined the army of volunteer frontiersmen who fought against the Creek Indians under the command of Andrew Jackson.

Ross Grant, Tenderfoot. By John Garland. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.

The first of a series of stories for boys, with scenes laid in a Montana mining camp. The hero has a natural tendency toward medicine.

History

Romance of Old Belgium. From Cæsar to Kaiser. By Elizabeth W. Champney and Frère Champney. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.

The romantic story of Belgium as found in history and tradition.

Geography, Travel and Description

From Moscow to the Persian Gulf: Being the Journal of a Disenchanted Traveller in Turkestan and Persia. By Benjamin Burgis Moore. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

The narrative of a journey by train, carriage and caravan, across the steppes of Russia, among the cities of Central Asia, and through Persia.

The Romantic Shore. By Agnes Edwards. Salem, Massachusetts: The Salem Press Company. Illustrated.

A description of the north shore of New England, with its literary and historic associations.

Biography, Genealogy

Leaves from the Log of a Sky Pilot. By William G. Puddefoot. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

An autobiography.

The Life of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal. By Beckles Willson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. Two volumes. \$6.50 net.

The authorised biography of one of Canada's most notable figures.

Michelangelo. By Roman Rolland. Translated by Frederick Street. New York: Duffield & Company. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.

A study of Michelangelo's life and work.

The Most Interesting American. By Julian Street. New York: The Century Company. Frontispiece. 50 cents net.

A sketch of the personality of Theodore Roosevelt.

A Rambler's Recollections and Reflections. By Alfred Capper. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$3.00 net.

The author's record of his experiences and impressions as a thought-reader.

Wall Street and the Wilds. By A. W. Dimock. New York: Outing Publishing Company. Illustrated. \$3.00 net.

The life story of the author, with especial reference to his early experiences in Wall Street and his later life in the West.

Nature Books

Beautiful Gardens in America. By Louise Shelton. New York: Charles Scribner's. Illustrated. \$5.00 net.

Numerous pictures, with short descriptive chapters, of gardens in all parts of the United States.

The Flower Art of Japan. By Mary Averill (Kwashinsai Kitokumei). New York: John Lane Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

The art of flower arrangement as taught in the schools of Japan. There are many diagrams.

General Works, Miscellaneous

The Art of the Moving Picture. By Vachel Lindsay. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

A popular discussion of the subject, intended primarily for photoplay audiences.

The Boy Scout Movement Applied by the Church. By Norman E. Richardson and Ormond E. Loomis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

An analysis of the Boy Scout movement in its adaptability to church work among boys.

A Brief Bibliography of Books in English, Spanish and Portuguese, Relating to the Republics Commonly Called Latin American, with Comments. By Peter H. Goldsmith. New York: The Macmillan Company. 50 cents.

A guide to the best literature on South America. The author is Director of the Pan-American Division of the American Association for International Conciliation.

The Colours of the Republic. By George Craig Stewart. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Company.

An interpretation of the meaning of the colours of the American flag.

Costumes and Scenery for Amateurs. A Practical Working Handbook. By Constance D'Arcy Mackay. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Illustrated. \$1.75 net.

Simple instructions for the designing and making of costumes and scenery for amateur plays.

Efficient Living. By Edward Earle Purinton. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. \$1.25 net.

A recipe for a happy and efficient life.

Ireland: Vital Hour. By Arthur Lynch. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.

A discussion of conditions in Ireland, of her organisations, her politics and her problems.

Making Curtains and Hangings. By Agnes Foster. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. Illustrated. 50 cents.

A practical handbook for home decoration.

The Martyr's Return. By Percival W. Wells. Wantagh, New York: Bartlett Publishing Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

A phantasy of Lincoln's return, and his ideas on the present situation.

Mind Cures. By Geoffrey Rhodes. Boston: John W. Luce & Company.

A discussion of the various aspects of mental healing and its possibilities.

The Monroe Doctrine: An Interpretation. By Albert Bushnell Hart. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. \$1.75 net.

A presentation of what the Monroe Doctrine has meant from time to time, what it means to-day, and what the difficulties are in the way of making it work in the present disturbed international situation.

Newspaper Editing. A Manual for Editors, Copyreaders, and Students of Newspaper Desk Work. By Grant Milnor Hyde. New York: D. Appleton & Company. \$1.50 net.

A text-book on journalism.

The Quest for Dean Bridgman Conner. By Anthony J. Philpott. Boston: John W. Luce & Company.

A record of the search for Dean Bridgman Conner, who was lost in Mexico, made by the author under the clairvoyant instructions of the medium, Mrs. Leonora E. Piper.

- The Rhythm of Life.** By Charles Brodie Patterson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. \$1.50 net.
A discussion of harmony in music and colour, and its influence on thought and character.
- True Ghost Stories.** By Hereward Carrington. New York: The J. S. Ogilvie Company. 75 cents.
The results of the author's investigations of psychical mysteries.
- Uncle Sam and Old World Conquerors.** Being the Seventh Division of Uncle Sam, A Satirical Prelude. By William Norman Guthrie. New York: Brentano's. \$1.50 net.
A dramatic satire written with the idea of developing a patriotic American spirit.
- National Floodmarks.** Week by Week Observations as Seen by *Collier's*. Edited by Mark Sullivan. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.50 net.
Editorials from *Collier's* on topics of current interest in American life.
- Our Boyhood Thrills and Other Cartoons.** By Webster. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.00 net.
A collection of the author's cartoons that have appeared in the newspapers.
- The Path of Peace.** The Most Helpful Thoughts of the World's Greatest Writers Pointing the Way to Contentment and Happiness and Arranged for Easy Reading and Ready Reference. Compiled and Edited by Beverley R. Potter. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. \$1.50 net.
A selection of advice from the thought of writers of all ages.
- Sunlit Days.** Compiled by Florence Hobart Perin. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. \$1.00 net.
Selections for every day in the year, chosen with a view to spiritual inspiration.
- Through College on Nothing a Year.** Literally Record from a Student's Story. By Christian Gauss. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00 net.
The experiences of a young man who worked his way through college.
- The Work of Our Hands: A Study of Occupations for Invalids.** By J. Herbert Hall and Mertice M. C. Buck. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. \$1.50 net.
A discussion of the benefits of work for those who are suffering from nervous or mental ailments as well as the physically handicapped.

THE ADVANCE OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL—IN THE MARCH BOOKMAN

The outline of the next installment of Professor Phelps's "Advance of the English Novel" is as follows: The romantic revival from 1894 to 1904—Zola and Stevenson—two predictions of approaching romance—the great year 1894—Weyman, Doyle, Hope, Churchill, Stockton—Sienkiewicz—passing away of romantic extravagance—survivals of the school in McCutcheon and Farnol—the "life" novel of to-day—De Morgan, Bennett, Wells, White, Rolland—the gain to the novel—the loss.

THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of December and the first of January:

FICTION		
CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York, N. Y.....	Heart of the Sunset	The Money Master
Albany, N. Y.....	Felix O'Day	Dear Enemy
Atlanta, Ga.....	Dear Enemy	Prudence of the Parsonage
Baltimore, Md.....	Felix O'Day	The Harbour
Birmingham, Ala.....	Mr. Doctor Man	Michael O'Halloran
Boston, Mass.....	Beltane the Smith	Felix O'Day
Boston, Mass.....	Felix O'Day	Dear Enemy
Chicago, Ill.....	Michael O'Halloran	A Far Country
Chicago, Ill.....	Michael O'Halloran	Pollyanna
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	Dick Devereux	The Crimson Gondola
Cleveland, O.....	Dear Enemy	Felix O'Day
Dallas, Tex.....	Michael O'Halloran	Dear Enemy
Denver, Colo.....	Michael O'Halloran	Pollyanna
Des Moines, Ia.....	"K"	Dear Enemy
Detroit, Mich.....	Dear Enemy	Beltane the Smith
Indianapolis, Ind.....	Felix O'Day	The Gray Dawn
Kansas City, Mo.....	Felix O'Day	"K"
Los Angeles, Cal.....	Dear Enemy	The Gray Dawn
Louisville, Ky.....	Sunlight Patch	These Twain
Memphis, Tenn.....	Felix O'Day	Michael O'Halloran
Milwaukee, Wis.....	Michael O'Halloran	A Far Country
New Orleans, La.....	Then I'll Come Back to You	These Twain
Omaha, Neb.....	A Far Country	"K"
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	Felix O'Day	Dear Enemy
Portland, Me.....	Felix O'Day	The Gray Dawn
Portland, Ore.....	Michael O'Halloran	The Heart of the Sunset
Providence, R. I.....	Felix O'Day	Dear Enemy
St. Louis, Mo.....	Then I'll Come Back to You	Dear Enemy
St. Louis, Mo.....	Michael O'Halloran	Dear Enemy
St. Paul, Minn.....	"K"	Michael O'Halloran
San Antonio, Tex.....	Michael O'Halloran	The Heart of the Sunset
San Francisco, Cal....	The Gray Dawn	Dear Enemy
San Francisco, Cal....	The Gray Dawn	The Story of Julia Page
Seattle, Wash.....	Beltane the Smith	The Rim of the Desert
Spokane, Wash.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Tacoma, Wash.....	Dear Enemy	The Lost Prince
Toronto, Ont.....	Beltane the Smith	Michael O'Halloran
Waco, Tex.....	Then I'll Come Back to You	The Story of Julia Page
Washington, D. C.....	"K"	Michael O'Halloran

(Continued)

FICTION			
3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Research Magnificent Michael O'Halloran	Anne of the Island "K"	"Burkeses Amy" Prudence of the Parson- age	A Long Lane The Money Master
Thirty	Three Things	Then I'll Come Back to You	Over Paradise Ridge
Dear Enemy Mr. Bingle	Research Magnificent The Heart of the Sunset	Eve Dorre The Traitor's Son	The Money Master Then I'll Come Back to You
The Bent Twig Beltane the Smith Then I'll Come Back to You	Eltham House Research Magnificent Pollyanna	Dear Enemy The Gray Dawn Rose O'Paradise	Research Magnificent Around Old Chester Mr. Bingle
"K" Michael O'Halloran Beltane the Smith Felix O'Day Pollyanna Grows Up	Felix O'Day Dear Enemy The Gray Dawn A Far Country Beltane the Smith	Dear Enemy The Money Master The Fortunes of Garin The Lost Prince Then I'll Come Back to You	The Gray Dawn Mr. Bingle The Freelands Pollyanna Grows Up The Heart of the Sunset
Michael O'Halloran The Gray Dawn The Bent Twig	Felix O'Day The Story of Julia Page Then I'll Come Back to You	Pollyanna Grows Up Michael O'Halloran Research Magnificent	Rose Garden Husband Felix O'Day The Lost Prince
A Far Country Michael O'Halloran Speaking of Operations Dear Enemy Mr. Bingle Dear Enemy Prudence of the Parson- age	Dear Enemy Felix O'Day Beltane the Smith The Story of Julia Page The Money Master Michael O'Halloran Michael O'Halloran	The Story of Julia Page Research Magnificent Me The Lost Prince Dear Enemy Eltham House The Freelands	Research Magnificent These Twain Felix O'Day The Money Master The Little Iliad "K" Pollyanna
Dear Enemy The Money Master The Fortunes of Garin A Far Country The Crown of Life Michael O'Halloran	Felix O'Day "K" Beltane the Smith Pollyanna Grows Up Michael O'Halloran Pollyanna	A Far Country Michael O'Halloran Michael O'Halloran The Turmoil Pollyanna Grows Up Beltane the Smith	Thankful's Inheritance The Song of the Lark The Money Master Mr. Bingle A Far Country Prudence of the Parson- age
"K"	Why Not?	The Money Master	Prudence of the Parson- age
Dear Enemy	Beltane the Smith	Prudence of the Parson- age	Research Magnificent
"K"	Mr. Bingle	Prudence of the Parson- age	Pollyanna
Research Magnificent Research Magnificent A Far Country The Heart of the Sunset "K"	The Fortunes of Garin Felix O'Day Michael O'Halloran A Far Country The Gray Dawn "K"	Beltane the Smith Michael O'Halloran Felix O'Day	The Genius A Far Country Dear Enemy
The Money Master "K"	Mr. Bingle The Bent Twig	Mr. Bingle The Story of Julia Page Beltane the Smith Felix O'Day	The Money Master Mr. Bingle The Foolish Virgin Dear Enemy

The Book Mart

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

The Life of John Hay. Thayer.	The Note-Book of an Attaché. Wood.
The Pentacost of Calamity. Wister.	Rivers to the Sea. Teasdale.
My Year of the Great War. Palmer.	I Accuse (J'Accuse!). Anon.
The Hilltop on the Marne. Aldrich.	Travels in Alaska. Muir.
When a Man Comes to Himself. Wilson.	We Discover New England. Hale.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 742 and 743) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives 10
" " " 2d " " " " 8
" " " 3d " " " " 7
" " " 4th " " " " 6
" " " 5th " " " " 5
" " " 6th " " " " 4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Michael O'Halloran. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.....	219
2. Dear Enemy. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.30.....	192
3. Feliz O'Day. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.35	161
4. "K." Rinehart (Houghton. Mifflin.) \$1.35	119
5. Beltane the Smith. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.....	91
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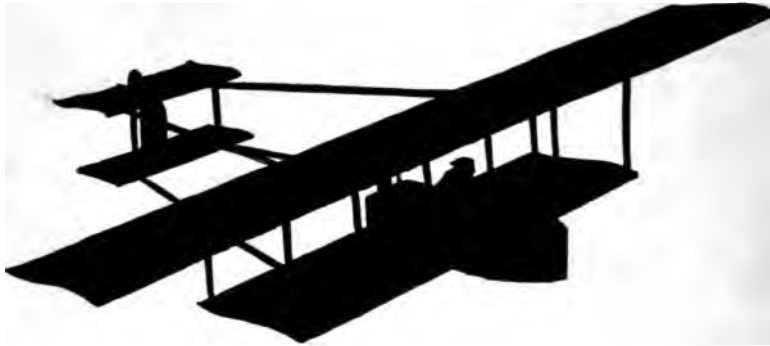
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Some Contributors to the February Bookman

Simply for future reference and not because it is necessary are we introducing the various distinguished contributors to the Symposium "What is a Novel?"

JAMES LANE ALLEN is a Kentuckian, the author of "The Choir Invisible," and many other splendid novels dealing with the Blue Grass region of his native State. Recent books, such as "A Heroine in Bronze" and "A Cathedral Singer," have treated of New York.

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS, born in Brooklyn, New York, first studied in Paris to be an artist. His writing career began with "The King in Yellow." As well known as any of his many subsequent books are "The Danger Mark" and "The Firing Line."

CONINGSBY DAWSON is an English novelist of the younger school. His best-known book is "The Garden Without Walls."

MARGARET DELAND, a native of Pennsylvania, is the author of "John Ward, Preacher," "Old Chester Tales," "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie," and "The Iron Woman."

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER is the author of "The Squirrel Cage" and "The Montessori Mother."

HAMLIN GARLAND is the author of a score of successful novels; for example, "The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop" and "Rose of Dutcher's Cooly."

ELLEN GLASGOW'S novels have dealt mainly with her native State of Virginia. Conspicuous are "The Descendent," "The Voice of the People" and "The Battle Ground."

ROBERT GRANT, a Bostonian, wrote what is perhaps his best novel in "Unleavened Bread," Selma White of that story being one of the most permanent of the heroines of American fiction.

WILL N. HARBEN is a Georgian, and his vastly popular novels have described Georgian life. Among them are "Ann Boyd" and "The Desired Woman."

ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS achieved popularity with "The Dolly Dialogues," and greater popularity with "The Prisoner of Zenda," which remains, after twenty years, a model for romantic tales dealing with imaginary States in Central Europe.

ROBERT HERRICK'S best-known books are "The Web of Life," "The Common Lot" and "The Memoirs of an American Citizen."

RUPERT HUGHES has written extensively on various fields. As a novelist he is perhaps best represented by "What Will People Say" and "Empty Pockets."

BASIL KING'S most widely discussed novel was "The Inner Shrine," which was published anonymously. Subsequent books are "The Wild Olive" and "The Street Called Straight."

EDWIN LEFEVRE has specialized in stories of New York financial life. Among his books are "Wall Street Stories," "The Golden Flood" and "Samson Rock of Wall Street."

W. J. LOCKE is the author of "The Beloved Vagabond," "Septimus," "Simon the Jester" and many other novels that have been very popular in England and in this country.

SIDNEY McCALL is the widow of Ernest F. Fenollosa. "Truth Dexter" has been her most popular novel to date.

BRANDER MATTHEWS is widely known in many fields of literary activity. He is one of the first American authorities on matters dealing with the French stage, and is a champion of Spelling Reform.

SAMUEL MERWIN'S most successful novels have been "The Charmed Life of Miss Austin," "The Citadel" and "The Honey Bee."

KATHLEEN NORRIS is the author of "Mother," "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne" and "Saturday's Child."

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM is an English author who has won a wide audience for his tales of adventure and international intrigue.

ELEANOR H. PORTER is the author of the highly popular "Pollyanna" books.

ALICE HEGAN RICE won an instantaneous success with her "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Among her subsequent books have been "Lovey Mary" and "Sandy."

BERTHA RUNKLE first attracted attention with "The Helmet of Navarre," a romantic novel after the method of the elder Dumas. She has since written "The Truth about Tolna" and "The Scarlet Rider."

BOOTH TARKINGTON'S first successes were "Monsieur Beaucaire" and "The Gentleman from Indiana." His latest successes are "Penrod" and "The Turmoil."

HARRY LEON WILSON'S career is perhaps best represented by "The Spenders," "The Seeker," "The Boss of Little Arcady," "Bunker Bean" and "Ruggles of Red Gap."

NEWS OF NEW BOOKS AND THEIR WRITERS

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Mrs. Oliver Onions

Berta Ruck, the pen name of Mrs. Oliver Onions, the author of "*The Boy with Wings*," "*His Official Fiancee*" and "*The Wooing of Rosamond Fayre*," was born in India and her earliest recollections are of military life and red-coated soldiers on a rifle-range. As a baby, however, she was brought home to England on a troopship, and spent her childhood chiefly in "wild Wales." She is very proud of her Welsh blood, and like the Welsh people, has a passionate affection for the mountains and heather and clear streams of the land where her old home is set. Her first ambition was to be an illustrator, and she came up to London to study drawing, and was for some time an art student both there and in Paris. While in Paris she wrote a short story "round" some of her own illustrations, which was sold to "*The Idler*." This brought her to the conclusion that writing was more likely to be successful with her than drawing. With the success of her novels in this country, this conclusion must be well affirmed, so that at the present she has left off her drawing except for her own amusement; but it is interesting that she nearly always makes little drawings, during her writing, to fix the type in her mind of the characters she is describing. The first rough draft of her stories is often covered with profiles, or sketches. She does not, however, believe that she could sit down and conscientiously illustrate her own books, as she feels that much of her freedom would be gone if she knew she really had to do it. Mrs. Onions is very keen on out-of-doors living, her favorite recreations being swimming and country-walks. She also enjoys occasionally the stir and life of the town, but she does not belong to any club, as she very modestly writes she is "too terrified of clever women."



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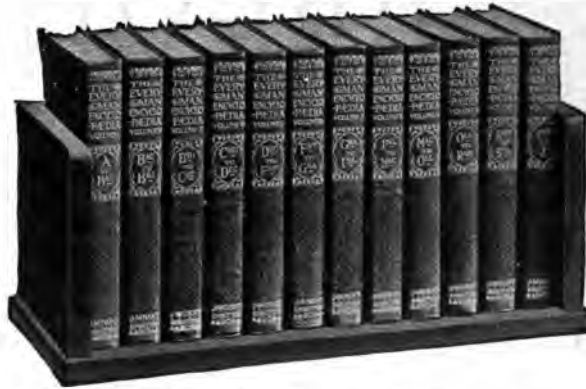
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In the *British Weekly* Claudius Clear has been writing of the wills of famous men. Victor Hugo, for example, left a large sum of money. His personal estate in England alone amounted to nearly half a million of dollars. His will is very brief: "This is my will. I must leave, as sole heirs, first, my daughter Adèle Hugo, now in a private hospital in consequence of her mental condition; secondly, my two grandchildren, Georges and Jeanne, born of the marriage of my son Charles, deceased." Provision was made of an annuity of ten thousand francs for life for Madame Charles Hugo.

• • •

Robert Browning's will is entirely in his own handwriting. He left two hundred pounds a year to his sister, Sarianna Browning, for the term of her natural life. All the rest went to his son, Robert Wiedemann Barrett Browning. If his son died under the age of twenty-one years, leaving Miss Browning surviving, then "I direct my trustees to stand possessed of all my Italian and English stock, property and personal estate, for the sole and absolute benefit of my sister, Sarianna Browning, in the hope and confidence that she will by her last will or otherwise give so much thereof and in such share as she in her discretion shall think fit unto the children of my uncle Reuben Browning, and of my cousins James, John, and George Silverthorne." The witnesses of the will were Alfred Tennyson and F. T. Palgrave.

• • •

Rossetti's will dealt with a personal estate of only about five thousand pounds. It might be thought that the value of the paintings he left was a great deal more than that. He bequeathed a drawing or some other article as memento to his mother, and sister, and to his friends, Ford Madox

Brown, William Bell Scott, Edward Burne-Jones, Algernon Charles Swinburne, Frederick Leyland, Frederick Shields, Thomas Hall Caine, Mrs. William Morris, William Graham, and L. R. Valpy, and the residue of his property between his mother and brother. It has been said that he desired to leave what he had to Theodore Watts-Dunton, but that Mr. Watts-Dunton considering that this would be unjust to his relatives, declined the gift.

. . .

The value of Anthony Trollope's personal estate amounted to more than twenty-five thousand pounds. This is not so much as might have been expected. Trollope was an indefatigable writer; in fact, he claimed to have written more than Walter Scott, and it may very well be so. Also, during the zenith of his reputation he received very considerable sums for his novels, especially those printed in parts. In his autobiography he gives a table of his receipts, and they amount to a considerable sum. He enjoyed the good things of life, and dealt with himself and his family in a liberal way. His will was proved by Mrs. Rose Trollope, his widow, and Harry Merivale Trollope, his son. He specially appointed his son executor of all his literary property, whether manuscript or copyright, and directed him to pay out of the money received from what is known as "half profits" to his wife for life, and the remainder of the said moneys to the capital fund of his general estate. To his wife he gave all his household furniture and effects and three hundred and fifty pounds; to his wife's sister, Florence Nightingale Bland, if she should be a spinster at the time of his death, four thousand pounds to be payable at his wife's death; and to his son Henry his library of books and pamphlets. The residue of his real and personal estate was to be held upon trust for his wife for life, and then for his two sons, Henry Merivale and Frederick James Anthony.

. . .

To "A Man of Kent" writing in the same publication, we are indebted for some notes on Dinah Maria Mulock, the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*.

Miss Mulock's father was a brilliant, erratic, turbulent Irishman, and was always in hot water. He was much addicted to writing on Theology, and seems to have gone the length of starting a little denomination of his own. He was also a politician and a reformer. He borrowed money till he could borrow no more, and he managed

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to get locked up every now and then. But Dinah had a mind and a will of her own and made many friends. There was a distinct trace of insanity in her father, and perhaps also in one of her brothers, but Dinah was eminently sane. She was able to make very good terms with her publishers, and her books had a great vogue in their time. She became the wife of a publisher, G. L. Craik, a partner in the firm of Macmillan, and though she was some eleven years older than her husband, the marriage was a very happy one.

...

Miss Katharine Prichard, whose novel, *The Pioneers*, won the five thousand dollar prize in the Australasian section of a recent English contest, was born at Levuka, Fiji, where her father, Mr. T. H. Prichard, a well-known Australian writer, lived for many years before the Islands became a Crown Colony. He was editor of the *Fiji Times*, and during the tribal wars was an officer in the native constabulary. His wife, who was Australian born, was a daughter of the late Simon Lovat Fraser, of County Clare, Ireland. When Miss Prichard was three years old her parents left Fiji, and settled near Melbourne, and in her early days, she says, she ran wild in the country districts of Victoria and Tasmania. When she was about twelve, she won a prize for a children's story in a Melbourne weekly, *The Sun*. Later, she went to the great secondary school of which Mr. J. B. O'Hara, one of the most distinguished of Australian lyrical poets, is still principal, and she pays a grateful tribute to the influence Mr. O'Hara had on her literary studies. The year after she left school, Miss Prichard won the prize in a short-story competition in Dr. Fitchett's paper, *The New Idea*, and during the next four years, whilst she was fulfilling teaching engagements in various parts of Australia, she contributed stories and sketches to that and to other Australian periodicals, including the *Sydney Bulletin* and the *Melbourne Herald*.

...

Do Americans read too many novels in proportion to other books? A recent editorial in the Springfield *Republican* entitled "Biography for Pleasure" suggests they do, but finds comfort in the remarkable sale of Thayer's recently published *Life and Letters of John Hay*. Certainly the fact that a two-volume five dollar biography should

sell to the extent of fourteen thousand copies in two months, as the Hay has done, shows that the demand for serious books has never been greater. But it also shows that in addition to its value as an historical document, Mr. Thayer's book has the same qualities of human interest and graphic character drawing that make the "best sellers" in fiction.

...

F. Tennyson Jesse is the grandniece of Lord Tennyson and a Londonian. Yet she loves the wild places of the earth—cliffs of Cornwall, bare rocky mountains of Southern France, Scotch moors, and recently she came to New York via the least frequented islands of the West Indies, travelling by small mail schooners. With this love of open places, she combines a highly sophisticated admiration of colour, light and shadow, trained by her work as a painter. This combination of first-hand nature and taste she exhibited in her whimsical first novel, *The Milky Way*, and it again appears in *Beggars on Horseback*, a new novel from her pen.

...

Too late for Comment elsewhere in the magazine comes the news of the death of Miss Jeannette L. Gilder, a death that is a personal loss to many persons in the literary and artistic life of New York City. Miss Gilder was born in St. Thomas Hall, a woman's college conducted by her father, the Reverend William H. Gilder, in Flushing, New York. At the age of eighteen she became a writer on the Newark *Morning Register* and the Newark reporter for the New York *Tribune*. For a time she was associated with her brother, Richard Watson Gilder, on the old *Scribner's Magazine*, which later became the *Century*. Between 1875 and 1880 she was connected with the New York *Herald*, first as literary editor, and later as musical and dramatic critic.

...

As the result of an episode in *Young Hilda at the Wars*, by Arthur Gleason, Dr. Marquis, President of Coe College, Iowa, has offered to educate a Belgian boy if Mrs. Gleason, who is the "Hilda" of the tale, will bring one back to this country. Mrs. Gleason, who will shortly return to Belgium, will select while there a promising lad for the carrying out of the compact.

...

Tom Sawyer and *Huckleberry Finn* have just been filmed for the movies.

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In 1881 Miss Gilder, with her brother, Joseph B. Gilder, started *The Critic*, a magazine which she edited for many years. She was the chief contributor to "The Lounger," a department which discussed lightly, entertainingly, yet soundly, current matters of books and the writers of books. At the same time over the pen name of "Brunswick" she was contributing New York letters to the *Boston Transcript*, and the *Boston Saturday Evening Gazette*. Also she wrote for the *London Academy* and the *Philadelphia Press and Record*. Miss Gilder's published books included *Taken by Siege*, *The Autobiography of a Tomboy*, and *The Tomboy at Work*. She edited, either by herself or in collaboration, *Essays from the Critic*, *Representative Poems of Living Poets*, *Pen Portraits of Literary Women*, and *Authors at Home*.

...

Hiram Kelly Moderwill, author of *The Theatre of Today*, is now personal representative of Percy MacKaye and is assisting in the publicity work of the coming New York City celebration of the Shakespeare Tercentenary.

...

Frederick Palmer's *My Year of the Great War* has gone through six editions in the six weeks since its publication.

...

Vance Thompson, whose *Drink and Be Sober* has aroused much comment, has been invited by Dr. John Heffron, Chairman of the Programme Committee of the American Academy of Medicine, to present at its annual meeting a paper on the legislative control of the manufacture and use of alcoholic drinks.

...

Stephen Leacock's *Nonsense Novels* is shortly to appear in an embossed edition for the blind.

...

Earl H. Reed, whose new book, *The Dune Country*, will appear this Spring, is on a lecture tour through the Middle West, his subject being the sand dunes around Lake Michigan.

...

Another of Theodore Dreiser's plays, *The Rag Pickers*, which will appear in his forthcoming *Plays of the Natural and Supernatural*, has been accepted for stage production and will be produced by Wallis Clark.

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By Helen Ferris

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English Literature and the War

By Mrs. T. P. O'Connor

IN last September's BOOKMAN there appeared an article on "French Literature and the War" by the distinguished French author and critic, Jules Bois, who at that time was here on a mission from his government. In an early issue of the coming year THE BOOKMAN will publish a corresponding article on the effect of the war upon English literary circles to be written by the wife of the prominent London journalist, Mr. T. P. O'Connor. Mrs. O'Connor was by birth an American, but by her wide English acquaintanceship and her own literary work she has become identified in American minds with English literature.

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THE BOOKMAN FOR 1916

A Brief Preliminary Announcement

The Advance of the English Novel

By
Professor William Lyon Phelps
of Yale University

THIS SERIES, now appearing in THE BOOKMAN, will be continued for seven months of the coming year, concluding with the July number. Professor Phelps's articles are very different from the majority of works on the development of the novel: the majority always devoting most of the time and space to the early and long dead authors, and then hurrying over the recent and contemporary with a few meaningless generalities. His idea is to treat the early novelists as briefly as is consistent with anything like adequacy; and devote most of the space to fiction of the last forty years in England and America. With the conclusion of this series BOOKMAN subscribers will have in complete form one of the most valuable contributions to contemporary literary criticism, a work whose publication later in book form will be one of the literary "events" of the year.

Literature and the Social Trend in Russia

By
Abraham Yarmolinski

MR. YARMOLINSKI is a young, highly educated Russian writer whose work was presented to BOOKMAN readers for the first time in this November's issue with "The Serbian Epic," an interesting explanation of the Serbian mind and Serbia's history as expressed in her songs. To-day there is a keen interest in the Slavic awakening. How is this renaissance of Slavic culture affecting Russian literature and what will be its future? This movement of his race, Mr. Yarmolinski will endeavour to transcribe for American readers in an early issue—he writes almost as fluently in English as he does in Russian.

What the Day's Work Means to Me

In the January Number:
Ida M. Tarbell

THIS very interesting and stimulating series of autobiographical sketches by America's leading women workers will be continued for several months of 1916. Already there have appeared papers by Mrs. Albion Fellows Bacon, the "mother of housing reform" in Indiana, Miss Zona Gale, the novelist and civic betterment leader, and Mrs. Louise Closser Hale, writer and feminist lecturer. In addition to Miss Tarbell's article THE BOOKMAN can definitely announce contributions by Dr. Anna Howard Shaw and Mrs. Gertrude Atherton; other papers are in preparation.

THE BOOKMAN FOR 1916

A Brief Preliminary Announcement

The New York of the By Novelists: A New Pilgrimage Arthur Bartlett Maurice

OWING to the abundance of valuable and interesting material and to the plentiful assistance furnished by authors and publishers, Mr. Maurice has found it necessary to extend his series that has been appearing this Autumn, into the following year—an extension of space that BOOKMAN readers will by no means regret. In the present number Mr. Maurice writes for his fourth section on

IV—The Heart of New Arabia.

To follow in 1916 are

V—Tea, Tango, and Toper Land.

VI—The City Beyond.

The Bookman's Twenty- first Anniversary

Will be celebrated with
the February, 1916, issue

FOR THE BOOKMAN's "coming-of-age" number, many special features have been prepared and among them a particularly interesting symposium upon Professor Phelps's by now almost classic definition of a novel: "A good story well told." This definition appeared, it will be remembered, in Professor Phelps's first installment of his "The Advance of the English Novel" now running in THE BOOKMAN. The contributions for the symposium upon this definition will come from the class most interested—the men and women themselves who are writing the very books Professor Phelps so aptly defines—the leading novelists of the day. Many American and English writers have been invited to contribute to this symposium and their ideas, diversified and brilliant as they are sure to be, will prove both entertaining and instructive reading.

Psychographical Portraits of American Literary Men

By Gamaliel Bradford
*Author of "Portraits of
Civil War Heroes" in
the Atlantic Monthly, etc.*

MR. BRADFORD'S "portrait" (or "psychograph" as he would prefer to call it) on Longfellow in the November, 1915, issue is the best recommendation for this series. These "portraits" are something quite new in the literature of criticism and appreciation and were originated and developed by Mr. Bradford alone. Those who appreciate the best in American literature, the lovers of the Golden Age of American literary life, cannot afford to miss these narrative criticisms of the great figures of our early literature and life. To appear early in 1916 are the papers on Whitman and Lanier. Other subjects will be announced later.

THE BOOKMAN FOR 1916

A Brief Preliminary Announcement

A New Age of Miracles?

A Discussion of the "Bowman of Mons" and Other Alleged Miracles of the European Battlefields.

IS IT possible to believe that, like the men of Judea of old, we, too, are living in an age of miracles? There are British Tommies and officers who swear that on the field of Mons, St. George and a host of flaming bowmen came to their aid in that great crisis, and the belief is widespread in Germany that on that fatal field ten thousand German bodies lie dead without a wound, slain by the celestial archers. And there are many other stories relating to the "Drum of Drake," the Statue of Jean D'Arc, the Russian General in White, etc. THE BOOKMAN announces for immediate publication two discussions of this situation from two widely divergent points of view, these papers to take up the alleged miracles, the possibility and psychology of the miracle, and the relation of the present phenomena to the miracles of old.

I—By Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Minister of the Church of the Messiah (Unitarian) of New York City.

II—By Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, Rector of Our Lady of Lourdes (Catholic) of New York City.

Drink and the Men of Letters.

By Algernon Tassin

THE PROHIBITION MOVEMENT is attaining a nation-wide influence, especially under the stimulus of the great experiment and example of the warring nations of Europe. While THE BOOKMAN cannot enter into a discussion of the merits of the case, the editors take pleasure in announcing this interesting series of articles by Professor Tassin of the English Department of Columbia University on the part played by "drink" in the lives of our great literary figures. A study of this kind will prove not only interesting and entertaining in itself, but of considerable value as a side-light on the modern movement.

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